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Jan 19 - 1895

It appears that Sybil Sanderson is a little child. She should be seen and not heard.

"Money enough has been collected to erect a statue to the late Dr. Charcot in Paris." The next thing is to hypnotize a sculptor.

The Denver women of the W. C. T. U. should not deal harshly with Mr. Felker for calling them "hatchet-faced." He has apologized by saying, "I should have called them battle axes."

"A young woman has applied for the place of public executioner, now vacant at Vienna. She states that she is 23 years old, strong, and good looking, and pleads that it will be more humane to the criminal to see, in his last moments, a charming woman rather than the hideous being hitherto employed." But this is direct plagiarism from that delightfully fantastic story in the last Yellow-Book.

We might learn valuable lessons from our neighbors in Mexico. Gov. Villada fined lately the impressario of the bull fights in a little town because the bulls were of an inferior quality. Here is a hint squinting at the practical elevation of the stage. If the dancer is not "a glittering whirlwind," if the sketch is not "laughable," if the juggler is not "the world's wonder," and the melodrama is not "thrilling," let the Mayor fine the manager. But who shall be the judges to see, hear and report? That Committee of Three to which we have often referred the settlement of social problems.

The American Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert in New York Thursday. As some may know, the members of the orchestra were born in this country. But how many of them are not the sons of German parents, and how many bear an English name?

Now that Mr. James Corbett has lectured with distinction before the medical class of Vanderbilt University, it is to be hoped that the Faculty of Harvard will not delay in securing him for at least one appearance this season. A university should be universal, all-embracing; nothing that pertains to humanity should be foreign to it. Harvard showed its appreciation of this grand principle by inviting Mr. Henry Irving to lecture in Sanders Theatre. Will it shut its door to his distinguished and more versatile colleague?

This is the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Watt who perfected if he did not invent the steam engine. They say that he learned much by studying a tea kettle. Did any one ever stop to reflect that the invention of the tea kettle was the more marvelous triumph of the two? It is also one of Mr. Watt's claims to distinction that his name is often confounded with that of Dr. Watts, the sweet singer of "Divine and Moral Songs."

Mr. Jean de Reszke's press agent—they are getting to call them secretaries—has blazed a new path to the Temple of Notoriety. The face of the eminent tenor is "heavily lined, and he has a deeply saturnine and dejected expression." Not even the possession of a long coat, "lined with astrakhan," consoles him for a moment.

If you are interested in decadent literature do not fail to read the volume of prose sketches by Jules Laforgue. A reprint of the very rare original has just been published in Paris. Hamlet and Lohengrin appear in new and surprising adventures, and other old friends are presented with curious backgrounds and stranger speeches in their mouths. A delightful book, a fantastical book, but perhaps cavilable to many.

There is a passage in Florio's Englishing of Montaigne that might be applied to certain of the decadents, and it is the one in which Montaigne rebukes the "modern French writers" of his day: "They are overbold and scornful, shunne the common trodden path; but want of invention and lack of discretion looseth them. There is nothing to be seen in them but a miserable strained affectation of strange Inke-pot termes; harsh, cold, and absurd disfigurements which in stead of raising, pull downe the matter. So they may gallantize and flush it in noveltie, they care not for efficacie. To take hold of a new farrefetcht word, they neglect the usuall, which often are more significant, forcible and sinnowy."

But Master Florio, were you not once ridiculed by Shakespeare for your hunt after the quarry, the precious, the one glistening word?

Meanwhile Mr. Max Beerbohm declares no writer should sit down to be systematically serious, or else conscientiously comic. "Style," says the author of the famous article on "Cosmetics," "should be oscillant." Max Beerbohm, by the way, is a brother of Beerbohm Tree.

A Parisian says "The French would not read a foreign book which depreciated France." In this respect they are antipodal unto the Americans.

It is true that the modern hostess is advertised, as "A Lady of the Old School" complains in the New York Sun. It is possibly true that "as soon as a reporter enters the house, elegance and refinement fly out of the window," but it is also true that in this latter case the hostess does not accompany elegance and refinement in their flight; she stays and welcomes the reporter, whom she has in many cases invited.

Jan 20 - 1895

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Sybil Sanderson Was Seen in New York.

A Word About Miss Jeanne Douste, Pianist-Singer.

Gossip and News About Performers and Musicians.

There is talk in town of Miss Sybil Sanderson even before she has sung a high note or showed a square foot of Nature's other gifts in Mechanics' Hall. That there is talk is not surprising, for the passionate press agent has been at work ever since Miss Sanderson appeared in "Esclarmonde" in 1889.

What did the critics say of her appearance last week in "Manon" in New York? And first of all remember that "Manon" will not be new to Boston. The opera was sung here Jan. 6, 1886, and Hauk, Glanini and Del Puente were the chief singers.

Mr. Henderson spoke thus in the Times: "She has lost none of the beauty which fascinated Paris when she made her appearance as Esclarmonde at the Opera Comique in 1889. She has plenty of handsome garments, and she wears them with distinction. She has jewels, too, which she should not wear in the first act. Her voice is a very light and colorless soprano of great range. It is known that she sings the high G, which the Parisians call her Eiffel Tower note, but it has been remarked frequently that high notes are not art. Miss Sanderson's voice lacks warmth and emotional character. It is pretty, but it is much too small for the Metropolitan. It frequently runs to the quality called white, and this characteristic is increased by faulty placing at times. Her high notes are thin and strident, but the upper part of her middle register is good. Her staccati are extremely sharp and wooden. * * * Her acting is graceful, but it is not convincing."

Mr. Krebbl in the Tribune delivered himself as follows: "Her voice is not one of the kind to be associated with serious opera. It is pure and true in intonation, which is a virtue that is coming to be more and more highly valued as it grows more and more rare, but it is lacking in volume and in penetrative quality. It is pleasant in timbre and fairly equable throughout its natural register when not forced, but it becomes attenuate as it goes up and its high tones are mere echoes of sound. It is afflicted, moreover, with an almost distressing unsteadiness and is deficient in warmth."

Will Miss Sanderson be seen here in "Phryné" or in "Thais"? They say that in either one of these operas she is seen to great advantage.

It is stated that Handel's "Messiah" was recently performed at Buenos Ayres for the first time in South America, with a chorus of 300 and an orchestra of 50 performers. Special trains were run, the house was sold out an hour and a half after the opening of the box office, and the proceeds were \$7500.

Think of hearing "The Messiah" for the first time, as though it were a new work! Would not much of it seem a weariness to the flesh and the spirit? Would "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" seem a truly inspired air?

The Pall Mall Gazette published about a month ago an admirable article on "The Messiah," which should be quoted in full, but extracts must suffice: "Indeed, this religion of 'The Messiah' is one of the most curious musical facts of these times, as of those past times in which that religion grew up. Like so many other religions, it is almost wholly unreasonable. It may be all very well at Christmas time, but when the music comes to deal with episodes that have no sympathy whatever with Christmas—the typical 'Messiah' audience will listen with the same devout stolidity and with no less certain enjoyment, whether it be to the harrowing details of the Passion or to the more mystical sentiments that have their centre in the Resurrection. Is it the music? We trow not. For the same generous public is pleased as mightily with

the music of fashion as with the music of tradition. 'Little to be done,' 'Dresden China'—such graceful specimens of the art of song-writing are every whit as pleasurable to that patron as the longing of 'Comfort ye,' the ineffable sweetness of 'He shall feed His flock,' or the remote spirituality of 'I know that my Redeemer Liveth.' * * * And the world has been flooded with dull oratorio ever since the fact was well assured that 'The Messiah' and the British Public were linked by indissoluble bonds. The writers of these massively industrious compositions appeared—and appear—to think that this work was written as it were by formula; and in emulating Handel they by no means seem to appreciate that into it that master cast the very essence of his genius. They do not for a moment perceive that the loveliness of such an air as 'He shall feed His flock' is an incommunicable secret; that a phrase like 'Behold the Lamb of God' is not satanesquely solemn because it is a fugue, but because it was written by a great academic master in a gust of rich inspiration. The form is enough, and the spirit slips triumphantly away from such as these, and reposes, as before, in the creatures of art, not of official construction."

It is the same London journal that says: "Berlioz at the Albert Hall is always something of an absurdity; his wildness and rushing genius have but little in common with this eminently respectable body singers, and the still more eminently respectable audiences that gather in the home of staidness and solemnity. Somebody said of the performance of 'The Damnation of Faust' last year that it was as the Sir Joseph Barnby had clapped a tall on Berlioz's head, clothed him with a coat, stuck a flower in his button-hole and sent him walking down Piccadilly. The year the general effect was similar; only the clothes were ragged and the tall hat needed brushing."

Are not these remarks of local application? Is not the Berlioz known to the Cecilia a sleek and smug individual with thoughtfully combed hair?

"Linger Longer, Loo" has appeared in Chancery in London on a question of infringement. Miss Mille Hyton was the plaintiff, Miss Yvette Guilbert the defendant.

Where did Mr. William Hoey get his "Dandy Colored Coat"? From Mr. Eugene Stratton, who sang it at the Palace Theatre, London?

Here is an instance of the condescension of foreigners: "Another new number at the Palace (London) is a brief burlesque of a scene from 'Romeo and Juliet' by Mr. J. H. Sheridan and Miss Gracie Whiteford. It is, of course, rather American, but nevertheless very amusingly written."

Do you remember Miss Jeanne Douste, the pianist, who appeared in Boston with her sister for the first time during the season of '86-'87? They were joint concert-givers, known to the public as "Mdlles. L. and J. Douste." Miss Jeanne played such pieces as Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and Italian concerto, a minuet of her own, variations by Haydn, a prelude by Heller, etc.

This same Miss Jeanne Douste made debut as an operatic singer in Hamdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" at the Theatre, London, last December the 1st. And what did they say of her? "Dousté has a charming manner, and with sensitive sympathy; but her lacks variety and toward the finish of opera even her physical liveliness desert her somehow. We do not quite care, prophecy how Miss Douste will develop. It would be untrue to say that her voice, even for a moment, was deeply touching; but it sufficed; and she had so many other crutches, as it were, to support her that we hesitate as yet to pass a final verdict." Truly a polite, conservative and prudent notice!

Col. Mapleson brought Jeanne and Louise to this country in the fall of '78. Jeanne was then about 8 years old.

They say that Albani, some 20 years ago, at one of Sir Julius Benedict's concerts, said of Miss Jeanne, "That child has a fortune in her throat." The child took to the piano. She always sang, however, for her own amusement. The wife of the late Mr. Johnson, who was London correspondent of Figaro, urged her to study singing seriously, and Miss Jeanne then took lessons of Tosti. She made her debut as a singer about 13 months ago at a concert given by her and her sister in Prince's Hall, London. Last year she was successful as a concert singer in Paris.

Last month Arditi conducted "Hänsel and Gretel." It was Arditi who conducted her first concert in the United States in '78.

"I shall have to give up serious piano-playing now," says the singer; "it is ruinous to the voice. My master always knows when I have been disobedient."

What a pleasure there is in looking over old programs. Tuesday evening, May 23, 1863, a "Benefit" was given to Mr. Charles Kopplitz at Selwyn's Theatre. Mr. Julius Elchberg's operetta, "The Two Cadis," was sung that evening, and in the cast were Miss Julia Gaylord and Messrs. H. C. Barnabee, Allen A. Brown and Warren Davenport.

The last number of the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung publishes a sketch of the life of Conrad Ansoerge, with his portrait. Mr. Lessmann speaks of his journey to the United States in 1887, and his gathering of laurels in New York and Boston; then comes this flattering tribute to our town. First there are these quotations in reference to Ansoerge's playing: "So beautiful a touch as his is rarely heard" (Boston Evening Traveller); "His touch is sweet, musical and velvety in the highest degree" (Boston Post); "Mr. Ansoerge made an impression which ought to be flattering to him, and which certainly will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him" (Boston Daily Advertiser).

"Boston," adds Mr. Lessmann, "has the reputation of being the most musically intelligent city in the United States; it is not surprising, therefore, that an artist who was ranked there in the 'hors concours' class" was received with enthusiasm in other cities."

"The Birth of Venus," a new musical comedy, text by Joseph Herbert, music by Edward Jakobowski, will be produced in Baltimore Feb. 11. What a chance for Sybil Sanderson! And yet her name does not appear in the following cast: Miss Cora Tanner, Miss Grace Golden, Miss Rose Leighton, Miss Elsie Mueller, Mr. Herbert, Willis P. Sweatnam, E. J. Henley, Frank Deshon, R. W. Maffin and Edgar Wentworth.

Here are items of news gathered from foreign music journals. Lilli Lehmann is still singing in concert in German towns.

In praising Marie Brama, who will sing in the German Opera Company under Mr. Damrosch, the Brussels correspondent of the Ménestrel says: "Above all her voice is finely placed. She does not follow the example of Materna and Sucher in attacking tones just below them; she is not continually throaty; and she does not constantly swell her tones, after the fashion of an accordion."

Nikita has begun her Russian tour by singing with great success at Lodz.

Miss Tracey, a young American singer of great talent, appeared at Cairo in "Hérodiade."

In Montreal they are to honor the name of Dubois by performing several of his works. Why does not the Cecilia or the Handel and Haydn look at his "Seven Words?"

Three new operas were brought out at the Paris Opera House in 1894: "Thais," by Massenet; "Djelma," by Lefebvre, and Verdi's "Otello."

The Ménestrel of the 6th announced that much was expected of Miss Suzanne Adams. If the reports are true, she did not disappoint.

Bolto's "Mephistopheles" did not make a hit at Bordeaux. The judgment reminds

a French correspondent of the dispatch sent by an Italian publisher after the failure of one of his operas: "Succes glacial." Adeline Patti proposes to give concerts in Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden and Vienna this winter. The Germans translate her announcement of a "Grand Concert" as a concert of high price and little music.

Eugene D'Albert will play in Berlin Feb. 6, the five last sonatas of Beethoven. Feb. 15 he will play these sonatas: Brahms's F minor, Liszt's B minor, Weber's A flat and Chopin's B minor.

Marie Jaell has written a book on "Piano Touch," and the third part has just been published by Heugel & Co.

Those interested in folk song should notice the fact that Mr. Charles Beauquier's book on the folk-songs of la Franche-Comte has been published by Lechevalier and Leroux, Paris.

An interesting and valuable book to organists as well as to students of Bach is "L'orgue de J. S. Bach," by A. Pirro, published by Fischbacher, Paris.

The copyright of Meyerbeer's works expired Jan. 1, 1895. Cheap editions of his operas are now publishing.

An unfinished oratorio by Haydn has been published by Reinecke, Leipzig. There are only two numbers; an air for bass and a four-part chorus.

A symphony by the late César Franck performed at a symphony concert in Dresden, made a profound impression. "In polyphony," says Ludwig Hartmann, "as Franck without a rival; we must go back to Bach." The symphony has only three movements. The instrumentation is described as wonderful and this symphony? Mr. Paur, did you ever hear of the effects of Rubinstein in a sealed package with this inscription: "Cantata: open on the jubilee day of the St. Petersburg Conservatory."

Max Alway has been decorated by the Grand Duke of Hesse.

PHILIP HALE.

The Last Stavenhagen-Gérardy Concert—The Twelfth Symphony Concert.

Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gérardy appeared yesterday afternoon in Music Hall for the fourth time. Mr. Stavenhagen played Haydn's F minor variations; Beethoven's sonata op. 27 No. 2; Chopin's C sharp minor, Scherzo, Berceuse, and A flat major Polonaise; Liszt's "Sonnetto del Petrarca," "La Chasse" (Paganini), and 13th rhapsodie. Master Gérardy played Servais's Fantasia "on Schubert's 'L'Desir' waltz" (by request), a sonata by Boccherini, arrangements of a Chopin nocturne and Schumann's Abendlied, and Popper's Spinnlied.

Now that Mr. Stavenhagen has been heard here four times, the opinion expressed after the first concert is not to be changed. He is first of all a Liszt player. The pieces by his master he plays brilliantly and elegantly. When he plays compositions that demand genuine mood or depth of thoughtfulness, he is simply a respectable and industrious pianist, without marked distinction, without temperament. Yet there is much to admire in this man. His honesty, his solidity, his lack of affectation are admirable. It may be said that these are negative qualities. In these days of jugglers and hypnotizers, the qualities are positive.

Yesterday his playing of the pieces by Beethoven and Chopin was perfunctory, without color, as well as without breadth or without dash when each in turn was needed. Seldom, if ever, have I heard such a pale version of the Chopin scherzo. But when Liszt was the one to be interpreted, the interpreter responded eagerly, lovingly and well.

Master Gérardy again showed that he has the soul of the born artist and a technical skill that commands the respect of mature virtuosi.

The audience was warm in expression of pleasure. Each of the players was recalled, and there were "encore pieces." A highly eulogistic letter in reference to the piano used on the occasion was printed on the back of the program. Its effect on the audience might have been greater if the introductory quotation had been correctly worded. As generally given in the dictionaries of quotations, it reads, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

The program of the 12th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was devoted to selections from the opera of Wagner, and was as follows:

"Rienzi," overture (1842).
"Tannhäuser," introduction to Act III. (Tannhäuser's pilgrimage), (1845).

"Der Fliegende Holländer," overture (1843).

"Lohengrin," introduction to Act III. (1850).

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," a Prelude to Act III., dance of apprentices, procession of master singers and hymn to Hans Sachs (1868).

b. Walther's prize song, Act III., scene 5.

"Das Rheingold," procession of the gods and lament of the Rhine daughters (1869).

"Die Walküre," Siegmund's love song, Act I., scene 3 (1870).

"Siegfried," "Waldweben" (1876).

"Götterdämmerung," Siegfried's passage to Brünnhilde's rock, morning dawn, and Siegfried's Rhine journey (1876).

This program is given in full as a matter of record, and also because, as arranged, it gives some idea of the growth of Wagner. As the compiler of the program book justly says, "Rienzi" contains "little or nothing that can be called characteristically Wagnerian." No wonder that Wagner in later years was ashamed of it, and would fain have all copies burned off at the bottom of the sea. The overture is one of the cheapest and most vulgar compositions ever written by a great musician. Yet its brutality and circus-pomp appeal to an audience and it is almost always welcomed as though it were a masterpiece. The growth of Wagner from this crude imitation of the style of Meyerbeer and Halévy to the best portions of "Parsifal" is only equalled by the steady improvement of Verdi from "Oberto" to "Aida."

Again let it be said, that Mr. Paur arranged this program with more than ordinary skill. It not only showed the growth of Wagner; it also gave within a reasonable length of time an excellent opportunity of hearing him at his best. However much ferocious Wagnerites may deplore the fact, the people at large prefer such tunes as Walther's prize song and Siegmund's love song to the passages that are so dear to the ultra-Wagnerites on account of alleged tremendous meanings and dire import. It may be said in passing that Mr. Schott declaimed these same tunes vigorously and with what is called Wagnerian understanding. He was in good voice and excellent general physical condition.

It would be easy to dilate on the fact that such a program seems singularly out of place in a Symphony concert. But, after all, perhaps it is better, if these excerpts must be heard to lump them all together, and devote an evening to the exhibition. If any of the subscribers do not like the feast provided, they can then send their regrets without fear of losing the opportunity of meeting an old and esteemed friend, or becoming acquainted with some one worth knowing. There was a time when such a concert would have provoked wild discussion. Some would have found no pleasure in it. Others, afflicted sorely with Wagneritis, would have echoed King Nebuchadnezzar and commanded their neighbors in these words: "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image."

But there is no golden image in music to be worshiped blindly. The genius of Wagner is acknowledged, just as the genius of Mozart, Weber, Verdi, and Bizet is acknowledged. No one is now compelled to say that everything in the gigantic music dramas is worthy of blind adoration.

Indeed, the more you detect commonplace passages. This may sound like a paradox; and perhaps it needs this explanation: That just as in "Don Giovanni" there are certain Mozartian formulas which today seem stale and trite, so beyond doubt and peradventure mannerisms and formulas of Wagner will provoke yawns a century from now. That which is great and glorious will remain. Remember that "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro" still hold the stage, and they were written over a century ago.

It would be idle also to dilate on the fact that such concerts are flagrantly in violation of the expressed theories of Wagner. As Wagner himself violated nearly all his pet theories, what would be the use of spinning words about the enormity of this particular offence?

Let it be said, then, that there was a great audience, which gave long and loud manifestations of delight. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant, and Mr. Paur showed himself thoroughly in sympathy with the works of which he was interpreter.

PHILIP HALE.

THE PLEING OF NONPAREIL.

There was a time when the deeds of Mr. Jack Dempsey were as household words. He gave a name to cigars and neckties; his face was familiar to readers of newspapers in quiet mountain villages. Boys at school, as they read of Hector and Achilles, thought of the hero of Brooklyn, and envied him his lot. He was known to the shuddering yet admiring universe as the Nonpareil.

Alas, alack-a-day! Mr. Tommy Ryan, like young Lochinvar, came out of the West: Mr. Tommy Ryan, otherwise well and favorably known as "The Peer of the Welterweights," and the "Cyclonic Wonder." He met the Nonpareil on Coney Island. He was in splendid form. His "pompadour" hair was as erect as a lightning rod, his complexion was as clear as a bell, his muscles stood out like whip cords, and his skin showed every sign of health. The crowd trembled and the Nonpareil shook like a leaf. There was no fierce jabbing, no kidney mashers, no limitations of chopping blocks. Mr. Ryan played with his antagonist as a cat with a mouse. "Dempsey moved around as if his shoes were filled with lead," is the statement of an impartial observer. An easy left-hand jab on the jaw, and "Mr. Dempsey fell down like a piece of wood." But why tell the tale of the summary and inglorious victory. The Nonpareil was pled forever.

And here is another chapter in the History of Fleeting Reputations. One nail drives out another. A meteorological phenomenon, with the mortal name of Slattery or Higgins, will come from the Southwest or East and conquer the Cyclonic Wonder. He, too, will meet his superior, and thus is there a never ending procession. So, too, it is in literature, in social fads. The greatest living

novelist appears each year. The gaping public is told of his boyhood, his first attempt at writing, his method of observation, his favorite vegetables and his opinions on the future of Russia. The book is seen on railway train and in barber shop. The type of book is eternal. The writer's name is ever changing.

Look over the history of fads. Where now is the Tolstoid group, the devoted band prepared to conquer in the name of the strange amateur-reformer of the Steppes? Where are the embryo Buddhists who welcomed every stranger from India, and preferred the lotos to the chrysanthemum? A Garland has his day and then is partially withered. There are sporadic outbreaks of Meredithism. At one time there was serious discussion concerning the authorship of "The Green Carnation." There were people who really believed that the old novelists and poets were dead and that nothing before the advent of Mr. Kipling was worth reading.

So, too, the old painters were daubers. The palette knife, or the pot thrown on the canvas, laughed at the brush of the ancients. The impression was the only thing.

Now "The Peer of the Welterweights" should remember in his hour of exultation that there was a time when Mr. Dempsey was justly pre-eminent. In the course of revolving years time may decide in favor of the defeated pugilist on account of success in certain battles fought under certain conditions. Mr. Ryan's name next year may be changed to Dennis. Thackeray is not knocked out because Mr. Kipling is a favorite. Balzac has a reasonable claim in spite of the fact that Mrs. Grand still lives. Rembrandt is even now more than a name. Let Mr. Ryan be humble in his hour of triumph. There were brave men before Agamemnon. There will be brave men and women in the coming century.

They say that Mr. Bangs has proved, by his latest serial, "The Paradise Club," the falsity of the statement made during his political campaign, viz.: that he is a humorist.

Mr. Bourgeois has consented to form a Cabinet. A bourgeois administration is often the safest, for the true prosperity of a country is in the bourgeoisie.

How many of the carefully educated—or thoroughly crammed—children of the public schools can tell the English names of common flowers or common trees?

The age and virility of Mr. Gladstone excite wonder, but here is Mr. Villiers, a member of the House of Commons, who was born in 1802.

"Were you justified in stretching the County Treasurer's neck?"
"Yes," rejoined the sad-eyed Nebraskan; "he was short."—Exchange.

No crowd in Newspaper Row. No blackboard exhibit. No noisy exultation. And yet Harvard defeated Yale in joint debate.

Let all sing "America" with might and main, so that the Marine Band would not be heard if it were on the stage.

These Southern Congressmen exulting in the thought of the righteousness of the "lost cause" are anachronisms.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye Appears With Orchestra at the Boston Theatre.

Mr. Ysaye, assisted by Mr. Lachauve and Miss Edmonds, appeared last evening at the Boston Theatre. There was an orchestra which was conducted by Mr. Timothee Admow. Mr. Ysaye played with orchestra Mendelssohn's concerto and Wienlawsky's "Faust" fantasia, and with piano accompaniment, the andante from Joachim's "Hebrew" concerto. Miss Edmonds sang songs by Chadwick. Mr. Lachauve played the Concert-stück of Weber with orchestra. The orchestra played the "Oberon" overture, the slow waltz and the "Pizzicato" from "Sylvia," and a polonaise by Weber. To speak in detail of Mr. Ysaye's playing would be to use only words and the most of superlative eulogy. Seldom, if ever, has a more finished, freer, and thoroughly musical performance of the concerto by Mendelssohn been heard of late years. It has been said that Mr. Ysaye was "an artist of the phrase." Say, rather, he is an artist of the movement. For in this concerto he allowed himself no room for work that he might thereby enhance the value of beautiful or sturdy theme. There was the greatest care shown throughout, and yet the result was free, spontaneous. It is of interest to note that he took the concerto at a slower pace than is customary. The excerpt from Joachim's concerto, "Hebrew" music, and only the art and execution of the violinist saved it from being a word deal of a bore. Marvelous was the playing of the "Faust" fantasia. In technical accuracy, in brilliancy of bravura, and in haunting beauty of cantabile, the performance was overpowering, one long to be remembered. Enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening, Mr. Ysaye was recalled and recalled after the fantasia, until at last he was restored by his playing his own "Scherzo Carnavellesque," if I am not mistaken.

Mr. Lachauve gave a brilliant version of Weber's "Concert-stück" and again proved himself to be an admirable accompanist. Miss Edmonds was recalled, and the orchestra was evidently enjoyed by an audience that filled the great theatre.

PHILIP HALE.

They say that Mrs. Cleveland is now never seen at the theatre except in a box. The position has for some time been familiar to her husband.

And now the Woods helms can sing with genuine feeling, "Emma mine, oh, Emma mine."

Last night was St. Agnes's Eve. In the office or the day in the Missale ad usum Sarum is this sentence Englished from the Latin. "This is the wise virgin whom the Lord found watching."

Do you follow the advice of Aubrey and other old worthies, Miss Eustacia? Did you last night take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a pater noster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and did you then "dream of him you shall marry?"

We regret to see that the Cambridge Press in its endeavor to guy the Journal pells the verb "practise" with a c.

The Transcript remarked, plaintively, "At last one true admirer of Wagner had to say at home and read Ibsen." Why Ibsen? Why not Wagner, if the true admirer was really loyal? Wagner wrote verbal sentences as well as musical sentences. He is the author of many pamphlets in which he claimed that he was the only musician worthy of attention. He also wrote in behalf of vegetarianism, and he was the author of a singularly foul attack on the Jews. Again we ask, Why Ibsen?

Count Shouvaloff, the retiring Russian ambassador, was shoved-off in fine style at the Berlin Railway station. William II. seized the hand of the Countess and embraced the Count. This shows that the emperor is not a despot in taking advantage of his social position. Many in his place would have embraced the Countess as well as the Count. However, much depends on the Countess in such a leave-taking.

The important news comes from London at "the Harlem Coffee Cooler" will marry ere the pretty daughter of a negro minstrel, who, of course, is not particular in giving the color-line. She may say with Elaine,

"Car nous voulons la Nuance encor, Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance!" It is to be hoped that while the husband is a coffee of presumptuous rivals, the wife will serve him coffee smoking hot.

New York Tribune tells us that a "was caught red-handed" in Pater-N-J. Thieves as a rule have delicate angularly white fingers. As this one neckties, perhaps the colors came off in the act. He surely would not otherwise have provided such a ready means of detection.

new way to produce a new play; borrow the dialogue, then pilfer the

Our old friend Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann pops up in New York as a lecturer on "The Nude in Art," a subject with which he is said to be tolerably familiar. We regret to hear that he spoke harshly of Boston, and complained of "a lack of joyousness" in our town life. It is true that Mr. Hartmann had a serious experience in this "benighted and strait-laced city," as he is pleased to call it; but after all, was it not his own fault?

To B. D.: You ask us the meaning of the phrase "Ryan came near knocking him 'dopey.'" If we should tell you, you might be offended, and it is just as well for you to be ignorant of the precise meaning of "dopey." Still, if you insist you will find the coveted information in "Slang and its Analogues," by Farmer and Henley, vol. II.

"I wonder how long the little New York village in which Patti first saw the light has been in Europe?"—Boston Home Journal.

"The little village," oh, esteemed contemporary, is named Madrid, and it has for several years been the pride of Spain. Patti was born there in 1843.

Twelve thousand Chinamen with 100 banners were easily routed. The Japanese evidently never heard the phrase, "Terrible as an army with banners."

The Mephistophelian music critic of the New York Times thus pays his compliments to Miss Sybil Sanderson:

"The production of Massenet's 'Manon' on Wednesday evening at the opera drew an immense audience of persons eager to see the young American woman whose Parisian photographs have left some room for doubt as to whether she was a prima donna or a 'living picture.' In 'Manon' Miss Sanderson's costumes were magnificent; and her jewels suggested that opera singers in France received far more fabulous salaries than those which appear in contracts in this country wholly for publication, and not as evidence of good faith. But they were not the sort of costumes that the photographs represent. We shall have to live in hopes of 'Thais.' When that is produced we shall get a full revelation of Miss Sanderson's talent."

Mr. George Rodenbach has discovered that the great charm of Whistler's portraits is that one does not know whether his personages are "re-entering into life or almost going out from it." It also appears that these persons are "on the line of the horizon where falls the day of eternity. They are what they should have been." Mr. Whistler, then, is a white-washer of character. Every defaulter, every dishonest politician, every bad actor should at once sit for Mr. Whistler, for heirs and country will then see him as he "should have been." At the same time, the most hardened must shudder at the thought of being represented in such an awkward position as "on the line of the horizon," with the "day of eternity" ready to fall on him like a brick or a thunderbolt.

44-22-95

The Fifth Concert of the Kneisel Quartet—Mr. Faelten's Second Piano Recital.

The program of the fifth Kneisel Quartet concert, given in Union Hall last evening, was as follows: Quartet in D major, Borodine (first time); Quartet in B flat major, op. 18, Beethoven; Quintet in D minor, op. 38, H. W. Parker (MS., first time). The club was assisted by Mr. Schulz, cellist.

Borodine's Quartet in A has been played in New York and Buffalo. I am unable to find out whether it has been played in Boston in any public or semi-private concert. The quartet heard here last evening for the first time was found after Borodine's death, in company with fragments of his third symphony and other works. It is dedicated to his wife, who did not long survive him. The first movement is thoroughly delightful and well made. It is melodious and compact. Charming effects are gained by apparently simple means. The scherzo is interesting. The chief theme is a species of perpetuum mobile, and the slower and contrasting melody has something of the character of an old-fashioned German waltz. The slow movement, a "notturno," opens with a singular and plaintive melody first given to the cello, and then repeated by the first violin. The contrasting phrase which begins with a run in sixteenth notes is of less originality. It seemed to me that this nocturne was not heard to full advantage last evening. Technically, of course, the performance was admirable; but this dusky night-piece seemed brought out into a too strong and unsympathetic light. The finale is chiefly toil and trouble. The work is attractive as a whole, and the drunken peasant yelling and leaping, a figure so dear to the radical Russians of today, does not show his inflamed face. The closing measures of the first movement linger in the memory; they are so simple and so beautiful.

Mr. Parker's quintet is a machine of another kind. The slow movement and the scherzo will be popular, and I am inclined to think that the scherzo and the finale are the strongest movements of the work. I pay tribute gladly to Mr. Parker's tunefulness and contrapuntal facility; but I cannot regard this quintet as one of his most inspired works. The impression left is for the most part vague. Bits of melody, tender or sturdy, remain in the mind of the hearer; there is the feeling of ingenious writing for the instruments; but there is little or no conviction of the composer's firm grip on a wealth of material.

With the possible exception of the playing of the selections was characterized by all the qualities that have made the club so justly famous.

Mr. Faelten gave his second piano recital in Bumstead Hall, yesterday afternoon. He played Schubert's B flat Theme and Variations; Mendelssohn's E sharp minor capriccio, E flat major andantino, and Spinning song; Schumann's "Faschingsschwank"; three Studies and the Allegro de Concert by Chopin.

His performance was thoughtful and sober. The qualities of his individuality are familiar to all and require no analysis at this late day. Yet it may be said that romanticism and passion appeal more to music lovers than do solidity and strength and perfunctory brilliancy unrelieved for the most part by any display of self. Even the temporary aberrations of a pianist of marked temperament are more interesting than conservative or conservatory treatment of pieces that demand imperatively a display of emotion that is kindled by sparks which fly from the heart and not merely from the striking of fingers against keys. There are features of Mr. Faelten's piano playing that are worthy of respect, and he is undoubtedly painstaking and conscientious. But, after all, with well-developed technique and the authority of position, it is so easy not to play Schumann and Chopin.

PHILIP HALE.

"Remember on St. Vincent's Day, If that the sun his beams display, Be sure to mark his transient beam, Which through the casement sheds a gleam; For 'tis a token bright and clear Of prosperous weather all the year."

"If the sun shine on Jan. 22 there shall be much wind."

And why should such prognostications be made on St. Vincent's day? If we are not mistaken this saint suffered in most atrocious fashion for his faith. He was grilled and broiled, and broiled and roasted. How did he come to be a weather prophet?

The excuse for a murderer is made, and apparently in good faith, that he is a man of "very nervous temperament."

Lillian Russell discharges her chorus girls as easily as her husbands.

So hiccoughs are cured by plentiful use of musk. First try a clove.

Is the "fannel" flower of New South Wales red, medicated, or just the plain, ordinary, old reliable flannel of commerce?

The report that the Boston and Albany Railroad will compel the conductors and brakemen in its employ to shave daily has excited comment. Such a rule is of doubtful value. In the first place some of these employees would undoubtedly be more fascinating in address and potent in authority if they were allowed to carry a piratical blue-black beard or Burnsides. The experienced beat should not be able to read weakness in a conductor's apology for a chin. Again, some of the conductors would be obliged to shave twice a day. Then, too, if it is not a question of physical charm, but of rapid transit, why should the engineers and the firemen be exempt from the rule? Surely abnormal hirsute growth acts as a brake on locomotive as well as on the platform of a parlor car.

A contemporary quotes a passage from Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile" and applies it to Lady Somerset. The quotation would be indeed admirable and effective, if only the first two lines were used:

"Henceforward, rise, aspire To all the calms and magnanimities."

John Burns has one ardent admirer in London besides Mr. Arthur Warren. "A Late Philanthropist" sent this letter to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"I wish to thank Mr. John Burns for what he said in his late speech in America: 'Charity is a fee given by the rich today to the poor for the privilege of robbing them tomorrow.' I have been an ardent philanthropist all my life, but I shall now take his kind hint, and no longer be a giver to the poor, and I hope all other givers will do the same."

A contemporary remarks in lyrical, airy flight, "That is indeed a blessed Sunday which is spent in this way: Breakfast, reading the Sunday —, church, luncheon, drive on the boulevard, dinner, magazine reading and bed." But would not the idea of church rankle in the breast of those who would find true pleasure in the rest of the program? Is not the word "church" as incongruous in the sentence as a hymn-book in a billiard room?

"Some of those who took the bribes are now in State Prison, others are going there, and we should send the guilty saloon-keepers there, or to hell, or Albany." And who, pray, indulged himself in such language at a meeting in New York? It was a minister of the Gospel, Rev. C. Henry Mead of Hornellsville. It may be pertinent to ask whether his closing sentence is a choice specimen of tautology or an anticlimax.

For cheap snobbery, commend us to the proposition advanced lately that "the 400" should discard 50-cent bunches of violets because poor shop girls enjoy artificial violets for 10 cents.

This is the birthday of Francis Bacon, who, according to a sagacious doctor in Detroit, amused himself in leisure moments by writing nearly all of the literature known as Elizabethan.

Some say that Antoine, the famous actor of the Theatre-Libre, will play at the Gymnase. Others affirm that he will visit the United States. But this is an age of contradictory rumors. It is best to shape the conduct of life after the fashion of the Dutch minister who once said in a dispatch: "Some maintain that the King is dead, others that he is alive, but, for my part, I believe neither account."

They that wish to speak by the card should remember that Robert Louis Stevenson is not buried on Pala Mountain, as was reported. It turns out that there is no such mountain. The real name of the hill is Vaea, "with the three vowels pronounced separately, and the accent on the 'e.'"

An English gentleman of elegant leisure has made this exhaustive calculation: "A Mathematician" should consider that probably on every day in England 10,000 whist parties are formed, each playing three rubbers of ten deals per rubber, making 30 hands per day per party, and that, multiplied by 10,000, the hands will amount to 300,000 every day, and that, taking 300 days in the year, 90 millions of hands will be turned up. The correspondence seems to show that this extraordinary crop is about quinquennial, which will increase the ninety millions to five times that sum. The question for 'Mathematician' will be, what are the probabilities against any given set of hands turning up once in five years?" Here is an interesting problem for some bright, intelligent lad.

Jan 23-95

A paper was read here lately on "The Folk-Lore of Jamaica." An essay on "The Folk-Lore of Jamaica Plain" would be of more vital interest.

The Yale Faculty will not oppose even a flying interference to the zeal of its football players.

Clay Loftus seems to be a victim to injudicious advance puffery. For when she appeared in New York, the theatre was "too large for her style." Her sketch was "slighter than was expected." She can now be a sister to Sybil Sanderson.

By all means let there be "a chair in Russian" at Harvard, and let the cushion be of Russian leather.

Some think Prince Volkovski would be a good Professor. His name is in his favor, and its true pronunciation should be the first lesson, if he is chosen. Others say that Mr. Nathan H. Dole, translator, novelist, poet, critic, bicyclist and punster, is the man to fit snugly the chair. Mr. Dole himself would say: "The professorship should be doled to me." By the way, Mr. Dole, how would you preserve this paronomasia in Russian?

And why not include in the department of languages a "Trilby Chair;" for "Trilby" is written in a new language, which suggests at times English, at times French.

Has not Prof. Brewster of Columbia lectured on the hook and spent valuable time in considering its "great fault," viz.: an anti-climax? At the risk of being charged with blasphemy, let me ask respectfully, "Does anyone seriously entertain the idea that 'Trilby' will have an abiding place in English literature?"

Has this 65-year-old cigar, one of the glories of Boston, the strength or the weakness of old age? Would it in the mouth of a smoker burn gently and regularly as the founting out of a well spent and honored life, or would it be sullen, peevish, despondent?

It looks as though book reviewing in this country were a lost art. Who would dare in American magazine or newspaper to use the language of the Pall Mall Gazette in speaking of "Nicol Thalm, Materialist?" And as for the style, so is the man—a flaccid, groping surveying life across the counter and casting the doom of an effete society in his listener's long, hairy ear. Still the reviewer's voice is not one shriek of angelic blame. He has the faculty of dissembling. Witness this sentence: "And, with all his defects, the man is beyond compare the greatest living master of sustained banality and bathos."

A Bostonian objects, and with good reason, to the private coachmen of this city, who show their authority in our streets by whipping dexterously the poor horses attached to their charge. These coachmen, by the way, are the most insolent of creatures at crossings. They act apparently on the theory that to them is the right of way, that the man or woman on foot is but an inoffensive or homeless dog. Such insolence is to be seen in its full splendor near Faneuil Place at the close of a Symphony concert. Are not the employers of these coachmen in any way responsible for the pedestrian arrage?

There is already in England a sentiment in favor of Capt. Dreyfus, as well as a belief in his innocence. Remember that the testimony on which he was sentenced has never been given to the public. Remember also that French papers asserted that the issue of the trial would disgrace Dreyfus or the War Minister. And then again remember that Dreyfus is a Jew, and race prejudice entered into the whole affair.

In the 127th Olympiad and 381 of Rome a woman of Argos threw a tile from the roof of a house and slew Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, the mighty warrior, whose upper jaw was one entire bone throughout his gum, marked with notches. In 1895, Jan. 21, Kate Karley of Brooklyn threw a flower pot at a street car. The ancient historian does not give the name of the woman that aimed so true. The modern narrator does not tell whether Miss Karley hit the car. And thus is history loosely written.

In "The District Attorney," a play produced in New York, Mr. Goff, a Tammany leader, a ward politician and other figures of contemporaneous interest are introduced. So Aristophanes brought into his comedies Cleon and Socrates and Euripides. But according to the reviews of the modern imitation, Aristophanes showed greater talent in his day.

The versatile Corbett now appears as a logician. Hear the disciple of Jevons: "I never said that fighting was a disgraceful business. Why, that would be to admit that I am a disgrace, and I don't think I am." But is there not here a trace of arguing from particular to general, although the process is crab-gaited?

There is no greater impertinence, no more outrageous tax on the patience and the temper of the innocent, than this request in the name of charity: "Do not break the chain."

Have the members of the Browning Society read the remarks of Mr. Edmund Gosse on the new edition of the poems of the worshiped and worshipful? He complains of the lack of information in the 150 pages of biographical and critical notes concerning everything that is obscure, and then adds: "But, in return, there are nice, clear definitions of what an 'iconoclast' is, and who Keats was, and an explanation of the phrase 'Know thyself,' all of which are very valuable. The student of Browning, too, is no longer caught up by the unusual word 'Aphrodite.' The notes explain that this was 'the Greek name of Venus.' These notes should have been published in the days of the Browning Society; the members would have found them most useful. 'Zeus—Jupiter.' There is a luminous note for you! But how very angry dear Mr. Browning would have been!"

Jan 24-95

The Second Recital of Eugene Ysaie in Music Hall.

A large and enthusiastic audience listened to Mr. Ysaie yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. He and Mr. Lachaume played Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, and he also played these pieces: Wilhelmj's paraphrase of "Parsifal" and arrangement of the Siegfried Idyl; two movements from a sonata in G minor by Bach; Beethoven's Romance in F, and Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weisen."

A performance of the famous Kreutzer Sonata almost always excites warm discussion. One finds that there was too much sentiment, another declares that the interpretation was too pedagogic. The first performance by Bridge tower and Beethoven in 1803 was not devoid of sensational incidents, if we may believe the story told by the mulatto fiddler. By the way, is there any probability in the report that Beethoven dedicated originally this work to Bridge tower, and then, squabbling with him over a girl, changed his mind and immortalized Rodolphe Kreutzer? It may be said of yesterday's performance that both violinist and pianist gave great pleasure by the thoroughly artistic ensemble. If the tone of the violinist was luscious, if his mastery of technical difficulties was supreme, so on the other hand does the pianist deserve the warmest praise. The most indefatigable concert-goer seldom hears more delightful music than the fourth variation as it was played yesterday.

And again, what shall be said of Mr. Ysaie's performance? There is again nothing save eulogy. No style seems foreign to him. His playing of Bach is, perhaps, the most delightful, on account of the surprise; for before Ysaie came over here, much had been said about the sensuousness of his tone and his mastery over an audience. But here is a man that sways his hearers by playing the most abstract of all music. To speak of the performance in detail would be again to use superlatives, and superlatives quickly surfeit and lead finally to doubt.

Mr. Lachaume gave an interesting and thoroughly sympathetic reading of a scherzo by Chopin. He is the most thoroughly equipped and admirable accompanist that has been heard here for many a day.

Miss Priscilla White sang "Lusinghe plu care" from Handel's "A'essandro," the opera in which Faustina Bordoni, "the rare singing woman," made her debut in London. The air is from the first act of the opera, and it was written with special reference to the Faustina. Miss White was

injudicious in the selection, for it served to show her many technical shortcomings. The phrasing was not to be commended; she breathed apparently at random; there was little defined rhythm, and the bravura was not clean-cut. The singer strayed from the pitch, not occasionally, but frequently. Miss White also sang two songs by Mrs. Beach, but in an unsatisfactory manner.

PHILIP HALE.

Perhaps the unhappiness in Casimir-Périer's household is accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Casimir-Périer is "a perfect wife, and a mistress of all feminine arts and sciences." 'Tis the imperfect wife who is often the more lovable.

Teddy Solomon is dead and Jakobowski is married. Even composers of comic operas come to a tragic end.

It was a kindly act in Miss Helen Gould to provide cots for "the two most uninteresting babies," but who shall sit in judgment on the babies? To men all babies are equally interesting or uninteresting, and it is indeed a stony-hearted woman who does not find even the soggiest and most pulpy babe a wellspring of pleasure.

If the jury could not agree in the Laidlaw-Sage case, the verdict of the country at large is unanimously for the stinginess of the defendant.

It is the New York Tribune that thus opens the cold water faucet: "We are aware that in the vicinity of Boston vagueness is sometimes considered the mark of lofty intellect—an Olympian thundering behind the clouds; but the Boston 'fad' rarely takes rank as literature."

Lady Henry is again chirping about home, the word which "appeals to every heart." Has she heard Mr. William Hoey sing "Ours is a Happy Home?" Sing it to her, "Old Hoss," and perhaps she will take the next steamer for England.

A local contemporary assures the people of Boston and neighboring towns that the "Krutzer (sic) sonata is one of the finest of modern compositions." This sonata is by the young and talented composer, George J. Beethoven of Bath, Me., and we understand that a prominent New York firm will publish it in the spring.

To "Constant Feeder"—No. Calipee is not the female of the callpash, as you evidently suppose.

Is the business of the Infant musical prodigies Simonson and Manen so bad that the Gerry Society must come to the rescue as a free advertisement?

A contemporary remarks in a spirit of mild pleasantry: "The attempt to form a Bourgeois Cabinet in France has failed. Now suppose they try to form a Cabinet made up of all classes, including the aristocracy, the peasantry and the bourgeois." Why "bourgeois," which is here without meaning? Why not "bourgeoisie?"

Here's another man who comes all the way from New York to tell us that "Boston is the worst city in the world." Be loyal to New York, Brother Merritt. Have you no civic patriotism?

It is a singular fact that even the righteous take a melancholy pleasure not unmixed with pride in deploring the "wickedness" of the town in which they live. If a stranger visits a village, he is assured by the oldest gossip of the place that Gaddams Corners is "the toughest place of its size in the United States."

Many who are not members of the Algonquin Club will be pleased to hear that its life "on a liberal basis will be assured." The death of a club is often to be regretted. More deplorable than the death of a well-known club is the death-in-life seen in clubs founded for a useful and generous purpose, which is in the passing of years disregarded or openly flouted, and where the peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of the original organizations are allowed to fade away and disappear.

It was on Jan. 23, 1748, that the Hon. Charles Townshend wrote to a friend: "I cannot go to the Opera, because I have forsworn all expense which does not end in pleasing me."

We spoke the other day of musk as an alleged cure for hiccoughs. It is not unlikely that the ancients knew of this remedy, although Serapion does mention it among prescribed emetics, calefacients and attenuants. But musk was given for diseases of the eyes and the brain, headache, all cold affections of the head, affections of the heart, melancholy, sinking spells. The learned leech, Aben Mesuai, says of it, that it comforts the heart and internal viscera, both when drunk and when applied externally in plasters. Avicenna hands it down through the centuries as a safe alexipharmic.

There was a time when every concert singer in this country was armed with Harrison Millard's "Waiting." It was popular when the taste of the people was possibly not so cultured, certainly not so pretentious, as it is today. And declaimed vigorously by a good looking soprano, the song seldom failed to arouse enthusiasm.

Mr. Dagg. Murray is not wanting in courage or self-appreciation. In the "Overture" to his story in three acts, entitled "Why," says Gladys, he states calmly, as one would give the date of the battle of Marathon, "The theme is a great one, and is worthy the handling of a great artist." He then adds: "I will do what I can with it."

Perhaps Mr. Erckmann, when he arrives in New York, will tell us whether Coquelin or Irving is to him the more satisfactory Polish Jew in the famous drama written by him and his partner.

It is mentioned as an extenuating circumstance in the case of the late Isaac Abbott that he had few pleasures, "and was never seen in a silk hat."

an 25-95

Mr. C. Howard Walker is almost always entertaining; as well as instructive and courageous. He believes in public and private buildings that do not wound the eye; in noble statues erected to noble men; in a word, he believes in the artistic development of a city under the fostering care of the honest and the artistic.

Politicians of all parties might agree with Mr. Walker, if the definition of "Municipal Art" were only determined. To Mr. Timothy Thaly Mulligan, the well-known healer and regulator of caucuses, "municipal art" means the art of extracting boodle out of the city treasury. Mr. Mulligan would be the first to agree with Mr. Walker's statement concerning the trouble with this artistic movement: "It is likely to be emotional and not constant." And so Mr. Mulligan would leap into the air and clack his heels together thrice as a tribute to Mr. Walker's remark, "the community is an intricate organism, which can only be effectively reached by wisely ordered organization." Mr. Walker and Mr. Mulligan might never agree fundamentally concerning the definition of "municipal art." Yet 'tis a pity, for at present Mr. Mulligan has the greater artistic influence.

A man admits that he is an embezzler. He stands before a Judge who is to sentence him. Friends and outsiders cry: "Mercy, Your Honor." One, "who takes a philanthropic interest in such cases," gives these excuses for the guilty man: (1) The criminal was unmarried; (2) He had been generous to his friends; (3) "What caused him to do what he did was his losses at horse races." Now this is not a scene in a farce comedy. These excuses were actually made this week before a Judge in this city.

And here is a logical deduction from the circumstances in the case. Oh, young man, cashier, or bookkeeper, or confidential clerk, embezzle fearlessly. But at the same time beware of marrying. Blow your money in recklessly, until the bar is moaning. And above all, lose heavily at horse races. Philanthropists will then plead for you if you are caught, and Justice herself will feel a softness at the heart.

"There is nothing immodest in the idea of a woman showing her feet sans shoes and stockings." True; that is if she is without corn or blemish.

The Pall Mall Gazette published the best line on the late incident in France, and it reads thus: "Périer Joué."

Prof. Fleming defines magnetism as "an infectious disease in iron."

This is St. Paul's Day. What saith the poet?

"If St. Paul's Day be faire and cleare,
It doth betide a happy yeare;
But if by chance it then should rain,
It will make deare all kinds of graine;
And if clouds make dark ye skie,
Then neate and fowles this year shall die;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars shall trouble ye realm full oft."

And this festival was called an Egyptian day; because, as Ducange explains, the Egyptians discovered that there were two unlucky days in every month, and prognostications of the good or bad course of the year were formed from the state of the weather on those days.

But if you are reasonably skeptical, snap lingers at the Shepherd's Almanack for 1676, which says, "If thunder St. Paul's Day, great winds and death of people that year;" and quote Gay's lines to the superstitious: "Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind, Nor Paul nor Swithun rule the clouds and wind."

On Jan. 25, 1818, a bullock's kidney was exhibited at Wisbeach. It measured 6 feet one way, 4 feet and 4 inches the other, and it weighed 87 pounds. This reads like a lie, but the story appeared in a newspaper, the Morning Advertiser (London), Feb. 3, 1818, and it must therefore be true.

"Lord Randolph Churchill avoided bores." How did he do it? For the bore has been unusually omnipresent of late. You find him in street car, on the stage, in the office, at the corner. There is no club without a choice assortment of winter and summer bores. They invade the family circle. They come across the Atlantic to tell us how to run our own affairs. Male and female, they infect the land. The old painters delighted

in depicting the bores. The painter of 1855 might entitle his masterpiece "At Bay." The picture would represent a haggard, shifty-eyed man driven in his own club against the fireplace, and warring off a singular (to use the old English term) of well-dressed, smug and highly respectable bores.

The report of 22 cases of sales of titles of nobility in Spain shows the advantages in having an untitled aristocracy. Take our esteemed townsman Huggins, for instance. For many years he was known as plain Huggins, respected as a square, hard-headed business man. A fortunate marriage, as the world regards such things, an ambitious wife and a more ambitious daughter, and our old friend Huggins connects his last name and his middle name by a hyphen, and, lo and behold, his card reads Mr. Alexander Henry-Huggins. In social circles mother and daughter are known as "those charming Henry-Hugginses." Now, here is no possible rumor of a purchase. A hyphen is free to everyone, although it must laugh outright when it is thus used.

Jan 26-95

This impatient, irreverent age will not listen to glorification of famous men. Yet before January, 1895, goes by forever, let us buttonhole him a moment and tell of the heroic deeds of one almost forgotten, who left this earth 142 years ago. He came from the county of Kerry, did this hero, and his name it was Daniel Bull McCarthy. He lived, feared, loved and respected until he was 111 years old. No cold affected him, and as a chronicler says, in homely language: "He was always very healthy, and never observed to spit." Irrksome to him was a shirt at night, but he put it for luck under his pillow. "For the last 70 years when in company he drank plentifully of rum and brandy, which he called 'naked truth,' and if in compliance with solicitations he drank claret or punch, he always drank an equal glass of rum or brandy, which he called a 'wedge.'" Nor was he averse to the sweet sex. According to the same impartial chronicler, who speaks without surprise, Mr. McCarthy at the age of 84 married a fifth wife, aged 14, and had by her 20 children. And yet who speaks today of this particular McCarthy? Oh, the vanity, the vanity of life!

Henri Heugel in Le Ménestrel says that Miss Suzanne Adams, who lately made her debut at the Opéra, is somewhat cold in manner, "as are all American women." He praises her vocal art rather than the voice itself, and he declares that she sang bravura passages with "rare aplomb and amusing ease."

Mr. Oscar Wilde was interviewed the other day, and he was in fine condition. "The journalist," said Mr. Wilde, "is always reminding the public of the existence of the artist. That is unnecessary of him. He is always reminding the artist of the existence of the public. That is indecent of him."

"Surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?" asked the reporter. "Yes," replied Mr. Wilde, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "terribly creative—terribly creative!"

"The moment criticism exercises any influence it ceases to be criticism. The aim of the true critic is to try and chronicle his his own moods, not to try and correct the masterpieces of others." Better men than you, Mr. Wilde, have believed this and acted on the belief. After all, as the reader absorbs this interview, he begins to suspect that it is a fake. When he come across the following paragraph he is sure that the interviewer is laughing at him. For it is a Mr. Wilde with a green carnation in his buttonhole that remarks, "The public makes a success when it realizes that a play is a work of art. On the three first nights I have had in London the public has been most successful, and had the dimensions of the stage admitted of it, I would have called them before the curtain."

Lillie: "Why did you speak to that horrid fellow in the car? Weren't you afraid it would affect your standing?"

Millie: "Not a bit. He never offered a girl a seat in his life."—The Sketch.

Why is it that so many at afternoon teas scream "soft nothings?"

The Pall Mall Gazette is not to be comforted by Mr. Comyns Carr's brand new drama in blank verse, "King Arthur." It pokes cruel fun at the text, saying that "the construction and development of the thing are practically possible to the imagination of a precocious child who happens to have read his Tennyson; its characterization is scarcely better." The performance, it seems, is a mere spectacle. Miss Terry declaimed her verse "with the emphasis of a metronome," and while Mr. Irving "looked something more beautiful and picturesque than ever, he had no opportunity, certainly, for acting, although there were moments when it seemed as though he would an if he could."

Mr. Antonin Dvorak is a humorist if an unconscious one. In the last Harper's he is represented as saying authoritatively, "The American voice, so far as I can judge, is a good one. When I first arrived in this country I was startled by the strength and the depth of the voices in the boys who sell papers on the street, and I am still constantly amazed at its penetrating quality." Ergo: these boys should be trained for German opera, which demands first of all "strength" and "penetration."

How often you see this statement, the ancient Greeks and Romans never knew what corns were, for they were not silly enough to pinch the feet with fashionable boots. What nonsense! Consult Paulus Aegineta and the learned commentators. A favorite remedy for corns was a composition of red arsenic, quicklime, quicksilver killed, with the ashes of acorns and oil. Bean-meal boiled with vinegar was another. There were more heroic cures. One was to heat an iron proportionate to the size of the corn red-hot and apply it until there was suppuration. In the other method a funnel of copper or iron, or the quill of a vulture was applied and then filled with boiling water.

"Though young fellows do not imagine it, it is very easy to marry a wife too young. Marriage has been defined as a foolish bargain in which one man provides for another man's daughter, but there is no reason why this should go so far as completing her education. If your conception of happiness is having something pretty and innocent and troublesome about you, something that you can cherish and make happy, a pet rabbit is in every way preferable. I have known several cases of the girl wife, and it always began like an idyll, charmingly, the tenderest care on one hand, winsome worship on the other, until some little thing, a cut chin or a missing paper, started the pure and natural man out of his veneer, dancing and blaspheming, with the most amazing consequences."

Jan 27-95

CESAR THOMSON.

His First Appearance at a Symphony Concert.

A Violinist of Rare and Remarkable Qualities.

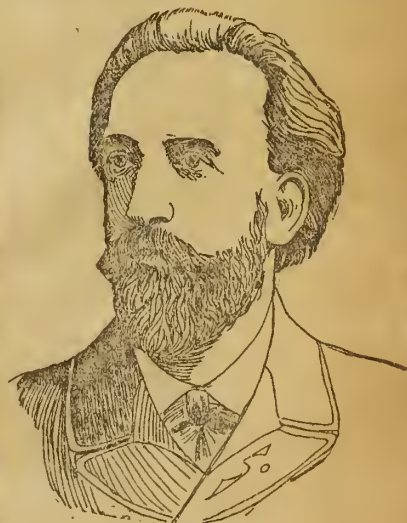
Enthusiasm Provoked by Nobility of the Performance.

The program of the 13th Symphony concert given last evening at Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," op. 95.....Dvorak
Concerto for violin in A minor, op 28.....Goldmark
Overture, "Leonore," No. 2.....Beethoven
Symphonic Poem "Sarka".....Smetana

The feature of the concert was the apparition of César Thomson, who played for the first time in this city.

César Thomson, one of the most famous



CESAR THOMSON.

of violinists now living, was born in Liège, March 17, 1857. (Ysaye, by the way, was born in 1859). Mr. Thomson was first taught the violin by his father, and then he studied under Dupuis and Léonard. In 1873 he went to Italy as "Kammermusiker" to Prince Dervies, who lived in winter at Nice and in summer at Lugano. And it was in Italy and in 1877 that he took to himself a wife. Later he was concert master of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. At present he is first professor of the violin at the Liège Conservatory. He has played in the chief

cities of Europe with overwhelming success. His first appearance in the United States was at New York in Carnegie Music Hall, Oct. 24, 1894.

Mr. Thomson has the face and the bearing of a man absorbed thoroughly in his art. At first there is the thought of the ascetic. A monk's costume would not be incongruous. But mind you, in this strange and fascinating appearance there is not the slightest taint of insincerity or affectation. The man is modesty itself. He is bold only in his art. When he plays, it is as though he stood alone. There is no thought of an audience which may applaud or be cold. Erect, almost immovable, he plays with incredible authority. There is in his performance no trick of the virtuoso in the evil meaning of the word. There is no tossing of long, disheveled hair. There is no swaying of the body as though the passion of the player could not be controlled. There is no sudden pose after a series of brilliant passages, no look at the audience, as much as to say, "There! What do you think of that?" Nor at the end of the finale is there a readiness to acknowledge the applause. The man answers the call, but with the dignity of the artist who allows himself to be disturbed in a musical meditation only because he will not be rude to those he has entranced.

Nor was there one thing last evening in appearance, performance or selection that was discordant with the idea of rarest sincerity. There are many virtuosos, excellent and admirable artists, whose temperament forbids such impeccable dignity. There are a few great violinists whose dignity forbids and never fascinates. I have never heard a virtuoso who produced such an effect on an audience as did Mr. Thomson last evening by the very means that would seem fatal to success. And his triumph is the greater and the more astounding.

For, first of all, the Goldmark concerto is not of itself music to thrill or delight an audience. It was first played at a symphony concert by Mr. Kniesel, Dec. 6, 1890. The impression then made remains today. It is an eminently serious composition that is interesting in episodes rather than as a complete and organic work. In it is no sensuous, heart-melting tune. In it is no combination of dazzling bravura with piquant, ear-tickling rhythm. It would be hard to name one element of popularity in the concerto. Now consider for a moment the amazing technique of Mr. Thomson, and the number of compositions in which he could at once astound the hearer. Yet he chose for his first appearance in this town the concerto by Goldmark.

These now are the impressions after one hearing. It is an age of technique. No violinist or pianist is supposed to have a right to appear on the stage unless his technique is fully developed. But the technique of Mr. Thomson seems superhuman. The most appalling difficulties, as in his cadenza suggested by Paganini and played as an answer to the storm of applause that followed his performance of the concerto—these incredible difficulties were to him as the simplest exercises. He is something more than a wizard, although in more superstitious times he might well have been regarded as in league with Satan, who was supposed to be partial to the fiddle and fiddlers. Never was this technique used to excite wonder. In fact, the modest man appeared almost to be ashamed of his prowess. The technique was only the means of interpreting the wishes of the composer.

The authority was absolute, yet never forbidding, never arrogant. The music made by him was free from earthly dross. There was no sensuous strain, no voluptuous suggestion. There was the purity that I found the other day in that sonata for violin and piano by Franck. To some this purity might seem coldness, and they would not brook it. But there is a music that is apart from this world, that suggests nothing of sin or passion; it is the music that hints at spiritual life when there may be no thought or recollection of bodily joy or sorrow, and such serene and noble music came last evening from the violin of César Thomson.

Never was there a phrase unduly emphasized, or thrown to the audience as a tub to a whale. To the player the concerto was one long expression of aspirations such as might have strengthened the courage of a hermit were beset by demons in alluring or grotesque shapes, for it is impossible to even now escape from the unearthly spell thrown over the hearer by the artist. The cadenzas seemed—mirabile dictu—to be an integral part of the work, and even the episodic character of the concerto was for the moment forgotten.

Now these things must not be lost sight of. The comparatively ungrateful nature of the concerto itself; the sublime and unaffected unconsciousness of the violinist; the simplicity of his style, the purity of his tone which, when warm, seemed warm only with a religious fervor; the apparent command of technical skill; the immovability of the player. And yet such was the nobility, the grandeur, the self-abnegation of the performance that the great audience, ready to recognize the beauty and the rarity of these attributes, paid him gladly a tribute that will be memorable in the history of Music Hall.

The anthropological symphony of Dvorak is an unalloyed gathering of the folk of all nations, rather than the one, inevitable indistinctification of musical America. Viewed simply as music, it contains many delightful passages. The first two movements are the most satisfactory, the first and the finale seem somewhat overdone, and long spun out on a heart.

The program book announced that Goldmark was born May 18, 1872. As a matter of fact he was born in 1871. For his friend Friedrich Smetana figured on the title page of the program book as being born in 1871. This is a curiosity with a vengeance.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gossip About Foreign and Native Musicians.

What Miss Sybil Sanderson Says for Herself.

Local Singers' Interest in Songs of Local Composers.

This is the visiting prima donna's progress.

First and for some time before she steps on the pier at New York with lap-dog, parrot, maid, secretary and possibly a mother, the cable has been hot with passionate dispatches of press agents disguised as "our own correspondents."

The singer lands. She sings. The rapture is moderate. The partition between success and failure is thin. Or there is a failure.

The critics deplore the lack of genuine success or rejoice in it, each according to his disposition and the liberty of expression allowed him.

Then the singer is interviewed. She pouts, storms, or explains.

Here is Miss Sybil Sanderson, for instance. She gives her opinions in an interview published in the Musical Courier of the 23d.

"If you ask her from whom she inherited her vocal talent, she will declare that if she did have an ancestor that was musical, he or she must have dwelt such a long time ago that the talent could have descended to her through no other channel than that of transmigration. 'Oh, yes, I am a believer in that cult,' Miss Sanderson answered. 'Perhaps that may account for my possession of a voice, although the critics declare it to be such a wee, small voice that they quite fail to hear it.'"

"As you know, M. Massenet wrote the opera ('Manon') for Heilbron. Aside from her, I am the only woman who has ever sung the role of Manon Lescaut." You mean in Paris, probably, Miss Sanderson; for other women have appeared in the part; for instance, Minnie Hauk, right here in Boston.

"Let me explain that the Metropolitan Opera House is too large for 'Manon' or any other opera-comique." Right you are, Miss Sanderson. And how pleased you'll be with Mechanics' Building Auditorium.

"How absurd, then, I should have appeared if I had characterized Manon as having a monstrous voice! How could she have? She was a peasant girl, unsophisticated, untrained. I hope I make myself clear." You do not make yourself clear, Mrs. Sanderson. Have you an assortment of voices which you use at will and at discretion? And why should "a peasant girl" necessarily have a small voice? And are there no unsophisticated girls with full, rich voices? Do you really believe for a moment that Manon was unsophisticated, you that have lived in Paris?

But stay! "I live with my mother and sisters when in the French capital, and my home life is the same as that of any other respectable woman who dwells in the atmosphere of domesticity, and who has sisters and a mother whom she adores." How you must shrink, then, from playing such parts as Phryne and Thais! How you must dread the ordeal of being photographed in the peculiar costumes of the parts. Truly, Art is a thorny path.

"Remain in America? Bless you, no! I only came out here for a breathing spell."

If you wish to see some singular caricatures of Miss Sanderson, look at "La Vie Parisienne" of March 31, 1894.

By the way, the photographer who took her with her naked arms upraised and with hands on top of her head must have mistaken the name of his subject. For Sanderson he read Sandow.

No musician of this town should complain of a lack of attention. The works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bizet, Brahms—choose the names at random—never made their way so quickly in the towns where they lived, as do the pieces of our esteemed local composers. Symphony or comiesong, chamber music or cyclus, there is always an orchestra, club, singer or pianist ready for performance.

Miss Elise Jane Dusenberry, the talented young soprano, gives a concert. What is her first thought? "There are composers here whose songs must be sung, otherwise the songs would rest in manuscript or sleep on the publisher's shelves." Does Miss Dusenberry indulge herself in discrimination? Does she choose only those songs that are worthy of performance? Does she look at the composer, male or female, simply as a composer, or does she say: "The Fynn-Fynns will attend in a body if I sing this song, for they prefer the composer

to Franz, and he is always at their teas; to be sure, it's a poor song, and it doesn't suit my voice; but I've got to get along, and I might as well pull all the legs I see." Let me hasten to assure you, Miss Eustacia, that Miss Dusenberry would not use such coarse language, for she is a refined person, and prefers "Elise" to her baptismal name Eliza. Her thoughts, however, might thus be well expressed.

Do some of these song writers really believe that the songs themselves draw all singers to them?

Ah, Miss Eustacia, our old friend Punch-nello has many secrets, and one is how a Boston singer makes out a program.

As some may have read W. H. Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music"—and indeed on certain housetops trombones have sounded in his praise—it is interesting to know the opinion of the delightfully frank reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"We cannot conscientiously maintain that Mr. Hadow is either a strong thinker or a strong writer. He has manners, indeed. But he is pompous at times, at other times delighted beyond all ordinary complacency with what is either only a tiny element of originality or else the verbose and unconvincing exposition of peculiarly personal theories. His book has, again, far too much of the stereotyped, everlasting, indestructible commonplaces of every-day criticism. You are certain beforehand, for example, of the precise nature of Mr. Hadow's probable attitude toward the unhappy Meyerbeer; and you get it from him triumphantly, unerringly. * * *

"The best essay of the book by far is that on Chopin. Mr. Hadow may or may not be right about Chopin's relations with George Sand; but one is pleased to see him on the side of chivalry, which he adopts with quite sufficient plausibility for his purpose. His general criticism of Chopin's work, though conventional enough, is sound; while his theory upon that master's 'disputed' harmonies as partaking of a 'horizontal' or 'superficial,' rather than a 'perpendicular' character is entertaining as some of Mr. Gilbert's theories are entertaining, seeming right, although one needs not to be persuaded that they are hopelessly absurd. We candidly regret that we are unable to admire Mr. Hadow's book, as he clearly wishes—to judge from his style alone, from nothing, that is, but its elaborate complacency—that we should admire it. The quality, however, which is lacking to make the book all that it should be is sensitiveness. Mr. Hadow's hand is heavy; his manner is affectedly pompous. He writes of Brahms and Dvorák, indeed, with the kind of sympathy which is prevalent in official musical circles. It is a sympathy which is the precipitate of many views in solution both invertebrate and far-seeing; but it is emphatically not a sensitive sympathy. It has lost the perspective of art, and, given the label of a name, it welcomes all with enthusiasm and a somewhat monotonous flow of lan-

guage. Hence we must leave readers to judge the general character of Mr. Hadow's—shall we call it?—labor of love."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Madrid has gone crazy over Calvé's Carmen.

The review of the Symphony concert will be found in another column.

Gérardy has a 'cello sold to be worth \$8000.

At least 73 new operas and operettas were produced in Italy in 1894.

Miss Adèle Aus der Ohe will give piano recitals here this season.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn will sing in the "Walpurgisnacht" for the New York Liederkreis, Feb. 10. In April he will sing in Montreal.

Miss Currie Duke, who was brought out here by Mr. B. J. Lang, will play in the Sousa Band concerts for 12 weeks.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell will give piano recitals in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York, Feb. 23 and March 2.

An old German mystery arranged for the modern stage by Richard Kralik has been produced with success in Vienna.

Augusta Holmès's opera, "The Black Mountain," will be produced at the Paris Opéra tomorrow night.

"Humperdinck," according to a writer in The Sketch, "is a kind of musical George Meredith." That settles Humperdinck.

The author of "Father O'Flynn" is the editor of "The Irish Song Book" published by Unwin, London.

Mrs. Julie Vyman and Mr. Ethelbert Nevin gave a concert in Detroit last Friday night.

Mr. Nikisch will direct a series of four orchestral concerts in Queen's Hall, London, in June and early July.

A concert devoted exclusively to Mr. MacDowell's works will soon be given at the New York Musical Institute.

Mr. Albert S. Thies of New York will give a song recital in Boston (Chickering Hall) Feb. 4.

Mr. Busoni, who was so shabbily treated in Boston, played lately in St. Petersburg, "mit kolossalem Erfolge."

Mrs. Penberton-Hincks, who appeared here in concert and opera to little advantage, has been singing in private musicales in New York.

Human nature is not seriously differentiated by oceans separating possessors of the article. These words written about London might be applied to Boston:

"As a matter of fact whether the sentiment is sincere or not, the fashionable people of London are dying to move to the world their interest and enthusiasm for serious music. Take, for instance, the few, the too few Motti Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Such an example of apparent ecstasy has scarcely been known out of the Lives of the Saints. The streets were blocked with carriages, and some who arrived a quarter of an hour too soon entered the hall 20 minutes late. And all because London was on thorns to prove itself a musical centre and an admirer of serious music. This, mind you, and moreover, was something of a pose."

Ravelli gave this month a song recital in the Singakademie, Berlin. Commendation for his bel canto was mingled with regrets that Time was already jealous of the singer.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of Sullivan's music to "King Arthur." Carr's play produced by Irving the 13th at the Lyceum.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music, set to 'King Arthur,' unfortunately sympathizes rather with Mr. Carr's actual literary work than with the Tennysonian tradition. We have so much kindness for Sullivan's music of later days that we are fain to suppose that he has drenched himself with the spirit of the author of this particular play. His music has brightness, but its rhythm is far too marked and emphatic. It was unfortunate, for a beginning, that his subject was identified to some extent with Wagner's greatest work; and even the distant chorus of the Knights had reminiscences, so far as subject was concerned, with 'Tannhäuser.' It was, therefore, only natural that Sullivan's determined desire to follow his own lighter operatic bent, and Mr. Carr's triviality of emotion, should have made his music seem, under the circumstances, somewhat uninteresting, and in itself trivial. The overture has some touches of solemnity; but you feel, for the most part, that, for this instance, the musician is incorrigible enough to be so completely himself as to overshadow and destroy the appropriateness which the subject, if not the play, demanded. The truth is that Sir Arthur Sullivan, to his own great credit, can know nobody else but himself; and the result occurs that the music composed by Mr. Villiers Stanford for 'Becket' was far more interesting and engrossing than is this music by Sullivan for 'King Arthur.' It is true that the vocal portion was not sung with any particular distinction; one did not expect that; but distinguished or not in its rendering, there can be no doubt about this fact that, though we are willing to acknowledge this musician as, in some respects, an exquisite writer of humorous opera, he is, for serious incidental music, no better fitted in his personal art than he was fitted for the composition of an opera to the libretto of such a work as 'Ivanhoe.' We admire his genius none the less for it; we do but choose to define certain limitations."

At the Popular Concert this afternoon in Union Hall Miss Prescott, Miss Becker, Mr. Hoffman and Mr. T. E. Johnson will take part.

Gemma Bellincioni, the famous dramatic soprano, has written a novel, "Vittorina," which is publishing in a Naples journal, the Don Marzio.

A Sun reporter saw Mr. Ysaye. He found the violinist interested in just one thing, and that seemed a curious thing, too. Ysaye said:

"I am instructor, you know, in the Brussels Conservatory. Now there are always there, and coming and going, a lot of clever Americans—oh, yes, very clever—excellent performers, men with technique and feeling. Well, then, what becomes of them? So! Where do they go, eh? I see in your orchestra here only a lot of bald-headed Dutchmen. Where are those Americans? So! Do they not learn to play as a profession? No! It is strange, and too bad. A lot of bald-headed Dutchmen, eh?"

Ysaye will play again in Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9, the week that the Symphony Orchestra will be out of town. He will be assisted by well-known artists.

Louis Glass of Copenhagen gave lately a concert in Berlin in which a symphony, tarantella from a suite, large for strings, piano sonata and songs received very respectful attention.

The E flat symphony of Borodine was played at the fifth symphony concert of the Royal Orchestra, Berlin, for the first time since '83 or '84, and it again excited the warmest praise. The scherzo was repeated.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert Friday and Saturday will be as follows: Overture, "Don Giovanni," Mozart; suite D major, op. 113, Liszt; Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

The program of Mr. Arthur Whiting's second chamber concert in Bumstead Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, will include piano quartets by Fauré and Schütt; Intermezzi by Brahms; concert studies, Whiting.

Miss Caroline E. Densmore will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Feb. 1. She will sing songs by Brahms, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Schumann, Somervell, Hook, Purcell, Chaminade, Holmés, Gounod. Mrs. Marsh will assist.

The third concert of the Adamowski Quartet will be given Wednesday evening in Chickering Hall. This is the program: Quartet by Gade; romanza and scherzo from Quartet by Grieg; Beethoven's Quartet op. 18, No. 5, A major.

The first of Mrs. Elene Eaton's vocal recitals will be given Monday evening in Chickering Hall at 8.30. Mrs. Eaton will sing songs by Boston composers, and the polacca from Bellini's "Puritani," with a cadenza written for her by Manuel Garcia.

"Israel in Egypt" will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Music Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 4, at 7.30. Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, Mrs. Alves, Mr. Thies, Mr. M. W. Whitney and Mr. M. W. Whitney, Jr., will be the soloists.

A New York newspaper speaks of Mr. Timothee Adamowski as "the popular and very comme il faut Mr. 'Tim.'" But why Mr.? The title seems cold and unsympathetic. Here he is known lovingly as "Tim," with stress on the "m."

The Pall Mall Gazette warns the managers of the "Monday Pops." It says: "Poor stuff, take it all in all, has been substituted for the former compositions that were used to magnetize all musical London." Then there is this tribute to "the personal history of the Pops:

"Is it not recorded that, week after week, George Elliot patiently attended these performances, and listened avidly to the exquisite chamber music that celebrated players chose to interpret for her inspired ear? And with what a peculiar and, as it were, a private love do you not hear the kind of old-fashioned society talk about the old Monday Pops, the 'hush' of which became almost as famous in London as the 'hush' of Bayreuth in Europe? Eloquent descriptions were penned, describing the taste of the audience, the reverence and rejoicing with which classical compositions were received, and the general solemnity and artistic triumph of the whole affair; while Mr. Gilbert went out of his way, in 'Pygmalion,' to observe of the 'every-day young man' that he

* * * thinks suburban hops
More fun than Monday pops,
Who's fond of his dinner,
And doesn't get thinner
On bottled beer and chops.

"Here was a reputation, you would say, that no Queen's Hall could kill, no sudden, newly-erected concert room not half a mile from the site of the old place. Nor is it at all likely that any such result could ever have—if it indeed has—taken place, if the concerts at St. James's Hall had even approached their former excellence. Unfortunately, however, that excellence has by no means been maintained. The programs, so far as this season goes, have not been happy."

Mr. Ernst Perabo has composed and published a Concert Fantasy upon theme from "Patience." The fantasy is most ingeniously arranged, and shows throughout the artistic appreciation, intelligence, technical skill and humor of this pianist, who is, alas, too seldom heard in our concert halls. Musicians will smile with pleasure at the clever use of the theme of Beethoven's 8th Symphony, as it is employed contrapuntally against Sullivan's "And every one will say, as you walk your mystic way." Mr. Perabo has dedicated the arrangement to Sir Arthur Sullivan, "as a slight token of admiration and gratitude for the wholesome and happy entertainment he has given to countless multitudes in blessed relief from the drudgery and monotony of their lives."

Three new songs, op. 52, 53, 54, by Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger are thus reviewed contemptuously by the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung: "Three so-called 'Reiszer' of the most commonplace sort, in which the music never rises above the constantly low level of the text."

The undergraduates of Cambridge University, England, have organized "a club to promote concerted playing on the banjo, mandoline and guitar." The club was started last October. It now has 30 members, "of whom more than two-thirds are proficient exponents of their respective instruments."

Miss Alice Douglas, who danced in "Little Christopher Columbus" in London, says that "a musical education, as regards inculcating the value of time, is of great help in advancing one in dancing; so I took to the harp." She regards the serpentine dance as "meaningless and therefore unclassical."

Mr. Percy Goetschius and Mr. Emil Mahr, assisted by Miss Rennyson, Miss Burgess, Mr. Fortin and Mr. Clark, will give a concert at the New England Conservatory of Music, Thursday night. The program will include pieces by Bach, Des Pres, Arcadelt, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Bruch and Goetschius.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., will give a song recital in Union Hall, Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.30. She will sing songs by Berény, Umlauf, Stavenhagen, Langer, Meyer-Helmund, Massenet, Bizet, Cornelius, Mozart, Eckert, Mascagni, Dell'Acqua. Mr. T. Adamowski will play two movements of a Wieniawski concerto and a romanza (MS.) written for him by Gerlicke.

Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, basso, announces a song recital, to be given in Union Hall Monday evening at 8.30 o'clock. The program includes songs by Gomez, Mozart, Handel, Pressel, Wagner, Verdi, Jansen and Bullard. Mr. Hubbard will be assisted by Mr. Edward Phillips, pianist, who will play several selections by Schumann, Liszt, Chopin and Orth.

"To assist Miss Minnie Cunningham (a London Music Hall singer) the limelight men on either side supply her with much spurious moonlight made with green glass, which has no charms whatever, while it materially diminishes the winsome charms of Miss Cunningham. Who does not know the hideous effect produced by standing in front of the green light of a bottle in a chemist's shop window?"

Mr. Edward Jakobowski's wooing was prestissimo, and the suddenness of his love was worthy of a hero of comic opera or Wagnerian music-drama. About three weeks ago Mrs. Clara O. Brown, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd of Buffalo, applied to Jakobowski for employment as a chorus girl in an opera now rehearsing, and last Monday he engaged her in the capacity of wife.

An American pianist, Frederick Fairbanks, gave a concert this month in Berlin. As a pianist he appears to have displayed a hard touch; and his interpretation suffered from a tasteless use of the pedals. He played a sonata of his own. The second movement, a series of variations "in Schumann's manner" on a simple but beautiful theme, made the most favorable impression.

Otto Lessmann wrote early in January a scathing criticism on the attempts of Siegfried Wagner to conduct an orchestra. He claimed that the young man would go to pieces if he tried to prepare a new orchestral composition for performance; that he had learned poll-parrot-like a few pieces already familiar to all orchestras and then endeavored to make effects by violent and absurd gesticulations.

An extra popular matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Music Hall Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Mrs. Melba will be the soloist. The program will include Auber's "Fra Diavolo" overture, ballet music from Delibes' "Coppelia," entracte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," a scherzo (new) by Goldmark, Strauss's "Southern Roses" waltz, and the overture

to "Mignon." Melba will sing an air from "The Huguenots," the mad scene from "Lucia," and "Se Seran Rose," by Ardit.

"CATCH AND WASH"

There is a little town in Germany which for a time was the scene of the wonder and the despair of ornithologists. For one bitter cold day when snow was high and winds were shrill, the village was suddenly illuminated by the apparition of birds of gorgeous coloring, of plumage that suggested the sultry, swooning tropics and wild and exuberant vegetation. Yet were these birds of familiar shape apparently; sparrows, robins and crows, they seemed, but as in some gay masquerade. Green and blue and sapphire, dazzling gold and scarlet and crimson inflamed the eyes and the curiosity of the villagers. Were the birds new or old to the region? Was there here some unheard of, some inexplicable differentiation? Did the joys of the tropics pale? Was there desire to see the bleaker climes known hitherto only by rumor or tradition?

The birds themselves gave no information. They did not sing, neither did they croak. They were shy of salt, and would not respond to the courting of man. Letters were written to universities and naturalists. There were pilgrimages to Schwytz. And yet the birds were inspected only at long range by their fellow visitors. It was forbidden to shoot them lest the plumage would be spoiled. Traps seemed of no avail. Finally it was resolved in solemn assembly to invite a celebrated bird-catcher, as the good people of Hameln once on a time listened eagerly to the proposal of the Pied Piper, although in the one case allurements were sought, in the other repulsion. Meanwhile learned essays had been written. Theories of inevitable logical conclusion had been evolved from the premises. There was talk of the necessity of an immediate revision and new edition of Darwin.

But before the arrival of the professional bird catcher the President of the Ornithological Society received the following terse communication: "Catch and wash in hot water." Another letter explained the mystery. A shrewd chemist of the neighborhood desired to advertise certain brilliant dyes. The weather was intensely cold; the birds were hungry and tame. He caught some of them and dyed their feathers. Fed and colored, amazed and possibly proud, they avoided man, although they excited his amazement.

This story, which is said to be true and of this season, is of varied and local application. Visitors of strange plumage attract attention in Boston. It is true they are not silent; on the contrary, they are garrulous, they chatter in private and in print. They sing, they paint, they write novels, they are students of sociology, they are reformers of all political, social and moral evils. No one thinks of questioning their authority, their origin, or their sincerity. There is immediate wonder at the plumage. The platitude is regarded as an oracle from Delphi; the impertinence is welcomed as a sagacious and beneficial observation. As people of ancient and shut-out lands we hail the arrival of celestial messengers. And yet these birds of glittering plumage are the old familiar sparrows and crows. They hop about in parlor and lecture room and newspaper office that they may pick up crumbs. Often they peck viciously at the hand that feeds them. Why does it not occur to some of the entertainers and listeners to question the purity of the mission, the unselfishness of the motive? In other words, would it

not be a good idea to catch some of these fine birds and wash them thoroughly?

Jan 28 - '95

Cesar came, saw, conquered.

The talk of the day is concerning César Thomson. They heard him in New York the last of October. Perhaps to them he is an old story. Our novelties come late.

Thomson is a Belgian, but his family is of Swedish origin. It was stated in the Journal Sunday that he was born in Liege in 1857, March 17. That date is given by Riemann, who is as a rule accurate. But Gregoir in his "Les Artistes Musiciens Belges" says that the date is March 18, 1856. Gregoir spells Thomson with a "p."

Applause that rends the sky, laurel wreaths, printed eulogy—all these have been long familiar to this marvelous man, who seems modesty itself. His face is not one to allure that interesting species of music-lover known as the "musical chippie." He knows no languishing attitude. He does not play the hero. He does not "play to the ladies." Yet there is something indescribably fascinating in the strength and the shyness of this sad-faced, earnest, absorbed violinist.

Some members of the orchestra seemed surprised at the enthusiasm of the audience. They looked in fact disquieted. Such success had not entered apparently into their calculations. They applauded, too, but gingerly, as though their hands were of brittle glass. And when the applause was at its height, they looked indulgently on the audience as a father surveys a child rejoicing in a toy.

Should an orchestra applaud in any case? This is a mooted point. Surely there should be an expression of good feeling, of rejoicing in an artistic triumph. Least of all should there be sulking or malicious and unreasonable sniggering when a visitor, a guest, reveals his supreme mastery of an instrument.

"The last 12 years of January rule the weather for the whole year." Then the weather of 1895 will be sadly mixed.

This is the anniversary of the death of Henry VIII., a monarch restlessly addicted to matrimony.

Have you read the memoirs of Lehmann, the portrait painter? The book is interesting. For he knew Dickens, Landseer, Browning, Liszt, Von Humboldt, George Eliot, Thackeray, Rachel—the list is a long one. This is how he first saw Ristori: "Strolling one hot afternoon in 1841 through the picturesque streets of Florence I found myself before a little open-air theatre, where Goldoni's ever-popular comedies and translated French pieces were daily performed to a crowded audience. I took an incredibly cheap ticket, and was surprised to find a beautiful young prima donna, whose acting, like a jewel in a dusky setting, far outshone that of her fellow actors." He persuaded her, on account of her beauty, to sit to him for a Madonna. "I saw her last when we spent the winter of 1882 in regenerated Rome. She received me with stately courtesy, en dame de monde. The past was not mentioned."

Lehmann told Thackeray that he had learned to read English from his "Vanity Fair." "And that was where I learned to write it," answered Thackeray.

"Modesty does not make the man, nor should immodesty make the woman."

Why should Mr. Henry W. Steiway object to the charge against the corporation for "two diamond studs for Paderewski, \$250, Dec. 31, 1891." To be sure diamonds at such a price would not be wrangled for by Kings, but Paderewski apparently made no complaint, and why should a humbler mortal pull a wry face? Does Paderewski wear them now? Or were they months ago converted into cash?

Mr. Bok is wrong in his statement that Catulle Mendès is practically unknown here. His name and style are familiar to all readers of French novels, and to many that are interested in music. It was only the other day that Mendès accused Leoncavallo of plagiarism in "I Pagliacci," and the story of the similar plot of "Tabarin's Wife" was in all the music journals. Mendès has for years been Wagner mad. For a time he was at Munich, and on account of a novel for which he took the Mad King of Bavaria as a hero, he was advised to leave the city. In this same novel he gave a most amusing yet biting sketch of Liszt and his female worshippers. Mendès is well known abroad as the librettist of Chabrier's "Gwendoline." In Paris he has lectured on Wagner.

As a novelist he is singularly perverse, but master of a most graceful and entrancing style. George Moore thus describes him: "A perfect realization of his name, of his pale hair, of his fragile face illuminated with the idealism of a depraved woman. He takes you by the arm, by the hand, he leans toward you, his words are caresses, his fervor is delightful, and listening to him is as sweet as drinking a fair, perfumed white wine. All he says is false—the book he has just read, the play he is writing, the woman who loves him—he buys a packet of bonbons in the streets and eats them, and it is false. An exquisite artist; physically and spiritually he is art: he is the muse herself, or rather he is one of the minions of the muse. . . . Every generation, every country, has its Catulle Mendès. Robert Buchanan is ours, only in the adaptation Scotch gruel has been substituted for perfumed white wine. No more delightful talker than Mendès, no more accomplished littérateur, no more fluent and translucent critic." And now Mendès is in New York. Will he, too, write a volume of impressions?

The First of Two Vocal Recitals Given by Mrs. Elene Eaton in Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Elene Eaton gave the first of two recitals in Chickering Hall last evening. The accompanist was Mr. Arthur J. Bassett. The program included Handel's "Lascia 'Chi Pianga," Grieg's "The Princess," Robinson's "The Aera," the polacca from "I Puritani," the cavatina from "Barcarolle," Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," and songs by Miss Lang, Mr. H. A. Norris, and Mr. Chad-

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Eaton did not sing in a larger room, for Chickering Hall favors neither singer nor audience. Mrs. Eaton has a voice of fine natural quality; it is adequate in itself to nearly all the demands of a composer. She has evidently studied hard, and there is often much to admire in the vocal delivery of a phrase. The most serious objection to her performance last evening was this: her singing was generally deficient in aesthetic intelligence. Songs of widely differing character were sung in about the same amiable and palinstaking manner. The singing of a song, if the song is worth singing, means something more than beauty of tone and ease in vocal delivery. The music is the accentuation, the dramatic enlargement of the poet's fancy or meaning. The hearer, for instance, might have forgiven, perhaps, the hold over the final note of the triplets in "Lascia 'Chi Pianga," if the meaning of the words had been driven home by the singer's authority and dramatic instinct. But here was a concert where there was little or no exhibition of temperament of any sort whatever. Passion, simplicity, sorrow, religious feeling, all seemed alike to Mrs. Eaton as to Brahma. And so the chief pleasure of the concert was in the enjoyment of listening to a fine voice.

PHILIP HALE.

For searching and picturesque criticism we must wait a week. Ysaye played in the Boston Theatre, Sunday, the 20th, and the following paragraph appeared in an esteemed contemporary of the 27th: "Ysaye suggested in his burly person as he responded to the tempest of applause some huge mastiff, while Adamowski, all aglow with such enthusiasm as only an artist can feel, applauding 'with both hands,' his delicately chiseled face flushed with excitement, followed the big Belgian with all the grace of an Italian greyhound." This is indeed lovely, supremely precious; but how does Mr. Adamowski like the comparison of himself to an Italian greyhound?

"Walsingham," by the way, is not our old friend Walsingham McSweeney, the faithful healer to Mr. Daniel Mulligan. We have this from the relatives of Mr. McSweeney. One of them, a cousin by marriage, writes, "Walsingham is a man of few words, and when he speaks it is to the point." It was Mr. Edward Harrigan who introduced the genuine Walsingham to a Boston public. "Dan, I was with you when you was married." "You was, and you was biling," was the memorable reply of Mr. Mulligan to McSweeney.

It seems that the hobby of César Thomson is the flying machine. He expects confidently to see the day when he can fly over Europe, fiddling in air, so that the charmed plowman or the forester may cross himself against the might of Satan, and the scientist may believe in the music of the spheres.

To E. P.: No; the Rlenzi overture was not written for the opening of the Rlenzi brewery. We see no objection, however, to an orchestration playing this overture every time a fresh keg is tapped.

Why is it that so many reveal in street cars to the careless public the sweet secrets of home life? Yesterday a girl said loudly to her mother, "I am so cold, I am almost frozen." To which the mother said, in a voice that startled even the conductor, "Well, I told you, you were imprudent to come out. You would insist on washing your head yesterday."

Where except in Boston would there be discussion in a newspaper concerning the "function" of a picture?

In a review of Mr. Prickard's "Life and Letters of Whittier," the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "As became a Quaker poet, Whittier ambled his gentle way on the placidest palfrey that ever played the part of Pegasus. His popularity could only be explained by some circumstance which did not depend upon the essential laws of poetry. From the first he was rather a partisan and a politician than a poet."

The Actors' Protective Union has condemned the imprisonment of Debs. Mr. Debs was a good deal of a comedian, although there were tragic circumstances connected with the farce in which he was the chief character.

There would be a peculiar fitness in the assignment of Capt. Mahan to the office of Naval Intelligence.

Mr. D. C. Murray, who is paid in American dollars for alternately praising and abusing the United States, takes Dr. Depew's exaltation of the American railway system too seriously. Dr. Depew is not entirely disinterested in the matter, and then he is such a mad wag.

It is to be regretted that Mark Twain, who is the dangerous rival of Dr. Depew, can see nothing in French wit. The French have been more generous. They have said on sundry occasions that Twain's books are amusing; but they are a polite people.

"I don't think any nation that has a sense of humor," said Twain, "would go around sniveling over that great Russian bear the way France has been doing."

Truly a small and mean remark. There was a time—during the Civil War—when Russian war vessels along the American coast brought comfort to the sorely distressed North. Would Twain refer to the consequent natural feeling of gratitude as "sniveling?"

The good people of Warren Street will find no surcease of sorrow in the statement of the General Manager of the West End Street Railway. "I know that the tracks are noisy; but they will always be more or less noisy, and it cannot be remedied." Not even the knowledge that "allowance was made for expansion and contraction" will ever medicine to the sweet sleep enjoyed before a street was given to a corporation.

The Popular Matinee of the Symphony Orchestra—The Great Success of Mme. Melba.

This was the program of the extra concert given yesterday afternoon in Music Hall by the Symphony Orchestra:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Aria, from "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
Mrs. Melba.
Ballet music, "Sylvia".....Delibes
Mad scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti
Mrs. Melba.
Entr'acte from "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Scherzo, (new, first time).....Goldmark
Song, "Se Seran Rose".....Arditti
Mrs. Melba.
Waltz, "Southern Roses".....Joh. Strauss
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas

Truly, a delightful concert. Would that there were more concerts of such a character during the season! He that does not relish the "Fra Diavolo" overture, the "Sylvia" suite, a Strauss waltz, or the overture to "Mignon" must have been born under a squint-eyed star. The overture to "Fra Diavolo" caused only this regret: that we do not have an opportunity of hearing the charming works of the master of opéra-comique. It is "Faust," "Faust," "Faust"—or "Romeo and Juliet," that strained and diluted "Faust." When the day comes that Boston may be called truly a musical town, an opera season will not mean merely the repetition of a few familiar dramatic works. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" may be given, and the full beauty and purport of the "Entr'acte" played yesterday will then be revealed. The Scherzo by Goldmark did not make a marked impression. Goldmark is an Oriental when he is at his best, and a Scherzo is out of place under a tropic sun where all is perfumed languor. As for the "Sylvia" suite, it is a constant pleasure, and yet the numbers are but few of the brilliant pages of the ballet. The performance was admirable, except in the case of the Strauss waltz. Here the fault was in the conductor, not the players. Leaders of inferior rank and less musical knowledge would have given to the waltz the crispness, the swing, the peculiar Viennese blood. The great audience, pleased as it was with the "Pizzicati" of Delibes, came to hear Melba, and it was rewarded richly. Perhaps she was not as complete a mistress of her art as on former occasions, for in the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" she has sung with more crystalline purity; and yet what a pleasure it was to hear her. Her greatest triumph was in the waltz by Arditti, which she repeated in answer to an imperious demand. Mr. Molé played the flute obligato in the "Mad Scene" with surpassing skill. Melba was blithe, debonaire, a feast to the eye, as well as to the ear. And as ever she was good-natured; so thoroughly good-natured that she sang a song by Mr. Clayton Johns.

PHILIP HALE.

"Indications point to a large gathering" at the Common Council of Women to be held at Washington. Nothing has been heard as yet from the Countess of Aberdeen, but Richard Harlow hopes to be present.

There is no need of a revival here of the curfew bell, although some favor it. The curfew bell is a little belated, but it rings just the same—and at 11 P. M.

Dr. Hodges spoke righteous words of indignation against the Trinity Church tenement scandal in New York. Are there no ill-conceived, worse furnished, and squalid tenements owned in Boston by smug and church-going people?

The important news comes over the Atlantic that "Mr. Navarro looks haggard and wears his hair long and unkempt." And who, pray, is Mr. Navarro? The name is associated with flats and Mary Anderson.

The dramatic critics spared that Tree.

Mr. Tree defies symbolism. "The Red Lamp" is generally considered to be a signal of warning.

Was it not Mr. Tree's Hamlet that was praised so highly because it was funny without being vulgar?

It is just now the fashion to laud extravagantly the versatility of Dr. Hale. And yet if he were less versatile, his future fame might be more enduring, and many of his statements concerning history and biography more accurate.

Gen. Lew Wallace found he had made no mistakes in "Ben Hur" when he visited the Holy Land after the completion of the book; "in fact he discovered nothing but marvelous confirmations of what he had imagined." Palestine probably said to itself, "This American has written about me in a kindly spirit. It would never do to contradict him." And then it immediately remedied any little incongruity and welcomed him with a smiling face.

H. H. Boyesen says that the unmarried man is a skulker. We know husbands who answer that description.

It appears that Whittier was delightfully human. There was more than one woman whom he "ever loved."

The English are said to spend £140,000,000 for drink and £6,000,000 for books. 'Tis the old story of bread and sack.

The intelligent foreigner in his pursuit of English might well ask, "How is it possible for a bartender ever to be tough?"

A chair at Cambridge (England) "would honor Captain Mahan." Say, rather, Captain Mahan would honor the chair.

"Goblet fails to make trouble." The instance is an exception, according to Neal Dow.

The alleged murderer is convicted before trial, thanks to some of the newspapers. The prosecuting attorney is too apt to believe that every man is guilty until he is proved innocent. Headlines shriek, "The Prisoner boldly asserts his innocence." He may be innocent. He is innocent until the contrary is shown indisputably. Why should he not then be bold?

If tramps are to be banished from New York, where will wandering noblemen from abroad land in search of wives?

A local contemporary remarks that "the final bout between Connolly and Welch was a 'corker'." But this is feeble praise, and shows, alas, the decadence of prize-fighting. Shall we never see a "honey-cooler" here, let alone a "la-la-potosa?"

The following delightful announcement by the management of the Théâtre de l'Ambigu appeared in *Le Jour* (Paris), the 17th. It is here given verbatim et literatim: "The Direction of the Comical Ambigu thinks to have informed the English Colony that they are playing at the present moment a piece which passes in their own country. The Englishmen can imagine that they are really in London, by which they see a very good jig danced by two artists at Cremorne Gardens, also a good cock fight, the amusement which is very much appreciated by Englishmen. They see also an excellent 'boxing match' which is fought between two Frenchmen who have recently taken their lessons from English professionals."

To H. W. W.—It is Th. Ribot, not Premier Ribot, who is the author of "Diseases of the Will," "Diseases of the Memory" and other treatises well known to specialists. And yet the Premier may be obliged to consult his illustrious namesake.

Miss Eustacia, would you preserve the color that makes you conspicuous among fair women, that color "so mingled, and of so singular a temper, as if you had chosen it yourself?" Try occasionally the old "Virginal milk, which is a rare cosmetic," and here is the prescription: "Take the Juice of Southorne wood, one large spoonfull, put it into a pint of Strong Ale or half a pint of Sacke, drinke this by six of the Clock in the morninge fastinge, abstain from eatings or drinkings untill Tenn, then take Southernwood and put a little vinegar to it and eat it with bread and butter as sayd, and att twelve you may goe to dinor, this is to be observed for tenn dayes together."

Ah, they knew many cunning remedies in the 15th and 17th century. The Celestina of Fernando de Rojas, clothed in brave English dress by James Mabbe, "made sublimated Mercury, boyled confections for to clarify the skinne, waters to make the face glister, paintings, some white, some vermillion, lip-salves, scarlet dy'd cloathes, fitted purposely for women to rub their faces therewith, ointments for to make the face smooth, lustrifications, clarifications, pargetings, fardings, waters for the morpheus, and a thousand other slobber slathers." And this "Former of faces" made likewise "Lees, for to make the hayre turn yellow, or of the color of Gold."

Jan 31 - 95

The Third Concert of the Adamowski Quartet in Chickering Hall—Notes on Coming Concerts.

Mr. Adamowski has produced so many novelties at these concerts that a program made up of familiar numbers may be readily excused, and indeed to some such programs are grateful. Last evening the selections were Gade's Quartet, D major; the Romanza and Intermezzo from Grieg's Quartet; and Beethoven's Quartet, A major, op. 18, No. 5. To say that the performance was flawless would be to say the thing which is not. The Intermezzo did not go without unpleasant scratching, and the intonation of the first violinist and the cellist was not always above reproach. The Romanza gave much pleasure. The Beethoven Quartet showed in certain respects the steady progress of the players in ensemble. Not that here the performance was without blot or blemish; for in the first movement there was a decided lack of nuancing. The minuet was played delightfully, and the intrinsic beauty of the variations provoked loud applause. Mr. Adamowski is to be commended heartily for having had the courage to omit the repeats in the first movement. The people of 75 and 100 years ago had more patience or duller nerves than the hearers of this restless generation; or such repeats would never have been countenanced.

The date of the next concert will not be the 27th of February, as announced. It will be published later.

PHILIP HALE.

Nicholas II proposes to be crowned. That is, with the permission of Mr. Nicholas.

So Lady Somerset admires Catherine of Russia and Isabella of Spain. It's a pity that they cannot meet her at an afternoon tea and give her their real views concerning men.

We are better natured than the English, perhaps because we have a keener sense of humor. Would any American woman, preaching in favor of dress reform, vegetarianism or female suffrage, be allowed to harangue members of the House of Commons?

Lady Somerset should put herself at once in correspondence with the young woman who has applied for the post of executioner to the city of Vienna. This would-be executioner is described as "tall, well built, with jet black hair, and a face of striking originality." When an interviewer asked her how she could do such work she replied: "Lend myself to it? I should think I would, not only as a matter of duty to mankind in general, but as a special duty to members of the male sex. Did not man spring from woman? To her he owes his life, and to her alone belongs the task of sending him back to eternity." Such enthusiasm demands immediate recognition from Lady Somerset and her friends. The Viennese woman should be made an honorary life member—or death member—of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, the Independent Woman Voters and other branches and parent trunks.

Saunderson, the Irish gentleman of fine family, who cut a woman's throat in Holland Park Road, has been adjudged insane. This strange and horrible case recalls the theory, believed in by specialists, that Jack the Ripper was an insane swell.

Let some of the readers of a local contemporary regard Schürmann's "Les Etoiles en Voyage" as a new book, we hasten to inform them that it was published in May, 1893.

According to the passionate London correspondent of an evening contemporary "King Arthur" is a "ravishing and poetical spectacle." Mr. Irving was "wonderfully impressive." Miss Terry was "divine." The music was "weirdly appropriate haunting." "Beautiful scenes were painted in one's mental camera." How rude it is of some of the leading London critics to disagree with her!

What has become of our old friends, the Young Jacobites, who are said to meet at stated intervals in a cellar on Beacon Hill? If some have fallen by the wayside, let the ranks close up. Bring out the masks and cloaks, and rehearse the grips and passwords. Sharpen the daggers and steep the poison. And once again swear allegiance to the Stuarts, for this is the anniversary of the death of Charles Edward, who "learned to take a hearty dram while in the Highlands."

Perhaps we are deceived, and the Jacobites met last night; for some say that Charles Edward died on the 30th, but that loyal friends disguised a fact ominous to the house. If there was a meeting, Nature kept the secret. There was last evening no lurid meteor, no hoot of owl, no trembling of the earth.

But, courage, Jacobites, though Victoria sits unlawfully on a throne; though in the United States a mudsill generation prefers the rule of the sweaty majority. Remember, for consolation, the old proverb: "Faine would the Henne live, for all her pip."

Professor Fleming explains the phenomena of electrolysis, as a sort of Swedish dance, "in which the two kinds of atoms composing a salt successively embrace and release one another until they are sifted out on to opposite sides of the ball room."

Anthony Comstock says that his life is an open book: a happy expression coming from a man who has spent much time in closing books.

An English journal thus speaks of an opinion expressed in this country, an opinion which, for some reason or other, has not attracted attention on this side of the Atlantic; and yet it is of vital interest to the New Woman: "In a recently-published volume the curator of the Ethnological Department of the American National Museum, who seems to know all about it, deals with the evolution of woman. Primitive woman the curator doesn't think much of. She was, in the words of Lear, but 'a poor wretch upon the verge of time,' with 'a body singularly devoid of comfortable hair.' Her teeth and jaw were not up to much; her arm was feebler than that of any other animal; her powers of locomotion were limited. This, however, appears merely to mean that she was originally intended for seclusion and domesticity; and, accordingly, while primitive man went a-hunting and a-fighting, primitive woman stayed at home and made herself generally useful. The worst of it was that this didn't give her enough to do. She had leisure to study the ways of spiders, and mud-wasps, and the prowling and prehensile cat. Of these she learnt her business. Then she bettered her instruction, and eventually developed into the woman we know and appreciate. She has quite enough hair now. Her teeth are

as good as they make them. Her jaw amply suffices. Her arm is strong enough to be felt, and she makes the pace quite fast enough. Whether primitive man wasn't better off, with tidies as they were, is another matter." We should like to hear from Lady Henry on this subject.

What says the Mahabharata? "There where women are treated with respect, the very gods are said to be filled with joy. Women deserve to be honored. Serve ye them. Bend your will before them. By honoring women ye are sure to attain to the fruition of all things." And what does the woman so honored do? She makes an offering of cakes and oil to the souls of her mother-in-law, grandmother-in-law, and great-grandmother-in-law in gratitude for their giving her a good husband."

Mrs. Granis assures the world that her Society has no intention of trying to suppress "Trilby." Perhaps the most humorous phase of Trilbyism is the announcement that artists' models propose to leave the business and take to typewriting, the manufacture of novels, or even marriage, because "Trilby" "lowered the tone of the profession." This is much funnier than anything in the book, funnier even than the jargon of English and French used by the author.

Feb. - 95

Double-faced February.

When the cat in February lies in the sun, she will creep behind the stove in March.

You read an advertisement and find that Mr. So-and-So is "a practical mover of furniture, etc." Pray, what is a "practical" mover? One who removes, transports, and puts in without tumult and destruction? Or is the term used merely in opposition to a theoretical mover—one who says "I suppose that book case ought to be moved," and then allows his wife and the hired girl to perform the feat during his joyful absence. Mohammed, the Prophet, was a theoretical mover; for he tried to move a mountain to his immediate neighborhood, but either his battery of faith was weak, or the mountain was inspired with stubbornness by Eblis; at any rate, it did not budge.

A February spring is not worth a pin.

Mr. Pereival Lowell is inclined to believe that the inhabitants of Mars drink their liquor neat on account of the scarcity of water.

If in February there be no rain, 'Tis neither good for hay nor grain.

A Frenchman of intelligence, now in Boston, said the other day that the Russians were the people of the future; that they would excel the Americans because they had so much sentiment for country, ruler and religion, whereas the Americans were apt to look skew-eyed at everything that did not have a precise and determined value in dollars and cents, especially dollars. Let us not think so poorly of the Republic. At the same time let us remember that national honor should be like Caesar's wife.

Thunder in February, poor maple sugar year.

The sad news comes from New York that the sporting element disapproves heartily of President Eliot's views about foot ball. Mr. John Boden, Jr., "who is an authority," declares with emotion, as one who from a tower sees the end of all, that if foot ball and pugilism go, "there is nothing left for the future but an effeminated race." Is President Eliot prepared to shoulder such a tremendous responsibility? And in view of Mr. Boden's prophecy, will not Mr. Corbett be persuaded, as a philanthropist, to remain in the ring, where he may slug and be slugged for the benefit of mankind?

The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier.

Than to see a fair Februeer.

Learned men sit in solemn conclave and discuss the possibility of ghostly apparitions, and "The Apparent Sources of Supernormal Menages." Why have they not the faith of little children and certain contemporaries? Only a few nights ago a man "whose integrity cannot be questioned" saw a ghost taking his exercise on the road from Nahant to Lynn. The figure did not walk, "although it traveled at a rapid gait," and it had no head. The superficial and the godless may ask, "Why did not the man of unquestionable integrity immediately put a head on the ghost?" But such flippancy would be only a confession of mental weakness. Then there is the case of the "beautiful lady ghost" near Pittsfield, who was dissatisfied apparently with her photograph in "the album in the front room," and could not rest comfortably beneath the sod until the picture was removed and no longer at the mercy of the careless visitor.

All the months in the year
Curse a fair Februeer.

The Lancet has pricked the pride of clubs. It is a question of towels. "You dry upon the towel the average hands you have just washed, and you throw it into the lavatory basket. It is not to be expected that anybody is going to wash that towel. It is just damn enough to be ironed out and retolded."

then up it comes again. Hence you may unwittingly spread infection. The Hall Mail Gazette suggests this remedy: "Every member of every club should consider himself infectious, and, having washed his hands and wiped them on a club towel, should therewith proceed, in the name of Hygeia, to wipe his boots also. This, in the present state of the streets, would insure the towels being washed, and content everybody, except, perhaps, the laundry people and the committee."

Fogs in February mean frosts in May. Violent north winds in February herald a fertile year.

The Assembly of New York will pass on a bill aimed at the custom of wearing big hats in the theatres. If such a bill should be introduced in Massachusetts, the women might with reason insist on amendments. Men who insist on going out after every act except the last should be fined unless they occupy end seats. Men who have dined heavily, and men who are addicted to muck should be subject to inspection by the doorkeeper. There should be seats set apart for confirmed cigarette smokers who breathe hard during an emotional scene. Mashers should not be allowed to stand in the lobby so that women are obliged to run the gauntlet.

If February give much snow.
A fine summer it doth forshow.

And now, late in the day, someone objects to the scene in Thomas Hardy's famous novel where Tess puts out of pain the pheasants that, wounded in the day's shooting, dropped from their perches at night. "Wounded birds do not congregate together to rest or do anything else, but the tendency of a wild creature when it feels pain or weakness is to slink away from the crowd and conceal itself in a dark corner. Otherwise it would be pecked and worried to death by members of its own flock." Is this objection well taken?

The Song Recital of Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., in Union Hall—Miss Densmore's Concert in Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore, Jr., formerly known to the musical public as Miss Louise Lane, gave a concert last evening in Union Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Miss Angelina Loveland and Mr. Zach were the accompanists. The program was a long one. It was rich—or poor, according to the hearer's taste, in novelties. Mrs. Blackmore sang an air from "Esclarmonde," the "Deh Vieni" from Mozart's "Figaro," and songs by Meyer-Helmund, Umlauf, Mascagni, Berény, Bizet, Stavenhagen, Langer (Barbeles's song from "Der Pfeifer von Hardt"), Dell'Acqua, Cornelius. There was also an air from Eckert's forgotten opera, "William of Orange," which was produced nearly half a century ago. Who remembers Eckert now? And yet he was a child-wonder, who wrote an opera when he was 10 years old and an oratorio when he was 13. America saw him, for he was here with Sontag.

Some of these composers' names are not familiar to our concert goers. Paul Umlauf was born in Meissen in 1853. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory. His opera "Evanthia" won the prize in 1893 at the Cöhrurg competition. Henri Berény was born, I am told, at Kaschau, Hungary, in 1871. He studied the violin in Berlin under Sauret and Joachim. He afterward went to Paris. Eva Dell'Acqua's first song was published in Belgium, and furthermore deponent saith not. Ferdinand Langer, born near Hanover, in 1839, was a cellist at Mannheim, afterward a conductor at the opera there. He has written several operas.

Mrs. Blackmore has a beautiful voice, an unusually good voice. She often displayed skill in the management of it, and again there were crudities that suggested the immediate need of rigid self-examination and stern correction. Her intonation was not always impeccable. But technical faults or occasional false intonation could have been pardoned easily, if she had shown a greater versatility in interpretation. "Tejole, Sad Heart," by Umlauf, was, it is true, sung with considerable spirit, but spasmodically, so that the effect was that produced by a long and jagged mountain ridge where explosive peaks are separated by the humblest of valleys. No Arabian girl was ever as cool as the heroine of Bizet when she appeared to Mrs. Blackmore. No wonder that "the beloved guest" girded up his loins and said, "Farewell." Neither in the air from "Esclarmonde" nor in the air from "Figaro" did the singer seem to grasp the spirit of the words and the music. But Mascagni's "Star" was sung with sustained tones that were delightful, and the simplicity of the delivery made a marked impression. I think it would be unjust to say that Mrs. Blackmore is without temperament; for face, figure and voice give the lie to such a charge. She sang last evening, for the most part, without authority and without style. Perhaps she is too anxious about tone-production and considers technique at the expense of that which makes a singer control the hearer's heart. A woman with such a voice should thrill and move mightily an audience.

The hall was uncomfortable on account of draughts, and echoes flew about in all directions. It must be confessed that the singer was not heard under favorable circumstances.

Mr. Adamowski was applauded loudly for his performance of a melody by Paderewski and a Gypsy dance by Nachez.

PHILIP HALE.

Death dignifies even a McAllister.

Mr. McAllister did not make the "400." The "400" made him. They needed such a man to assure them of the reasonableness of their claims. He was useful to them, as a general regulator, corrector, guardian. In the matter of family, as in wine, he

was adamant. It may be said by some that such a man is not the highest type of an American citizen; but Mr. McAllister performed his duties conscientiously as he understood them. If he at times appeared like a character in opera-bouffe, it must be remembered that he was in perfect harmony with his surroundings. It was his lot to figure with his associates, male and female, on an opera-bouffe stage; and it is not to be denied that these comedians furnished much innocent amusement to the great audience of the country.

Whether the great-grandson of a fur trader is of higher social rank than the descendant of a ferryman is a question that might excite the laughter of the inhabitants of the air above this republic; but to Mr. McAllister the question was one of vital moment, and he gave his whole mind to the solution of the problem. Fate was kind to him. In Europe he would have been without occupation; for such questions were settled long ago, or perhaps never could arise.

Yet there are questions which might have baffled even them. The Ungerner Sternbergs of Esthonia and Courland claim lineal descent from Gaspard, the first of the Magi. The De Vogüés of France came from Melchior. Balthazar is the ancestor of the Saigneurs de Baux in Provence. "The Lévis pretend to kinship with the Virgin Mary, and the Jesses of Charleval, near Rouen, assert their collateral alliance both with Joseph and his spouse." Noah was the progenitor of the De Nöës. Now, would any representatives of these families have been allowed to dance genteelly at a Patriarchs' ball under the reign of Mr. McAllister?

Eighty-eight years ago tomorrow, they found on opening the vault belonging to the family of J. Norris, Esq., in the Church of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, England, a live bat of a grayish color. "It had probably laid in a torpid state, a solitary companion for the dead, more than 32 years, the distance of time since the vault was before opened."

If it snows on February 2 only so much as may be seen on a black ox, then summer will come soon.

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day
There it will stick till the 2d of May.

"Liar" and "scoundrel," even though the words may be used in a purely Pickwickian sense, are more fittingly employed by dishonorable than honorable gentlemen in Washington.

If on February 2d the goose finds it wet, then the sheep will have grass on March 25th.

On Candlemas Day, if the thorns hang a drop,
Then you are sure of a good pea crop.

A dinner was given by "the Pine Tree State Club" the other evening at a hotel in Boston. It was a delightful affair, if accounts are trustworthy; but the stern moralists in Maine would shudder if they knew that the bill of fare included "Banana fritters glace au cognac," "Claret punch" and "Madelira jelly."

"The New Woman, who is now a hundred years old—the fin de siècle woman of another century—was, on the whole, well considered by the Revolution. No one denied her a public appearance on the tumbril. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudging share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted a part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins."

Feb 3 - 95

The Fourteenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall—The First Appearance of Melba at These Concerts.

The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato".....Handel
Suite No. 1, in D minor, op. 13.....Lachner
Ophelia's mad scene, from "Hamlet".....Thomas
Symphony No. 4, in A major ("Italian").....Mendelssohn

The overture to "Don Giovanni" is not an effective concert number. Nor is it such a noble approach to the opera itself as is "The Magic Flute" overture to that strange medley of masonry, sublimity, buffoonery and nonsense called by some the first German opera. And yet a great deal of rubbish has been written about the meaning of this prelude to the musical story of "Don Giovanni." The first theme of the allegro has been taken as a description of the rake; a descending scale represents "the army of outraged husbands, fathers and brothers," etc., etc. It is not likely that Mozart had any such ideas in his head. An overture was necessary for the performance; and he wrote it hurriedly.

There were once three brothers named Lachner; Franz, Ignaz and Vinzenz. They had a sepprother, Theodor. All these Lachners wrote music of respectability and varying worth. Franz died in 1890 (Jan. 20), although the compiler of the program book kept this secret locked in his breast; at least he did not print it. Vinzenz died in 1893. A heroic figure was Franz, fighting the battle against all those following the banner of Wagner. He, too, wrote operas; there are at least four; and who remembers them? He was also given to writing suites, and certainly the one played last night will preserve for him for many years respectful remembrance. It is good, honest music. There is nothing in it, perhaps, to warm the cockles or to cause one to swing the hat and leap into the air, but there are noble passages in the prelude, and an abundance of natural, flowing, delightful counterpoint in the variations. The fugue is extremely well made; but, pardon, oh ultra-conservatives, it is not altogether free from the reproach of dryness. Mr. Paur omitted the second movement of the suite and several of the variations. There was a time when such a suite would have been played in full. There will be a time when movements from symphonies—even Beethoven's—will represent to the musical public the symphonies themselves. Last evening the first movement of the Italian symphony seemed long, although it was read with painstaking care and played with spirit by the orchestra.

It may seem ungracious to say that the mad scene from "Hamlet" has no place in a concert-hall, especially as it was sung extremely well by that delightful singer, Melba. But at least one half of the effect is lost, when the scene is taken from the operatic stage. The decorations, the dancing peasants, the sight of the wandering, distracted Ophelia—these all accentuate or as some would say, excuse the music. That mad heroine always indulges in bravura is an old reproach against opera; but opera is an absurdity the moment a man or woman on the stage begins to sing. The opera may be by Bellini or Wagner; the absurdity is the same. I confess that if I were obliged to listen six nights out of the week to either "Sweet Bird" or Ophelia's mad scene, I would choose gladly the latter; for the tune of Handel belongs emphatically to another day and another generation, although the art of a singer may clothe the skeleton of formalism in radiant beauty.

Still even in this old air Handel in the larghetto appeals to musicians and music lovers of all time. Melba sang each selection with surpassing art. In the "Sweet Bird" she was in friendly rivalry with Mr. Molé's flute, and he, too, deserves a place in pleasurable recollection. After all, it would be a delight to hear Melba sing scales, arpeggios, or merely sustain a tone. Such singers seldom visit us in these days. Let us not be finikin, let us not be foolishly hypocritical. Let us rejoice in her beautiful voice and supreme vocal art. Stormy as was the applause last evening, it was every bit deserved. I said last season that they who complained of Melba's "coldness" complained without reason. Surely last evening there was warmth, there was pathos in the voice of Ophelia.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Cesar Thomson Speculates About a Yell.

What the French Say of Miss Adams's Debut.

A Correspondent Suggests an Ideal Music Hall.

César Thomson will give a recital in Music Hall, Tuesday afternoon, the 19th.

During the last week there have been valuable additions to Thomsoniana. I have not seen them in print, however, and while I heard these stories from a man who has known the violinist intimately, I am sure I betray no confidence in repeating them.

It was at Lugano where Thomson dined for the pleasure of a Prince. The day was hot. Two Italians quarreled in the street, and Thomson saw their gesticulations and heard their angry words. Perhaps money, perhaps a girl was the burden of the song. Suddenly Augusto stuck a big butcher knife into the belly of Gioacchino and ripped it across the body. There was one horrible cry; the man tottered and fell. And said Thomson, "I at once thought that if I could count exactly the vibrations in that one yell and equal them on a fiddle string I could stagger an audience, even as I was staggered."

There you have the true artist. The story reminds me of the opera singer who was watching tearfully his sweetheart's death. By his side sat the girl's sister, moaning hysterically, but as in a defined chant. The heartbroken tenor could not refrain from saying to her, "But your tone production is absolutely wretched!"

Or do you remember the last chapter of "La Faustine," the strange study by de Goncourt, of an artist's life. Lord Annandale is dying. Faustine watches him. He begins to show the sinister and horrible rictus, the last laugh at the vanity of life.

The tender woman becomes at once curious, keen, observing actress, against her will, despotically controlled by artistic spirit, she studies this ghastly laugh, that she may use it on the stage. Turning from man to mirror, she mimics him. The dying eyes see the imitation. The feeble hand rings the bell. The faint voice murmurs to Faustine, who kneels and kisses his hands: "You are nothing but an actress; the woman incapable of loving," and then his last words, addressed to the servants, are, "Turn out that woman!"

At one time Thomson was a Spiritualist, and fantastic ideas flew about in his Hoffmannesque head. Passionately fond of the water, an expert swimmer, an indefatigable yachtsman it occurred to him one day when in an open boat that he would walk on the water, supported probably by admiring spirits. Alas, the water did not support him; perhaps it had never heard him fiddle; it did not reverence the name of Césaire, and thus proved its descent from the Tiber of old. Thomson came to the surface, blowing, puffing and snorting. He simply said: "There's some hostile influence in the boat. Some one has little faith."

Thomson has two hobbies; yachting and first editions. Perhaps you do not know the craze for first editions, large paper editions, and all the other maddening and delicious forms of bibliomania. When Thomson was in Boston, he went into a bookshop known for the absurd prices demanded by the proprietary pirates. There was a book in two volumes, a beautiful first edition, and Thomson said in German "How much?" The clerk—for there is one clerk there who can speak German—said "\$30." Thomson looked at him as though he had discovered the secret of old Italian violins, and he spoke gravely as follows: "You are no fool. Neither am I."

If Thomson tells you, Miss Eustacia, that he performs his most difficult feats by the aid of trigonometry, do not believe him. And yet he has occasionally such wild ideas.

Forbear to smile at the general largeness of his trousers. There was a time when all the swells here wore such bushel-bags. In Liège these trousers are much admired; they are of native homespun; Thomson is a true patriot.

The cable dispatches concerning the debut of Miss Suzanne Adams at the Paris Opéra were of a passionate nature. La Vie Parisienne of the 12th ult. published the following review: "These Americans are terrible fellows! They inundate us with inventions which complicate life under the pretext of simplifying it—they spoil under the mask of utilitarianism our good rottenness of civilization—and even then they are not satisfied! They bombard us with sopranos who all make their debut as Juliet. This is too much! Old Europe asks for mercy. Miss Adams, the last singer launched, vocalizes well, but this is all, and it is not enough to justify this packet sent over the sea."

Le Ménestrel of the 13th ult. is more gallant. It is Heugle himself who writes the notice: "A debut at the Opéra the 9th under favorable auspices. Miss Adams is not yet a singer of great experience, for she is a beginner; but she has natural qualities that assure a future. She has studied a long time with Mrs. Marchesi; hence a voice, not of considerable volume, by the way,

well posed and under intelligent control. Perhaps she was wrong to leave her teacher suddenly, almost rashly, but she has lost nothing of that which she learned from Mr. Koenig, and she is an honor to that excellent master. Miss Adams appeared as Juliet in Gounod's opera. She delivered the bravura passages with rare aplomb and amusing ease. Such passages are best suited to her. She was obliged to repeat the waltz, and the applause was just. As is the case with all the Americans, there is coldness in her manner. There is neither intense artistic fire, nor even any poetry that charms. Without doubt these will come in time."

The following remarks of the Pall Mall Gazette, inspired by a Henschel Symphony concert, are of universal interest, for there is a tendency the world over, even in conservative Boston, to inflate and paint the music of Mozart and Haydn. The late Mr. Nikisch was one of the most uncontrollable of such improvers: "The most interesting performance was an interpretation of Mozart's magnificent Symphony in E flat, a work in the conducting of which Mr. Henschel proved himself at his best. Delicate, yet gorgeous, humorous, yet full, this symphony seemed peculiarly built for Mr. Henschel's method of conducting. He seemed to communicate to his orchestra precisely the gentle, yet forceful meaning of that great composition; and we are bound to pass the verdict that we have never heard the magnificent andante better played. This is to give Mr. Henschel a serious praise, which, the day before, we should have inclined to withhold from him. For just now a conductor who can do Mozart justice in a Mozart symphony is something of a rarity. It is the fashion—once countenanced even by Herr Mottl—to read esoteric and modern meanings into the rhythmic and untainted beauties of 18th century music; and a Beethoven overture becomes, in effect, a kind of co-operative

work as if Beethoven had been dressed up in Wagner's clothes. Such a method is not so easily applied with success to the work of Mozart, although it, too, has grown customary. Yet to imagine Mozart composing his E flat Symphony with a volume of Schopenhauer in one hand is really so grotesque that to praise Mr. Henschel for refusing to take that view of the matter may seem superfluous. It is not so, however; for all the temptations of modernity were arrayed for purposes of that seduction which Mr. Henschel gayly and delicately refused."

The following communication from "C. C. B." may be of interest to many:

"I wonder if it be not possible through a combination of effort on the part of the musical critics of the Boston press to make such public sentiment and so bring it to bear upon the builders of the new Music Hall, which is to tell the musical world what Boston considers the very best hall for musical purposes, that they will arrange the stage so as to hide at least the conductor in such performances as the Symphony, Cecilia, Apollo, and like concerts, and free the public from the fascinations of their motions? I am thinking of some such plan as Wagner has followed in Bayreuth."

"It seems to me and to many with whom I have talked that the time has come to begin to consider the esthetics in the construction of our temples of music. Is not this the next step in this direction? Mr. Lang is always dignified and graceful; Mr. Paur is less violent than some who have stood in his place. But to be obliged to close eyes, or to follow with one's eyes and sympathize with one's mind and heart with the efforts to persuade, dissuade, invite, forbid, coax, threaten, which they and all conductors find needful to conduct bodies of musicians is tiresome and detrimental to the real enjoyment of the treat their music gives us."

"If this be true a reform can be brought about by sufficient pressure of good musical influence. Who can bring this to bear with any chance of success except you who so largely make public sentiment?"

"May I speak of another thing? The large hats. Why not combine to force their wearers to remove them in such places by this same making of public opinion? You would have the power of European custom with you, and, I think, of good American sentiment."

"I think most women would like it better, if only others did it. They like to follow, not many of them to lead, in anything conspicuous. If it were once made the thing to do, it would speedily become universal."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Joseph Rheinberger has been ennobled.

Miss Aus der Ohe will not play here until late in March.

The review of the Symphony concert is in another column of the Journal.

There will be no Symphony rehearsal or concert this week.

Rateau's opera, "Béatrix de Rohan," has been praised in Nantes.

Ignaz Brüll has finished a three act opera "La Gloire."

Paul Kalisch sang in Berlioz's Requiem the 11th ult. in Berlin.

Alfred Grünfeld will play the piano in Russia in March.

Alex Sliot, the pianist, delighted recently and beyond measure the people of Cologne.

Albani appeared lately as Elsa in Berlin. The critics say her day is over.

Alfred Sormann's new opera "Sibylle" will be produced in Berlin.

Mrs. Grenville Snelling, a soprano, pupil of Delle Sedle and St. Yves-Bax, made her professional debut in New York Monday.

Miss Marie Barnard, soprano, will travel with the Sousa Band the greater part of its spring tour.

Mrs. Fanny Zeisler is again in this country, after her triumphant career as a pianist in Germany.

Violinists may be interested in Hubay's "Mosaïque," 10 pieces in light and easy salon style.

How long before an adaptation of Millocker's new operetta "Der Probekuss" appears on the American stage?

"The Mastersingers" was given for the first time in the Hungarian language at Pesth, Jan. 5.

Mrs. Clara Poole sang in "The Golden Legend," given by the Royal Choral Society the 17th ult., in London. Miss Esther Palliser, known here in "The Gondoliers," was the chief soprano.

Massenet's "La Navarraise" has been honored by a parody "Nana Varaise," produced in Brussels.

Mrs. Schröder-Hanfstängl is now teaching singing at Dr. Hoch's Conservatory in Frankfurt.

Gouvy has been named as corresponding associate of the Paris Academy of Fine Arts, as successor to Rubinstein.

Ben Davies appeared as Faust in Berlin. "His voice was too weak for the opera house and his performance was too dry."

Schubert's "Allmacht" has been orchestrated by Prof. J. O. Grimm. It is published by Bisping in Münster.

Lenepveu is writing an opera which will have for its subject the death of Ramon d'Alby. It will be entitled "Ermessinde."

Mr. Walter Kennedy will give a solenne musicale in Union Hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

Miss Caroline L. Pond will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall Friday at 3 o'clock. She will be assisted by Mrs. Kilecki Bradbury.

Miss Caroline Clarke, soprano, and Miss Harriet Shaw, harper, of Boston appeared lately at a concert given by Mr. F. A. Shaw, New York.

They say that Col. Mapleson has engaged Calvé for next winter's season, and it is rumored that she may then visit the United States.

The concert of Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, postponed on account of his sickness, will be given in Union Hall, Friday evening, the 15th.

Emile Mathieu's opera, "L'Enfer," by Roland," was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, about the 17th of January with success.

Mrs. Elene Eaton will give her second song recital in Chickering Hall Monday evening. She will sing songs by Foote, Norris, Mrs. Beach, Woolf and Scott.

A new work for male chorus, soprano solo and orchestra is "Cassandra" by Julius Mai. It was produced lately in Mannheim with success.

"Christus," a symphonic poem by Adolph Samuels, pleased the music lovers of Ghent. Samuels is the director of the conservatory of that town.

Rubinstein's gifts to the poor of European cities are estimated as amounting to \$312,500. Of this sum \$216,000 were given to the poor of St. Petersburg.

Emil Sauret played Gernshelm's violin concerto in Berlin at the 6th Philharmonic concert. The piece is said to be well made, but poor in invention.

Lisztverein will play at a concert of the Lisztverein the 19th in Leipzig for the benefit of the Liszt statue-fund. The monument will be erected in Weimar.

The works of Wagner from "The Fairies" to "The Mastersingers" will be given at the Munich Royal Opera House Aug. 8-Sept. 27, twice in chronological order.

In San Francisco they are saying "I told you so" about Sybil Sanderson. "Before she went to Europe her voice showed high cultivation, but it had no volume."

"Israel in Egypt" will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Music Hall this evening. The soloists will be Mrs. Corinne Lawson, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Thies, M. W. Whitney and M. W. Whitney, Jr.

Mr. Tucker will give a piano recital in Burnstead Hall Friday, the 15th, at 8 o'clock. He will play pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Dvorak, Rubinstein, Brahms and others.

The program of Mr. Arthur Whiting's second chamber concert at Burnstead Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, will include piano quartets by Fauré and Schütt; Intermezzi by Brahms; concert studies, Whiting.

The Signale states that Materna will give 40 concerts in the United States this season. She has retired from the opera; why can she not lead quietly an honored, private life?

Eugen d'Albert proposed to play in Hamburg for the Bülow statue-fund. The sale of seats was not large enough to pay for the rental of the hall, and there was no concert.

Mrs. Alice Rice, Miss Edith MacGregor, Messrs. Hanshue, W. H. Clarke and Grilley of Boston will take part in the Music Festival to be given at Newport, Vt., the 5th, 8th.

The grand opera subscribers for season tickets, ordered by mail, telegram or personally, must call for their tickets by the evening of Feb. 4, otherwise the uncalled-for tickets will be placed in the public sale.

A Faculty recital by the Joseph Emile Daudelin Music School will be given in Association Hall Thursday evening. Mrs. Parkyn, Miss Loveland, Miss Lila Juel, Mr. Daudelin and Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers will take part.

The famous Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a second and last concert at Music Hall Thursday. The company has not been in New England before for 13 years, and during that time it has made a six-year tour around the world.

Martha Remmert, known to many Americans who studied in Berlin, has been playing the piano in Turkey, Greece and Egypt. In Cairo she played to the Khedive, his mother and his sisters, who, by the way, wear European costume.

Sousa's band will play Sunday evenings the 10th and 17th at the Boston Theatre. This fine organization needs no words of praise at this late day. The programs will include many novelties.

Schumann gave the corrected proof sheets of his "Etudes Symphoniques" to Sterndale Bennett, who passed them on to Mr. May. They had disappeared, but turned up recently in a lot of sheet music, when Mr. May's library was sold at auction.

They were singing "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back" at the Galety a short time ago, and the London critics pronounced it a new song. But it was sung at the Tivoli six months ago by Miss Alice Leamar, and it is by no means unknown in the United States.

The old overture to "La chasse du jeune Henry," by Méhul, was played at a Gewandhaus concert in January at Leipzig and gave great pleasure. The horns were strengthened, as has been the custom there and in other cities. Why should we not hear the overture, Mr. Paur?

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert of the 15th and 16th will include: Overture, "Jungfrau von Orleans" (first time), Strube, Saint-Saëns piano concerto in G major; Brahms Serenade (without violins), Schubert's Overture in Italian style, series 2, No. 5. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach will be the pianist.

You remember Miss Harkness of this city, who, as Arma Senkrah, won great renown in Europe as a fiddler. She married a lawyer named Hofmann, of Weimar, and retired from concert life. But this season she appeared at a concert in Jena and played with great success the Mendelssohn concerto, and pieces by Reiss, Spohr, Wieniawski and Raff.

A landmark dear to all Americans who have studied at Leipzig has just disappeared. The old Gewandhaus, in the Altstadt, where for over a hundred years the famous concerts were given, and where Mendelssohn, Gade and Reinecke conducted, has been torn down. Since 1884 the concerts have been held in a new Gewandhaus, built in a more modern and fashionable quarter of the town.

Miss Fanny Richter, who made her first appearance as a pianist in the United States, here in Boston April 26, 1890, and to whom Mr. B. J. Lang was then guide philosopher, friend, disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her. It is a pleasure to learn that she is alive, for she appeared the 23d ult. at a Chickering Musicale in New York.

The Handel and Haydn Society Sings the Massive, Concrete and Tire-some Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," in Music Hall.

The Handel and Haydn gave its 698th concert last evening in Music Hall. The oratorio chosen for performance was "Israel in Egypt," composed by Handel with the assistance of Stradella, Kerl, Urio, and Erba. It is true that Handel did not acknowledge the assistance; nevertheless, the assistance is undeniable.

Mr. Zerrahn met with a severe accident, the other day, and he has the sympathy of a host of friends. In his unavoidable absence Mr. B. J. Lang consented to assume the grave responsibility of conducting. Mr. Foote was the organist. The soloists were Mrs. Corinne Lawson, Mrs. Carl Alves, Mr. Albert G. Thies, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr. The orchestra was made up of symphony men. Mr. Schnitzler was concert master.

"Israel in Egypt" was first given as a whole by the Handel and Haydn in 1859. Mr. Dwight, the historian of the society, recorded sorrowfully the fact that the public would not have it. "The great public," Mr. Dwight said, "the public which pays, testified its indifference or its positive dislike by staying away, or by finding the whole thing dull and wearisome, and by voicing itself in newspaper criticisms, full of rebuke, contempt, and ridicule."

The Boston Journal, in its review of the performance in 1859, spoke as follows: "We must confess that the early hearers of this work formed a correct opinion of its merits; nor do we wonder that they were so readily cloyed with its monotonous series of choruses. . . . The society were (sic) wise in announcing but one performance of this work. Where an audience with patience to sit through so much blatant vocal music, or lungs for the performance of it can be obtained, we are ignorant."

The Courier, the Atlas and Bee, and the Transcript were still bitterer in expressions of dislike.

Are we all less honest than our forefathers? Or is the public of today more appreciative of what is called by some the noblest of music? Last night the hall was crowded. There was applause. Although the work was given as a whole, few left until comparatively near the close. Nor, apart from a pleasing, sentimental reason, the appearance together of an honored and beloved father with a son, who seems likely to be a worthy successor, was there any special interest in the soloists chosen for the occasion.

"Israel in Egypt" did not draw in its early English years. The English, who revered music that was set to Scripture, as they do today, no matter what the merits of the music may be, did not enjoy the oratorio. Handel changed and corrected and cut out and inserted; 'twas in vain. And 18 years after the first performance Mrs. DeLany said that these choruses were too solemn for ordinary ears, and she went to a coffee party instead of submitting to musical boredom.

There was a time when the song about the frogs and the chorus that tells of flies and lice were regarded as masterpieces of imitative music; and as there is fetish worship today, some maintain stoutly that these numbers are wonderful. Nor are these same hide-bound worshipers willing to distinguish between the choruses. All are great; the driest, dullest fugue, and the most glorious and Himalayan double chorus.

The 21d of November, 1893, this oratorio was performed at Albert Hall. The Pall Mall Gazette published the next day a review that tells the story of all performances of this work by a great chorus. The reviewer's words are of such pertinency and force that they are well worth reproducing here:

"It is in vain. Magnificent and impressive though the words may sound, a thousand performers combining at the Albert Hall to produce 'Israel in Egypt' will never make the thing a success, though they strive never so strenuously. The strain upon conductor and upon the individual members of the chorus is too burdensome to be endured. They began well; such choruses as 'He Rebuked the Red Sea' which, with its great impressiveness, demands perfect formalism for its interpretation, could not have been better rendered than they were rendered last night. But after a while the scene changed. You could detect the obvious and fatal fatigue that was growing upon that great mass of singers as fugue after fugue came to tax their powers and burden their voices. With far less numbers, and in a far smaller room, with the accompanying opportunities of avoiding excessive strain, the true genius of this singularly unequal oratorio might be made apparent. But Sir Joseph Barnby's experiment is, very much regret to confess, a vain one. As the minutes drew on it became more and more painfully evident that the singers were laboring with their phrases as with a heavy weight; till finally, one was inclined to the persuasion that they regarded the result as a triumph if only they accomplished note by note with mere correctness. Light and shade dropped in Mozart's phrase—under the table. There was no attempt at more than a literal interpretation, and wooden choruses succeeded wooden choruses with grievous assurance. It will not do. So large a chorus must not be taxed so severely in so large a hall, and choice must be made of works in which the strain is less severe. The net result last night was dreary and dreary."

A though last evening certain choruses were sung with spirit and did not fall in effect, the performance was characterized as a rule by utter disregard of any nuances. There were very few contrasts of light and shade. There was a conventional brave endeavor with set jaw and iron determination. But under such circumstances "Israel in Egypt" is a weariness to the flesh.

With the exception of the interpolated opera aria "He layeth the beams," and the famous duet for two basses, the solos and duets are singularly unattractive, and they were sung last evening in a rigid and formal manner. The work demands a soprano of more heroic mould than Mrs. Lawson who is a graceful singer of songs.

Her intonation was not always pure. Mr. Thies, it is said, enjoys a reputation as a pleasing ballad singer. He sang his thankless part last evening bravely and fluently, and with pure intonation; but the voice seemed nasal and at times throaty. He was applauded loudly after "The Enemy Said," the accompaniment of which was played none too well. Mrs. Alves had little to move or excite her, but she sang, as ever, with finish, although her reading of the appoggiaturas in the duet "Thou in thy mercy" was not according to accepted tradition, and in her reading she was followed by the tenor. Mr. Whitney must have been more than human if he was not touched by the tribute paid him and his son. Was it not in 1862 that he first appeared as a soloist in a Handel and Haydn concert? And how faithfully he has served the society in many ways! The son has a voice singularly like his father's; it is of liberal range and apparent natural flexibility. To say that his performance of the difficult air was a masterpiece of vocal art

would be to say that which is false. Still his first appearance was a happy augury of future fame and success.

PHILIP HALE.

If the Aldermen of Boston must in future choose from 16 or 20 pairs of tights that the susceptibilities of theatre goers may not be wounded, color blindness will be a fatal objection to a candidate, irrespective of politics.

Miss Marie Tempest's new piece is entitled "An Artist's Model." We hasten to add it is designed for London; not for Boston, oh, not for Boston.

This is Melba's season. How will Eames fare when she sings here, in the city of her early study? One of her faithful friends in New York declares publicly that her Marguerite is "a very beautiful and impassive creature, much addicted to reverie and ballad singing." And he adds: "Now that electricity is turned to so many purposes, could not an ingenious scientist suggest some electric treatment that would give animation, emotion and slancio to a lovely statue?"

Our local Jacobites should take notice of the fact that on the anniversary of the irregular death of Charles I. the police of London for the first time this year allowed funeral wreaths to be placed on his statue at Trafalgar Square. The first duty of our Jacobites is to erect a statue.

Mr. Harold Frederic is in fine fettle. He calls Nicholas II. "a vacillating, shallow and amiably weak simulacrum of a ruler." He then pays his attention to the Countess Warwick, who gave last week a bal poudré at her castle, for which the outlay was fabulous. "A whole carload of flowers from the Riviera was one of the minor features of this costly reproduction of the Louis Quinze period." Mr. Frederic follows by remarking that in London there is an average of two inquests daily on cases of starvation.

Febvre, the French playactor, is amazed at the street cars of New York. "Every seat is full." How he will enjoy Boston.

Some say that Mrs. Lawson, who sang at the Handel and Haydn last night, looks like Melba. Such resemblance is not easily traced. But she is not unlike in face the Clara Louise Kellogg of 25 or 30 years ago.

Mr. Charles D. Warner, by the way, does not approve of the Yellow Book; he calls it yellow literature, and thus wipes it out of existence. And yet no magazine in this country has published for several years so powerful a short story as "The House of Shame" in the last number of this same condemned quarterly. Or can Mr. Warner name a magazine poem of many years that is to be named in the same breath with John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun" that was first published in No. 3 of the Yellow Book?

Perhaps Mr. Warner can see nothing in the pictures by Aubrey Beardsley, who is now sorely sick with consumption? But Beardsley's poster for the last Yellow Book is a masterpiece. First of all, it fulfills the function of a poster; it rivets the attention. Of all the American magazine posters the palm must be awarded Lippincott's.

Mr. Max Beerbohm in his delightful and whimsical article "1880," published in the last "Yellow Book," speaks thus of American women in connection with "the movement to raise a practical standard of feminine loveliness for all classes." "One of its immediate consequences was the incursion of American ladies into London. Then it was that these pretty little creatures, 'clad in Worth's most elegant confections,' first drew their way into the drawing rooms of the great. Appearing, as they did, with the especial favor of the Prince of Wales, they had an immediate success. They were so wholly new that their voices and their dresses were mimicked partout. The English beauties were very angry, especially with the Prince, who alone they blamed for the vogue of their rivals. History credits the Prince of Wales with many notable achievements. Not the least of these is that he discovered the inhabitants of America."

It must be remembered that Mr. Beerbohm in this essay treats "1880" as the days of chivalry, the 18th century, on any bygone epoch in which a thoughtful, judicious or imaginative person of 1885 would have preferred to live.

A correspondent who does not sign his name to his communication, objects to the phrase "more accurate," which appeared lately in this column. His contempt is expressed violently, by two exclamation marks. He writes, "Take it (the phrase) back like a little man, or adopt more perfect, more supreme, etc."

Now in Murray's "New English Dictionary," Oxford, 1883, under the word "accurate" are found these quotations: "Notwithstanding their most accurate attempts to the contrary," "The accuratest way I know," "Executed by one of the most accurate printers of the age;" "By how much accurate their predictions are" (1660); "The term taste is not extremely accurate" (Burke). So under "accuracy" we find, "A greater accuracy," "The garden seemed to be kept with great accuracy."

As for "more perfect," Dr. Blair used the phrase. Cobbett, a master of English, went so far as to write "perfect correctness." Addison spoke of sight as "the most perfect of all our senses." Extreme is from the Latin superlative "extremus," and yet Bacon, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Shakespeare, Atterbury wrote "extremest." Doeg in the Bible is described as "the chiefest of the herdmen" (I. Samuel, xxi, 7). Would our unknown critic object to "the most permanent of all dyes?" Would he strike out from the book of Job, "Shall mortal man be more just than God?" He might as well shy at "most unwise," "most unblemished." There are words that mean most in the positive; used with a certain latitude of meaning they admit of comparison by adverbs, or even of regular comparison. So it was in Latin, when Cicero wrote, "Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero" ("I prefer the unjustest peace before the justest war").

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"Francois Coppée will lecture in this country and read some of his works." How can he succeed? His poems and stories are pure and delightful, and he has never been involved in a scandal.

An observing and epigrammatic correspondent in speaking of the late Mr. McAlister remarked: "Worse still, he was often carelessly dressed, and in a society and a town that set much store by clothes." Does the self-complacent Bostonian realize fully the truth of this statement?

Perhaps the idea that a true Bostonian still wears a shawl when he attends a select party or instructive lecture is exploded or found only in obscure Western towns where knowledge of modern life in Boston is gained chiefly from wandering and sporadic comic papers. And yet there is some truth in the barbarian's reproach concerning the carelessness shown by the men of this town in matters of dress. A club man, who has a critical tailor, was heard to say the other day that he never stepped out of the Grand Central Station without feeling that he was a countryman; that the clothes that were regarded by his associates and his family as eminently respectable and free from loudness, immediately showed a desire to shrink or bulge; that his hat seemed an heirloom; that his boots cried to the passer-by, "We were made for comfort." You may say that the man is at heart a snob; but, you, who now rejoice in your "refined, gentlemanly suit," make the experiment for yourself.

Here in Boston the argument is, "Everybody knows me; what difference do my clothes make, provided my linen is clean." In New York the argument is, "I must be dressed becomingly to keep and win respect." To be sure, for the man of moderate income, Boston is the healthier and pleasanter place.

Let a stranger, a woman, be seen in our streets or in a theatre, and how she is stared at, if her clothes fit her and show an unerring instinct in color or a delightful individuality. To some she is at once a suspicious character, and even introduction and subsequent acquaintanceship hardly reverse the first judgment.

An evening contemporary has evidently just become aware of the existence of "The Green Carnation," and it moralizes over the book in a delightfully patronizing manner. Bless your heart, this literary flower faded long ago.

Among the proverbs woven into the texture of a tablecloth belonging to the Emperor of Germany is this: "In water you can see your face, in wine spy others' hearts." The truth of the latter half of the saw depends on whether the spy sticks to water.

"The hoodlum element must instinctively bring itself up somewhere near the standard of decency set by the new Bates Hall," says a contemporary. Our friend takes a roseate view of the effects of architecture on young

coffins. A public reading room in an American city, however, should never suggest the title of one of Arnold's books: "Culture and Anarchy."

Miss Ethel Harradan's "Taboo" seems to have been an "operetta that passed in a night" for it was hissed roundly. "Here were the old conditions," wrote one reviewer; "the ladies in tights, the odd-and-end bass, the comic baritone, the amazingly cheap wit, the 'tunes' and very thin music—and still there was no success to chronicle, merely a well-merited hiss." Another said, "When this author ('Mason Carnes') crowns his inglorious achievement by hinging the whole of his humor (save the mark) upon such ancient and fish-like jests as the disagreeableness of a mother-in-law and upon the misery of a heh-pecked husband, you feel inclined to revel even in a miserable

jest upon the title of his opera, and inform him that his work deserves to be tabooed in every reasonable society."

Here is irony that would have made the Greeks spread their mouths from ear to ear. A Commission on Habitual Drunkards sat lately in Glasgow. The accounts for incurred expenses have been published. The commission numbered six men; the daily supply of liquor furnished was six bottles of lager, six bottles of bitter beer, one bottle of whisky, one bottle of sherry, six bottles of mineral waters. True, it was a thirsty subject.

This is the anniversary of the death of Gen. Paoli. His patriotic deeds are already in limbo, but hundreds remember that Dr. Johnson loved to dine at his table.

Those that talk loudly of the elevation of the drama will be pleased to learn the plot of a new play, "La Linguatine," by Mr. Glinisty. It was produced at the Théâtre des Escholiers, one of the offshoots of the Théâtre Libre, and it is the "free" theatre, you know, that will "revolutionize the drama" in this country. This is the plot in a nutshell. "Two people have been married 50 mortal years without knowing it—without knowing, that is, that today is their Golden Wedding. However, she, once gently submissive as the conventional lamb, has grown dumbly enduring as the allegorical sheep. Why should she want to remember that she has had half a century of this tyrant? But outsiders insist upon the fact being brought home to her. Her share of a bottle of champagne broached in honor of this occasion sharpens her appreciation of the untoward fact. Then is witnessed the spectacle than which Balzac once said there was nothing more terrible—the revolt of the sheep. This one stabs her tyrant with a table-knife." And the reviewer says, pertinently: "No doubt it serves him right. But where is the fun of it? What is the good of it? If such an object-lesson, now, would keep people out of the way of celebrating golden weddings, or keep some people out of the way of celebrating any weddings, why certainly—but nothing will do that."

Lady Henry is going a-lecturing, as far south as Washington, and as far north as Canada. It will be remembered that Lady Henry has been called by the more enthusiastic a "blessing." "How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

"One way to abate smoke nuisance?" Stop smoking cigarettes.

"As a poet he (Alexander Smith) once had a good deal of a reputation, but as an essayist, who knows his 'Last Leaves,' published more than forty years ago." Accuracy, accuracy, oh, esteemed Transcript! Mr. Smith's "Last Leaves" was published in 1868.

This is St. Dorothea's Day. The old saw says "St. Dorothea gives the most snow."

This is the anniversary of the birth (1721) of Christian Heinecker. "When 12 months old, he knew by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch; in his third year he could reply to most questions on universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the church, and in his fifth year he died.

Poor McAllister! Would he have been flattered or disgusted by the curiosity of hundreds of women of no "social position," who knocked down ushers and shinned over pews in their wild desire to steal the funeral flowers? Would he not have asked the woman "in a long seal-skin cape" for her card, although he might have admired secretly her jump after a wreath of violets?

A valued correspondent sends us the following timely note: "They charge the late Ward McAllister with having invented the Four Hundred. He did nothing of the kind. He simply recognized the fact that from time immemorial 400 has been the sacred number when any kind of aristocracy was to be established. When Athens arranged an aristocracy, in the year 411 B. C., the government of the State was entrusted to the Four Hundred. They reigned more than a week. When Sieyès wrote his famous essay, 'Qu'est ce que le

tiers état?' he discussed the Four Hundred of France in 1789. 'Tout ce qui tient aux Quatre Cents familles les plus distinguées soupire après l'établissement d'une chambre haute, semblable à celle de l'Angleterre.' What our Four Hundred want is a House of Lords, such as they have in England. Mr. McAllister had weightier things to consider than the history of Athens or the most famous essay of the French Revolution; but being a New York aristocrat he knew that all aristocracies consist of Four Hundred. Chicago cannot be an aristocracy, because it has more than 400 pork packers."

Inspector Boynton is correct in making a distinction between "sure" and "dead sure." At the same time, in the latter term he might have omitted "sure." As long ago as 1592 "dead" was used as "sure, unerring." "I am dead at a pocket, sir," says a character in a play by Greene.

Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree has gone and done

it. "I am shockingly old-fashioned in my ideas, perhaps, but I don't think women are the intellectual equals of men. I don't want to enjoy the suffrage or wear reformed hygienic garments." Mrs. Tree, accept the assurance of our most distinguished consideration. Whatever you may be as an actress, as a woman you are an ornament to your sex. Nothing but the presence of Mr. Tree prevents our using more passionate language.

"Falstaff" has at last been heard in New York, and its success seems instantaneous and overwhelming. "The first act," says Mr. Huneker, "is broadly humorous; the second has a tragic note; and the third is suffused with a poetic glow; and in all is the salt of life—humor, kindly humor, a reproach to the younger generation of driveling pessimistic composers of today." Mr. Henderson is equally enthusiastic: "It is not only easy to believe, but it comes with the force of conviction that if Mozart had been born say 39 years ago, instead of 1791, and was still living, he might have written 'Falstaff.' It is impossible to pay a higher tribute to the genius of Verdi than this." Mr. Krehbiel, after praising Boito's libretto, adds: "It has been plunged into a perfect sea of melodic champagne. All this dialogue, crisp and sparkling, full of humor in itself, is made crisper, more sparkling, more amusing by the music on which and in which it floats, we are almost tempted to say more buoyantly than comedy dialogue has floated since Mozart wrote 'Le Nozze di Figaro.'" And remember, men and brethren, Verdi was in his 80th year when "Falstaff" was first produced.

Our late fellow-townsmen, Mr. Campanari, once cellist in the Symphony Orchestra, had much to do with the success of the performance in New York. Mr. Henderson says in the Times: "Next to Maurel's the greatest success was that of the young baritone, Sig. Campanari, who may be said to have leaped at a single bound into a position he might have been years in attaining by singing familiar roles. His action was brisk, well conceived and well carried out. His singing was excellent, and he received a salvo of applause and cheers for his solo, 'Is this a dream or a reality?'" Mr. Campanari was Ford.

A local contemporary alludes to "Madame Sans-Gêne" as "a lively romance" by Sardou. The play is by Sardou, but not the romance, which was written from the play and with Sardou's permission.

To C. B.: You ask why dramatic and music critics differ seriously at times concerning the merits or the effect of a work. Well-equipped critics do not often differ materially about the mechanism or the construction of a work. As to its spiritual value, that is another matter. The shortest answer to your question is this: "Art is a corner of nature seen through a temperament." Now, if there were one and the same temperament given to each member of the human family, the world would be indeed a humdrum lodging house.

In these days of scanty theatrical costumes and boldly suggestive dress, it is a pleasure to find Mr. and Mrs. Kendal battling nobly for the purity of the stage. Indeed, it is said that Mrs. Kendal refuses to play "A Scrap of Paper" this season because her husband would be obliged in one scene to appear in a bear-skin robe.

That's a queer sort of Grand Jury in Connecticut that indicts a man, and then says it "didn't mean to."

The man "who did not wish his name to be mentioned" has turned up again. This time he indorses the capability of the new librarian. He "knew Mr. Putnam's work well in Minneapolis." Mr. Putnam, according to him, is "familiar with books." That is to say, he can tell them when he sees them. There's no deceiving him. He can spot the difference between a backgammon board lettered "Hume's History" and the genuine article every time. He also knows how to open and shut a book.

Many, indeed, must be the qualifications of an excellent librarian. As our anonymous friend remarks, he must know books, but without a fad for special editions or for buying in special lines. He must be

more than a book worm, who is a people, as well as books. He must marked executive ability and the power governing his subordinates without exciting friction. Above all, oh, above all, he must be able to get along amicably with Trustees or like officials, and so he must indeed be a diplomat.

Why is it that so many converts take a glory in a sinful past? Here's a man, now leading a useful life, who was formerly a slave to rum. Why should he be so precise in telling the world that he had "53 drinks the day before he was reformed?" No wonder that the next morning he resolved to lead a better life.

Mrs. Humphrey-Ward says that she broods over her stories and they do not take form rapidly. Her art is long; it is also slow. Who reads today the mental adventures of that ineffable prig, Robert Elsmere?

It was on the 7th of February, 1818, that a gentleman at Warrington, Eng., caught a salmon which weighed seven pounds and three-quarters. He marked it with scissors on the back fins and tail, and put it in the river. The fish was caught again on the 17th of March, and it then weighed 17 pounds and a half. This story should be committed to memory by all dealers in fish tales.

"D." of Newport, R. I., writes the Journal the following note, suggested by the statement of a correspondent that the late Mr. McAllister "was often carelessly dressed." No more honest tribute has been paid the memory of the society leader. "I am a mechanic of this city of 40 years' standing, have been employed occasionally at the house of Ward McAllister in this city, have seen him both early and late in the day, and know him pretty well, yet have I never seen him carelessly dressed, but always as if he had just come from his tailor. He was perhaps brusque in his manner of speech, and a person speaking to him but once might form an unpleasant opinion. He was proud in his bearing and walk, but never so proud as not to speak to mechanic or laborer on the street. Mechanics and merchants alike, who have ever had business with him, say, 'He was a good man for Newport, and I am sorry that he has gone.'"

"The old-time incidents of the French ball of years ago will be revived" at the Cercle Française mask ball and carnival in New York the 11th. Will Dr. Parkhurst and Brother Lexow be among the guests?

The New York Tribune book reviewer is amazed to find that the stories of the Greek divinities in the supplementary volume to the Century Dictionary "read like human biographies and not like myths of sun and clouds." But to the general reader the stories of these gods and demigods are still the deeds of magnified human beings; and he prefers myths and legends without the generalizations and explanations of myth destroyers.

Many Americans who lived or sojourned in Dresden during the '80's will hear with sincere regret of the death of "Jo" Mason, who was United States Consul there for many years. He was a genial, kindly, generous man, and to all Americans who were in trouble he lent willing ears and hands. He was a nephew of John Y. Mason.

"The only way to obtain superiority in dealing with men is to let it be seen that you are independent of them. And in this view it is advisable to let everyone of your acquaintance—whether man or woman—feel now and then that you could very well dispense with their company."

An English calendar remarks: "The owl may sometimes be heard to hoot about this day."

The trouble with Mr. John L. Sullivan is versatility, the ruin of many. Just as the theatre lover has reason for rejoicing in the development of Mr. Sullivan's histrionic art, and is prepared to add his name to the heroes of the melodramatic stage, the eminent play actor announces his determination to turn farmer. No sooner do lovers of agriculture see in the mind's eye a model farm, with oats and turnips beyond reproach, lambs that would turn the most reckless vegetarian from the error of his ways, and cows that say to little children "Drink our milk without fear," than the model farmer proclaims that he will re-enter the prize ring. He will fight "any man in the world, barring Jackson." This last statement is credible. It is not likely that oxen and ropes could drag Mr. Sullivan to a friendly trial of strength with Mr. Peter Jackson. It is this vacillation in the conduct of his life that leads the judicious to despair of Mr. Sullivan's achieving real and enduring fame, such as results in the chiselling of a name on a wall of the Public Library.

A local contemporary speaks hot, passionate words to the literati of Boston. It adjures them by the ancient reputation of the town to enter the contest for the New York Herald prizes, and bear away the money awarded the best novel, novelette,

short story and epic poem. And it then names Messrs. Grant, Fuller, Sullivan, Bates, Mrs. Deland, Miss Wilkins and others. But there is invidious distinction in the making of the catalogue. Why pass over "Olliver Optic," Mrs. Gardner, Count Zubof, Albert Ross, Percival Lowell, and Sadakichi Hartmann? It is true that the last named sojourneth in New York; but if he returned to us and snatched a prize from Chicago or triumphed over Mr. Richard Hyphen Davis all would be forgiven.

A correspondent suggests that "the widow of the late John Smith" is by the very phrase relieved definitely of all suspicion of grass-widowhood; hence possibly the phrase.

This is the anniversary of the death of Aaron Hill, the librettist of "Rinaldo," the first opera composed by Handel after he went to England. As is the rule with librettists, his book was the target of the wits of the day.

To J. H.: "Yale's Hair Tonic" is not designed exclusively for foot ball players.

Did "the feast of the lumber kings" taste as good as the pork and beans devoured years ago when these same "kings" were simple lumbermen?

There is now a Lieutenant General of the army, but he will never be as important an individual as the Brigadier General whose name was Legion in the early days of the Civil War, and who fought so many battles in the hotels of Washington.

Mrs. Gunlock—the name suggests firing—must be ranked among the great discoverers of the age. She has found women in New Bedford who will not talk.

It is singular that no one in these days of alternate slush and ice has thought of reviving the use of sedans for women.

A Connecticut legislator proposes to stop treating by fine and imprisonment of both treater and treatee. By the way, is there any connection between the phrases "To treat like a dog" and "To try it on a dog?"

Mr. Henderson of the New York Times discusses the sad case of Charles Ferrero, whose brain is said to be unsettled in consequence of musical study. "Perchance Ferrero is a pianist. In that case madness may have followed an attempt to play all Beethoven's sonatas at a single sitting. Or he may have gone crazy on a combination of Chopin and Würzburger Hofbrau. Or he may have had to accompany Scaldi. Or perhaps he had written a concerto. There is nothing so fatal as writing a concerto. But after all he may not have done any of these things. He may have arrived at the logical conclusion of that form of insanity which affects so many musicians. He had decided that no one else had a right to live."

Mr. David C. Murray should remember that negro in this country is not now spelled with two g's.

Feb 9 - 95

A good sized audience listened to a pianoforte recital given by Miss Caroline L. Bond in Chickering Hall Friday afternoon. Miss Bond played with good taste selections from Brahms, Dvorak, Grieg, Chantrelle, Liszt, Nodé and Moszkowski. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano, who was heard to advantage in songs by Sullivan, Foote, Henschel, Margaret Lang and Clara Rogers.

"A man must be still a greenhorn in the ways of the world if he imagines that he can make himself popular in society by exhibiting intelligence and disreput. With the immense majority of people, such qualities excite hatred and resentment, which are rendered all the harder to bear by the fact that people are obliged to suppress even from themselves—the real reason of their anger."

The title of the play to be produced at the Theatre this evening has been changed from "A Political Woman" to "A Leader of Men." Now, a leader of men is a possible, not a political woman.

A local contemporary has just performed his annual self-appointed task of arranging corpses, dead and living, according to their merits. But why does it attack Mr. Henry James so cruelly? It speaks of him as an "inferior novelist." We know of no charges that would so offend his self-esteem.

Today Mr. La Farge listens to pleasing tales blown on the trumpet of fame. Not many years ago it was the fashion in this country to peer at him, to sneer at his name as "Japanese." Some of the more kindly critics caught his sanity.

Brother Watson remarks that "L. D. Cadmus is as cheap in New England as Colonel Commodore in Kentucky." How New England neglected you, oh, valiant champion of the "War-ered goddess? Patience, patience. Wait till the deal next summer.

This is what the New York Times thought of Mr. Ysaac conducting of Beethoven's 5th symphony at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. "The performance of the symphony was of the kind that

neither gods nor men tolerate. It was a dismal and disheartening exhibition of mediocrity, and it made one wonder why so many men should come all the way from Boston in such weather to play so stupidly. But it is necessary to remember that Emil Paur was conducting, and that accounts for a good deal." Let's see. It was about the first of November, 1894, that the Times, in a fine lyric burst, said that the Boston orchestra was "a great and abiding joy." It declared in terms almost of frenzy that one of these concerts was "the very vintage of melody and harvest of harmony." It found rare comfort in "the sensuous embrace" of "warm tone." Mr. Paur was the conductor in November, was he not? Has he gone to pieces in three months?

A lecturer in Boston would exclude stuttering children from the public schools, because "a great number of children are so constituted that they become stutterers by imitating other children." But you might as well exclude the game-legged and all suffering from any physical infirmity; for children are mimics; and they are thoughtlessly or deliberately cruel.

The New York police "found evidence" in the rooms of the Marques brothers that they had quarreled. Among the suspicious articles were "a bloody handkerchief and a new umbrella with a handle broken." But there is such a thing as the nosebleed, and even the handle of a new umbrella may be broken without anger or the use of a brother.

Speaking of the Stevenson memorial meeting in New York the Sketch remarks, "The proceedings were appropriate enough. Mr. Kipling was present, but did not speak." Is this unconscious humor?

A tailor advertising in an ecclesiastical annual speaks contemptuously of ready-made clothing, and adds: "Our cathedral surplices are marvels of beauty, both in fit and style."

They object to the word "scientist" over in England. The Duke of Argyll condemns it. Professor Huxley says it is as degraded as "electrocution." Sir John Lubbock proposes "philosopher;" Lord Kelvin and Lord Rayleigh wish "naturalist" in its widest sense. Professor Wallace approves of it. The discussion recalls the story of the Cambridge Professor who was showing a foreigner round the place. The guest said, "You do not seem to have any vat ve call 'savans.'" And the Professor replied: "Oh, yes, we have, but we call them p-p-p-prigs."

It is said that one of the Trustees of the Public Library is exceedingly anxious that this city and the architects therein should subscribe to a bust of Mr. McKim, to be placed as soon as possible in the building. But would it not be in better taste to follow the inscription written in honor of Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral: "If you seek his monument, look around?"

An English journal thus frees its mind: "If we knew what progress is or whence, or where and why it acts, we might agree with the enthusiasts who tell you how great and good it is, how desirable and dear. A Mr. Hurst told the members of the Playgoers' Club that he and they and Mr. Pinero are progressing—if we may put it in so flippant a phrase—'like mad.' We have 'original and honest attempts to deal with life as we now live it'—in the garment with frayed hems. And that constitutes a great drama. Maybe Mr. Hurst's theory is well enough so far as concerns the last 30 years. But are our plays more 'original' or 'honest' than the plays that Hazlitt and Lamb saw? Is Mr. Irving a greater actor than Mr. Kean or Mr. Kemble? Or what of Sheridan, Goldsmith, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, as dramatists; of Garrick, Macklin, Booth, Quin, Betterton as actors? We may have progressed beyond their level of achievement. And on the other hand we may have done nothing of the sort. Mr. Hurst thinks that we have done so nowadays in one point—of morals, not of drama. We don't hiss the author, nor the actors; or if we—that is to say, if the gallery do, there is an endless pother. Yet (it is as well to remember) Barbey D'Aurevilly, who knew as much of the theatre as (say) Mr. Hurst, dates the decadence of the drama from the moment that hissing became unfashionable."

Feb 10 - 95

The Last Ysaac Recital in Music Hall—A Sudden Change of Program on Account of the Blizzard.

Music Hall was cold and full of draughts yesterday afternoon. Although the concert was announced as beginning at 2.30, it was 2.45 before Mr. Arthur appeared on the platform and said that Mr. Lachaume was detained by the snow "somewhere in the wilderness that surrounds Philadelphia." As the music of the Ruff sonata, op. 70, was in Mr. Lachaume's trunk, bag or pocket, the program was changed materially.

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the excellent and versatile musician, took Mr. Lachaume's place at short notice; and he played the accompaniments to violinist and singer exceedingly well.

Mr. Ysaac played the great first movement from Vieuxtemps's E major concerto, the one that evlous musicians about 1840 falsely declared was composed by Charles Mayer; Spohr's D minor concerto; a fugue in G minor by Bach; Wilh. Ts arrangement

of the Prelude from "The Mastersingers" and a suite by Vieuxtemps. There is nothing to be said at this late day about Mr. Ysaac's playing. Vieuxtemps once said that Marsick of Paris understood his E major concerto better than any other violinist; but he said this before Ysaac had shown his strength. Having heard Ysaac, one knows why Vieuxtemps in his old age, far from home, longed to listen again to Ysaac's chanterelle. Beautiful, too, was the performance of the old-fashioned concerto of Spohr. All in all, perhaps it was the most delightful exhibition of the violinist's peculiar qualities that has been given at these recitals.

Mr. Watkin Mills sang the bass air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "Calm Is the Night," Bohm; "O Rudder Than the Cherry," Schubert's "Eri King," Piusotti's "Bedouin Song." He showed, as do so many English singers, excellent enunciation. Furthermore, his technique was adequate, and his phrasing artistic. But his singing was for the most part dry and phlegmatic. The hearer could say constantly "Well done. You sing like a manly Englishman, who probably plays cricket and golf, and reverences his Queen." It's a pity that Mr. Mills has apparently neither by birth nor purchase a temperament.

PHILIP HALE.

MR. HEINRICH'S RECITAL.

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich gave last evening in Steinert Hall a pleasing concert with the assistance of Miss Roliwagen, Miss Pray, and Dr. Kelterborn. Mr. Heinrich sang for the first time in English a cyclus "Elliland," by Alexander von Helitz; Hungarian melodies arranged by Korbay; and Handel's "Softly Sweet in Lydian Measure." The cyclus relates in melodious numbers the story of the love of the monk Elliland for the beautiful nun "Irmingart" as told by the Bavarian poet Stieler. Mr. Heinrich's taste and skill were appreciated as ever by an audience that was loud in manifestations of delight.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Moral of the Hissing of "The Taboo."

London Is Perhaps More Fastidious Than Boston.

Notes and Comments About Musicians and Musical Pieces.

London may well be congratulated if, as some think, the damnation of "The Taboo" means that the peculiar brand of comic opera known as the London variety is no longer in favor, and that the wretched thing has gone from "inanition into nonentity."

Apropos of "The Taboo," which is indeed taboo, the Pall Mall Gazette moralizes over the operettas provoked by the success of Lecocq, Audran, Planquette, Sullivan. "The books for the most part feebly echoed Mr. Gilbert. We remember snatches of their wit in this fashion:

"For a self-made man you see in me,
Not born of the aristocracy,
It's a feather in my cap
That I didn't care a rap
How I gathered up my L.S.D."

"And again—

"I once met a female octopus,
She put out her arms to embrace me, thus,
I said, 'Don't make so free, you cuss!'
All account of Eliza."

"Now these quotations are from the book of an opera which was in its day quite successful; judge, then, the literary standard of the rest! And it was such success as this which encouraged other musicians and aspiring comic dramatists to the production of those other pieces which in the end became what we have called the London variety of comic opera."

There is speech concerning the music of these machines. "For the most part they are dead now; but time was when such of their tunes as 'Queen of My Heart' filled the ear with their uninviting din, and were carried over the length and breadth of the city with the persistence of an influential ravage. On the stage, no less than off, good taste was unchangeably set at naught. Where Mr. Gilbert, supported by the active energies of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, did his best to dismiss from the stage that awful ideal of the modern stage—the semi-masculine attire of women; by these operatic writers and directors the idea was strenuously upheld.

"If it was necessary to represent a regiment of soldiers on the stage, a dozen or two of girls, dressed in a semi-military and tight-fitting tunic, with tights for the rest of their costume, were marched on with crimped hair and jaunty little caps. Other girls in analogously manly attire made love to village maidens, and the whole was an orgie of tights and busts and village greens, with a few ill-dressed men thrown in rather to make a masculine chorus than for any other object. Add to this combination the prima donna of comic operatic repute, the handsome young tenor, the occasional bass, and the comic baritone. Interweave with it all the simulacrum of gay music, the popular waltz, the vacantly-acted choruses, the almost inexplicable plot, the cheap quality of the wit,

and the commonly known quality of the lyrics—some added by another hand—and you have, in essence, the average kind of entertainment after which we Londoners at one time gayly rushed."

These remarks apply as well to what is known as American comic opera. There are exceptions in this class of musical entertainment, such as "Westward, Ho!" and "Puritania," in which clowning is not supposed to be the mainspring that results in general animation and the striking of success; and the music is worthy the attention of musicians. But how about "The Big Whooper" and other masterpieces in which the leading role is androgynous? Now it's a boy; now it's a girl; guess again. Look at the pletures of the "comic opera favorites," whether published in The Sketch or in New York papers. It's always the same thing. A leering face, a supposedly coquettish pose, and a richly upholstered anatomy. All these women seem crazy to don tights, and so the plot must fit the shape. What a pleasure, and an unexpected pleasure, to find Miss Florence St. John saying: "Lately there has been a craze for seeing women acting men's parts, but few girls can carry off boys' clothes. As for me, I always say that Nature didn't intend me for a man; still"—and here is the woman of it—"still, I think I looked fairly well as Little Christopher Columbus."

Perhaps the most aggravating of all musical amateurs is the person—usually female—who became infatuated with Wagner from fancied belief that it was the proper thing. She is distressed especially whenever the public applauds such a singer as Melba. She sniffs and chatters contemptuously of "Fireworks," "No Intelligence," "It takes something else to sing in Wagner," etc., etc., ad nauseam. To all such these remarks from an admirable editorial article in the last number of the Musical Courier are respectfully submitted: "These exercises are absolutely necessary for the proper discipline of the voice. In no other way can a fine flexibility of the vocal organs be acquired. In no other way can a singer acquire with ease, certainty and command of resources which are essential to the perfection of a sustained style. The academic course of a university contains many studies which are laid aside after graduation. But they are required of young men in order that they may enter upon the arduous duties of life with thoroughly disciplined minds. Latin, Greek and the higher mathematics play no part in the daily experience of a well educated man; but the results of their study are shown in the direct, forcible and accurate working of the trained mind. The soldier does not use setting up exercises on the field of battle; nor does the young woman practice callisthenics in the ball room. But their benefit reveals itself in fine carriage, in grace and elasticity of movement. The same principle applies to the voice. The florituri, which were an integral part of the older opera music, are the callisthenics of the vocal organs. They form an indispensable part of the training of every singer, and they must not be neglected now simply because they are not popular with the public. Melba could not sing Elsa or Micaela so beautifully if she were not a mistress of such music as that of 'Semiramide.'"

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

César Thomson will sail for Europe early in March.

Paderewski is reported as looking worn and tired.

They are to erect a monument to Robert Franz in Halle.

Buffalo will have a new Music Hall, which will cost \$200,000.

Alfred Bruneau is now Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Conrad Anson proposes to leave Welmar and dwell in Berlin.

Patti bought her dresses in Paris for her concerts in Germany.

Notices of yesterday's concerts will be found on another page.

Bern is to have a new theatre. There will be seats for 800-900.

Lillian Henschel met with great success in two concerts in Vienna.

There are two Italian opera companies in Spain and three in Turkey.

Gluck's "Alceste" has been revived at the Carlruhe Opera House under Mottl.

The first appearance of Calvé at Madrid was as Ophelia, not Carmen, as reported.

Godard is buried at Saint-Leu-Taverny, among the "good peasants," as he wished.

A new orchestral work played at Rome is entitled "Preludio Sinfonico." It is by Setacciolli.

The father of Victoria Jonclères is dead

at the age of 81. He was for many years a journalist.

Massenet's "Manon Lescaut" was given in January in Barcelona, its first performance in Spain.

Richard Metzendorff's opera, "Hagbart und Signe," will be produced for the first time in Brunswick.

The publishers of the score of Chabner's "Rol malgré lui" have given it to the library of the Opéra.

Artot de Padilla, Calvé and Charlotte Wyns are among the newly named officers of the Académie.

Raoul Mader's music could not save "Coeur d'Ange," a three-act operetta produced in Vienna Jan. 12.

Mrs. Julie Wyman will probably return to France in the spring and sing next season in opera at Marseilles.

Forst, conductor at the Leipzig Theatre will fill a similar position Sept. 1 at the Deutsche Theatre in Prague.

"Griffin Rothaar" is the title of a new 3-act operetta, music by Theodor Ritté, produced with success at Aschaffenburg.

Minnie Hauck has been singing in "Cavalleria Rusticana" in England. Pauline L'Allemand is in the same company, the Carl Rosa.

James Kwast has played the piano part of his new piano concerto, D minor (MS.) in Frankfurt. The pianist was praised more than the composition.

"Santuzza," a continuation of "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced at Palermo with overwhelming success. Bimboni, the composer, was called out 20 times.

Mrs. Elene Eaton will give her second song recital in Chickering Hall Monday evening, the 18th. She will sing songs by Foote, Norris, Mrs. Beach, Wolf and Scott.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins will give a piano-lecture-concert in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Wednesday evening. Selections from his opera, "Taffy and Old Munch," by children.

Mr. Tucker will give a piano recital in Bumstead Hall Friday, at 8 o'clock. He will play pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Dvorak, Rubinstein, Brahms and others.

The town of Aix-la-Chapelle has received a present from Mr. Bles of Queuleu, near Metz, of \$25,000, the income of which is to be applied to furthering musical performances.

Tamagno bought "a Stradivarius 1729" fiddle for \$41 at auction in New York. "The drum, bottom and bands are believed to have been made by Stradivarius, and the top by Amati."

Miss Annie Libby, harper, has been engaged as a representative Maine musician to play for the meeting of the Sons of Maine, which takes place at the Auditorium, Chicago, the 13th.

The program for Mr. Arthur Whiting's chamber concert in Bumstead Hall Tuesday evening will include Brahms' B major trio (revised edition); Intermezzo by Brahms; concert études, Whiting; quartet F major, Schmitt.

The Ménestrel of the 20th states that Sybil Sanderson was recalled 22 times on her first appearance in New York. And thus is history made! We recognize here the work of our old friend, the passionate press agent.

Achille Simonetti, an Italian violinist and composer, appeared in Berlin in January without marked success. His pieces were sonata in C minor for violin and piano, a romanza, mazurka and a madrigal. The last pleased mightily.

Patti excited admiration in Berlin the last of January. She sang "Batti, Batti," "Una voce poco fa," the prayer from "Tannhäuser," Wagner's "Träume," the Jewel aria from "Faust," Tosti's "La Serenata" and—"Home, Sweet Home."

Here are the titles of two popular songs in London: "Bill's Tanner Mouth-Organ" (sung by Kate Carney, who scorns the prefix Miss or Mrs.) and "That's How He Tells the Tale," which is "a lively and amusing sketch of the patter of a race-course tout."

The book to be set to music by competitors for the Rossini prize has been chosen by the Académie des Beaux-Arts. It is entitled "Aude et Roland," and the authors are Hartmann and Adenis. The competing works must be handed in by Dec. 31.

A concert devoted to the works of Luigi Romanello was given lately in Naples. Among the numbers were a symphony in D major, a symphonic poem, "Il Corsaro" (suggested by Byron's poem), and a concerto for piano and orchestra, the piano part of which was played by the composer.

Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, bass, assisted by Mr. Edward Phillips, pianist, will give his postponed concert in Union Hall Friday evening at 8.30 o'clock. He will sing songs by Bullard, Pressel, Jensen, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Handel, Gomez. Mr. Phillips will play pieces by Orth, Liszt, Schumann and Chopin.

Dr. W. B. Gilbert's "St. John the Baptist" was given in its entirety for the first time in New York last Thursday evening in Trinity Chapel. The oratorio was produced originally in England several years ago. There is no plot. There is no dramatic form. The words are straight from the Bible.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert of the 15th and 16th will include: Overture, "Jungfrau von Orleans" (first time); Strube; Saint-Saëns piano concerto in G major; Brahms's serenade (without violins); Schubert's overture in Italian style, series 2, No. 5. Mrs. Beach will be the pianist.

At a theatre in Valparaiso, during the performance of "Miss Helyett," the conductor of the orchestra stabbed and killed a chorus girl, Margherita Martinez of Montevideo. The conductor, Benavent, age 28, with four sons, fell in love with her, and she had forsaken husband and children. Benavent finally did not suit her; hence the tragedy.

Max Bruch's new oratorio, "Moses," for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, was first performed under his direction at Barmen in January. The text is by Ludwig Spitta. There are four parts: "On Sinai," "The Golden Calf," "The Return of the Spies from Canaan," "The Land of Promise, and the Lament of the People Over the Death of Moses."

This Nina Rathbone, who will alternate in the part of Flora Mac Donald in "Rob Roy" with Miss Lizzie Mac Nichol, is not unknown in Boston. She sang in a Seldi concert at the Boston Theatre Jan. 17, 1893, Isolde's "Lament and Death," and the grand scene from the "Walküre." She came here endorsed by the widow of Wagner, and her performance had the directness and the solidity of a pile-driver.

Mr. Everette E. Truette, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto, will give an organ recital in the First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets, Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. He will play pieces by Bach, Handel, Claussmann, G. E. Whiting, Coerne, Dubois, Truette, Foot, Parker, Gullmant and Best. Miss Edmonds will sing songs by Mrs. Beach and Sargent, and "Pietà Signore," erroneously attributed to Stradella.

"Trial by Jury" will be revived at the Casino, New York, the 18th. Miss Ada

Palmer Walker of a vocal soloist on her first appearance in the city of Melba, who is now singing at the piano in St. Francis Cathedral, Boston. She made her debut under the management of Williamson, Churner and Musgrove, with whom she made two tours through India and Japan, appearing in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and "Mascot," "Olivette" and "Angot."

Ludwig Hartmann praises Schuch, the conductor of the Dresden Symphony concerts, for his conservative treatment of Haydn's "Military" symphony. "The symphony gains its effect now, as a century ago, by strict simplicity of performance. Arbitrary nuances and nervous pianissimos do not help it. The sky has remained blue and it bores no one, and the stars do not weary one, neither do the flowers, and no one complains. They always seem and bloom in the same way." The heart-delighting beauty of Haydn's music is only ruined by modern, extravagant nuanceurung."

At the last concert of the Rosé Quartet in Vienna, Brahms appeared as pianist as well as composer. The Vienna correspondent of the Musical Courier writes as follows: "During the last number, a sonata, for piano and clarinet, the approval was certainly for Brahms the composer, not Brahms the pianist. I presume it is nothing short of desecration to make such remarks, and I won't say another word, but I do wish I had not heard Brahms play. The sonata is one of two recently written, and is still in manuscript form. Isn't it amusing that the great master should have such a particular liking for the clarinet? I understand it is quite his hobby. I found him after the concert in the artist's room, wreathed in smoke, smiling and genial. It is astonishing what a fear some Europeans have of the ocean voyage. Brahms regards it with the deepest respect."

Mr. Willard Spenser, the maker of "The Princess Bonnie," a serious "comic-opera," unbosomed himself as follows to a reporter of the Baltimore Sun: "I don't believe any opera is ever going to be a lasting success without a strong love story running through it. The fun is very well to laugh at while it lasts, but the comedy parts must be secondary, and the vital strength must be in the love story. A comedian alone could not hold the interest night after night. It is the attractive manner in which the love theme is presented which brings the same people to see a successful opera time and time again. The gems of the opera are generally the love songs. They have the most feeling and the most plaintive, touching melody of all the musical numbers. They are the ones which are sung everywhere long after the curtain falls on the opera and its stage career."

Mr. Spenser certainly practises what he preaches. The fun in "The Princess Bonnie" was a secondary matter, and in fact love-making, music, everything was secondary to that sweet apparition, Miss Mayo.

"Recent visitors to the Palace, London, will remember an incident in Miss Fanny Wentworth's 'Musical at Home,' when a Spanish lady sings a song in her native tongue, which is much applauded by the gentlemen of the party, but which the ladies pronounce shocking. Afterward printed copies of this song are handed round, and every one is much disappointed to find that it merely describes a Spanish gentleman urging on his mule on the way to a bull fight. Of this idea we have had an amusing illustration this week. A popular Hungarian chanteuse eccentric, Anna Baladaci, made her first appearance on a Monday at the Alhambra. On Tuesday a leading morning paper assured its readers that one of her songs was 'evidently full of doubtless entendres.' And yet we are assured that the song is in reality 'intensely serious and pathetic,' and describes the flight and escape of a Hungarian robber from the officers of the law."

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Yvette Gullbert: "She does just what she likes with her songs and her audience. Voice, face, hands, body are absolutely at command for any service whatever. There is no effect she cannot produce, and yet with so easy a precision that she seems merely to press the button while some hidden power does the rest. On this visit she is giving us in 'La Soularde' and 'La Gran'mère' examples of a more ambitious art than she presented before, and she takes them in her hand and molds them as she will, just as she does with the lighter pieces by which London first knew her. What defect there is lies in the songs, not the interpretation; for on the strength of these alone she might be pronounced one of the greatest actresses of the world. But 'La Soularde,' for example carries a suspicion of irrelevant melodrama. There is no fear that Mlle. Gullbert will ever be drawn to the methods of Mr. Charles Warner, but the subject just comes within hall of 'Drink.' We still love best, we think, such songs as 'Les Demoiselles de Pensionnat,' which is almost as irresistible as 'Les Vierges,' and we can say no more than that, charming, because they have absolute artistic impersonality. Yvette Gullbert is as modern as today's Pall Mall, but she has one thing in common with the Auden Regime. With her, vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness."

In hearing negro songs the trained European or American ear is positive that, save with a single exception, not one of them has the true savage stamp. If there are modifications in phrasing or in tone coloring these strike only the non-experts as original. Owing to personal idiosyncrasy, the vocal apparatus of the negro differs from that of the white man. The arch of the roof of the mouth, the nasal sounding board of the colored man, has another conformation. If a true colored man were to paint his face like a white man's and sing an English, Italian or German aria, it is his voice which would at once give him away. The imitative faculty is, however, very strong in the negro, so he cannot help himself in following the white man's music and the white man's words. The true, pure African song is probably the Juba. It is hardly a song, but a chant, abounding in spoken words. As to rhythm, the native negro, or the one born in the United States, has that to a marked degree. If now and then there has been an occasional negro vocalist of merit since their period of freedom, why has not there been an instrumentalist? The reason is plain. To have a fine voice is an accident of nature. To play an instrument well, so as to gain a reputation as a violinist or pianist, means in addition to natural talent to devote to the violin or piano many years of study. The race instinct in the negro does not incline toward persistency of purpose. With rhythm alone, as Wallaschek shows, primitive music began.—New York Times.

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"The art of putting up with people may be learned by practising patience on inanimate objects, which in virtue of some mechanical or general physical necessity, oppose a stubborn resistance to our freedom of action—a form of patience which is required every day. . . . And with many people the wisest thing you can do is to resolve to make use of those whom you cannot alter."

It appears from last Sunday's issue that the Herald has just heard of the death of Mr. Gibson's French model. The death was about the first of December. The Herald's obituary tribute is undoubtedly sincere if it is late.

Mr. Hamlin Garland told some Chicago people the other day that "the novel is to be judged by the human soul of the creating man, and not by the man who reads." According to this doctrine, Mr. Garland would admit cheerfully that he is the first of living novelists.

The Transcript quotes Mr. Garland's Orphic saying, and adds, "life is not at all afraid of scaring people." It might have said, "Neither is he afraid of boring people." Even now he is boring a large hole through the Chap-Book.

The Dr. Dana who made a short address in Latin the other day is Dr. Charles L. Dana of Dartmouth, not Dr. Dana of Harvard and the Sun. The latter is capable of such a feat, in fact he is capable of anything.

If the eighteen last days of February be wet, and the first ten of March, you'll see that the spring quarter, and the summer, too, will prove too wet and danger to ensue.

The attention of Mr. Ernst, who seems to have proved that "rum"—the word—was first used by Bostonians, is invited respectfully to the following paragraph from Notes and Queries: "Mr. N. Darnell Davis, in his 'Cavaliers and Roundheads in Barbados,' quotes as follows from a manuscript description of that island, to which he assigns the date 1650: 'The chiefs fudding they make in the island is Rumbullion, alias Kili-Devill, and this is made of sugar canes distilled, a hott, hellish, and terrible liquor.' And yet to those addicted passionately to hot buttered rum this seems a churlish, sour description.

Old Chimes, they say, is fast getting nutty. He was heard to indorse at the Porphyry Club last week the opinion of the Spanish King that he could have made a more agreeable world. "Why should not warm weather," argued Chimes, "come now when we need it, and why should we not have this cool spell in July, when it would be so welcome?"

Is there any village in New England where a parlor is called "a keeping room?"

"Walsingham" does not approve of the engagement of Miss Anna Gould to the Comte de Castellane, and so there is a fair chance of its breaking. Why did not "Walsingham" remonstrate sooner and spare Miss Gould the inevitable mortification, especially as he appears to have summered and wintered with the Count and been through him with a dark lantern? Not content with dashing Miss Gould's cup of happiness to the ground, "Walsingham" exposes the hollowness of life in the Faubourg St. Germain. Our old friend Walsingham McSweeney was more gallant in his treatment of women.

Let us not count time by heart-throbs, although Mr. Phillip James Bailey advised such reckoning. Nor should we remember the important days of those alleged to be great. Some esteemed yesterday because it was the anniversary of the birth of Congreve, Milman, and of the death of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Dugdale. Let us sing, however, of greater things. It was on the 10th of February, 1734, that Mary Jenkins, a poor woman of Warminster, England, fell fast asleep "and continued so until the 1st of March following, notwithstanding many methods, and some of them very cruel ones, were used to awaken her." And it was on the 10th of February, 1798, that greedy relations of Mrs. Hannah White protested in Doctors' Commons against her last will and testament, because the testatrix left to the mother of one of her servants £25 per annum in trust for the maintenance of five favorite cats, during the course of their natural lives. We hasten to add that this legacy was confirmed. The cats celebrated the decision in copious liques of valerian.

"DR. SYNTAX" AT THE TREMONT.

"Dr. Syntax," a comic opera in two acts, text by Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin, music by Mr. Woolson Morse, was given for the first time in Boston by the DeWolf Hopper Company at the Tremont Theatre last evening. Mr. John S. Hiller was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Syntax.....	DeWolf Hopper
Jack Alden.....	Cyril Scott
Lord Lawtennis.....	Alfred Klein
Arthur Barrington.....	Edmund Stanley
Prof. Scowles.....	Thomas S. Guise
Willie Phillips.....	Harry P. Stone
Bobbs.....	Louis Shrader
Zenobia Tropics.....	Alice Hosmer
Meropie Mallow.....	Edna Wallace Hopper
Niobe Marsh.....	Bertha Waltzinger
Psyche Persimmons.....	Jennie Goldthwaite
Pansy Pickle.....	Lillian Belma
Sally Dimple.....	Florine Murray
Clree Slatepencil.....	Leonie Dueth

The subject of this operetta, which was produced in New York at the Broadway Theatre, Sept. 3, 1894, is familiar. It comes in direct line from the German "Aschenbrödl," through "School" and different versions of "Cinderella." Mr. Goodwin's arrangement provokes much amusement through the first act. The second act peters out. The touch of sentiment, the spite of Scowles, the ejection of the orphan—these are huddled together and are a bore. The act indeed needed the assistance of Mr. Hopper's extraneous recitations; it uttered a Macedonian cry; it welcomed even eagerly the well-worn story of "Casey at the Bat." Local pride was appealed to by the victory of Harvard in the boat race—was it a dream? Of course when "Dr. Syntax" is played in New Haven Mr. Hopper wears gauds of blue, and Scowles bets and loses on Harvard.

Perhaps the highest tribute to the music by Mr. Morse is that it does not disturb anyone seriously. There is nothing original to perplex; no strange rhythms annoy the hearer who dotes on waltzes; there is no effect of instrumentation that leads the unskilled to believe that the clarinet is trying to play from a bassoon part or that the first violin has adopted an unusual method of tuning. The music jingles along pleasantly, and it disappears from the hearer's mind as soon as he goes out into the night.

Mr. Hopper has in the main an excellent company, and in the first act the fun was fast and furious. If you do not care for Mr. Hopper, if you are not amused by his jugulation, his staccato laugh, his rapid jumping from the tragedian's abdominal tones to the Punch and Judy squeak, his wild dancing, his facial twists, and his general clowning, you will still be interested in several of the girls. There's Miss Goldthwaite, for instance, the sleepy one in yellow, who in the first act is a delight as the stupid pupil, and as the graceful dancer with dainty ankles. Alas, that later in the evening she sings a dull song with dull exaggeration. And yet many enjoyed it, and she drawled the third verse—was it the third or the thirtieth?—again for their benefit. Then there is Mrs. Hopper, the dare-devil child, the terrible innocent, girlish as anyone today in boarding school. There are young women in the chorus, comely as cedars of Lebanon; brunettes and blondes, charming in their simple dress. Miss Waltzinger sang the more ambitious

numbers with considerable skill. As for the men, they were of course overshadowed by the mighty Hopper. Then the question comes up again: Do you like Mr. Hopper's histrionic methods? If you do, go and see him as Dr. Syntax. You will not miss much if you leave the theatre at the end of the first act; that is unless the victory of Harvard soothes past regrets and lends pleasing hope for the future.

PHILIP HALE.

"Boredom is a form of suffering unknown to brutes, at any rate in their natural state; it is only the very cleverest of them who show faint traces of it when they are domesticated; whereas in the case of man it has become a downright scourge."

Old Chimes called at the Journal office to contradict the report that he was fast growing nutty. He also claims that he is in no danger of paresis, which word he pronounced, we regret to say, with a strong Boston accent on the penult. After talking solemnly for an hour or so on the financial crisis, he switched the current of thought toward literature. The life of Poe by Woodberry in the Chicago edition pleased him mightily; it was so free from moralizing, from cheap flub-dub and sky-assailing "splurge." "And yet," said old Chimes, "and yet I do not see why Poe should have sought out strong drink for lyrical inspiration when all he needed was T to be a veritable poet." This ill-advised speech certainly confirmed the rumor of nuttiness that escaped from the Porphyry Club.

Mr. du Chailu claims that the early Vikings founded the civilization of Europe. But the real point is this: If they did, are they ashamed of it?

Another from "Peter Lombard" of the Church Times: Scene: A Sunday School Teacher—"What is an Epistle?" After a pause a pupil answers: "Please, sir, the wife of an Apostle."

This is the festival of St. Eulalia, a virgin of Barcelona, a patron saint of sailors. It is understood that during the last week she was chiefly busied on the coast of Spain. The French have it:

"If the sun smile on St. Eulalie's Day,
It is good for apples and cider, they say."

According to a Highland superstition, the 12th, 13th and 14th of February were borrowed from January, and it is accounted a good omen if these days should be as stormy as possible.

A New York journal stated the other day that Miss Richter arrived in the United

States in 1893, and made a successful debut in Boston "under the direction of Mr. Gustav Lang." This shows the emptiness of fame, unless, perchance, Mr. Lang's middle name is Gustav and he begins it with a J.

The Rev. Joseph Cook approves of the Japanese. Now they can blaze away with renewed vigor.

The centenary of Bellman, the Swedish poet, who died in 1795, was celebrated with pomp in his own country. Bellman is known chiefly to us by Suppé's operetta, in which he figures. The operetta was played here by the McCaull Company in March, 1888.

This is a loud and thunderous speech that comes from General Master Workman Sovereign, this defiant prophecy of "a peaceful revolution within 12 months." Sovereign is merciful, however, in his bombast. There will be no Winchester, no Gatling guns, no gory heads on pikes, no women slaughtered in their beds, no sky lurid with the reflection of blazing churches, school houses, factories and "residences." It will all come about by proclamations, if the people will only listen respectfully to them and obey.

Miss Marie Tempest poured out her soul to a London reporter the other day, "I passed through Kentucky at the time that lynch-life was rife, and witnessed several lively scenes; but beyond that life was uneventful—just one long and uninterrupted triumph." Miss Tempest said that in the South she was received "quite en reine;" that Duluth has "a perfectly marvelous theatre, an architectural triumph, with hot and cold water supplies in the dressing rooms." She made "a lot of money in the States," and the Americans are "a grand lot of people." Miss Tempest, for some reason or other, said nothing about Mr. Reginald de Koven or Mr. Julius Steger.

Feb 13, 1905

The Second of the Concerts of Modern Chamber Music Given by Mr. Arthur Whiting in Bumstead Hall.

The second of Mr. Arthur Whiting's concerts was given last evening. Messrs. Kneisel, Svecenski and Schroeder assisted. Mr. Whiting played his own Concert Etudes op. 9, A minor, D flat major, B flat major; his own minuet and caprice; these Intermezzi by Brahms: Op. 118 No. 1, op. 116, No. 4, op. 119, No. 3. The concerted pieces were Brahms's B major piano trio (revised edition), and Schütt's F major quartet, op. 12.

Mr. Whiting's pieces for piano are more ambitious apparently than the delightful bagatelles played by him at the first of these concerts. Perhaps they are the fruit of greater labor, but they do not seem to be as spontaneous or as truly musical. Best of all appeared the minuet, which is both scholarly and musical. The caprice was too deliberately capricious. The Etudes suggested chiefly study. Mr. Whiting aims in composition is of the highest. In his anxiety to shun the trivial and the vulgar, does he not at times swing too far in the other direction? Certainly the Etudes seem forced and dry.

Nor with the best will in the world could the hearer make much out of Brahms's Intermezz. As played last evening—and Mr. Whiting is an intelligent and painstaking pianist, although last night he occasionally mistook pounding for an exhibition of strength—they excited chiefly a boredom that was not enlivened by curiosity as to any possible meaning, impression or symbolism.

The noble trio of Brahms has been heard here before. It was well played and gave the greatest pleasure of the evening. For the quartet by Schütt seems neither fish, flesh nor fowl. The composer stands with one foot in the chamber and one in the salon, and he is blessed if he knows where to gather himself together. In the andantino there are pleasing measures, but the first two movements are notes, notes, and again notes.

PHILIP HALE.

"An Old Sailor" is much amused at the hubbub-bubble over a marine picture in the Art Club Exhibition, and he asks the Journal, "Did anyone ever see salt water a peacock blue?"

"Walsingham" should not be so bitter against Comte de Castellane. The Count furnishes him no end of copy.

This is the anniversary of the birth of Samuel Butler. The title of his masterpiece is generally mispronounced by those who plume themselves priggishly on their precision.

There are many men who claim to have iron wills. On occasions they seem to have left them in the Safe Deposit Vaults.

They say Jean de Reszke hopes to change the program of the first week of the opera here, so that he can hear "Tristan and Isolde" in New York. "To think," he remarked pathetically, "that while Tristan is sung in New York I shall be walking about the stage in Boston singing Faust." The audience will expect you to do something more than merely walk about, Mr. de Reszke.

That is one trouble in the constant repetition of operas; the chief singers grow so weary of the music that they become indifferent.

In New York the public demand "Carmen," or at least the managers think there is such a demand, and so, in the absence of Calvé women are tried, but they are as square pegs to round holes. After Miss de Lussan failed there was a lull, until Monday night Miss Heller was tried. Miss Heller, according to Mr. Henderson, "has a valuable voice and a dramatic temperament, but she is sadly deficient in art. She places her voice wretchedly, sometimes forming the tones between her teeth and again down in her throat. She sings in a boisterous and explosive style that is wearisome, and she addresses nearly half her remarks most condescendingly to the audience. She ought to go somewhere and learn how to use the good voice which nature has given her. As for her conception of Carmen, it cannot be praised. She acted the part in a coarse, rude, unalluring manner, which had not a spark of fascination in it, and which suggested the possibility that the Don José of the evening had suddenly lost his sensibilities."

Now it is to be hoped that the managers will not experiment with the laws of permutation and combination in this city. If there is no one in the company who is able to sing and play the part of Carmen, drop the opera from the repertoire. Let Boston have an opportunity to hear two or three new operas as well as the standard, accepted and shop-worn.

Many a man reading of the festivities at the Hotel Martin, New York, on the news of the arrival of La Gascogne said with Hamlet, "I would I had been there." Will the day ever come when Boston will have a restaurant like this famous one in University Place?

Tonight is St. Valentine's Eve. The old Connoisseur told of this species of divination. It may be tried with profit by any curious maiden. "I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine." This is a sceptical age; still there must be maidens that would fain try these experiments.

Here is a pleasing paragraph from the Pall Mall Gazette: "The Zoophilist is a paper edited for old ladies, from whom it attempts to extract the reluctant legacy for anti-vivisection purposes. A recent article in this point by one of the paid priests of the cult admits with regret the probable success of anti-toxin as a treatment for diphtheria. In spite of this admission, the Echo, the Star and other organs of the society continue to rail at anti-toxin. The only inference is that in the minds of these people it would be preferable that thousands of children should die annually by an agonizing disease than that any good should come out of experiments in bacteriology. There is nothing so cruel as bigoted kindness."

The New York Times, in a clever review of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for the *Morte d'Arthur*, pays the artist this tribute: "They are not to be popular, for they are no like everything that the world has seen, except in vague impressions of crystal chandeliers reflecting millions of rays of light and life. They are not to be praised by the critics, for their models are not in the current prints. They are beautiful, but they are not commonplace. They are absolutely sincere, and sincerity is seldom welcome. * * * Love of allegory and symbols, the conviction that painting is a muse, that the artist is not one who sees only what he may touch with his hands, that wit and fantasy profound and thoughtful have the right to exist, and that it is well to say what one thinks, even at the risk of being relegated to the ideal asylum, where many men of genius are, have made of Mr. Beardsley's work one of the most delightful expressions of our time."

Feb 14, 1895

"A friend in need, as the saying goes, is rare. Nay, it is just the contrary; no sooner have you made a friend than he is in need, and asks you for a loan."

A man died the other day who was "Town Clerk many years, a great genealogist and sang in opera for a long time." It was in the chorus and the ballet that he undoubtedly pursued his antiquarian researches.

The blow is struck. Boston is wiped from the map. Mr. John L. Sullivan "despises" Boston. "It's too English." Not content with reducing the town to dust and ashes, he includes Massachusetts in his blighting curse. As he launched his thunderbolt from Richmond-on-the-Jeems, it is fair to suppose that the illustrious play-actor had been holding juleps out of season.

A break in a paper-box trust should not excite surprise.

In the latest cutting affair in Italy, society the national weapon, the knife, was abandoned, and a razor was employed with some skill, although diverted from its original mission. The razor has been considered for a long time the peculiar weapon of the negro. It is a pleasure to see race prejudices obliterated. Such assimilation will soon bring into being the ideal, composite American talked of by certain theorists.

If you receive today a scurrilous valentine do not at once burst into coarse language and blaspheme against the Saint. Regard the picture as a spur to self-examination. It is possible that you are "near" in business; or a gossip; or vain of your moustache and whiskers; or a cheap sport; or a silly masquerader. First inspect your character thoroughly; then, if you persist in being angry, the probability is that the valentine revealed you suddenly to yourself.

Do they anywhere now choose mates on this day? Long ago such valentines were chosen blind-fold. "Tell me not of choice," says one of the characters in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*; "if I stood affected that way (i. e. to marriage) I would choose my wife as men do Valentines, blind-fold; or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing."

In an old English ballad the young maidens are directed to pray cross-legged to Saint Valentine for good luck.

Queen Victoria made a noticeable exception in her gift to Miss Boecker, the only woman saved from the Elbe. Instead of presenting her with a shawl or a copy of "More Leaves from the Highlands," she invited her to write her name in the royal autograph book.

This is the anniversary of the birthday of Valentine Greatrakes, born at Affane, in the county of Waterford, Ireland. He was educated liberally. About 1662 he imagined that he could remove King's evil and other diseases by stroking the parts affected with his hand. His wife ridiculed him, yet he persisted. First he cured young William Maher. Other cures spread his renown. He practised in spite of a Bishop's prohibition. He visited England, showing on sundry occasions his rare gift. Pamphlets were written for and against him. The author of one maintained "that Mr. Greatrakes was possessed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by light, sometimes by a violent friction, restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, reinvigorate the blood, and dissipate all the heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the diseased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands and feet." This gift, he claimed, was miraculous. But others said, "Nay, not so; the patients had great imagination." At any rate, Mr. Greatrakes should have a memorial window in the new faith-cure churches.

To St. Valentine the spring is a neighbor. "The crocus was dedicated to St. Valentine, and ought to blossom about this time."

"There has been considerable talk about the name of the gifted English actor who is now at Abbey's Theatre. Beerbohm is said to be twisted from the German name, Birnbaum, which means pear tree. To make it in a measure explanatory the Tree was added. The authority for these assertions says he knows relatives of the actor who still bear the family name."—New York Sun. In other words, they have finally treed him.

Students and amateur observers of histrionic osculation will find valuable material in this paragraph from a London journal:

"The manager of the Raimund Theatre, in Vienna, has been distracted (so the Daily News informs us) by a very kissing question between his leading lady and his leading gentleman. Mme. Lenthold holds severe views upon the morality of stage kisses. We have always thought in our ignorant way that stage kisses were not actualities, but merely indications. But they are evidently a real grievance in Vienna, and Mme. Lenthold objected to be kissed by Herr Ranzenberg. Not knowing Herr Ranzenberg, we cannot say what sort of justification she might have, but whatever there was, it was insufficient to convince the manager. And naturally Herr Ranzenberg was very much annoyed. It puts you on your mettle to be thrown away like that. So the other night the affair reached its tragedy. It was the hour of embrace; Mme. Lenthold put her face into her hands, and Herr Ranzenberg taking matters into his, pulled hers away—and kissed her. After this dreadful scene the manager was forced to interfere, and now Mme. Lenthold plays no longer at the Raimund."

Speaking of Sickert's portrait of Mr. George Moore, published in the last Yellow Book, the New York Times asks in a spirit of love: "Is the much-reviled George Moore really so dreadful looking as he is represented? Has he a jowl hanging in welts? Are his cheeks coagulated, like an underdone omelet? Could he be scrofulous?"

There are critics who generally think that it rests with each one of them what shall be accounted good, and what bad. They all mistake their own toy trumpets for the trombones of fame."

As Peter Cox, a miner, was drinking at the Three Compasses in Redruth, on the 14th of February, 1796, he, in a fit of inebriety, blasphemed the Evangelists, and wished perdition to all the Kings of the earth, when on a sudden his jaw became locked, and he died on the spot in the most excruciating torments. He left a widow and four helpless children behind him.

This incident is only a side-show to the remarkable events recorded in Book I, chaps. 23, 30, 31, 32 of "The Theatre of God's Judgements," by Thomas Beard, London, 1631.

"Winter's back breaks about the middle of February." And many break with it.

"An old sailor" asked the Journal the other day, "Did anyone ever see salt water a peacock blue?" and he made the query with reference to a much-talked-about marine picture in town. We have received an anonymous answer that we here publish, not so much on account of the alleged fact contained therein as for the display of courteous yet biting repartee: "Yes, Buzzard's Bay. Old Salt should ask one more and die (sic) his whiskers."

Is it not singular that in this quiet town where not even the gnashing of teeth is allowed in restaurants after 11 P. M., where streets are deserted when in other towns they are alive with people, that the police should make such a fuss about a still? As though there could be an illicit still in Boston? The very phrase is paradoxical.

Mr. J. G. Hunker says that Lillian Russell's favorite composer is Divorceshak.

It was Mr. Hunker, by the way, that alluded to Sybyllant Sanderson.

Count de Castellane and Miss Gould will have a home wedding. So "Walsingham" will not be present at the ceremony.

Will any of the paintings by George Inness come to Boston?

Mr. Percival Lowell read a paper before the Appalachian Mountain Club on "The Mountains of Mars." Do the intrepid members propose to climb them soon?

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the new Boston Music Hall will be held next week. The meeting will be held on solid earth, not in the clouds, where the hall is at present.

A local contemporary speaks with headline authority of "a successful afternoon tea." An unsuccessful afternoon tea is one without either sugar or rum.

The discussion concerning the propriety of wearing hats in the Art Museum leads to much talking through many hats.

Here comes another who talks learnedly of what New England owes to Germany in music. Germany is the greatest debtor in certain musical ways to the world. Neither the opera, the oratorio, the cantata, the sonata, nor the part song was invented by Germans. The first great singers and fiddlers were not Germans. Today, unfortunately for true musical progress, there is the unfounded belief that the Germans are the musical people, and that musical wisdom will die with them.

Here is a recipe of a face-wash that was esteemed highly in Italy of the 16th century. We found it in Olindo Guerrini's "Ricettario Galante." The great Duchess of Milan used it, as did those famous dames of Rome at whose houses Cardinals and Ambassadors, satirists and poets gathered of an afternoon until Paul IV. and Pius V. frowned on smiling faces. "Take 12 lemons, cut them in quarters lengthwise; pierce a dozen holes in each one of 25 eggs; place successively the lemons and eggs in a porcelain vase; then sprinkle over the mass this fine powder composed of ¼ ounce of mercury, ¼ ounce of borax, 1 ounce of alum, 1 ounce of sugar, 1½ of mlca and a very small amount of camphor; mix thoroughly and dilute with the equivalent of a phial of malmsey with the addition of the milk of an ass; let it rest a day; then distill it in a retort over a slow fire until the mixture is clear; then decant it. After you anoint the face with it, you should cover your face with some light stuff and wait an hour. You may then wash it off, but carefully, using water in which cracknels have been steeped over night." It will be seen at once that this wash is within reach of the humblest.

"London has been listening to an infant prodigy, a 9-year-old pianist, named Basil Gauntlet." And so long after the disappearance of the red man, the people of Boston may still be obliged to run the gauntlet.

Mr. Hiram Tucker's Piano Recital in Bumstead Hall—Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard's Concert in Union Hall.

Mr. Tucker played last evening in Bumstead Hall these piano pieces: Three studies by Chopin, Liszt's Liebestraum No. 3, Grillen and Traumesswirren by Schumann, Liszt's study, D flat major; a jig by Scarlatti, one of Saint-Saens arrangements, a Bach gavotte, "On the Holy Mount" and Silhouette by Dvorak, Rubinstein's C major study and Brahms's first sonata.

Mr. Tucker formerly was inclined to be boisterous. He was robust in gallant fashion, and sentiment was foreign to him. Last evening, in the first eight numbers of his program, he showed a tendency toward gentleness, but his gentleness was monotonous. In certain ways he has improved. He plays arabesques with more delicacy and elegance. He sings more than was his wont. Still, in the numbers mentioned, there was little or no revelation of any individuality of conception or performance. There are physical mannerisms that Mr. Tucker should abandon at once, as they are neither agreeable to the spectator nor of advantage to him. Some years ago it was the fashion—and a wretched fashion—to throw the hands and forearms high in air, as though the keys were hot. This habit was supposed to show the ease with which the pianist played, and to dispel any anxiety that the audience might otherwise entertain. But unnecessary motion is a waste of strength. Scarlatti's music is none the better for Bülow's tinkering. Scarlatti lived in those large days when men wrote as they thought, and knew how to express themselves as they thought. Bülow was never so impertinent, by the way, as when he added voices to the Cat's fuge, and thus "modernized" it. Mr. Tucker was applauded by a large audience.

Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard gave a concert in Union Hall last evening. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hubbard. His songs were by Bullard, Pressel, Jensen and Mozart. He also sang the romanza from "Tannhäuser," Handel's "Where'er You Walk," an aria from "Salvator Rosa" and Mozart's "Non più andrai." Occasionally Mr. Hubbard showed traces of his late indisposition, but he gave much pleasure to a large audience by the earnestness and the sincerity of his singing. He was heartily applauded. Mr. Edward Phillips played piano pieces by Schumann, Liszt, Orth and Chopin.

Cometh up like a Flower.

Valentine, the boxer, will sail soon for this country. Too late! He should have arrived the 14th.

The important news is cabled across the Atlantic that the Prince of Wales played hockey. 'Twas not the first time, according to report, that His Royal Jags had a skate.

Perhaps one reason why hats are worn in the Art Museum is that there are few pictures worthy the homage of uncovered head.

The student of sociology should observe thoughtfully the case of Gen. Varnum, who was nearly killed by rufians as he walked in Madison Avenue, New York, about 10.30 o'clock in the evening. It is true that they apologized by saying: "We made a mistake." But here are the singular features: There was no policeman near by, and Gen. Varnum said that he preferred not to relate his experience to the police. At the same time the General was congratulated by a wandernig cabman, who was "enthusiastic in the praise of the General's pluck and skill." All in all, it's an extraordinary case.

This "dearth of teachers in Boston" that calls forth complaint is a dearth of school teachers, and not Teacher's old and approved Scotch whisky. This explanation may reduce the present alarm.

The Lottie Collins Troubadours shot a baggage man in Macon for an alleged flight. They would have enjoyed a crueler, mediaeval revenge if they had bound him with ropes and compelled him to see their show.

"Encouraging news" has been received from Henry S. Somerset. "It is expected that he will return from Central America in time to sail for England with Lady Henry Somerset about March 1." This news is indeed "encouraging."

"Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepard?"

No wonder that good Dr. Depew was shocked by the desecration of Vanderbilt dormitory. 'Twas worse than selling the portraits of ancestors at auction.

Mr. Bebel alleged in the Reichstag that the crew of the Elbe had never been exercised in boat drill. But it took to the boats very handily.

To H. C. C.:—La Gascogne is the French for Gascony, an old province of France. It was about the third part of Aquitaine. Its ancient boundaries were as follows: Guinne proper on the north; Quercy, Rovergne and Languedoc on the east; Spain on the south; the ocean on the west. It belonged for years to the Kings of England, as Dukes of Aquitaine. Charles VII. deposed them of it. An approximate pronunciation in English is "Gaskugn," the "u" "pun" and the "gn" as in "mignon."

To a local contemporary Col. M. interesting and instructive lecture, defenses of Boston Harbor was not "a verification of the extensive" published by our contemporary, ago. Here is freshness sufficient salt in the harbor water.

The story of the family row and workings of the Law and Order League, New England town might well have invented by de Maupassant. Hey, d down, derry down!

This is the anniversary of the death, 1754, of a more useful man, Dr. Richard Mead, who was instrumental in promoting inoculation for the small-pox, a famous collector, and a generous host. The receipts of his medical practice averaged for several years about £7000, a great sum for those days. Although he charged a half-guinea for prescribing on an apothecary's statement without seeing the patient, he gave

free advice to the indigent, clergymen and all men of learning.

This is also the anniversary of the death (1826) of Lindley Murray. "The first great English grammar," says Richard Grant White, "the one by which schoolboydom has been chiefly oppressed, was written by an 'American,' Lindley Murray, the Philadelphia Quaker. The influence of this book and its imitations in our country has not been happy. Our English has suffered from it. . . . The mass of our free-and-independent, public-school-educated 'American' citizens would, I believe, have written better and spoken better, more naturally, easily, forcibly, idiomatically, if English grammar-books had been unknown."

Feb. 7. 895

The Fifteenth Symphony Concert in Music Hall—First Production of Gustav Strube's Overture, "The Maid of Orleans."

This was the program of the Symphony concert last evening, under Mr. Paur's direction:

Overture to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," in F major (MS.), first time. . . . Strube
Concerto for piano No. 2, in G minor, Saint-Saens
Serenade for small orchestra (without violins) in A major, Op. 16. . . . Brahms
(a) Clarchen's death, from "Edgment."
(b) Turkish march, from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven
Overture in the Italian style in D major, first time. . . . Schubert

The program-book gives this information concerning Mr. Strube: "Gustav Strube was born at Ballenstedt, a little town in Anhalt, not far from Halberstadt, on March 3, 1867, and is still living in Boston. His father was town musician in his native place, and it was from him that he got his first musical instruction. Afterward Strube studied four years at the Conservatorium in Leipzig; the violin under Adolf Brodsky, the pianoforte under Alois Keckendorf, and composition under Karl Reinecke and the Salomon Jadassohn. After leaving the institution, he went to Mannheim, where he was engaged as teacher at the Conservatory. In 1891 he came to the United States, and has been since then one of the first violins in the Boston Symphony Orchestra."

The story of the neurotic, hysterical Maid of Orleans has appealed to many makers of music. There are 15 operas that bear her name, and among the composers of them are Verdi, Tschalkowsky and Balfe. There are ballets, pantomimes, cantatas, and a piano sonata. There is Moszkowsky's symphonic poem; there are Thadewaldt's "Symphonische Illustrationen." Gounod and Godard wrote music for French tragedies of which the Maid was the heroine. Much music has been written for Schiller's play. The music at the first production in Berlin (1891) was by B. A. Weber. Among the composers of more modern incidental music are Leopold Damrosch (1857), Bruch (1859), and Södermann.

Mr. Strube's overture is fresh and interesting. It is pictorial without vulgarity or sensationalism. With the title given and a knowledge of Schiller's tragedy, the hearer is reminded by the music of scenes in a romantic life. The pastoral episode, the call to arms, the fierce conflict, the figure of the maid, her death; these are all defined clearly, and often ingeniously. There is respect for form throughout as becomes a pupil of Salomon Jadassohn, yet this respect does not strangle the fancy. There are many skillful strokes that it would be a pleasure to describe; noticeable, for instance, is the modulation with its instrumental dress that ushers in the reappearance of the second theme (clarinet) of the allegro. The closing measures should be re-scored. As the final chord now stands, the effect is one of vague unpleasantness.

Mr. Strube may well plume himself on his success. This overture is creditable to him, and the audience evidently liked it.

The serenade of Brahms is for the most part a dull and dreary thing. Some may claim that the absence of violins may bring about the melancholy result, and quote knowingly the one-act opera of Méhul ("Uthal"), in which the composer substituted violas for violins in order to gain color. (This opera, by the way, was revived this season in Munich, where it was voted a bore.) But the monotony in this serenade is one of thought rather than dress. Then the first movement and the adagio are so spun out; they are longer than a Russian night or novel. Let us commit blasphemy and be done with it; the serenade is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit.

The peculiar charm of Mrs. Beach as a pianist was not felt in her performance of the concerto by Saint-Saens. The work demands a player of greater authority, breadth and passion. In the first movement her technique was not flawless, and the rhythm was not always sharply marked. 'Twas in the scherzo that she appeared at her best; here her touch was appropriately crisp, and her performance fluent and clear. Yet, in the scherzo the piano chords that introduce the brilliant strain for the cellos should have been declaimed with greater

brilliance and dash. This concerto is a man's concerto, and the pianist must have temperament as well as elegance and fluency.

The other pieces on the program do not call for comment.

Mr. Apthorp, the compiler of the program book, says on page 590: "The real facts are, however, that, although florid figural ornamentation is very characteristic of Turkish melody, any so strongly marked and snappy rhythm as that of this march is quite foreign to Turkish music; and, as for the big drum and cymbals, the Turks never used them at all. The cymbals are essentially an Hebrew instrument."

Other writers, and they are men of authority, do not agree with Mr. Apthorp. It is true that the Turks had little or no music before the time of Amurath IV., and the conquest of Bagdad, 1638. The Turks then learned about music from the Persians. Before the introduction of European music into Turkey, the Turkish military bands used both drums and cymbals. They used little drums, and a drum three feet long called the "dawl," which was beaten on one end by a big stick, on the other by a little stick. The band varied with the rank of the officer in command. A pacha of three tails was allowed two pair of cymbals. (See Kastner's "Manuel General de Musique Militaire," Paris, 1849, pp. 146, 147.)

Nor are the cymbals "essentially an Hebrew instrument." The Hebrews did not receive the cymbals from the Egyptians, but from the Assyrians, who delighted in all manner of musical noises.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning Alleged Speech by Campanari.

The Operatic Career of Miss Zelig de Lussan.

How Mr. Leo Schulz Struck a Brooklyn Music Lover.

Sketches of the career of Miss Sanderson and Mr. Maurel will be found on page 23 of the Journal of today.

The New York Sun published the following statement the other day: "At least one of the singers in the company (the company under Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau) does not want to sing in Boston. That is Signor Campanari, who was for several years a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in which he played the 'cello. He was born in Venice and learned to play the 'cello, and became a member of the orchestra at La Scala. While he was playing there he discovered that he had a voice, and he says that the only instruction he has ever had in singing was obtained by watching the singers and following the advice that they gave him. He sang successfully in his own country and in Spain before he came to the United States. He settled in Boston, where a brother of his was living, but he could never persuade the Boston critics that he could sing. They would accept him only as a 'cellist, and when he first began to sing in opera in New York, he says, they declared that he would never rise out of cheap English opera."

This does not sound like Mr. Campanari, who, like Baptista Minola, is an affable and courteous gentleman.

Just where and when did any Boston critic express the opinion that Mr. Campanari could not sing? Who, and in what newspaper, ever declared that "he would never rise out of cheap English opera?"

Mr. Campanari sang the bass part in Verdi's Requiem at a Handel and Haydn concert, Feb. 24, 1889. He sang at an Apollo Club concert, Dec. 4, 10, 1888. He was heard in the Popular concerts in Music Hall and in many miscellaneous concerts. His last appearance here in an operatic role was at the Boston Theatre, March 13, 1893, when he appeared as Valentine to Lillian Durell's Marguerite and Payne Clark's Faust.

Heaterwardleft the Symphony Orchestra and joined Hinrich's Opera Company. He created the part of Canio ("I Pagliacci") in this country in New York, June 15, 1893, at the Grand Opera House.

Sept. 26, 1894, Mr. Campanari sang the bass part in Verdi's Requiem at the Worcester Festival. He is a high baritone, and the music is not suited to his voice.

It was commonly reported that Mr. Niskisch urged him to go to Pesth with him when he accepted the position of conductor of the Pesth opera.

Mr. Campanari was the 'cellist of the Adamowski Quartet during its first season, '88-'89.

A writer in the Musical Courier speaks thus of Mr. Campanari: "M. Mortier, who talks like a good critic, dwelt with satisfied emphasis on the young baritone's musicianship. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'excellent musician! He understands the science, not only a branch of his art.' The musicianship on the part of Campanari has given him specific hold on most members of the company. They all allude to it with admiration. But Maurel particularly seemed to appreciate it."

Mr. Campanari made his debut in New York as a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company, Nov. 30, 1894, as the Count in "Il Trovatore." He has also sung Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," Valentine in "Faust," Germont in "La Traviata," Ford in "Falstaff," and the High Priest in "Samson and Delilah."

"Campanari has the grand opera manner—a certain dignity even in trivialities intended solely for the grand opera stage," says one of the New York critics.

Mr. Henderson, a most discriminating reviewer, spoke thus in the New York Times, the morning after the first performance of "Falstaff": "Next to Maurel's the greatest success was that of the young baritone, Signor Campanari, who may be said to have leaped at a single bound into a position he might have been years in attaining by singing familiar rôles. His action was brisk, well conceived, and well carried out. His singing was excellent, and he received a salvo of applause and cheers for his solo, 'Is this a dream or a reality?'"

Zelie de Lussan, they say, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She afterward lived in New York. Her first lessons in singing were from her mother.

Her early operatic career is familiar to Bostonians, for was she not a member of the Boston Ideal Company, called in its decadence the "Ordeal" Company? Was it not our esteemed friend Dexter Smith who fastened that name upon the company as it went down hill after the once famous split in the ranks?

It was no longer ago than 1888 that she sang Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," Marie in "The Daughter of the Regiment," Carmen, and less ambitious rôles.

They made much of her in those days. A Sunday paper in Buffalo, in the spring of '88, published the following information: "Mlle. Zelie de Lussan is known as a beautiful woman with a wonderful voice, but few people know that she is only 23 years old, and that she receives on an average three offers of marriage in every city. She is still single, and says she is not going to do anything in a hurry. Aside from her music she is a profound student of history. Unlike most prima donnas, Mlle. is not at all affected, and eats three square meals a day. She is a hard student, and learns an opera in a week. Her one weak spot is her arms. She has a beautiful arm and is intensely proud of it. Plutarch is her favorite author, and a copy of his lives is always to be found among her music. Every day she takes long walks, and can handle dumb-bells with as much artistic grace as she handles her voice."

The unprejudiced reader will declare that this extract from the Buffalo newspaper is tommy-rot, to use a favorite expression of Joseph Howard, Jr., and so it is. Or rather the information is expressed crudely. Nearly all the interviews with celebrated singers are flub-dub as regards material; the difference is in the seasoning and serving.

Let us quote from an interview with her in London, which was published in the Journal Oct. 21, 1894:

"I came to London in 1889," said Miss de Lussan, "under an arrangement with the management of Covent Garden Theatre. In 1888, I sang in 'Carmen' at the Covent Garden, and was at once engaged for the coming season of opera there. During that season I sang in 'Carmen,' I appeared as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni' and as Marguerite in 'Faust.' At the close of the season I signed with the Carl Rosa Opera Company."

"Miss de Lussan has appeared in 'Carmen' over 500 times. On her last appearance in Boston, which was her closing performance with the Boston Ideals, she was supported by Campanini as Don José. On her first appearance at Covent Garden Jean de Reske was the Don José, Melba the Michaela and Lasalle the Toreador."

"Miss de Lussan has been a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company since her first engagement, in 1890, till the close of the last season."

"During her first season with Rosa she created the role in English of Juliet. She also created Thorgrim in Cowen's 'Olof.'"

"During the past season the Rosa Company produced Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust.' Sir Charles Halle first brought out Berlioz's music in Liverpool, and Miss de Lussan was engaged to take the leading rôle."

Miss de Lussan has also sung in England the chief soprano part in "The Daughter of the Regiment," "I Pagliacci," "Otello," "Faust," and Susanna in "Figaro."

She has appeared several times by royal command before Queen Victoria, and on one such occasion sang Carmen. Her Majesty was so charmed with the performance that she presented the young prima donna with a royal pin, in which the "V.R." is set in jewels.

Miss de Lussan made her debut this season in New York as Carmen Nov. 26, 1894. She has also sung in "Don Giovanni," "I Pagliacci," and "Falstaff."

Mrs. Emma Eames-Story is so well known that it is enough to state these leading dates in her operatic career.

She was born in Shanghai, China. Her childhood was spent in Malne. She studied here with Miss Munger, in Paris with Mrs. Marchesi. She made her debut at the Paris Opéra, March 13, 1889, as Juliet. March 21, 1890, she created the part of Colombe

in "Ascanio." May 24 of the same year she created the part of Zaire in the opera of the same name (it is by Véronge de la Nux.)

She made her debut in Boston as "Juliet," March 16, 1892.

She has sung this season in New York in "Otello," "Carmen" (Michaela), "Don Giovanni" (Donna Elvira), "Lohengrin," "Falstaff" and "Faust."

The Musical Courier of the 13th published this entertaining sketch of that excellent cellist and musician, Mr. Schulz of the Symphony Orchestra. The occasion was the last concert of the Boston orchestra in Brooklyn: "The other soloist was Mr. Leo Schulz. This young man is familiar to all patrons of the orchestra, because he sits in the front rank of the cellists, beside Mr. Schroeder, and is always very solemn. He suggests a mixture of Henry Irving and a German parish priest. He is an industrious and conscientious performer on the cello, and in the Schumann cello concerto he was a grateful relief from the usual exhibit and flamboyant artist who thinks more of his virtuosity than he does of his music, and more of his audience than of his art. An occasional dryness of tone and lack of smoothness was perhaps to be expected in a style that had so much energy and command in it. While he was playing I noticed that his forehead had grown up to the top of his head, and, strange as it may seem, every cello player in the band had a forehead of the same kind. Notice it when it comes here again. The influence of cello playing on hair is something that the capillary specialists of the future will do well to consider."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the Symphony concert is on another page.

The Raconteur in the Musical Courier speaks as follows of Scalchi:

A "Symphonic Fantasia" by Iwan Knorr excited lively admiration at Mayence.

The Symphony Rehearsal will be held this week on Thursday, as Friday is a holiday.

Manuel Garcia's new book, "Hints on Singing," is published in this country by Schubert, New York.

The students of Zurich drew Sigrid Arnoldson from the theatre, where she had sung Mignon, to the hotel.

Otto Lessmann raps our old friend Anton Hekking, the cellist, for playing Servais's "L'Esir" at a concert.

Clementine De Vere Sapio has returned from Australia. She will live in London, but will sing this year on the Continent.

Olive Fremstadt will sing at Bayreuth in '96. She has signed a four years' contract with the manager of the Cologne Opera House.

Lillian Henschel pleased the people of Berlin lately. Of course, she sang "Nymphs and Shepherds," as well as songs by Mr. Henschel.

New operas performed with success are v. Holstein's "Der Erbe von Morley" (Bremen, Jan. 25) and Eckhold's "Biondella" (comic, at Mayence).

César Franck's "Béatitudes" has been performed at Frankfurt with great success. Why should not the Cecilia sing it, or "Ruth," by the same composer.

Brahms and Mühlfeld played the former's new sonatas for piano and clarinet in Leipzig the 27th ult. The sonatas are said to be comparatively poor in invention.

"Nicol Nick" is the title of a new vaudeville-operetta in four acts, produced at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris; libretto by Raymond and Mars, music by Victor Roger.

Smetana's "Aus mienem Leben" quartet and Hummel's D minor piano quintet will be played by the N. E. Conservatory string quartet, assisted by Mrs. Maas and Mr. Golde, Thursday night.

Rothmühl, who will sing here in the German opera in April, gave a song recital just before he left Berlin. He sang songs by Schubert, Martin, Roeder, Kahl, Hofmann, Schumann, Lassen, A. Grünfeld and J. Schulz.

The prelude to d'Albert's new tragic opera "Ghismonda" was played at the 6th Symphony concert in Berlin. They say, and with reason, that its full meaning demands performance in the opera house as a prelude to the opera.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Feb. 1 contains a striking portrait of Busoni, who is now the rage in Berlin. This is the same Busoni who in spite of all his efforts could not make a living in Boston, probably because he brought no letters to "patrons and patronesses."

The program of the Kneisel Quartet, Monday evening, in Union Hall, includes Schubert's D minor Quartet (op. posth.), C. M. Loeffler's Quintet for 3 violins, viola and cello (ms. 1st time), and Beethoven's Septet. Messrs. Kraft, Pourtau, Hackebart, Litke and Golde will assist.

The principal artists who will sing during Mr. Damrosch's season of Wagner opera have sailed for this country. Max Alvary comes by steamer from Genoa; Nicolaus Rothmühl, Miss Galski, Paul Lange and Rudolph Oberhauser are on the Saale, and Marie Brema and Rosa Sucher left the 12th.

The program of the Symphony concert next Saturday evening will be as follows: Handel's Concerto Grosso, Haydn's 12th symphony, B flat; Mozart's overture, "Entführung aus dem Serail," Beethoven's overture, "Dedication of the House," Wagner's Centennial March. There will be no soloist.

Admirers of an opera singer in Mayence passed "a ravishing bow-wow done up in ribbons" over the footlights. The Town Council, stirred up by grumblers in the orchestra, has forbidden the presentation of living presents during the performance. "Flowers, nothing but flowers," as Calchas says in Offenbach's opera.

A free concert will be given this afternoon, at 4.30 o'clock, by the South End Musical Union, in Wells Memorial Hall, 967

Washington Street. Miss Little, Mr. Fellows, Messrs. W. J. Wuch, J. F. Wuch and R. J. Lang will take part. Schumann, Mendelssohn, Sutter, Dikken, Popper and Goring Thomas are the composers represented. This concert is the third of a series.

Angelo Neumann of Prague proposes to give a season of German opera in Italy. He will give "Hänsel and Gretel," "Fidelio," "I Pagliacci" in German, and operas by Wagner if Ricordi will give him permission. Neumann gave Wagner's operas in Italy a dozen years ago, but Mrs. Lucca then owned the Italian rights to the scores and performances. Today the houses of Lucca and Ricordi are one.

Among the Wagner operas to be produced during the season of German opera, much interest will naturally be taken in "Lohengrin," as Mr. Damrosch has departed from Bayreuth models. The setting of the opera and the costumes are of the 13th century rather than of the 10th, which were adopted by Mrs. Wagner. As the costumes of the 13th century are more elaborate, and as Mr. Damrosch has devoted special care and attention to "Lohengrin," it is expected to rank as one of the best productions of the season.

Mr. César Thomson, the eminent violinist, will give a concert in Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the 19th, at 2.30 o'clock. This will be positively his only appearance in concert this season, as he sails for Europe in March, and his engagements until the day of sailing are all made. He will play the first movement of Bruch's D minor concerto; Polonaise by Wieniawski; Tartini's "The Devil's Trill," and adagio by Ries, and Thomson's arrangement of Handel's passacaglia; Paganini's "Non più mesta" variations. Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing songs by Nevin, Massenet, Lacome, Ferrari.

Paul Gilson's "Francesca da Rimini," produced in Brussels the 20th ult., made a sensation. It is for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The poem by Guillaume treats of the famous episode in Dante's Inferno, and develops the idea expressed by Francesca, "Then he, who never from me shall separate." Francesco, who has followed Paolo, condemned to eternal flames, renounces Paradise to be united forever with her lover. The struggle of the two amorous souls, the generous debate before Minos, the sovereign judge, the intervention of Gabriel, and then the inevitable triumph of love. "Better Hell with Paolo than lonesome bliss in Paradise." The score is built for the most part on characteristic themes. "That which is truly admirable in this music is the authority of the form, the truth of the dramatic sentiment, the sumptuousness, wholly Flemish, of the tone-color." Gilson is only known to us here by portions of his symphonic poem, "The Sea," which was given in a brutally mangled version by Mr. Nikisch.

"Here is a startling bit of news. Scalchi has more than four voices stowed away in her diaphragm. A friend of mine says that the favorite contralto has a surprise for New York some day, and will flash it before our dazzled eyes when her popularity shows any signs of waning. My informant was visiting one of the artists of the company, and happened to get in the next dressing room to Scalchi. Then deponent avers that she heard a most extraordinary series of sounds. Some as raucous as the grunt of our brethren, the swine, others as mellifluous as vocal velvet. Bass, bass cantante, baritone, tenore di grazia, tenore robusto, contralto, mezzo soprano and Effe! Tower soprano were all heard, until she asked if the entire company was rehearsing. 'No,' was the answer, 'it is only Scalchi trying her voice.' My informant vows that she heard no less than seven voices all going at once. Dear Contessa Scalchi, do give us an exhibition of your unique powers, and sing the sextet from 'Lucia' and turn your lowest D into a drone bass, a vocal pedal point! What a rare exhibition it would be!"

Listen to the story of Sybil Sanderson as told with different intonations by press-agents, critics, reporters, caricaturists who have drunk at various fountains of facts.

To use the language of the most passionate of her admirers, Miss Sanderson is "a daughter of California." The gentleman further remarks: "The generation born in that far, fair, new land, who are actually children of the soil, have been impressed, biased, molded, by many more influences than heredity and social environment. The result is unique, unconventional, sometimes startling and apt to be fascinating. California is a land of climate and flowers, snow peaks and earthquakes. There are weird traces of all these in the temperament of the native Californian."

As Miss Sanderson is a Californian, she is naturally the child of a judge or a colonel. This time it is a judge. She is the eldest child of Judge Sanderson, no longer active in Californian life or things terrestrial. Mrs. Sanderson has lived for several years in Paris, and many a globe trotter remembers to have seen her trunks marked conspicuously "Mrs. Judge Sanderson."

Sacramento is the birthplace of Miss Sanderson. She went to school in San Francisco, then went to Paris and lived in a French family. Her French has excited the admiration of the most critical Americans. Several New Yorkers say that it is the French of the Comédie Française. "It isn't at all remarkable," she said when this was mentioned. "It is just the French of an American girl who was not quite a fool, who worked hard, often with great discouragement, who has seen dark days, and has shed bitter, bitter tears, yet one who honestly tried to improve her opportunities. I have studied, practised, and sung in French always. There would be absolutely no excuse for me if I did not speak the language well."

Stay, when was she born? Madam, I do not know. One reporter says: "She frankly tells how many years ago that happened," but he keeps the silence of the grave. Others say she is not 30. Possibly, as Artemus Ward had it, she is between thirty years of age.

..

She first went to Paris to study French and German. Somebody told her she had a voice. She took some lessons, went back to California, took part in amateur performances, longed to be a professional. Her father protested. She returned to Paris and studied. Her father died in the meanwhile, but not before he had yielded to his daughter's wish. She again visited America for six weeks. On her return she studied for the stage.

Here is an incomplete sketch of her artistic career. The details about her début are contradictory. She first went to the Paris Conservatory; then studied with Sbriglia; then went over "Manon" with Leoncavallo and "Lakmé" with Delibes. Marchesi also gave her lessons. When she was with Leoncavallo she met Massenet (born in 1842) and he said to her (or the reporter says he did): "Ah, mademoiselle, it is a heavenly voice that you have, and when it is somewhat more trained I beg that you will do me the honor to permit me to write an opera especially for you, and teach you daily how to sing it."

Now Miss Sanderson is described as "a cool, calm, far-seeing young woman," who took advantage of Massenet's admiration for her own glory.

Her first appearance on the stage was in 1887 or 1888 at the Hague. She sang in "Manon," which was not written for her as some stupidly say, for Manon was created by Sophie Heilbron in 1884 in Paris. Miss Sanderson sang at the Hague under the name of Ada Palmé.

Miss Sanderson's début in Paris was at the Opéra Comique, May 14, 1889, in Massenet's "Esclarmonde," which was then produced for the first time. Nearly every critical review began, "This woman is seductive."

That year she suffered severely from the influenza.

She sang Manon at the same opera house, Oct. 12, 1891.

Dec. 16, 1892, she sang at the same opera house the part of the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute."

She created the part of Phryné in Saint-Saëns' opera of the same name at the Opéra Comique, May 24, 1893. The reviewers spoke of Gêrome's famous picture and said, "What success for the managers of this house if the librettist and composer could have presented Miss Sanderson 'dans le même appareil.'" They also were delighted as ever with her "buste sculptural."

After the performance of "Phryné," Miss Sanderson wanted a larger salary. The managers refused. She said "good-by" to the Opéra Comique Nov. 3, 1893, singing in "Manon."

She made her debut at the Opéra by creating the part of Thais in Massenet's opera of the same name March 16, 1894.

June 1, 1894, she appeared at the Opéra as Juliet in Gounod's opera.

At St. Petersburg she has sung in "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet;" in London in "Manon." She has been at the Monnaie at Brussels. We believe she has sung in Nice and Northern Italy, and there is a report that she has sung in "Lohengrin."

Miss Sanderson made her début in the United States at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, Jan. 16, 1895, as Manon.

What does she look like?

Here are impressions from New York.

"Her face, when animated with expression, is curiously suggestive of Sadie Martinot and Marie Jansen."

"Miss Sanderson is a plump California girl, whose complexion is beautiful today, in spite of the years of rouge and powder that the footlights have required."

"Miss Sanderson is dark-haired and dark-eyed, and in accordance with the prevailing fashion in Paris, she was rather pale. Her hair, crimped in soft waves, was parted in the centre and brushed back from the brow."

"She has a plump, pleasing person. She is much more mature in appearance than expected, and her voice is slightly worn. A tired would be a politer word."

"The American public will not be disappointed in her appearance. She has lost none of the beauty which fascinated Paris when she made her appearance as Esclarmonde at the Opéra Comique in 1889. She has plenty of handsome garments, and she wears them with distinction. She has jewels, too, which she should not wear in the first scene."

"The charm of her personality is indisputable. She has the softest pair of dark eyes that ever you saw. Her smile is bewitching, her hair a dark, rich auburn, her form both slight and voluptuous. At times you imagined that it was Judic in her youth you saw before you."

What do they really think of her in Paris?

We know what Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet thinks, and we know what Mr. Antonio Terry thinks, but how about the men that write pieces for the newspapers?

Miss Sanderson has no fear concerning the abiding foreign judgment: "I love my place, my work and my audiences at the Opéra in Paris, and they love me," she said to a Sun writer. "If I do not sing as well as usual, I have no consideration. They say: 'Poor

little one! She is not feeling well tonight!'" Then I am so grateful there is no effort too great to please them next time. I am hoping that my own people will like me; but who knows?"

So, too, she admitted that she was a great favorite in St. Petersburg.

But was it not in Paris that this judgment was passed? "She has never made a success in anything except operas especially written to hide her defects and show her good points to the best advantage. Let her sing music not written by Massenet."

When she appeared as Esclarmonde, Camille Bellaigue wrote as follows: "Miss Sybil Sanderson! The pretty name and the pretty creature! In the country where she was born, as the other American described by Musset:

"Jamais deux yeux plus beaux n'ont du ciel le plus pur

Sonde la profondeur et réfléchi l'azur."

"This purity of look and this chaste ingenueness were needed to subdue the perhaps too lively role of Esclarmonde. Her talent lies in natural grace, in an intelligence that preserves the actress and the singer from awkward gesture and false expression. The voice is thin, especially in the middle register, exceptionally high pitched, capable of giving the extreme contre-mi, contre-fa, contre-sol, all as remarkable as disagreeable. In Esclarmonde there are two new instruments of extreme tones: one, of lowest range, is the sarassophone; the other, very high, is the voice of Miss Sanderson."

And then she appeared in costumes of conspicuous boldness, costumes that revealed in every way the bounteous gifts of Nature. Phryné and Thais were courtesans, and Miss Sanderson undressed the parts.

An easy moralist in New York defended her gallantly as follows:

"Miss Sanderson has been criticised severely for allowing herself to become almost exclusively identified with characters derived from that twilight region, the demi-monde. Doubtless her success in depicting these heroines is due in large measure to her exceptional physical beauty, furnishing as it does a reason, if not an excuse, for their careers, which is eminently satisfactory to the artistic sense of her audiences."

In Paris, of course, she was the target for many a witty arrow.

In the Vie Parisienne of Oct. 13, 1894, fictitious answers from well-known men and women were published in reply to an honest woman of beauty who, suddenly poor, wished to support herself in a respectable manner. She said that, although of fine figure, she could not sit as a model. Thus Henry Gréville wrote: "Why do you not write? You seem to write fluently. Make Russian novels." Now, Miss Sanderson's imagined reply was as follows: "I am a little suspicious of young women who dread disrobing before any one. You say in your letter that the idea of appearing nude before a man makes you sick. But as Phryné and Thais I was sufficiently undressed before 36,000 people. That has not prevented me from having as many suitors as I wish, and what suitors!"

Look for a moment at the caricatures of her as Thais in the Vie Parisienne of March 31, 1894. Read the accompanying letter-press. Our modest pen blushes at the thought of translation.

Here is the review of her appearance as Phryné, published in the Vie Parisienne of May 27, 1893: "Everything is flat in this opera except the figure of Miss Sanderson. Saprissi, she has beautiful arms! They alone are worth a journey. She moves them with a certain regularity; the left for the quarter-notes, the right for the half-notes, both of them in bravura passages, but great Caesar, they are beautiful." And we find the Vie Parisienne in its review of Thais, March 17, 1894, speaking gracefully of "la croupe inspiratrice de Mlle. Sanderson."

Her photographs are said to be in such demand in New York that the larger ones sell for \$5 apiece. "These portraits show a decidedly frank and candid nature."

Does any young student wish to know how Miss Sanderson prepares herself for opera performances—vocally and dramatically, not as regards dress? Here is a description, to be sprinkled liberally with salt. "Miss Sanderson has made her fame in Massenet's operas, and naturally prefers his music. She says also he has taught her all she knows of acting. She never took any dramatic lessons elsewhere. Massenet used to arrange the salon like a stage, setting it for each scene, and then rehearsing the opposite roles with his pupil. He taught her, with minute care, all the business, and gave her dramatic points. This enabled Miss Sanderson, although she was a novice, to take part in her first opera rehearsal with the company with the ease and accuracy of habit. Massenet has always the complete picture of an opera before his mind. His knowledge of stage mechanism is most thorough, and he concerns himself with every detail of the production; probably no composer, save Wagner, has ever occupied himself so much with the mise en scene of his opera. When Sybil Sanderson is to sing a new role for Massenet he gives her first, not the music, but the poem or story upon which it is based. He makes

her read up any histories or accounts there may be of cognate interest. Then she receives the libretto. Lastly, when she is supposed to have attained the requisite mental attitude of the character to be personated, she gets the music which is to express that character, and she has reached a knowledge of what the composer desires of the singer."

Miss Sanderson says that she will be married in this country to Mr. Antonio Terry, as soon as he gets a divorce from his present wife. That Miss Sanderson speaks very pleasantly of the present Mrs. Terry shows the natural sweetness of her character.

A SKETCH OF VICTOR MAUREL.

To tell the story of this remarkable man would be almost to write the history of opera for the last 20 years.

Victor Maurel was born at Marseilles about 1850. Some say he was born in 1840, but the statement seems unfounded. His father was an architect, but the boy wished to be a play-actor. He found that he had a voice. He studied singing and made a successful debut in the Municipal Theatre of his birthplace. He then went to the Paris Conservatory, where he studied singing under Vauthrot (1825-1871) and dramatic ac-

tion under Duvernoy (1796-1872). In 1867 he shared the first prize with Gailhard. He made his debut at the Opéra "somewhere about 1869" and then appeared, without attracting much attention, as De Nevers in "The Huguenots" and Conte di Luna in "Il Trovatore."

In 1870, March 19, he created the part of the Cacique in "Il Guarany," by Gomes, at La Scala in Milan. The other singers were Villani, Storti and Coloni.

He next appeared in French provinces and in Spain. In 1873, April 21, he made his debut at the Royal Italian Opera, London, as Renato in "Un ballo in Maschera," and he was engaged there every year until 1879 inclusive.

It was during the season of 1873-1874 that he first visited the United States. His first appearance in Boston was in a concert in Music Hall, Jan. 12, 1874. The others that took part were Wieniawski, the great violinist, Mrs. Schiller, pianist, and Miss Jennie T. Bull. The E flat quintet of Mendelssohn was played by Messrs. Wieniawski, Allen, Mullaly, Rietzel and Fries. Maurel sang an aria from Donizetti's "Maria di Rudenz;" Gounod's "Le Soir," the serenade from "Don Giovanni," an aria from Rossini's "Maometto II," and, with Miss Bull, the duo from "La Favorita." He also sang in concert in Music Hall, Jan. 13, 16 and Feb. 24. The 13th he sang Gounod's "Le Vallon," "Eri tu" and the same Rossini air. The 16th he sang arias from "Ernani," "Don Pasquale," "Figaro" and Gounod's "Printemps." Feb. 24 he sang in a duet with Nilsson from "Rigoletto," an air from "La Favorita," an air from "Maria di Rohan," and a duet with Capoul from "Il Barbiere."

He made his operatic debut in Boston at the Boston Theatre, Feb. 10, 1874, in "Ernani." Maurel was Don Carlos, Torriani was Elvira; Campanini was advertised to appear as Ernani, but he was sick and Boy took his place; Nannetti was Silva.

Feb. 12, 1874, he appeared as the hero in "Don Giovanni." The other singers were Nilsson, Marasi, Cary, Campanini, Nannetti and Sclara.

In other American cities he sang Mephistopheles and Amonasro, Rigoletto, De Nevers.

At the Royal Italian Opera, from 1873 till 1879, he sang Don Giovanni, Tell, Almaviva, Hoel, Peter the Great, Valentine, Hamlet, the Cacique. He created in England Telramund, May 8, 1875; Wolfram, May 6, 1876; The Flying Dutchman, June 16, 1877; Domingo, June 1, 1878. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement, as the dates are taken from Grove's Dictionary, which is not always accurate.

Maurel made his reappearance at the Paris Opera Nov. 28, 1879, as Hamlet. Before this he had sung in Russia.

Jan. 5, 1880, he was Don Giovanni at the Paris Opéra; March 22, 1880, he was Amonasro (first production of "Aida" in Paris); June 30, 1880, he was Mephistopheles, and wore a black doublet in place of the customary red.

In 1881 his appearance at the Opéra were few in number. He was heard as De Nevers. This year at La Scala, Milan, he took the chief role at the first production of the revised edition of "Simon Boccanegra."

In 1883 he was one of the managers of the Italian opera in Paris. Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra" was produced Nov. 27, 1883, with Fildès Devrès, Ed. de Reszke and Nouvelli in the cast. Nouvelli was the tenor whom the New Yorkers did not like this season.

As manager of the same theatre in 1884, Maurel brought out Massenet's "Hérodiade" Jan. 30, with Jean de Reszke in the cast. Maurel also sang in "Lucrezia Borgia," "Rigoletto," "Un ballo in Maschera," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (with Sembrich, Perugini and Ed. de Reszke); "Il Trovatore," and Dubois's "Aben-Hamet" (first production Dec. 16, with Calvé as débutante).

In 1885 he sang *Hamlet* at the Opéra Comique, and in 1886 he was heard there as Zampa and Shakspeare.

He was again at Covent Garden in 1886, and at Drury Lane for the first time in 1887.

He created the part of Iago in Verdi's "Otello" at La Scala, Milan, Feb. 5, 1887. He played it at its first performance at the Paris Opéra, Oct. 12, 1894.

He created the part of Falstaff in Verdi's opera of the same name, Feb. 9, 1893, at La Scala, Milan. He played it at its first performance in Paris at the Opéra Comique, April 18, 1894.

In New York this season he made his debut as Iago Dec. 3. He has also appeared as Rigoletto, Amonasro, De Nevers, Don Giovanni, Telramund and Falstaff (Feb. 4).

In June, 1892, he gave a lecture in Milan on certain problems of art; and in July of the same year he lectured in London.

A singular and profoundly analytical book by him, entitled "Un Problème d'Art," was published by Tresse and Stock, Paris, 1893. It is a volume of 314 pages, and it is not easy reading.

Maurel is a man of extraordinary force of character. Some say he is too analytical in his methods, too philosophical; others say he is too dramatic for an accomplished singer. Let us hear what he himself has to say.

"I wanted to come to America," he said, "because I can say it without offence—American taste in musical matters was crude when I was here 20 years ago. In that time your people have advanced to as high a level of appreciation as any other. In the two roles, Iago and Falstaff, my performance represents the last word in the art of the Latin nations. I have come to bring this to the American people. In the music of these two operas, Verdi has reached the summit of the achievement of Latin musicians, and I am his representative in their interpretation. I am anxious to reveal this accomplishment to the American people and curious to learn their reception of it. What Verdi in the creation of his two last operas and I in their interpretation accomplish is purely the result of the art of our people, free from any foreign influence.

"I am not coming before the public as a singer, but as an interpreter of Verdi's roles in voice and action. An audience should receive the force of a singer's performance as much through his singing as through his action and appearance. The character should come from the singing of a role as much as it does from the music which the composer gives to it. I have given to tenors who would sing such parts as Otello this advice: 'The audience becomes accustomed within a few moments to the tone of a voice, however great and sonorous it may be. That which always impresses an audience and holds them captive is the truthfulness, the vigor and the variety of expression and accent.'"

Here are interesting extracts from an interview published in the New York Herald Dec. 16. "Depend upon it, it is not good to have the theatres too large. The voice cannot be heard at its best, with all its qualities and characteristics, in a hall beyond a certain size. And the amount of nervous energy, of magnetism that it takes to reach and subjugate an audience of such large proportions is simply incalculable. * * * And again, if so huge an auditorium is bad for the singer, what do you think it must be for the actor? The human physiognomy is not so very big. What then is the value of facial expression at such a distance as separates the footlights from the opposite wall in so many of the largest theatres of today? A gesture can be seen a hundred yards or more away; an expression upon the face is blurred to the view at a quarter of the distance. The face must become, apparently, an almost immobile mask. Certainly a great deal of a most vital element in the actor's art must go for nothing. If it is not seen it cannot be appreciated."

"I remember once receiving a letter from a young girl in St. Petersburg—a girl I had never seen; whom I never did see. She wrote simply to express an opinion about

my conception of Mephistopheles. In the prettiest and most ingenuous way she said: 'I am free to confess that during the first act you disappointed me so much, you ran so directly against my most cherished ideas about Goethe's creation, that I could have hissed you, and would have done it gladly had I not been a lady comme il faut. As the evening wore on and the play progressed I began to realize the underlying philosophy of your Mephisto. I began to realize that it was not terror he inspired, so much as that he suggested an indefinable spirit of evil; that he was a seducer, not a terrifier; a tempter, not an alarmer. And when I realized this thought I understood your Mephisto.'

"I was curious to see America again for many reasons, and one of the first things that struck me was the attitude of respect reserved by the audience toward the composer during the performance of his work, and the warmth of their tribute of admiration to the artists once that work, or a portion of it—an act, in fact—was finished. It was so delightful a sensation to feel the play proceeding without any interruptions

caused by well-meant, but ill-timed applause. It is so difficult to gather up again the threads that you are weaving when your audience insists upon breaking them from time to time. That it is which causes such an expenditure of nervous force. During some time the artist has been working. He begins to feel that his ideas are becoming clear and distinct to his audience. He feels that his audience is with him, that it is following him, that its individuality for a moment is merged in his own, that his spirit, his thoughts, his projects, his imagination, are dominant. The critical point approaches. He feels that he is understood. Then, at the most intense moment, some one applauds. His neighbor imitates him. He is followed by a third, and the entire audience wakes up. The spell is broken, and the artist has to begin all over again. That is what makes it such a fatigue mentally and physically."

Madam, do you ask for gossip about Maurel, or for information about his appearance? Look at his picture. They say few younger men are stronger, more active, more graceful. He uses the foils daily.

Here is a pen picture of him from the Musical Courier of Jan. 2:

"A very much younger looking man than was expected from either his present stage appearance or the association of a baritone who sang here 20 years ago. He does not look a day over 37. He is erect and lithe, his tall physique well filled out, but without a tendency to stoutness. He does not look a man who would wear the meridional air for 20 years to come.

"The elastic bearing and the sinister grace of his Iago movement are absent off the stage. Instead, he moves with a sort of courtier restraint, a slightly formal bearing. The keen eye and suspicion of a leer around the mouth, which one looked for as inseparable from the man, are not present at all. The one particular element which informs every movement and glance is a stately and impressive gravity.

"This gravity does not relax, although Maurel grows genial and is kind where you expected he might be cynical, and simply in earnest where you thought he might be indifferent. But it is all with this inflexible gravity. And this is the strangest surprise with him. Instead of the man of middle age with keen and rapid touch, a probable restlessness of bearing and a caustic turn of speech, you meet a practically young man with a grave, massive countenance, a subdued energy and an unusually temperate, collected mode of address.

"His bow belongs to the court. He laid aside the forage cap of an officer and seated himself, again after the manner of the court. His face has the fresher color of splendid health, and it was noticeable that the Apollo legs which bear him with such suggestive grace in Iago were finished by a foot of the most slender aristocratic cut. His tightly buttoned brown coat, blue and white striped shirt and brown leather boots made him the glass of fashion, for they were all of the smartest cut, and Maurel is first and above most things a man of the world and a thoroughbred who adorns good grooming; but there is not the suspicion of a dandy about him.

"But the eyes are the tell-tale feature of the face. They change very little. They always look straight forward, and instead of a keen or subtle expression, wear a calm, judicial air. It is the steady look which gets down to the very bottom of things, and when it gets there weighs them with a terrible impartiality. They are very dark brown eyes, with the look of a steady searchlight, by no means unkind, but inexorably prone to separate the wheat from the chaff. Maurel has evidently turned his

own searchlight upon himself, and the eyes give away the secret of his success in art. No detail could readily escape the actual or mental vision of a man with those deep, unflinching eyes.

"Everything the man says or does is carefully balanced. He will not be betrayed into heated speech or superlative terms. He won't betray a tendency to sarcasm, and in talking of other artists, while he reserves to himself the right of free opinion, he discloses no personal animus. This is in marked contrast to some of his brethren, whom if they were to be quoted often would stir up a cyclone of resentment.

"He gives you a cordial hand grip at parting. He is not cold. He is earnest, but never by any chance impetuous. He is the sort of man one would look to for just judgments, but never by any chance for indulgence. He could not be indulgent, even with himself, and if any art sinner has a weakness to cover up and would fain appear other than he is he should avoid the terribly equal vision of Victor Maurel."

But, Madam, let me whisper in your ear a dreadful rumor that comes across the Atlantic from the office of the Musical Standard: "It seems to have escaped the notice of most English newspapers that M. Maurel, the celebrated baritone, was recently married to a Mlle. Warot."

PHILIP HALE.

Anthony Hope has written a novel entitled "The God in the Car." The hero must be the porter.

Dartmouth will not play in any league that bars out her medical students. They must be useful in a foot ball match.

One hundred and thirty-six years ago yesterday Thomas Skidall, a gardener at Chester, Eng., took up a potato weighing 17 pounds 4 ounces, measuring in circumference 38 inches, and in length 47½ inches.

Susan B. Anthony was 75 years old yesterday. She has outlived a great deal of chaff.

The New York Times declares that Mr. Beerbohm Tree does not make Sir John Falstaff "nearly as Shakspearian—so human, that is to say, and so consistently humorous—as the French actor and singer who appears in the Italian musical version of the comedy."

The name of Maurel suggests, of course, the approaching opera season. The repertoire of the first week is an agreeable surprise in this: Neither "Faust" nor "Romeo and Juliet" will be sung. "Faust" is a delightful opera, and there are pretty things in "Romeo and Juliet," which is musically a diluted "Faust," but these operas have been sung to death here, and it is high time that we should hear novelties, or at least, operas that are not so familiar as the two just named.

In reviewing the New York season the Times speaks these words that are of local application: "This record of the season shows us what we are to expect from the reign of the 'star' system. 'Faust' and 'Les Huguenots,' with great casts, have been the main attractions of the season. Next year we may expect something of the same sort, for the attitude of the public toward the production of novelties is discouraging. As long as the people go to the opera simply to hear a few great singers, they will always prefer familiar operas; for they know what they are going to get and are taking no chances. This attitude of the public encourages all kinds of laxity in an opera house. Since the audience is not concerned about the tout ensemble, the managers cannot be expected to sit up at nights over the problems of scenery, stage management, ballet, chorus and costumes."

"A delightful defence was tendered recently to a charge of stealing a purse from a lady's pocket. The prisoner pleaded that he was tempted by the purse protruding. Which justified him, he seemed to think, in intruding."—Westminster Gazette. Yet there is reason in the thief's remark. Women carry their purses almost arrogantly.

"All classifications," said the philosopher, "are imperfect, and tend to overlap. In my scheme of the various daughters of Eve this difficulty is not lessened. It is constantly meeting me as I arrange the groups, and here it has a melancholy significance. Many women who could be relegated to the classes Commendable or Blameworthy, seeing they are aptly suited to rank in these divisions, are yet denied admission, for justice and sad necessity compel one to set them in the class 'Pitiable.' It is," he continued, brokenly, with unusual emotion, "the largest class of all. One may be commendable in dress and manners, but too plainly the adornment is bought at too dear a price from the cunningly disguised wreck of manhood she calls husband, and the perfect manner is merely the mask of a rebellious and aching heart. Another may be Blameworthy in both particulars, but lack of pence and training are to blame. Such women must join the great company of the Pitiable. There are others, not so far removed from the Blameworthy, yet who are also in the Great Division. Such are the victims of the publisher whom the devil has taught the lucrative secret of 'home journals'—those strange medleys, part cookery book, part 'dreadful,' with, perhaps, a weekly competition in the Holy Scriptures as an additional bait to a certain section of the mindless. Here, too, is she on whom the curse of Eve lies heavy, a wife ere she was a woman, a woman with no girlhood. Wan, pinched, and ever-burdened; my heart aches to behold her. From such I turn. She is more disturbing to me than the unlively railroad, or the lovely maiden."

We again ask, is there a town or village in New England today where a parlor is called "the keeping room?"

Here is another question. Is consumption ever called in Nantucket today "a languishment?"

The hicough seems to be a modern and dangerous disease, but the ancients knew it and prescribed remedies that might now be tried advantageously. Galen recommended sneezing. Aetius approved of a cupping instrument with great heat to the breast. Alexander believed in an oxymel of squills. Alisaharavius made use of refrigerant draughts. Rhases put his trust in calefacients, such as cumin, pepper, rue and the like, in vinegar. Rogerius looked kindly on calefacient, attenuant, and carminative medicines.

Mr. Loeffler's Quintet Produced at a Kneisel Quartet Concert—The Second and Last Recital of Mrs. Elene Eaton.

The program of the sixth Kneisel Concert included Schubert's D minor quartet (op. posth.), C. M. Loeffler's Quintet in one movement for 3 violins, viola and 'cello (MS. First time); and Beethoven's Septet. The club was assisted in the quintet by Mr. Kraft; in the septet by Messrs. Pourtau, Hackebarth, Litke, and Golde.

The rigid conservative might say of Mr. Loeffler's new composition, "Why quintet, when there is only one movement?" but such criticism would be carping and false. A quintet is a composition for five instruments or for five voices, accompanied or unaccompanied. It may be in 13 movements or in one movement. The very fact that there is but one movement is a welcome relief in these days when so many music-makers dog unwilling Pegasus to plod his weary way through four; and compel him to trot in sonata form, to walk seriously, to be skittish, and finally to gallop.

If you ask what this piece by Mr. Loeffler means, the answer is, "The meaning is what you find in it."

Mr. Loeffler is a musician of fine fancy and exquisite taste. He has a highly developed sense of tonal color, and he chooses unexpected and original nuances. His music is never purely decorative. Neither is it program-music in the common acceptance of the phrase. Dearest to him is the form of expression than the thought itself. Not that his music is without substantial thought—far from it; but his hatred of the conventional terms, the "I take my pen in hand" and "Yours truly," is as marked as that of Chopin for a matter-of-fact modulation or a commonplace cadence.

The set rules and ordinances fret Mr. Loeffler. It is as though he said, "Nearly everything has been done in formal fashion. Music, today, when it is absolute, must give, first of all, impressions of tonal color." And in this strange and fascinating quintet it is not so much the opening with its masterly simplicity, not so much the wild, sad theme that suggests Russia—indeed, it may be a memory of a folk-song, for all I know—as it is the delightfully fresh and original treatment. Progressions that when analyzed might seem hair-raising, as arranged for the instruments give the ear a new pleasure. There is a sense of foreign tonality that hints to the hearer the future possibilities of music.

Is this quintet vague, a panorama of singularly colored episodes? Some may so regard it, and yet find in it delight. To me it is much more. It is music that takes one away from the routine of life, the petty cares and annoyances, the shiftings, the decays. The melancholy of the strains is not pessimistic. There is no dismal attempt at dismal profundity. The hearer for a time is in a new world; he thinks new thoughts; he forgets players and surroundings. In a word Mr. Loeffler has composed music.

The performance was admirable, and those assisting gave genuine assistance. To hear Beethoven's Septet played by such artists causes one to forget the purely academic nature of portions of the work. The time will come—may it come soon—when only the second movement will preserve in concert halls the memory of the D minor quartet of Schubert.

PHILIP HALE.

MRS. EATON'S CONCERT.

Handel, Foote, Norris, Moroni, Beach,

Woolf, Mascagni and Scott were the composers chosen by Mrs. Elene Eaton for her second vocal concert in Chickering Hall last evening. The concert began with the aria from *Acis and Galatea*, "As When the Dove Laments Her Love." While with this aria Mrs. Eaton was conspicuously in poor voice, there can be no excuse offered for the utter disloyalty of her interpretation. Inherently lyric this aria surely is; but it was strangely made a thing of passion; was loudly, coarsely, aye, wantonly sung; yet, sad to relate, even all such vocal perfdy was fairly outrivaled by a piano pounder whose accompaniment was simply slovenly. Mrs. Eaton did much artistic singing later in the concert and was very happy in her thoughtful and refined performances of two new songs by Homer A. Norris. The simple, natural and effective melody inhering each of these songs, and the general care and finish of their harmonic make-up merit special mention. It seems inexplicable that an artist so well educated as Mrs. Eaton should have felt called upon to sing the cheap and worthless waltz song by Moroni entitled "Il segreto." Mrs. Eaton received her heartiest plaudits for her singing of B. E. Woolf's "Margery Daw." The concert ended with a group of three admirable songs composed by Charles F. Scott. As might have been anticipated, the beautiful voice of Mrs. Eaton proved altogether too voluminous for Chickering Hall; nor was all this volume under proper control. There was much of singing when a genuine pianissimo should have been substituted.

"There are few ways by which you can make more certain of putting people into a good humor than by telling them of some trouble that has recently befallen you, or by unreservedly disclosing some personal weakness of yours."

They say that Mr. Garrett's Indian on the new State seal is all right as to his face and that he is decorously clad, but his anatomy is all wrong—that is to say, not for a man, but for an Indian. There is now an attempt at anatomical realism. Why not throw realism for once to the dogs and represent the noble red man of romance?

Mrs. Louise C. Moulton in a review of Mr. Davidson's poems asks why the poet treats us to "such uncouth words" as "helletrist, moneyers, strappadoes." "Belletrist" was used by De Quincey, who certainly had a feeling for color and rhythm. "Moneyers," as a synonym of "bankers," is as old as Thackeray. "Strappado" is a noun used by the Elizabethans and as a verb by Milton. As Mr. Davidson is enumerating puns, "strappado" does not seem amiss. It is a mouth-filling, soberous word.

Mrs. Moulton's review, which is for the most part warmly appreciative, is in the Chap-Book of the 15th. In the same issue is found a poem addressed to Mr. Eugene Field. Two of the verses are as follows:

"Was it gl'n Eugene
(Don't grin Eugene!)
That made you so fearfully thin, Eugene?"

"Then your pants, Eugene!"

Did your aunts, Eugene,

Make them once on a time in a trance, Eugene?"

We recommend these verses for their trick of melody, playful fancy, and delicate humor to all those seeking the new and the best in American literature. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Field enjoys the tribute.

We read daily of "Tragedian Smith," "Banker Jones," "Artist Brown" and "Organist Robinson," but "Delsartist Alherti" is an invention of very modern date. Yet one phrase is no more absurd than the other.

The Yale "Lit" Medal was not awarded this year, "owing to the inferiority of the contributions." In olden times the essayists confirmed the judgment of the past on Pope or Calvin. It is fair to suppose that this year there was no radical departure. Yet if one bold youth had defied tradition and written on "Hinkey's Claim to Immortality" or "Modern Wedge vs. Ancient Phalanx" he might now wear the medal.

It was on the 19th of February, 1762, that Dobby Giles, a child of the landlord of the Lamb, Bristol, England, was standing by the fire with several persons, when she suddenly disappeared, and after being sought some time, was found under her father's bed. She told Mr. Durbin, "a man possessing an inviolable attachment to truth, and unblemished integrity," that a ragged woman put her hand before her mouth to prevent her crying out, and carried her up stairs without her feet touching the floor, as she supposed, in the sight of the people; that the woman was of the middle size, had a sharp nose, a brown chip hat, a ragged cap, a brown gown, and great holes in her stockings; that she threw her under the bed, lay down by her, and pinched her neck, telling her she would torment her still more, and crying out several times "A witch! a witch!" In the words of the chronicler of the mysterious deeds in the house of Giles, "We must leave it to the enlightened reader to form that opinion of the case which is most suitable to his own particular way of thinking." At the same time the date is an important one, as is that of the battle of Marathon.

Heard at a railway station. Excited woman—"When does the next train go to Forest Hills?" Ticket agent—"4.02, madam." Excited woman—"Four to what?"

A contemporary states gravely that William II. found a man the other day "lying in a drunken stupor by the snow-covered wayside; an hour later the man would have been frozen to death." The Emperor, it seems, instead of trying to moderate the weather, which would undoubtedly have shown obsequiousness to royalty, took a policeman to the spot "and gave him instructions how to treat the man." This shows the advantage of living in a country where there is no anti-treating society.

So we are to have real live vicars and curates in the United States. What we really need are beads.

A correspondent writes that he has heard "keeping-room" for "parlor" in Northampton, Chesterfield, Andover and Williams-town; in a Vermont town, and in Woonsocket, R. I.

The romantic story of Jennie Holdredge, who loved Ira Johnson and, disguised as a boy, followed him to sea on the American Eagle (which was lost recently off Point Judith) is not without parallel. Phebe Hassel, horn in March, 1715, was passionately fond of Samuel Golding, a private in the regiment called Kirk's Lambs, which was ordered to the West Indies. Fifteen years old, she enlisted and embarked. Not till Golding was wounded five or six years later at Gibraltar and sent to Plymouth did she disclose her sex to anyone. She, too, was sent to Plymouth, where Golding was in hospital. They married. She survived him; married again, and again was a widow. She lived to be 106. George IV., of most illustrious memory, once honored her by de-

scribing her—she sold apples and gingerbread in her later years—as "a jolly old fellow;" he allowed her £18 a year, and he gave her a tomb-stone.

So Mr. Aubrey Beardsley will visit Boston. He will be a welcome guest, whether he lectures or pursues his study of the ugly by observing closely the statues in the city.

Mr. Beardsley is a master of the line. His work, then, is line upon line, if it is not precept upon precept.

Feb 20 - 95

This is the anniversary of the burial (1648) of Mr. Thomas Damme of Leighton, England, who died at the age of 154.

The First Appearance of Mr. Cesar Thomson, the Illustrious Violinist, in an Afternoon Concert in Music Hall—Notes of Coming Events.

Mr. Cesar Thomson, assisted by Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. He played the first movement from Bruch's D minor concerto; Polonaise by Wieniawski; Tartini's "Le Trille de Diable;" an adagio by Ries; his own arrangement of the Passacaille from the G minor suite of Handel (No. 7 of the "Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin," 1720), and Paganini's variations on the air "Non più mesta" (from "Cenerentola"). In answer to recalls he played a romanza by Rubinstein, a berceuse by Simon and a Hungarian dance by Brahms.

Although Mr. Thomson was not invariably in the vein, there was always much to admire, and there were overwhelming moments. After a violinist has been heard in a noble performance of a concerto, with orchestra, there is often a feeling of comparative disappointment when he plays pieces of various schools to the accompaniment of a piano. Neither the performer nor the audience is always screwed up to the proper pitch. At the same time such a concert as that of yesterday shows the artistic versatility of a violinist.

Of Mr. Thomson it may be said that no school is foreign to him. Noble in the highest degree was the simplicity of his cantabile in the famous piece by Tartini. Dashing without any taint of sensationalism was his delivery of the polonaise. Eminently thoughtful and powerful was his performance of Bruch's music. Seldom is such sweetness without cloying sentimentalism revealed as in his interpretation of the little berceuse by Simon. Then there was the exhibition of his colossal technique in his arrangement of Handel's passacaille, and in the Paganini variations to which he added his own cadenza that swarms with incredible difficulties.

Again were the characteristics of this remarkable violinist brought into clear light: a technique surprising even in these days of technical giants; a tone, noble, full, at times unearthly in its haunting, disembodied nature; an absorption in the task that seemed at times abnormal; and an utter contempt of all tricks legitimate or illegitimate by which he could easily incite applause. Mr. Thomson never plays to the eye; nor does he play to the ladies. He never would be the petted darling of women who chatter about music; press close to a performer that they may have the ineffable pleasure of touching an inspired coat-tail; loiter by the stage door after the performance that they may possibly hear the lion roar in conversation. Mr. Thomson is a man of high and serious thoughts. Art to him is not merely the fleeting favor of the moment, the slight of caps tossed in air. It seems as though he played chiefly for himself, and yet he gladly shares his own pleasure with musicians who listen and wonder.

It would be folly to assert that his performance yesterday was impeccable. But it was for the most part a great exhibition of great violin playing. Such men do not visit us each season. One may have a peculiar charm of tone, a mobile, well-trained face that accentuates his phrases, and an abundance of that mysterious fluid that sometimes controls the hearer and o'er-masters the judgment. Such a one is admirable in his way, and to be enjoyed greatly. Mr. Thomson is a man of another physical equipment, a man of other views on art. The hearer that craves first of all sensuousness of tone may be inclined to overlook and disregard the nobility and the sincerity of Thomson, who, however, has sublimer moments and lives in a purer atmosphere than he whose strength is too often merely sweetness, and whose song continually suggests the Sirens.

Mrs. Wyman sang three songs by Nevin—"Lavie," "The Merry Park," "Nocturne;" Massenet's "Marquise," Lacombe's "Bon Soir, Mignonne," and Ferrail's "A une Flançée." In the songs by Nevin she sang without marked effect, and the songs did not display the genuine beauty and strength of her voice. She was heard to best advantage in the song by Lacombe and in "Bonne Nuit," which she added to her list in response to a recall. These agreeable melodies were sung delightfully. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Wyman endeavors to persuade herself that she is a soprano, and persists in singing songs that are not suitable to her natural voice.

Mr. Luckstone was the accompanist. He occasionally mistook brute force for strength, and his accompaniments were seldom sympathetic.

PHILIP HALE.

"Even when they meet in the street women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines. And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case; and hence it is that an exchange of compliments between two women is a much more ridiculous proceeding than between two men."

It is to be regretted that the authorities differ concerning the size of the whip with which Mr. Warren walloped Mr. Kenyon. Some say that it was a formidable instrument of torture capable of felling a man at a blow; but a refined contemporary alleges that the whip was of the kind "that is used by fashionable ladies for the chastisement of refractory poodles." Mark well the elegance of this sentence. There's not a word in it to crimson the cheek of an inhabitant of the Back Bay or the superior streets of Salem. A newspaper of coarser life and ways of thinking might have worded the sentence as follows: "That is used by refractory women for whipping fashionable poodles."

The difference of opinion concerning the size of the whip shows the necessity of

greater care in the early education of the eye. If the eyes of these observers had been trained rigorously there would not now be this sad dispute, which may reflect seriously on the accuracy of modern journalism.

The strangest feature of this lamentable affair is the willingness with which certain officers of other colleges give comment and advice.

So William II. and the American Ambassador "exchanged stories with such success that the parquet rang with laughter." Ten to one, the Emperor borrowed his from the Fliegende Blätter.

And here is a story from the last Fliegende Blätter, No. 7—for No. 6 went down in the Elbe. Bride, who has cooked the dinner: "Dear Karl, you don't seem to like it." Husband: "Yes, I do, darling; but there must have been misprints in your cook book."

This is the feast-day of Saint Eleutherius, who was so industrious and convincing that in 497 he baptized 11,000 people in one week.

This month is crowded with interesting reminiscences of educational value. Feb. 20, 1766, Richard Parsons and three other persons met at a private house in Chalford, England, to play at cards. Mr. Parsons, although only 19 years of age, was addicted to profanity and other bad language. A dispute arose among the gamblers and Mr. Parsons indulged himself in revolting speech, wishing frequently and vigorously that the flesh might leave his bones. Before the party broke up Mr. Parsons felt a pain in his leg. The pain grew unendurable, but Mr. Pegler, a surgeon of Minchinhampton, could not relieve it. The mortification spread to the tops of his shoulders and under his eyes. Mr. Parsons died March 4, in the morning, a most shocking spectacle.

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A Bostonian cries aloud bewailing the fact that "in this entire region no historical, archaeological, ethnological, or Oriental Club exists." We think he is mistaken. There are Oriental clubs in and near Harrison Avenue.

This Bostonian alleges that the great need of the town is "a Cosmos Club." It's a pity that Walt Whitman is dead; he should have been the first President, for about 40 years ago he started the prosaic by presenting publicly his card as "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos," for he spelt the word with a k.

Let us by all means have a Cosmos Club. There should be smoke talks there on cosmogony, cosmothelism, cosmography, cosmognosis, cosmology and cosmometry. The club room should be furnished tastefully with cosmospheres, cosmolabes and cosmoramas. Membership should be open to all cosmothetics, cosmists, and cosmognonists. And there should be a good restaurant as well as beer on draught.

It is the anniversary of the death (1776) of J. Mowat, Surgeon at Langholm, Scotland. He was 136 when he died, and although esteemed by persons of quality he was called "Old Sawbones" by the rude youth of the neighborhood.

That Gen. Booth, the Pope of the Salvation Army, the grand drum major of all salvation bands, is "sensitive to noise," is, indeed, the tip-top, sky-pricking peak of irony.

State laws concerning theatre hats are likely to be as widely at variance as the laws regulating divorce. Why should there not be a pleasing uniformity? Let the fine be in proportion to each superfluous square inch.

"The nights of this part of February are called in Sweden 'steel nights' on account of their cutting severity."

They are still talking about the distinction between a journalist and a newspaper man. An old and excellent definition is this: "The newspaper man puts into the waste basket what the journalist writes."

Adelina Patti was born in Madrid, April 8, 1843, not Feb. 13, as was stated lately by the esteemed Transcript.

Truly, remarkable doings at the Council of Women in Washington. One delegate claimed that "the theory of Edward Bellamy was the only theory by which the Divinity became a thing of fact." This would put Mr. Bellamy in a singularly responsible position, if the claim were well founded. Our old friend Lady Henry Somerset was present and in fine condition. She maintained that "so long as the Virgin Mary was not recognized, so long would women not be recognized." We fail to see the logic or the pertinence of the observation. It is to be hoped that Lady Henry will follow this vein of thought. It will be for the advantage of the opponents of female suffrage.

A bicyclist of Florence, Italy, made his debut lately as an operatic tenor in "Rigoletto." He missed his opportunity by not making his appearance on the wheel in any act. He should have followed the example of a contralto well known in Boston. In New York she made a sensation by riding a bicycle in a variety theatre and at the same time singing "Oh Promise Me."

The National Review publishes an article on "The Decayed Music Teacher." There is a more pathetic subject that is treated by reviewers almost daily throughout the season: "The Rotten Performer."

The sentence to imprisonment of one month with hard labor has discouraged dog-croppers of London. Although certain London newspapers were chiefly instrumental in bringing the offenders to justice, they showed in this trial the old brutal English spirit. Thus the Pall Mall Gazette argues: "If it is such a monstrous and wicked thing for dogs to fight, it is wrong to breed or possess bullterriers at all, because the animal is naturally pugnacious." The same newspaper sneers at those who "prate" about battue shooting and fox hunting.

Sports of all degrees may be interested in the performance of Mr. Mllo, a Belgian pedestrian. He walked backward from Antwerp to Brussels. The first day he winded most of his pacemakers. He accomplished his task in two days and half an hour. Each day he walked from 3 to 4½ hours, and the average speed was 3¼ miles an hour. He wore special shoes, with reversed toes and heels. An English newspaper suggests that an abnormally flexible neck would be an advantage to such a walker.

Some time ago two public school questions excited controversy; vertical handwriting and "sanitary lunches." The former was revived last week; but how about the lunches? Is it too soon to note gratifying results? Tables should be prepared to show the taste of the students and the possible influence of diet on budding mathematicians and burgeoning scientists.

They have pondered this school question in Vienna. There is in the Austrian town a voluntarily-constituted society whose business it is to see that the school children are fed properly. It is the "Verein zur Beköstigung armer Schulkinder." The managers entered into an arrangement with the directors of the people's kitchens (working men's restaurants) under which these latter undertake, from Nov. 1 to March 31, to provide dinners at the rate of a penny each for as many children as the society chooses to send to them. "If there chance to be a people's kitchen near the school the children dine there; if there is not, the society must hire a dining room, or have one of the class rooms. Then the food required is sent from the nearest kitchen, hot and ready for eating, in sealed metal cases; and is served out to the children by members of the society." The children are provided with tickets. They advance in orderly manner to the counter where they are served. "On three days in the week their dinners consist of a large plate of vegetables—peas, lentils, cabbage, etc.—beautifully cooked, and served with gravy. Twice a week they have milk pudding; and once sauerkraut. They have, too, every day, a large white roll, or, if they prefer it, a still larger slice of black bread." The society is supported by contributions. The Emperor gives 3000 florins a year, and the city 5000 florins.

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"And positively, when one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting. The foolishlest person will look grand enough one day."

It is said that they who met Washington face to face felt the presence of the superhuman.

Nor have the realists, nor have the scandal-mongers succeeded in belittling that figure of heroic proportions or in sully that serene, impassive face.

This is St. Peter's Day. "If cold at St. Peter's Day, it will last longer." And the night of St. Peter shows what weather we shall have for the next 40 days.

"I sat at Mme. Sans-Gene's feet five times during her London triumphs," remarks Mr. Nat Goodwin, in a burst of confidence. Nat, you talk as though you were a corn doctor. Or is this rhetoric the invention of our old friend "Walsingham?"

Yale's comment on the foot ball news from Harvard is characteristic: "It is only a bluff."

There is already growing concern concerning the choice of the operas to be given the first week at Mechanics' Building. One grumbler is outraged because the two de Reszkes "sing only once in the six performances." Another protests at "Rigoletto"—at "Rigoletto" with Melba and Maurel in the cast! It seems to us that such kicking is without reason. Surely no one finds fault with the cast of "The Huguenots." Does anybody deplore the fact that "Falstaff," which is considered by the leading critics of Europe as one of the greatest operas of this century, is to be produced in Boston with the original Fat Jack of Verdi in the cast? Is not "Otello" a master work? And it will be given with the creators of the two leading parts in the cast. Has Miss Sanderson sung frequently in the town, and is "Manon" a chestnut? Such kicking at the repertoire shows no little ignorance on the part of the kicker.

The most artistically as well as popular success of the operatic season in New York was "Falstaff," and neither one of the de Reszkes was in the cast.

Here is the title of a book, now in press, that will attract more than ordinary attention: "Marluis Vulgaris, the Common Husband: his Causes, Management and Cure."

Through the courtesy of an English journal we are enabled to quote this passage from the above-mentioned book: "Perhaps wives might endure these things if it were not taken for granted that they would. But a husband thinks he is amply acquitted of anything that he has done, however heinous, if only he come afterward to his wife in a fine fervor of repentance, and tell her that she is an angel and a dear little woman and far too good for him. I believe there are husbands who think that would excuse an attempt at wife-murder. He will wallow and wallow in a protracted scene of self-abasement. He seems to derive the greatest pleasure from this operation. It has never been known to occur to any husband that this little ceremony, repeated weekly, grows monotonous after a year or so. As a contribution to the psychology of these creatures it would be interesting to find out how it would affect him if a wife behaved (and misbehaved) in the same way. But, then, to quote a husband, 'Women are so different.'"

The stockholders of the new Boston Music Hall decided "to let matters rest." This being interpreted means that the old Music Hall, which is shabby, uncomfortable, incapable of ventilation and unsafe in case of fire, will still be the home of the Symphony Orchestra and the Handel and Haydn. It is of slight consolation to those who are obliged to play, sing or hear in such a wholly inadequate room to learn from Mr. Higginson that the property secured for the new hall is rising in value, and there will be a much greater increase, "enough to pay a fair interest on the investment if it ever became desirable to sell the land." In this connection it is pertinent to observe that the owners of the old hall will not entertain any scheme by which a decent organ can be substituted for the present box of discordant pipes.

A correspondent writes: "During my boyhood at Nantucket (in the 30's) the family room or sitting room was sometimes called the keeping room. The parlor was always the parlor."

Another correspondent informs us that today in Middlesex county the term "keeping-room" is the name of the room in general family use; where the members of the household keep themselves during part of the day or in the evening.

"Keeping-room" is an old English provincial word. It is still current in Lincolnshire. In the last century it was used in Norfolk. It is recognized in Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archais and Provincial Words."

An English melodramatist proposes to make his hero rescue the loved one from "a position of horrible danger" by means of a flying-machine, "no mere stage property, but a magnificent piece of machinery, constructed on scientific principles, and worked by a powerful steam engine." But will not this be a premature presentation of the drama of the future? No flying-machine as yet has been invented in which the flyer is absolutely sure of saving himself after the first mad plunge into the air.

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A morning local contemporary gives it valuable information to its readers: "Candles are used for lighting dinner tables, chiefly because the light is supposed to be softer and more becoming. These are placed either in single candlesticks or in low candleabra." The practice of sticking them in apples or potatoes is no longer observed in the most refined society.

"The candles themselves should be very cold, and they should be laid in the ice chest all day." When eaten at the end of the dinner, they should be sprinkled with salt and cayenne pepper. The use of butter is to be sternly condemned. A Russian gentleman, a favorite of the late Tsar, tells us that the accompaniment of caviare lends piquancy.

"The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one."

Bishop Lawrence believes in muscular Harvard Christianity.

It's easy for Calvé and Emma Eames to be reconciled. They are not in the same company.

It is singular that the late proposed duel in town did not excite newspaper attention. Careless words at a social "function," angry foreigner, challenge, apology from a thoughtless Bostonian, families that now meet as strangers—here was material for two columns, lurid headlines, and cuts galore.

Mechanics' Building is to be absolutely safe in case of fire during the opera season. Firemen will be stationed at different points in the hall where they can see and hear to advantage, and a chemical engine will be ready to squirt on any temperament that is likely to singe or kindle the stage and scenery.

All this is as it should be. But no opera house is really complete without a restaurant where beef tea, malt-extract, codlins and narcotics are sold at a reasonable price. We regret to announce that the rows 33-42 are not to be provided this year with spy-glasses and telephones.

Some will protest, as usual, against opera in Mechanics' Building, and some of the most violent kickers are men of wealth, who would not subscribe one cent toward the building of an opera house worthy the reputation of the city. Men and brethren, the opera is not an eleemosynary institution, nor do the managers pretend to be philanthropists. The expenses of the company are great. Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau show every disposition to carry out their promises to subscribers. If the grand opera is given in Mechanics' Building, it is because there is no opera house in this city; for the Boston Theatre is not available, deplore the fact as you may. Boston is without an opera house, without a respectable Music Hall, without a decent hall for singers, pianists, fiddlers and chamber music. The fault is with the indifferent public, not with the managers.

The journal of a man who died lately in Vienna shows the advantages of keeping a diary. The benefit is to the earnest student of sociology, if not to the diarist himself. This man—call him Schmidt—kept a record of personal expenses from the age of 17 to 70. During this period he smoked 628,713 cigars. Friends or enemies gave him 43,639 of these, and the rest cost him \$12,500. He wore 35 pairs of trousers and 74 coats and waistcoats, and his tailors sent bills amounting to \$5000. How much the tailors received is another matter. He bought 62 pairs of socks, costing \$4 25 a pair; 208 shirts and 306 collars, which were cheap at \$300. The proportion of collars to shirts seems singular, but it is not wise to examine too carefully the linen of a German or Austrian, particularly if he is in the army. The bill for drinks, ah, the bill for drinks! He had consumed 28,786 bottles, of which 21,262 are described, perhaps apologetically, as half-bottles. Then there were 36,081 wee nip-ples, and all this cost \$5140. Waiters were tipped to the extent of \$1300. There are no items recorded for books, theatres, charities. Nothing is said about good money given in exchange for pig and sauer kraut. Truly a noble life; but would the detailed record of the expenses of certain clubmen in Boston be a more honorable showing?

"To fudge a day's work" is, as some say, to pick up the scattered ends, to tie up the threads, to indulge in busy puttering. But "fudge," the verb, has other meanings. (1.) To fabricate, to contrive without proper materials; as in this quotation from "Midshipman Easy": "By the time that he did know something about navigation, he discovered that his antagonist knew nothing. Before they arrived at Malta Jack could fudge a day's work;" and Mr. Sala said: "I had provided myself with a good library of books of Russian travel, and so fudged my journey due north." (2.) To copy, crip, dodge or escape. (3.) To botch, to bungle. (4.) To advance the hand unfairly at marbles.

Rosegger, a German novelist, is attacking the German fondness for beer. "Wine creates emotion and conversation of a comparatively elevated character, but beer brutalizes and stupefies." Some years ago Bismarck spoke even more bitterly to his countrymen, saying, "They that drink beer, sink beer." At the time, Bismarck was manufacturing cheap and brain-maddening potato schnapps.

SIX SINGERS.

Five of Them Are Strangers to Boston:
Mantelli, Hill, Heller, Drog, Bensaude—Some Facts in
Melba's Career.

Some of the singers whose portraits appear in this number of the Journal were unknown even by name to the great majority of American opera lovers before this season.

Eugenia Mantelli was born in Milan. After a short and successful operatic career she married Mr. Mantorani—some call the husband Montovani. He was a merchant in Rio Janeiro, where she sang in opera, met him, and left the stage. She was absent from it two years. Political disturbances took away fortune, and last season Mrs. Mantelli sang in Russia and Italy. Mr. Mantorani is a remarkable operatic husband, if reports are true: "He refuses to interfere in his wife's business affairs, and keeps aloof from them."

Her voice is mezzo-soprano. "She has great personal magnetism, and is an extremely pretty woman off the stage, of the tall, slender, dark-eyed, pale, oval-cheeked variety." She is said to be an excellent musician. She plays the piano. "She says Tamagno moves her by his anguish in the fourth act of 'Otello' more than any singer

on the stage. 'When it comes,' Mantelli says, 'to the "morta, morta, morta!" I am shaken so terribly that I cannot myself keep up much longer.' Tamagno himself, she says, is so strung up at this point, letting himself go because the end of the opera is reached, that he is completely played out, and seldom leaves the stage without tears in his eyes. This episode Mantelli thinks the most heart-rending effect of rugged passion on the stage. In the matter of praise she would rather have one moderate word from Victor Maurel than the most cordial terms from the rest of the company rolled into one."

Mantelli made her debut in New York Nov. 23, 1894, as Amneris in "Aida." She has also sung the parts of Azucena, Emilia ("Otello"), Ortrud, Siebel Guinivere. Feb. 8 she created in this country the role of Delloh in Saint-Saens opera. She is anxious to sing Carmen.

Mira Heller was born in Cracow. She studied with Souvestre, Milan, and then three years with Pauline Lucca. She made her debut at Lemberg as Carmen about four years ago. Miss Heller last season was a member of the opera company at Warsaw. The brothers de Reszke are said to take great interest in her career. She speaks no English.

Her debut in New York was in Mignon Dec. 10, 1894. She has also sung the parts of Leonora, Santuzza and Carmen.

Mrs. Libia Drog is a Venetian by birth. She has sung in Italy, Spain, South America; never in London or Paris.

She made her debut in New York in "Tell" Nov. 21, 1894. She has also sung in "Aida" and "Trovatore."

Miss Lucille Hill was born in Trenton, N. J. It is said that she once studied in Boston. She never appeared professionally in this country before her appearance in New York this season. About nine years ago she went to Europe. In Paris she studied under Mrs. Lagrange, Faure and Duvernoy. These statements are from an interview with her, published in the New York Herald. The New York Times once stated that she was a pupil of Mrs. Marchesi.

She was engaged by D'Oyly Carte for the part of Rowena in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," produced in London in 1891. Soon after she sang the part of Rebecca in the same opera. She was heard in the London production of Messager's "La Basoche." Two years ago Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for his Covent Garden troupe. She has had experience in oratorio and has sung much in the English provinces.

Her first appearance in New York was in "Tell," Dec. 29, 1894. She has also sung the part of Micaela, and Nedda, and Inez.

Maurice Bensaude, baritone, is a Portuguese. He was educated in Italy for the operatic stage, and it is in Italy that he is chiefly known as a singer. He made his debut in New York Nov. 23, 1894, as Amonasro. He has also sung in "Lucia," "Manon Lescaut," "Carmen."

Although Melba is well known to all music lovers of this city, it may not be amiss to review in a few words her operatic career.

Nellie Mitchell, an Australian by birth, sang in a church choir in Melbourne. She married Capt. C. N. F. Armstrong, called familiarly "Kangaroo Charley." Marriage did not stop her singing. On the contrary, singing and its results broke her marriage. She went to Paris, studied under Mrs. Marchesi, and made her debut at the Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda, during the season of '87-'88. She appeared for the first time at the Paris Opéra as Ophelia May 8, 1889. She sang Juliet and Lucia the same year. In 1890 she added Marguerite and Gilda to her parts at the Opéra. In 1892 she created the title role of Bemberg's "Elaine" in London. In 1893, in London, she sang Nedda and Juliet.

Melba made her debut in Boston March 1, 1894. She sang in "Lucia" March 3, in "Semiramide" March 9, "Faust" March 10.

In New York this season she has sung in "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen" (Michaela), "Lucia," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Semiramide," "Elaine," "Lohengrin," "The Huguenots" (Marguerite).

PHILIP HALE.

The Dull Program of the Sixteenth Symphony Concert—Repertoire of the Second Week of the Opera.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Concerto Grosso No. 6, in G minor.....Handel
Symphony in E flat major (B. & H. No. 12).....Haydn
Overture, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Centennial March.....Wagner

Neither the program nor the performance calls for extended comment. The program was dull, and apparently thrown together at random. The performance was generally perfunctory. The minut of the symphony was played in a lousy fashion, and in the march there was an occasional absence of precision.

Why in the world should the people of Boston be invited at this late day to hear the dismal failure, the one great and complete failure of Wagner. Mr. Apthorp tells us in his infinite wisdom that the full title of this march is "Grosser Festmarsch zur Eröffnung der hundertjährigen

Gedenkfeyer der Unabhängigkeitserklärung der vereinigten Staaten von Amerika." The music sounds like the title, only it is magnified a hundred fold.

Mr. Paur does not seem to be aware that in other countries orchestral leaders of repute are producing constantly novelties of interest. If he should examine thoughtfully the numbers of the Signale as they come, and also the programs prepared by a man in Chicago whose name is Theodore Thomas he might gain valuable ideas concerning the present condition of music in Europe and the United States. It is well to be conservative; but the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not shy at a new composition because he has not heard of the composer. It is his duty to examine compositions that have been played in Berlin, Brussels, Paris and St. Petersburg, and, if he regards them as worthy, to produce them here before they are old and worn as a garment.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Random Remarks About
Men and Compositions.

"The Huguenots" Preferred
Popularly to "Falstaff."

Novelties That Are Produced
Here and Abroad.

The opera's the thing!
Boston will have a season of two weeks, the whole of two weeks. There is talk, however, of a third week in April.

Opera in this country is an expensive amusement. In Saxony or Prussia or in Paris the Government helps out the managers. It is not the custom in Massachusetts for the Governor to come to the rescue, or by a subsidy to lower the price of tickets. When some prominent theorists, fierce in word and mild in action, have the authoritative say, opera and coal and barrels of apples will be provided by the State. For the present we must depend on managers who are men subject to like passions as we are.

What is the chief, the all-important event to musicians and students of opera this week? The first production in Boston of Verdi's "Falstaff," with Victor Maurel as Sir John.

Which opera is the crowd crazy to hear? Our old friend, "The Huguenots." Why? Because it is to be sung by an "unparalleled" cast. I believe "unparalleled" is the word; it may be "unapproachable" or "magnificent;" at any rate, it is a sonorous, mouth-stretching adjective.

In other words, the public cares more for the singers than for the opera in which they sing.

Mrs. Jones asks, "What night do the De Reszkes and Melba sing?" Mrs. Brown wishes to hear Eames. It makes no difference whether these singers sing in "Faust" or "The Huguenots" or "Romeo and Juliet."

It's the same story in New York. Boston is not alone provincial in this respect. And it's about the same in London or Paris, so far as the great public is concerned. Still, in London and Paris many novelties are produced. But in Boston the fact that "Falstaff" is to be produced—a work that has made a sensation throughout Europe—does not excite a flutter of conversation in a street car. The fact that Verdi's choice of a creator, Victor Maurel, one of the few great actors now on any stage, operatic or dramatic, will sing in Verdi's work, does not seem to be as of so great importance as the combination of "stellar attractions"—familiar faces and voices—in an opera that has been given here again and again.

Miss Arabella, if you cannot afford to hear all the operas of this week, go first to "Falstaff," then to "Otello," and for this reason: Not only will you see Maurel as Iago and Falstaff, but you will become acquainted with two masterpieces. It is true that "Otello" has been sung in Boston. The circumstances surrounding its first performance were unfortunate. When it was given afterward in Mechanics' Building the Iago was wholly inadequate.

Then there's "Rigoletto," with Melba and Maurel. Is there here no attraction? Curiosity may lead you to the hall the night Miss Sanderson sings. If you believe that it is a duty to see men and women of distinction or notoriety, you will surely be at "Manon."

Free concerts and concerts at an extremely low price are now given Sunday afternoons by kindly-disposed musicians. It is perhaps needless to say that these entertainments give pleasure to many who would otherwise go without music in winter. Neither the Aldermen nor the members of the Watch and Ward Society have complained of the character of the costumes or the songs.

PHILIP HALE.

by Carrier

THE OPERA.

Season Opened With Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

An Immense Audience Welcomes an Unusual Cast.

Notes About Those Who Sang and Heard the Opera.

The season of grand opera under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau at Mechanics' Building opened last evening with a performance of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." Mr. Bevilacqua was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Vaquette	Mrs. Nordica
Urban	Mrs. Scalchi
Dama D'Onore	Miss Bauermeister
Margherita di Valois	Mrs. Melba
Marcello	Ed. de Reszke
Conte di Nevers	Ancona
Conte di San Briss	Plancon
Huguenot Soldier	Vanni
Tavannes	Rinaldini
De Retz	Viviani
Maurevert	De Vaschetti
De Cisse	Vanni
Raoul	Jean de Reszke

The curtain rose after the appointed hour and the audience was informed that although Mr. Edouard de Reszke had not yet recovered fully from recent indisposition, he would sing; and there was an appeal to the indulgence of the hearers.

The first act of "The Huguenots," even cut as it is, is for the most part dull and hopelessly old-fashioned. It is said that Maurel is never weary of poking fun at Scribe and this particular libretto; he calls it an opera of furniture, where people do a deal of sitting and indulge themselves in wearisome conversation. The jibe is not without truth. The hearer of today has little regard for an opera in which historical groups and pictures are the centre of interest.

A rude, passionate peasant is now preferred to a courteous chevalier, with his bowings and his scrapings. And in the performance of this act last evening there was little to arouse the attention of the audience. Neither of the de Reszkes was as effective as on former occasions, and it seemed as though Jean were going through the process known as limbering up. Marcel was a stately figure, without the sinister face and bearing of Levasseur's traditional portraiture.

Although Edouard de Reszke was not in best voice, he was dramatic and sonorous. The time has gone by, however, when either the choral or the "Piff, paff" can arouse wild enthusiasm. Ancona as Nevers was chivalric, perhaps too restlessly chivalric. Scalchi, who was warmly applauded sang the "Nobil Signori" with less explosiveness and a greater homogeneity of tone than she did last year.

The second act was Melba's, and it was the singing of Melba that provoked the heartiest applause of the evening. Gorgeously robed, graceful in bearing, fair to look upon, she sang the florid music with authority, ease and brilliancy. Nor was she simply a lay-figure. She was coquettish without silliness, arch without freshness. The music of this scene that is often a fatigue to the ear seemed for once of genuine value, and even the appearance of the ballet did not immediately efface the delightful impression made by her.

The duet between Raoul and the Queen aroused again enthusiasm. Scalchi was unfortunately her old self in "No, no, no," and showed generously her rich and varied assortment of voices. Nordica was greeted warmly as she made her appearance in an unbecoming costume. She sat by Melba and a wailing expression as though she were waiting for a snap-shot. Enter Plancon as San Briss. His make-up was superb. The great chorus of the oath went with blustering spirit. What a vulgar noise! The motif is very like unto the first theme of Geo. William Warren's "Tam O'Shanter," that favorite display piano piece of all years or more ago.

The third act of "The Huguenots" may be called the variety act of the opera. It is an omnium gatherum, an "Inquire within for what you want." War song, prayer, ballet, grand duet of Valentine and Raoul as they play at hide and seek, duel, waltz music, and Nevers and his bride to the excursion boat to a vulgar jig tune. A deeper melody than is found in half the French operettas. The choruses were sung without much nuancing, and the ballet was indeed a poor affair. The stage was crowded enough for evolutions of real interest, and the girls were huddled together. The steps were chiefly steps of old-time neighbors' feet.

Maurel was not without grace; but what is the use of a ballet unless the dancers are skillful and there is room enough to display them to their advantage? Such a "divertissement" as that given last night simply wastes time, and the audience had no time to kill, for the opera was going on. Even with heroic cuts, Nordica sang frequently below the true pitch in the duet with Edouard de Reszke. The duet was applauded, and it was in fact a duet with spirit. Melba was a trying actress and Nevers was in wedding attire, including earrings. The feature of the act was the portrayal of the grim picture which is one of the noblest of the pictures in Meyerbeer's gallery.

The fourth act, ah, the fourth act! Here Meyerbeer forgot his supposed duty to the stage carpenter and the scene painter; he forgot the pomp and gewgaws of the "Franconian opera." The interest is in the lovers, and to them he gave immortal music. Much of the music, the greater part of that which precedes this act, is dead, or at least moribund. The composer is so long in introducing his characters.

Each has an instrumental hemming and hawing before the song. The elaboration is too often tedious. There is a suspicion of insincerity. You see the composer as he takes his coat off and says, "Now I'll paralyze you!" And somehow you are prepared for the shock. There are operative measures that heard a hundred times are always fresh and irresistible; for they are divinely true, and as long as men and women love and hate and are tempest-tossed by passion they will be stirred within by the great thoughts of such composers, however simple the expression may be.

You find such strains in "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Carmen," "Aida," and in operas less famous. Now, you may admire the technical skill, the knowledge of stage effect shown by Meyerbeer, but the greater part of the music of "The Huguenots" before the fourth act leaves you cold, no matter how admirable the performance may be. Even the once famous "Benediction of the Swords" seems now too prepared, too deliberately contrived.

But the love duet that follows is as sublime today as when first suggested by Nourit to Meyerbeer. Even the words—not by scribe, as the story goes—are more suggestive. No wonder that the last act is omitted, for anything after the farewell of Raoul is an anti-climax. And the performance of the fourth act was of more sustained merit. Nordica sang with skill and at times with genuine feeling. She has perhaps improved in action, not so much in what she now does as in the abandonment of what she formerly did.

She has evidently been coached, and she is not as self-conscious as she was last season. Jean de Reszke did not save his voice. He sang with fire as well as tenderness, and as ever he acted with discretion. In the scene before the duet, Plancon was an impressive San Briss, and Ancona was admirable as Nevers. The monks might have been drawn by Doré for Rabelais, or Balzac's "Droll Tales."

The great hall was packed. No doubt the cast was the lodestone; for the public thinks first of the singers, not the work. The air which for three acts was hot and thick may have accounted for the not infrequent false intonation on the stage. The orchestra, made up of excellent musicians, was not always under stern control.

Verdi's "Otello" will be given this evening. The cast is as follows: Emma Eames, Mrs. Mantelli, Tamagno, Mariani, Maugulere, Rinaldini, De Vaschetti, Viviani and Victor Maurel. Conductor, Mr. Mancinelli.

PHILIP HALE.

Is there any such verb as "to fireproof," Mr. Fay?

The opera is a fashionable winter game. It is played by managers and singers on one side, and audiences on the other.

It is not always necessary to the triumph of the managers that the singers should be skillful. Witness the success of certain German opera companies in the past.

The stars are now in Boston. Remember that one star differeth from another star in glory.

When the singers are not eating, drinking, sleeping or singing, they are giving their views on art, climate, diet, clothes, composers and morality to interviewers. Truly, they are busy people. Do they keep scrap books of interviews, that they may not heedlessly contradict themselves from year to year?

And they all love Boston. It's the only city in America where music is really understood. The audiences are so intelligent and appreciative. The climate is a spur to song. There is no such opera house in the world as Mechanics' Building Auditorium. "Here could we live and sing forever."

But why are the brave men and women of the chorus so neglected by the interviewers? Madam Nordica stops at this inn, and Madam Eames stops at that tavern. Where does Signor Vesuvio find the best spaghetti? Does Signora Fagotti approve of Cross Street Chianti? Does not Signor Sorrentino believe in his heart of hearts that he is a greater artist than Tamagno? As for the stalwart Signora Floriani—ten to one she jeers at the coldness of "those American prima donnas."

The excitement is only for two weeks. Let us make the most of the enjoyment. Bach and Beethoven and Brahms live here, or rather have temples in their honor crowded with worshippers. Let us forget for a fortnight that there are such things as symphonies, cantatas, piano pieces, and chamber-music. Let us listen to the old man Verdi and pay homage to his favorite Maurel, the apple of his eye.

So Ingersoll lectured after all. That is to say, he served again the hash made from the cold roast of Tom Paine.

A local contemporary informs the palpitating public that the Marquise de Castellane "gave her future daughter-in-law one searching glance, and then folded her in a warm and motherly embrace." All this happened, by the way, in the "sitting room on the second floor" of Mr. Gould's house. Did the Goulds give the scene away? Is the Marquise in the secret employ of our contemporary? Or was there bribery of an intelligent servant?

If "Walsingham" would visit the metropolises occasionally his letters from New York might be more conspicuous for local color.

The opera "La Montagne Noire," by Augusta Holmès, produced at the Paris Opera House the 8th, is a dismal failure, according to the most trustworthy French critics. It may here be remarked that no woman has ever written a musical composition of serious proportions and long breath which has risen far above mediocrity.

Admirers of "Paul Jones"—if there are any—will be interested in this story told by a London journal: "It has been the fashion of late, especially among American journalists, to perform a sort of globe-trotting which has lent itself very kindly to bets. The competitors start in nudity at New York and end in purple and fine linen at London. This is all very well for stout men and Americans, but a young German couple from Breslau lately did their wedding tour contrariwise. A sorrowful-looking pair, a mere boy and girl, applied to the Poor Relief Committee at Mannheim for three marks to help them to finish off their wedding tour. They had started rich in love and the possession of 900 marks; and, while their money lasted, had lived in dalliance and delight at Naples. Then came the change, the chill, the fall, the end of love, and, worse still, of the 900 marks, and a hurried return third class and on foot to the Vaterland. The Breslau Edwin sorrowfully remarked that they had pledged all their belongings, and had nothing with them but the contents of one carpet-bag. These contents consisted of a night-dress and a pair of slippers, which seem an unequal and insufficient sort of capital for a bride and bridegroom on a wedding tour. As to the money they took with them, 'It went very suddenly, but he had not the least idea how it had gone.' None of us has; it is an experience and a problem that has puzzled the bill-burdened children of men through all the ages. But the committee gravely remarked that even on a wedding tour one should keep a debtor and creditor account of income. Here, however, there was no income, so the suppliants obtained a free pass to the frontier."

WORTHY ITS NAME

Opera Company's Second Performance Grand.

A Noble Performance of Verdi's "Otello."

Victor Maurel's Powerful Portrayal of Iago.

Triumphs of Sig. Tamagno and of Emma Eames.

Verdi's "Otello" was given last evening in Mechanics' Building auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Desdemona	Mrs. Emma Eames
Emilia	Mrs. Mantelli
Otello	Tamagno
Lodovico	Mariani
Cassio	Maugulere
Roderigo	Rinaldini
Montano	De Vaschetti
Araldo	Viviani
Iago	Maurel

Mr. de Vaschetti was the Montano when Tamagno sang the part of Otello in the same hall, in March, 1890.

Who is the chief figure in Verdi's opera? Is it Othello? Is it "the gentle lady married to the Moor?" Or is it Iago? When Boito and Verdi began work together, the title of the opera was "Iago," and there is no doubt but that Iago is the character most sharply defined. The one bit of sensationalism that might be called clap-trap if the business were not done by a Maurel, viz., the planting of the boot-heel on the prostrate Moor, and the horrible taunt, "Ecco il Leone!" is for the supposed advantage of Iago. To the southern nations the betrayer is a more picturesque figure than the betrayed. To many men of northern nations the play of Shakespeare is repulsive. They regard the Moor as a credulous, hot-headed fool. They discuss "the motiveless malignity" of Iago. Some go as far as the German philosopher Vischer, who declares jealousy to be a smutty and viscous passion, and deny the claim of the dramatic work founded on such a passion to immortality.

Victor Maurel is not only a great actor, he is a man of philosophy and psychological investigation. He created the part of Iago in Milan. What is his theory of the vengeance of the gallant fellow of 28, a boon companion, trusted and beloved by all save his wife, who was undoubtedly faithless to the man whose inner baseness she knew? Does Maurel put in the foreground jealousy of Othello, or of Cassio? Did he, a Spanish or an Italian adventurer, despise Othello because he was a Moor? Is his declaration "I am not what I am," an impious parody of "I am that I am," and does he stand out boldly as the demon of untruth against the eternal God of truth?

Maurel represents Iago as moved by the Demon of Perversity. He builds the part on the foundation laid by Boito, the librettist. In the famous "Credo," introduced without Shakspearian warrant. And here is Hueffer's translation of the "Credo": "Cruel is he, the God who in his image has fashioned me, and whom in wrath I worship. From some vile germ of nature, some paltry atom I took mine issue; vile is my tissue, for I am human. I feel the primal mud-flow of my breed. Yea, this is all my creed. Firmly I do believe, as e'er did woman who prays before the altar, of every ill, whether I think or do it, 'tis Fate that drives me to it. Thou, honest man, art but a wretched player, and thy life but a part; a lie each word thou sayest; tears, drops, kisses, prayer are as false as thou art. Man's fortune's fool; e'en from his earliest breath, the germ of life is fashioned to feed the worm of death. Yea, after all this folly, all must die; and there's nothing, and heaven an ancient lie."

To describe fully the performance of Maurel would be to give at length the detail of his business; to reproduce every mocking and sinister inflection; to dissect his marvelous mastery of a musical phrase; to attempt to portray in words the changes of an extraordinarily mobile face, to paint in words a wealth of gestures, no one of which is without its meaning. His voice has seen its golden summer. It does not always carry; it sometimes sounds hollow, but such is the genius of the singer that he even presses envious Time into his service, and the voice is the true voice of Iago. He uses the organ with unexampled dramatic authority. And in this opera dramatic truth is the chief demand of the composer.

Not alone in the Credo of pessimism, not alone in the narration of Cassio's dream, but the mighty histrionic genius of Maurel mastered the audience. Fully as admirable was the drinking scene with Cassio, the first evil suggestions to Othello, the by-play with Emilia, the scene of the handkerchief, the final exit. And perhaps the greatest tribute to his art is the conviction of the hearer for the moment that all this mass of carefully studied effects is spontaneous. It is not unlikely that repeated hearings might destroy the illusion; that the whole might be seen at work; and yet such is the virility of the performance, such is its infinite variety and at the same time logical and irresistible consistency, that admiration for the actor would be enlarged.

To men of Northern blood Othello is the dominating character, even when Iago is armed with extreme finesse and diabolical cunning. Boito knew his Shakspeare, and when Tamagno was chosen to create the part of Othello at Milan, there was an answer to the question, "But why should Othello be a tenor?" For the very characteristics of Tamagno—even his lack of art, if you are pleased to thus call it—while they might easily offend in such parts as Raoul and Romeo, are the characteristics of Othello. Grant that Tamagno is naturally unable to do justice to the tender poetry, and the surpassing beauty of the love music of the first act. His voice, powerful, tremulous, is nevertheless white. When he would be sentimental, he is inclined to blurt out. But do you ever fancy Othello, rude in speech, singing love's ditties to Desdemona? Cassio or Iago, or even Iago could thus have moved her; she did not love Othello for his words or his sentimentalism. When the ugly passion is once aroused, then the voice of Tamagno is the cry of a tortured soul. Fiery declamation, explosion of anguish, the rage of the awakened beast, the shriek of remorse: in such outbursts Tamagno last evening reached an imagined height; for four years ago, when he was here, he was not in condition, and his great reputation in Italy seemed reserved. There was very much to admire last night: there was very much to praise without reserve. Perhaps the supreme moments of a truly great performance were his delivery of "Ora e per sempre addio" and the frenzied cry, "Ah! morta!"

Mrs. Eames-Story was an admirable Desdemona. Her voice seemed fresher and richer than it did last season, and her singing gave unalloyed pleasure. She acted with grace and dignity. Desdemona was not a woman of strong emotions or resolute will. Her heart was easily broken. Any exhibition of violent passion in the last act would have been out of keeping.

The other parts were cast in a satisfactory manner. The chorus was not remarkable for strength or observance of dynamic gradations, but it did not seriously offend. The orchestra, under the intelligent and brilliant leadership of Mr. Mancinelli, was excellent. All in all, it was a memorable performance.

As for the opera itself, there is nothing to be said at this late day. It ranks among the few great operas of the last 50 years. The libretto is a masterpiece, and the music is its sublime expression. Only once does the invention of the wonderful old man seem to flag, and that is in the finale of the third act. The love music of the first act, and the music given to Iago and Othello, reach supreme heights of expression. Nor is there in the history of opera an act so pregnant with foreboding, gloom and horror as that which tells of the tragic death of Desdemona and Othello.

Massenet's "Manon Lescaut" will be given this evening. Miss Sibyl Sanderson will make her first appearance in Boston. The other members of the cast will be Miss de Lussan, Miss Bauermeister, Mrs. Van Cauteren, and Messrs. Maugulere, Plancon, Leisa de Carbone and Gromzeski. Mr. Beignani will conduct.

While Melba, Nordica, Plancon and the de Reszkes were paying marked attention in Mechanics' Building to the throat, lungs and diaphragm, Messrs. Richard O'Brien and Edward Binney in Bumstead Hall devoted their attention "to the stomach, ribs and kidneys, occasionally lifting one hand or the other to the face."

Mr. Binney's temperament was all right, but, in spite of the fact that he cut Mr. O'Brien's left eye, his blow-production and general technique were not always to be thoroughly commended; for in the 14th round Mr. O'Brien "planted a right which staggered" the other eminent artist.

"Yes," said a newly-married man, "my wife deceived me before marriage. She used to wear little white lace frills at her throat and wrists, which I naturally supposed belonged to soft white garments that went all over underneath. But after we were married I found that they were only stuck in at the edge."

There is again a cry in Boston for a scientific club, where "men of many techniques, including archaeology, anthropology, ethnology and economics," men of the exact and the inexact sciences may be "an influence for good to others." It is a pleasure to find that the latest proposer insists strenuously on luncheon. This "admirable luncheon place" must, it appears, be "near the Athenaeum."

We feel it our duty to insist again on the importance of draught beer at such a club. Bottled beer is a stream that crawls sluggishly, and oozes into the muddy haven of biliousness. Bottled beer means dullness of scientific vision and thickness of anthropological thought. But draught beer, oh shade of Gambrinus! The foam is as to intellectual play of mind and genial repartee as the substantial, amber body is to the enduring worth of the grave speculations of deep thinkers. Call the club "Cosmos" or "Omphalos" or what you will; but let there be draught beer.

The Rev. Mr. Peters of New York forgot both clerical and manly dignity when he made his "slashing comments" on the approaching Castellane-Gould wedding.

Mr. John L. Sullivan, a gentleman well known in Boston for versatility and engaging social qualities, is reported as "stranded." It looks as though he were stranded on a bar.

Let us again refresh ourselves with the deeds of the mighty. Let us pay homage, though belated, to famous men of the month. Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of Mr. John Tice of Hagley, Worcestershire. He departed this life in 1774 at the age of 125. Misfortune dwelled with him, and Sorrow was his sister. In his youth—he was only 80—he broke both legs by tumbling from a tree, which he had climbed in boyish frolic. A cold soon after settled in his head, and he was then stone deaf. Hardly had he reached man's

estate—he was just 100 years old—when he fell, seized by a fainting fit, into the fire. As he was a cripple he could not rescue himself, but a friend happened to come into the room and removed him from the coals.

It appears that Mr. Nat Goodwin proposes to broaden his histrionic experience and climb still higher toward the region of refined comedy by managing a "starring tour" of Mr. Johnny Griffin, a Brockton gentleman, who has given his whole mind to pugilism.

The readers of the New York Herald are familiar with the name of "Jacques St. Cere." The name is a pretty one, and it looks well on a locket or at the end of a newspaper article. But the owner, who is always talking about "we French" and twisting the English lion's tail, was known to his father and mother as Rosenthal, and once his favorite stamping ground was Berlin.

The following extract from an interview is timely and pertinent:

"When Verdi sent for me," said Maurel, "to begin the studies for the first production of 'Otello,' he was shocked at my idea of playing Iago with a clean shaven face."

"Why, the role will be ruined!" cried both he and Arrigo Boito.

"Not in the least," I said. "You may be quite certain that Iago made a careful toilet every day, with the most cynical tranquillity."

"No! No! No!" shouted Verdi. "It will never do. You will look hideous!" Not flattering, was he?

"Very well; you will have to take me as I am and my interpretation of the role, my idea of the personage, my costuming of the part, or get some one else."

"Grumbling, the maestro gave way, and I played the part as I thought it out. I remember that Verdi was in a box, with some of his friends, and they told me that when I came out in the second act he gave a sob and beamed round the company with delight and relief."

Miss Christina Rossetti's personal estate amounted to nearly \$70,000.

Here is Peter Lombard's last, and the English journals think it is funny enough to make a man laugh, even if he were all alone by himself in the woods. And yet such chestnuts must have dropped from Syranus's trees when the young Theocritus was a-gathering. Here it is, Judge for yourself. "Farmer Wuts was so popular with all members of the new council that he was unanimously elected Chairman. Naturally he was much gratified, and on taking his seat he said emphatically, 'I assure you, gentlemen all, that I don't mean to be either partial or impartial, but to do my duty.'"

Feb 28 - 95

"CARMEN."

Bizet's Opera Substituted for "Manon."

The Inadequate Performance of Zelle de Lussan.

An Amiable Don Jose and a Colorless Gypsy.

On account of the sickness of Miss Sanderson, "Manon" was not given last evening at Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company. "Carmen" was substituted. Mr. Beignani conducted. The cast was as follows:

Carmen	Miss De Lussan
Parquita	Miss Bauermeister
Mercedes	Miss Van Cauteren
Michaela	Miss Lucille Hill
Escamillo	Campanari
Morales	Gromzeski
Dancairo	Carbone
Remandado	Rinaldi
Zuniga	Viviani
Don Jose	Maugulere

The performance as a whole was unsatisfactory. In certain respects it was absolutely bad. The Carmen and the Don Jose were the chief offenders.

The Carmen of Miss de Lussan was not inadequate because it did not approach or rival the Carmen of Calvé. There were great Carmens before Calvé, and there will be great performances after the death of that extraordinary woman. It was inadequate for this simple reason: Miss de Lussan has for this role neither the imagination nor the histrionic skill.

Carmen is known to all. True, she was a reckless, selfish wanton, to whom love was only the synonym of lust. She was not unlike Bet Flint, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who described her character thoroughly in a sentence. This sentence is a masterpiece of picturesque terseness. Unfortunately the prudery of this age will not allow quotation. But just as Bet Flint entertained the sage moralist and warped the opinion of the Judge when she was brought before him for stealing, so Carmen held the hearts of men in the hollow of her hand. If her burning passion were feigned, the lover did not discover it before he was consumed. Neither the thought of faithfulness to country nor the desertion of mother and betrothed cooled Don José in his wild and self-destructive ardor. Even when he knew her utter worthlessness he could not tear himself from her, for the perfume of the woman overmastered his brain, as the scent of the flower thrown at him in front of the tobacco factory disquieted him.

Miss de Lussan in her performance gives no excuse for the infatuation of the soldier. Her coquetry is that of the comic-opera favorite. Her archness is artificial. There is no conviction in her wooing. She is without abandonment. She does not appeal to the senses. Would she display rage or hate? Then her attitudes and facial expression remind one of the Tough Girl in Mr. Harrigan's play. If she has neither elemental passion, neither has she finesse in her methods. Her performance is savorless. There is no individuality whatsoever. The hearer is unmoved. He knows that Miss de Lussan is trying to play Carmen. Before she went to England her performance of this part, although it was crude, nevertheless gave promise. Today it is easy to understand why Queen Victoria admired her. Nor was there last evening any such exhibition of vocal skill or even haunting, thrilling tones as to lead one to overlook the inadequacy of the dramatic representation.

Mr. Maugulere is an amiable tenor, who in amiable roles is often acceptable. But when he essays to portray the maddened Don José, he is lamentably deficient. In his hottest moments he was only lukewarm, and for the most part he was a standing gentleman. Mr. Campanari sang the Toreador's song with effect, but he was without fine appreciation of the character. Escamillo was the cock-of-the-walk, an insolent, fatuous fellow, who by his airs and brutal bravery captured women in true buccaneer fashion. Miss Hill is of pleasing personality, and she has naturally a voice of agreeable quality. In sustained passages she showed either insufficient training or temporary indisposition. Her performance was colorless. Poor Don José! Last evening he had no excuse for love of betrothed or gypsy. He should have tended rigidly to his military duties or obtained a furlough to visit his mother.

The minor parts were filled more or less acceptably by slingers familiar to Boston. The two chief smugglers acted with spirit. The chorus showed familiarity with the music, and the orchestra played about as it pleased. As the players are men of intelligence, the result was for the most part satisfactory. And yet there are many beauties in Bizet's score which were not brought fully into light.

Verdi's "Falstaff" will be produced this evening for the first time in Boston. There is no overture to the opera. Mr. Victor Maurel, who created the part of Falstaff in Milan, will play it here. The others in the cast are Emma Eames, Miss de Lussan, Miss de Vigne, Mrs. Scalchi, Messrs. Russitano, Campanari, Mariani, Vanni and Rinaldini. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

PHILIP HALE

Plain people who read the flub-dub about the Castellane-Gould wedding may well rub their eyes and say, "Marriage is, indeed, a vulgar thing."

"A very near friend of the Gould family" comes to a local contemporary that the match is not so much a union of diamonds as a union of hearts. And yet the Count shows "the greatest impatience when money is mentioned."

Our esteemed contemporary was represented at the Count's "bachelor banquet." The reporter possibly sat at the feast disguised as Prince Lubelti, or he may have served as a waiter; this point is immaterial. There was a sigh of relief in Boston when it was found out that "from the very first the fun was fast and furious, but always decorous." Count Henri did not dance, clad only in his underwear, on the supper table,

and Mr. Raoul-Duval did not indulge himself in topical songs. "Creighton Webb, in a moment of enthusiasm, sat down at the piano and played the wedding music from 'Lohengrin.' It was a happy thought, and fresh bumpers were broached."

"Bumpers were broached!" That is to say, cups or glasses of wine, filled to the brim, were pierced or tapped. The sight was well worth seeing. Were the glasses pierced with a gimlet, or was a faucet inserted in each one? There was no vulgar drinking. There was bumping and bumping.

But the reporter soars in a still higher flight of rhetoric. "Then the Count gathered handfuls of the Beauty roses, and dipping the petals in the sparkling wine, flung them at his well wishers, who received the intoxicated blooms with shouts of approval."

Was this the finale? Oh, no. The host and guests then witnessed a sleight-of-hand performance furnished by a talented amateur. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!

And yet the entertainment was not wholly inappropriate. The late Jay Gould was a master of sleight-of-hand.

This is the feast day of St. Romanus, a French hermit, who for some reason or other is regarded as a weather prophet. Romanus bright and clear Indicates a goodly year.

It was St. Romanus that healed two lepers by kissing them. This prescription is not among the remedies mentioned by Dioscorides, who mentions a long list, as flour of darnel with sulphur, hellebore with vinegar, verdegriis, cantharides, etc.; nor does Actuarius recommend it. And yet such a token of ineffable love might well be to the abhorred and abhorrent outcast a mightier medicament than any brewed or pounded from the three kingdoms.

It is the old story over again. That which arouses enthusiasm in New York is taken very coolly in Boston; witness the reception of the mediocre—bad is the more truthful term—performance of "The Huguenots" Monday night. That which is slighted in New York is often here the triumph of the season; take the case of Tannhauser, who, Tuesday evening, triumphed gloriously.

Today is the feast-day of St. Lupicinus, who, they say, was the brother of Romanus mentioned above. St. Lupicinus wore no stockings, but in this peculiarity he was not influenced by political motive, and he never courted respectful attention under the name of the "sockless saint."

We take it all back, Nat. But we saw in the newspapers that you were to manage Mr. Johnny Griffin, and of course he believed the statement, for we are of simple faith and trust our fellow men.

This is the anniversary of the death of a remarkable person, for surely the racehorse Eclipse was a distinguished personage. He died in 1789 at the advanced age of 25. For several years before his death he lived in retirement, and pondered no doubt the glory and the vanity of fame. His life was insured for some thousands of pounds, an infrequent practice in those days. In 1787 he was moved in a carriage built for him, for he was feeble. At the autopsy it was discovered that his heart weighed 13 pounds.

To C. B.: No the statement that Mrs. Hearst gave "a roccoco concert" is all right and "roccoco" is not a typographical misreading of "rocky." They do all sorts of queer things in Washington. To be sure "roccoco" implies that the concert was distinguished by "a superfluity of confused and discordant detail." This entertainment might also have been called baroque. But what is really needed is a "Byzantine" luncheon.

Feb 28: Requiem to given. Extra perform. Russ. rano made debut To Raoul March 1

"FALSTAFF."

Verdi's Masterpiece of Musical Comedy.

A Great Work, Glowing With Vitality.

Circumstances of Production Unfavorable.

Yet the New Opera Provoked Great Enthusiasm.

"Falstaff," a "commedia lirica" in three acts, libretto by Arrigo Boito and music by Giuseppe Verdi, was produced for the first time in Boston by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company last evening in Mechanics' Building. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Mistress Ford.....Emma Eames
Anne.....Zelle de Lussan
Mistress Page.....Jane de Vigne
Dame Quickly.....Sofia Scalchi
Fenton.....Russitano
Ford.....Campanari
Pistol.....Mariani
Dr. Calus.....Rinaldini
Bardolph.....Vanni
Sir John Falstaff.....Victor Maurel

The first performance of "Falstaff" was at La Scala, Milan, Feb. 9, 1893, when Maurel created the part of Sir John. Its first performance in the United States was at New York Feb. 4, 1895.

They say that as long ago as 1847 Verdi longed to set a comedy of Shakspeare to music. It was about 1872 that he was again taken with the desire, after hearing a performance of Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto." This famous opera, he remarked, together with "Don Giovanni," was the ideal type of musical comedy; and it is reported that he then exclaimed, "If I could find such a libretto I would tempt fate." In 1890 Boito and Verdi began work together. At first the opera planned was "The Taming of the Shrew;" the subject was not sympathetic to Verdi; Boito then brought him the scenario of "Falstaff."

Boito divided each of the three acts into two sections. The first contains Falstaff's quarrel with Bardolph and Pistol, the dispatch of the letters to Mistress Alice Ford and Meg Page, and the soliloquy on honor borrowed from "Henry IV.;" the second contains the reception of the letters by Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford and their plot of revenge; the third contains Ford's design upon Falstaff to discover his guilt with Mrs. Ford; the fourth contains the incident of Ford's search and Falstaff's discomfiture in the clothes basket; the fifth contains the invitation to Windsor Park; and the whole concludes with the famous fairy scene in the Park, Falstaff's basting, and a general reconciliation. The minor love-story deals with Pention's outwitting of Dr. Calus. Page and Slender do not appear, and Mrs. Page is little but a foil for Mrs. Ford. Certain phrases from "Henry IV." are introduced in addition to the soliloquy. After the discomfiture of Falstaff, Ford and Calus, a tremendous fugue is sung, and this is its burden; everything in the world is a burlesque, the world is full of fools fooling each other, and he laughs best who laughs last.

Boito has arranged his libretto admirably. One may miss Slender, another may deplore the absence of the Host of the Garter, but in opera too many characters cannot be defined sharply in music. The introduction of the scene where Falstaff disguises himself as an old woman would have led to dull repetition of the basket episode and the attempted drubbing. The last act may lag a little, but is the action any quicker in Shakspeare's comedy?

"Falstaff" was heard here for the first time under certain unfavorable conditions. First of all, the hall is eminently unfit for the performance of such a comedy.

The music suffers. In this opera the orchestra is always in the action and the conversation. It comments, enlarges, hints, accentuates, jokes. These orchestral points are for the most part necessarily lost as far as the great majority of the audience is concerned. The comedians are similarly at a disadvantage. Both the musical fluid and the dramatic fluid are wasted before they affect the hearer. Few can appreciate in such a hall the marvelous facial play and gesture and vocal inflection of such an actor as Maurel.

Then, Maurel was suffering acutely from sore throat. He was unable to sing with marked effect, and was obliged to rely chiefly on his histrionic power.

On account of his indisposition, the soliloquy on honor (Act I, scene 1, the famous soliloquy that opens the third act with the great orchestral trill), and several pages of cantabile were cut out. Now the two soliloquies mentioned are among the chief numbers of the opera. And the delightful little solo, "Quand'ero paggio del Duca di Norfolk," which has before this been redemanded again and again, this solo worthy of Mozart at his highest, passed comparatively unnoticed, for Maurel could not do justice to it.

It is risky, perhaps, to pronounce judgment on a work heard for the first

time under such conditions. But this opera, produced in Milan, when Verdi was in his 80th year, is one of the few masterpieces of musical comedy. It seems to me that it will rank with "Figaro" and "The Barber," yea, lead them, because Verdi is a man of our own day; he has had the great advantage of building on the foundations of others. If Mozart were now living, he might have written "Falstaff."

Comparisons are undesirable, and yet one naturally thinks of "Die Meistersinger" in connection with this opera. "Falstaff" shows as great a musical imagination, as great orchestral technique, and a more splendid and dazzling spirit of comedy. It has this great advantage in the story: "Die Meistersinger" is peculiarly German, clannish in its declaration of musical faith; "Falstaff" is the musical delineation of a universal, cosmopolitan character.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the music is its sparkling, brilliant vitality. What the Host says of Master Fenton in Shakspeare's comedy has been well applied to Verdi's score: "He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May." The first orchestral figure is one of dash and power, and the interest seldom if ever flags until the fairy scene in the third act, where the libretto does not prick inspiration. Was the chatter of women ever so delightfully and realistically given before, as in the second section of the first act? And yet charming as this music is, the opening scene between Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol and Calus is a marvel of broad treatment. The second act throughout is wonderful, most wonderful. The dialogue between Mrs. Quickly and Falstaff—who will ever forget her "Reverenza?" the scene between Ford and his enemy, in which the monologue of Ford rises to a tragic height; the visit of Falstaff at Ford's house; what words can describe the ever-changing, ever glowing and coruscating measures. There is nothing to distinguish in this act, which is beyond distinction. One can only praise and wonder and give thanks that such genius is now on earth. Do you ask for sentiment? There is the exquisite little duet of Fenton and Anne, or Nannetta, in the first act; there is the description given by Ford of his wife; there is the duet between Alice and Falstaff, which, alas, was cut last night. But to thus catalogue gives no idea of music that flows through two acts clear and sparkling as a mountain stream in the sunlight. The second part of the third act seems of less genuine worth. And yet when you hear the minuet movement which goes with Ford's "Gia Savanza," the thought comes irresistibly that only Mozart could have written it. As for the great fugue, I should like to hear it again.

Here is everything, breadth, temperament, versatility, color, dramatic fidelity, extraordinary sense of situation, authority, and that indefinable something that suggests immediately the presence of overwhelming genius.

Here are no concert numbers. The opera is a musical comedy. The orchestra is perhaps the chief character, but such is Verdi's art that it never monopolizes the conversation. "Falstaff" is not in the Wagnerian sense a music-drama; nor will you find in it any concession to Wagner, the theorist. Verdi has undoubtedly studied Wagner, the musician—and what modern composer has not? But the entire scheme of the opera is at variance with the theory of the music-drama. For, as has been said by an acute foreign critic, "Falstaff" is composed, in essence, of all those elements, which, according to Wagner, were incapable of solubility." The first two acts, and by far the greater part of the third, are not only brim full of melody, without thought of the left-motiv as understood by Wagner. The opera has duets, choruses, quartets, fugues, just like any Italian opera written before the cry of "Verismo."

The performance was excellent. Maurel's Falstaff, a truly remarkable impersonation, is not the hero of "Henry IV.," that occasioned Maginn's paradox; the disappointed man of wasted opportunities and melancholy mind; "the elderly and very corpulent gentleman, dressed like other military men of the time (of Elizabethan, observe, not Henry IV.), yellow cheeked, white bearded, double chin, with a good humored but grave expression of countenance, sensuality in the lower features of his face, high intellect in the upper." The Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a far lower animal, and this is the Falstaff of Maurel. He does not sigh at the thought of his boyish days when he was page to Thomas Mowbray; the gross man laughs at his former tender grace. He is a sensual old rascal, given to sleep and inordinate potatoes. He reeks of sack. He is a man-fish a toss-not, a malt-

worm. He has a vicious look
a blubbery lip. Does he know
love? He would never stir from the tavern
in quest of the two women. If it were not
that in his eye they were Golcondas, the

East and West Indies. A practical man,
this Falstaff. There are bills to pay. The
host of the Carter no longer jokes with
him. Wine there must be, even if he has to
make love to Ford's wife. Is he ashamed
because he is deceived, reviled, exposed?
Not a bit of it; there is still wine; every-
thing is a jest; some one is fooled every
hour; but there is still wine and good. Why
pretend to be brave? Even the trumpets
in the orchestra laughed when Ford spoke
to him of campaigns and battles. Honor is
merely a name. Wine is a reality.

Admirable, most admirable, dramatically,
was the performance of Scatchi. Rich, yes,
unstudied, was his humor. Most admirable,
too, was Campanari as Ford. He sang the
great soliloquy superbly and he was strong
and spirited in action. The other parts were
well taken, and the orchestra, under that
most accomplished leader and musician, Mr.
Mancinelli, was a constant delight. The first
two acts were received enthusiastically. The
last act did not appeal as strongly to the
audience.

The fat Knight is no new apparition on
the operatic stage. There is a long list of
operas in which he figures: "Falstaff," by
Saleri, 1798, Balle, 1838; Adam, 1856. There
is "Le vieux Coquet," by Papavoine, 1770.
"The Merry Wives of Windsor" is the title
of operas by Ritter, 1794; Dittersdorf, 1790;
Nicola, 1839. Falstaff appears in operas
entitled "La gioventù de Enrico V." by
Herold, 1815; Mosca, 1817; Carlini, 1820; Pa-
cini, 1821; Morlacchi, 1823; Garcia, New
York, 1827; Mercadante, 1834. Falstaff is
also introduced in "Le Songe d'une Nuit
Été," by Thomas, 1850. Of these works,
the operas by Nicola and Thomas are now
on the stage. The former's "Merry Wives
of Windsor" was last given at the Boston
Theatre in April '86, when William Hamil-
ton sang Falstaff.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" will be given this
evening. The cast will be as follows: Libia
Drog, Mantelli, Tamagno and Campanari.
Mr. Bevilgnani will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

March was so angry with an old woman
for thinking he was a summer month that
he borrowed a day from his brother
February, and froze her and her flocks to
death."

At the very beginning of the month,
while the corpse of February awaits the
bearers, let us again refresh ourselves by
drinking deeply at old springs of knowl-
edge. Do you believe, Reuben, that the
ossified man is an invention of the dime
museum manager or a horrible caprice of
recent years? Observe the case of Mr.
William Carey, aged 19, whose tendons and
muscles turned to bone, according to a
letter of the Rev. William Henry, dated
March 1, 1759, Castle Caldwell, near Innis-
killen.

In William's case ossification began in the
right wrist. Why give the details of his
suffering? Let us hasten rather to his cure.
After many experiments, physicians "laid
him down in a sallivation, and he had a
little more clearness and vivacity in his
countenance." Then he was plunged into
the ocean and his limbs were anointed with
the soapy juice of the quercus marina. The
latest report—1759—described him as on the
road—or rather wave—to recovery. It would
be a pleasure to receive a little fresher in-
formation.

A peck of March dust is worth a King's
ransom.

That the new statue of Grant, to be
erected in Washington, does not look like
him, is a singular objection to come from
a Joint Committee of the House and Sen-
ate. Where in the world did they get such
an idea? It's new to Washington.

March rain spoils more than clothes.

Francis E. Seavey of Boston said at the
meeting of the National Council of Women
that "men had so little variety in costume
that it was a pity for women to repeat
them." Madam, accept the assurance of
our most distinguished consideration.

Mrs. Julia Leavitt, whose principles "were
embodied in the looseness of fit of her black
silk gown," remarked at the same council
that the harm done by dressmakers was
colossal. Many a husband will breathe a
deep "Amen!"

March comes in with adders' heads and
goes out with peacocks' tails.

The cruelly wounded and charred body of
Mrs. Fernald was "conveyed to a front
room, through which a constant procession
of sight-seers passed." And yet some won-
der at the ability of men and women in
old days to endure the sight of an auto da
Fé. We again repeat our semi-yearly
remark that if a woman were to
be burned alive on Boston Common
next week Saturday all available rooms
would be engaged by Monday; rail-
way trains would be crowded Thursday and
Friday; and on the appointed day the streets
of the city would be blocked with people
struggling for a sight of the flames.

A dry March, wet April and cool May
Fill barn, cellar and bring much hay.

"Lady Florence Dixie wears a dress mod-
eled after the costume worn by Rosalind in
"As You Like It." But this is a vague
statement, distressingly vague. One Rosa-
lind differeth from another Rosalind in dress
as well as glory. The character of the cos-
tume depends on the character of the
nether anatomy of the wearer.

Thunder in March betokens a fruitful
year. Yet others say, Thunder in March
brings sorrow.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus of Mr.
Henschel as a conductor of Wagner's music:
"Mr. Henschel seems to lack the full inspi-
ration, the fiery quickness of its meaning.
He is too polite with it, too condescending,
too remotely gracious, like a man standing
aside and saying, 'This is true art; don't
you see so much for yourselves?' with the
result that, although one knows this inter-
esting fact already, one is not prepared to
take it from Mr. Henschel's hands. Let it
not be supposed, however, that we do not
appreciate Mr. Henschel. In some respects,
even as a conductor, he is to be admired;
but for all admirable music he is not equally
admirable."

This reminds us that Mr. Nikisch is in hot
water again. He is angry with the music
critics of Pesth for some reason or other
and he has succeeded in excluding them
from the general rehearsals of the Royal Op-
era House. The Pesther Lloyd reflects bitter-
ly on his executive ability, and another news-
paper declares that he wishes to create
trouble to bring about a cancellation of his
contract in order to accept an engagement
elsewhere. All this has a familiar sound.
Mr. Nikisch should have moved to New
York when he shook the dust of Boston
from his Hungarian feet. They appreciated
him, yea, they loved him in New York.

If "flannelette" means "an article not
quite equal to flannel, but closely resem-
bling it, and much cheaper," why should
not peppercette, mustardette, sugarcette,
whiskycette be in the market?

March 2-1895 "IL TROVATORE."

Tamagno Provokes the Wild-
est Enthusiasm.

The Most Spontaneous Applause
of the Week.

Mme. Libia Drog Heard for the
First Time Here.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was given last
night at Mechanics' Building by the Abbey,
Schoeffel and Grau company. Mr. Bevil-
gnani conducted. The cast was as follows:

LeonoraLibia Drog
InezMrs. Van Cauteren
AzucenaMrs. Mantelli
Il Conte de LunaCampanari
FerrandoMariani
RufzVanni
Un ZingaroRinaldini
ManricoTamagno

The performance provoked the stormiest
applause of the season. The old and fami-
liar opera drew a larger audience than the
one at "Otello." The "Di quella pira" of
Tamagno, hurled at the hearers as from a
catapult, gave ten times the delight in-
spired by the supremely subtle and im-
pressive portrayal of Iago by Maurel. The
applause began at the fall of the curtain
after the first act. It swelled in loud
crescendo, until at the sound of Tamagno's
tremendous high tones there were recalls
without end and frenetic enthusiasm. The
"Miserere" was repeated, and there was ex-
citement to the end. Now, if this is the
sober verdict of the public, why should
managers be blamed if they shy at nov-
elties?

It must be admitted that there are excel-
lent reasons for the popularity of the opera.
No one cares about the plot. I doubt if
anyone ever discovered after a searching
examination which child was roasted alive,
or whether the child that was roasted after-
ward grew up and sang baritone, or whether
the child that should have been roasted
led an outcast's life and sang tenor, or
whether any child was roasted at all. It is
not unlikely that Azucena was a little nutty
and saw things in her sleep. Never mind
the story. The music is eminently tuneful,
and the fourth act, with the exception of
the finale of the scene between De Luna
and Leonora outside the tower, is a great
example of true dramatic composition. The
denunciation of Leonora by Manrico is one
of the most intense, realistic and at the
same time splendidly melodious scenes in
the whole history of opera. Wagner never
attained such results by such comparatively
simple and truly artistic means, and Verdi
himself in his long and illustrious career
seldom wrote a companion piece. No won-
der that an audience waxes enthusiastic
over such virile and intense music.

But the performance last evening, with
the exception of Tamagno's delivery of the
famous aria, was not such as to warrant
stormy applause. Mrs. Drog has a voice
that is distinguished neither by sensuous
beauty nor by power. It scatters, as a
thin jet of water blown by the wind. She
seems to have little sense of rhythm or even

time. Her execution of florid passages is
weak and ragged. She is most conven-
tional in action. Mrs. Mantelli has a power-
ful voice of ample range, and she evidently
has dramatic feeling. Tamagno was far
more fortunate in measures that called for
robust expression than he was in senti-
mental lyric strains. These three singers
wandered at times from the true pitch. Mr.
Campanari suffered from a sore throat,
and his two arias were omitted. Mr. Mar-
iani has a full, agreeable voice, and he was
satisfactory as Ferrando. Mr. Bevilgnani
held the chorus and orchestra under firm
control.

It was a fine old-fashioned evening of
Italian opera in this respect; the singers
addressed their remarks, amatory or belli-
cose, directly to the audience. Manrico
might swear eternal fidelity to Leonora, and
Azucena might confide dire secrets to Man-
rico, but neither was impolite enough to
ever turn the back on the audience, nor
were the stage persons presumably ad-
dressed ever rude enough to interfere be-
tween singers and the public. Azucena re-
covered sufficiently from her fainting fit to
bow to the audience before she had another
attack, and Manrico came out of the locked
tower twice, as though he knew the com-
bination.

The opera this afternoon will be "Rigo-
letto." Melba, Scatchi, Russitano, Mariani
and Victor Maurel will be the singers.

Mr. Manguere will take the part of Faust
in the extra performance of Gounod's opera
this evening.

PHILIP HALE.

The weather is not what it used to be.
There was a time when March came in
like a lion and would not have disappointed
the audience in a single roar. But now
he snaps his thumbs at saws and proverbs,
and he mops his forehead as though he
had to take punctually his place in the
calendar. It is true that he has occasion-
ally thus misbehaved in other years, for
did not some one say

March flowers
Make no summer bowers.

Then it is said that if March comes in like
a lamb he will go out like a lion. But this is
merely a perfunctory, unmeaning rear-
rangement of words. Or some one, a wise
ass, a deep weather-thinker, was flouted
and giped by bored neighbors because March
went back on him, and so he twisted the
proverb about.

Still, disappointing as these days are to
the antiquarian who wishes to regulate his
life by singular old precepts and hints,
they bring to the workingman, as well as
to him whose brain is well-nigh maddened
by gigantic financial operations, rich
thought by the remembrance of past brave
and glorious and faunting deeds.

How merry, for instance, was life at the
Bull Inn, near Tunbridge Wells, March 2,
1804. Two shoemakers met in friendly rival-
ry. The one undertook in the sight of the
people to eat the length of himself in pork
sausages, which was 5 feet 9 3/4 inches, weigh-
ing 3 1/2 pounds, included two pounds of new
bread, a quart of porter and two glasses of
brandy; and he performed this feat with
ridiculous ease, exciting the admiration and
the envy of the onlookers. The other, noth-
ing daunted, ate a pound of salt butter with
a spoon, without bread or vegetables, in ten
minutes, and afterward a dumpling weigh-
ing 1 1/2 pounds, made of flour and water,
which served as a weight to keep the butter
down.

There was only one cloud in the high sky
of enjoyment. A farmer's servant, whose
name, unfortunately, is not preserved, bet
that he could drink a quart of Hollands in
15 minutes. He won the wager easily, for
he served as a full bottle after three min-
utes and a half. He was soon missed, but
they found him in an adjoining field, in a
state of insensibility; and although they
encouraged him in every way to remain on
earth, he refused to sojourn longer here,
and died within a few hours.

"A historian believes that the first iron
works were in East Brantree." His sup-
position is unfounded. Tubal-Cain was the
instructor of every artificer in brass and
iron, and he dwelt in the land of Nod.

Somehow or other one is inclined to envy
the experience of Capt. Spinney. Who
would not lose the routine of the week
and forget what was done or said, the
monotony, the grubbing along, the bores
and the boredom, the whys and the where-
fores, the you-musts and the you-must-nots?
For, as Jules Laforgue once remarked,
life is so daily!

To L. B. W.: No, there is no such word
in the dictionary as "everness," although
you will find it in Wolsey's "Life of
Marlborough." There is "everlastingly,"
but the latest quotation of its use is dated
1449. You may find it, however, in The
Dial, that strange collection of Orphic say-
ings and mystical chatter.

Miss Lucie Faure, according to a contem-
porary, "rules her family completely and
has published a book." She probably rules
by threatening to read from it at break-
fast and dinner.

...another extract from Miss Euphemia Machiavelli's invaluable treatise, "Maritus Vulgaris, the Common Husband: His Causes, Management and Cure." Tact is the burden of her discourse. "Cultivate a tender conscience in him. Weeping is no good. It exasperates him and discolors your features. Try something gentle and submissive. Forget his ill-deeds and see that he gets the consequences. Don't worry him when he is tired about dropping his cigar-ash on your new tablecloth. Buy a new one. If, as I have heard is often the case, he stops out late now and then, sit up, make yourself and the room look bright, light all the candles, and welcome him cheerfully; tell him what a delightful time you have had. Don't furnish him with particulars, but always treat his absence as a kind of festival. All men are constitutionally greedy, and he will begin to think he has missed something worth having. Rely upon it, he won't value your company if you don't appear to do so yourself."

Mrs. Harriet A. Shinn of Illinois, delegate of that august body known as the National Association of Loyal Women of American Liberty, demanded passionately of her sisters in convention, "Have you given the churches the right to say that because a woman has once sought happiness and failed, she shall not attempt to get it again? Women formed two-thirds of the church members, yet a woman could not be divorced and then remarry." This statement has a pine-tree savor of freshness and surprise.

Mrs. Shinn should ponder the maxim of the late Morgan O'Doherty: "A married woman commonly falls in love with a man as unlike her husband as is possible—but a widow very often marries a man extremely resembling the defunct. The reason is obvious."

March wind and May sun
Makes clothes white and maids dun.

March 3-95

ABOUT MUSIC.

Verdi's "Rigoletto" the Opera of Yesterday.

The Triumph of Mr. MacDowell in New York.

A Symphony Program of Only Moderate Interest.

Verdi's "Rigoletto" was given yesterday afternoon in Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Bevigiani was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Gilda	Mrs. Melba
Don Giovanni	Miss Bauermeister
La Ciesca	Mrs. Van Cauteren
On Paganini	Mrs. Michaelena
Maddalena	Mrs. Scallchi
Il Duca	Russitano
Sparafucile	Mariani
Scarlatti	De Vaschetti
Monteone	Viviani
Il Re	Rinaldini
Il Conte di Casprano	Cernusco
Pierrotto	Ancona

There was naturally keen disappointment because Maurel was unable to appear in the part of Rigoletto, which he is said to sing with intense power. The performance of Ancona was without strength or individuality. On no occasion did he rise to tragic grandeur, nor was he ever melodramatically picturesque. The role abounds in opportunities for an actor, and even if the music is comparatively slighted, a tragedian of temperament and skill can master an audience from the very start. Ancona was an amiable jester, of unruffled position, calm and friendly in the most aggravating circumstances. He might have admitted in strict confidence that the ruin of his daughter was unfortunate. He was mortified by her accidental death. It is even probable that for some time he did not speak to the Duke after he left the "deserted spot on the shores of the Mincio," and took up his life again at the Imperial palace. But it is also probable that he finally made up with his master to whom he was witness in the suit of Rigoletto. Sparafucile for breach of contract and loss of daughter's services. Verily his performance gave greater satisfaction, and yet he wandered occasionally from the true pitch.

Melba undoubtedly was suffering from the prevalent operatic epidemic for she was not full mistress of her dazzling talent. She sang with effort mirabile dictu! Her intonation was not always impeccable. In the first scene she was above the pitch of the duet with Ancona, beginning "Vedetta tremenda," she fell below. In spite of her indisposition she sang through a veil the glorious

It is said that Mr. Russitano made a most favorable impression Thursday afternoon, when he was substituted for Jean de Reszke in "The Huguenots." Thursday night in "Falstaff" he showed the strain of the previous task. Yesterday he sang admirably the music of the Duke. His voice is an agreeable lyric tenor, and he manages it with much skill. The delivery of "La donna è mobile" was marked by unusual taste. The canzone is too often declaimed as though it were the denunciation of a rival or an impassioned battle call. As an actor, Russitano moved in very conventional grooves. The Duke of Mantua, as played by him, would never have brought a blush to the cheek of a member of the Watch and Ward Society by word or deed.

Mariani sang the music of Sparafucile in a highly-respectable manner, but his action was colorless. It is to be regretted that Castelmari. A playactor of uncommon power, is prevented by an injury to his leg from appearing here this season. His Sparafucile is one never to be forgotten: the slight part assumes imposing and sinister proportions. Scallchi was a good-natured, loquacious Madalena. The minor parts were taken acceptably, and the chorus sang with more than customary intelligence.

There was a very large audience. The features of the performance, judged by the applause, were Melba's "Caro nome," the well-known air of the Duke, and the wonderful quartet which was remanded imperatively. The whole of the final duet of the opera was omitted.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and St. Saens's "Samson and Delilah" will be sung this evening by members of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company at Mechanics' Building. Among those who will take part are Nordica, Mantelli, Plancon, Campanari, and Tamagno. The full chorus and orchestra will assist. Messrs. Bevigiani and Mancinelli will conduct.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell gave the first of two piano recitals in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York, Feb. 28. His success as composer and pianist was so brilliant as to inspire the music critics of New York to pay these glowing tributes.

The Evening Post of the 1st published a most appreciative review, from which these extracts are taken: "It may be safely said that not since Mr. Paderewski played for us some of his own pieces has a piano recital been given in this city at which the quality of genius was so unmistakably present, both in the compositions and in the playing of them, as at Mr. MacDowell's first recital. This American composer has the gift of bringing tears to the listener's

eyes with a single chord or modulation—a gift that is associated, for educated hearers, with genius only. For such persons there is no pleasure comparable to that of hearing a gifted composer play his own pieces. * * * With the exception of Mr. Joseffy—who is a great admirer of Mr. MacDowell—there is today in this country no pianist who plays Chopin and Schumann as charmingly as this visitor from Boston, who, however, is a born New Yorker."

The Herald of the 1st speaks of Mr. MacDowell as "not alone one of the most talented of native pianists, but also the most gifted of American composers."

The Times calls him "the most satisfying pianist that has been heard here since Paderewski, because he displays always a profound sympathy with his instrument and its literature. It is not necessary," says the Times, "to announce that Mr. MacDowell is among our foremost native writers, for that fact is generally conceded. But it may not be so widely known that he enjoys as high a reputation in Europe, and that he thoroughly deserves it. His compositions are all rich and vital, with the truest romantic spirit, and they are plentifully supplied with fruitful musical ideas. In structure they are graceful, symmetrical, and well-knit, and there is always a suggestion of repose and reserve power. No composer has been more successful in the embodiment of a poetic picture than Mr. MacDowell has been in embodying the dramatic feeling of the scene, which is the inspiration of his 'Poem.' It is a clear-cut, powerful little musical drama."

The Recorder says: "A fine musical temperament, an interesting personality, a lovely singing touch and rich tone, has this young man. He is a romanticist and has so far resisted the realistic currents of his time."

Don't you think, Mr. Paur, that Mr. MacDowell should be invited to play at a Symphony concert?

The program of the 17th Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphonic Prologue, "Francesca da Rimini"	Foote
"An Island Fantasy"	Paine
"Waldesruhe"	Dvorak
Capriccio	Klengel
Symphony No. 2	Beethoven
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2	Liszt-Doppler

After the purple and scarlet and red and crimson of opera, the cool green of Beethoven's larghetto was refreshing. The movement was played sympathetically, and gave great delight to the audience. Admirable indeed was the performance of Mr. Schroeder; it was so crisp and clear in bravura, so sustained and unexaggerated in cantabile. The pieces by Messrs. Paine and Foote were applauded loudly, and the composers bowed their acknowledgments.

By the way, Mr. Paur, symphonic poems entitled "Francesca da Rimini" have been composed by Tschalkowsky and Antonio Bazzini, names almost as well known in the musical world as that of Foote. Might it not be well to let the public of Boston know what musical views these foreign gentlemen entertained concerning Francesca and her playmates?

PHILIP HALE.

The Operatic Concert at Mechanics' Building—Jean de Reszke Will Sing This Evening in "Lohengrin."

There was a large audience last evening in Mechanics' Building. Portions of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were sung by these members of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Opera Company: Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Scallchi, Messrs. Mauguere and Plancon. The entire chorus and orchestra assisted, under the direction of Mr. Bevigiani. The numbers chosen were the Introductory chorus, with quartet, the "Cujus Animam," the "Quis est Homo," the "Pro Peccatis," the "Sancta Mater" and the "Inflammatus." The features of this portion of the concert were the superb delivery of the "Pro Peccatis" by Plancon, who refused an encore, and the clearness and strength of the high C in the "Inflammatus," which led to a repetition of the air. With the exception of this high note, there was little in Nordica's singing of the air to be warmly praised. The opening phrase was given in a perfunctory manner, and there was throughout a non-appreciation of the awful meaning of the words and the breadth and the intensity of the music. The performance of the other members does not call for extended comment. Mauguere gave an amiable and in some respects queer interpretation of the "Cujus Animam." The quartet was not well balanced, and the performance of the "Sancta Mater" was without nuances.

"Samson and Delilah" was also given, and in concert form. Mr. Mancinelli showed his skill and sympathetic spirit as conductor. The singers were Mrs. Mantelli and Messrs. Tamagno, Plancon, Vanni, Rinaldini, de Vaschetti and Heinrich Meyr, who took the place of Mr. Campanari, who is still suffering from a sore throat. Mrs. Mantelli was admirable as Delilah, and her rich and full voice was heard to great advantage in the famous song of wooing in the second act. Tamagno sang with power. Plancon gave great pleasure by his natural gifts and his art. The others were satisfactory. The work itself, even when it is cut as it was last night, is not one to awaken wild enthusiasm at a popular concert. The most interesting numbers, so far as the music is concerned, depend largely for their effect on the harmonic and contrapuntal treatment, and the beautiful instrumental dress in which Saint-Saens's thoughts are clothed. Delilah's great air with its sensuous refrain is the one number that appeals to an operatic concert audience.

The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin." Nordica, Mantelli, Ancona, Plancon, Abramoff and Jean de Reszke will be in the cast.

The managers state positively that Mr. Jean de Reszke will sing the part of Lohengrin this evening.

PHILIP HALE.

Here is a criticism of a well-known opera singer now in town. It was delivered in a Back Bay street car. For its analytical, deep-searching spirit, as well as for the refreshing novelty of expression, it may well excite the envy of professional critics. "Yes, I liked him very much. There was more of the granular than the fibrous quality in his voice."

Did not Lucille Hill once sing in "Haddon Hall?" And yet no allusion has been made to the fact in any sketch of her career or in any interview with her.

History is, indeed, rewritten when Napoleon the Little is represented as a most lovable, honest, in fact unsophisticated character. What a pity it is that these agreeable qualities are posthumous!

The people of Chicago, if they are annoyed seriously by Mr. Bok's denunciation, may find a horrid joy in reading a certain chapter in Mr. Ford's "Literary Workshop."

A butler inevitably suggests a burgundy nose, chalk-stone knuckles, a vinous lip, a moist eye and gouty feet. Now, there are butlers who are most correct and estimable persons, and such suggestions do them grievous wrong. Would it not be well for families who frown on wines and spirits to adopt the term "water-butler?" If there is such a word as water-but, why not such a compound as water-butler?

All things should be in harmony in this age of symbolism. There is condensed milk. It should, then, be delivered by a condensed milk-man. He should be short, thick, squat, bulbous. Nor should he ride behind a tall, gaunt horse. A barrel-bodied pony would be in keeping.

Students in etymology and the history of language may be pleased to learn that old Chimes regards Don Jose (the hero in "Carmen") as the equivalent of "put on stockings." The phonetic spelling Hose will explain the enormity of Chimes's offence.

A few days ago we referred to a singular episode in Viennese theatrical life. An actress objected to a stage kiss given in pursuance of the playwright's directions, and there was a great pother about the matter. It seems that since the remonstrance, the osculatory opinions of European actresses have been published in a symposium. Was there not a symposium of like nature published in this country some years ago?

Lola Beeth, soprano, says to kiss on the stage is a duty which only is turned into a pleasure when it is done behind the scenes. A Miss Biedermann, who is apparently a woman of temperament, exclaims, "The whole matter isn't worth a fig; a true

...should be on the alert... drawn out and well felt. The... on the contrary, short, in a heavy and vulgarly loud." Miss Pepl Glockner believes that the stage kiss "goes off with the powder on the cheek of the actress who receives it."

Jenny Gross of Berlin is a philosopher: "On the stage I am Madame Sans-Gene in the fullest acceptance of the word. If the author wishes me to kiss or to be kissed I give or receive kisses with conviction and passion. As an artist I fill my rôle; I do not accomplish an act of personal will."

Meyrane Hégion of Paris says: "If an actress does not reserve in her contract the right to play only the parts of rosières, or of prix de vertu, I cannot comprehend why she should not let herself be kissed."

Queen Victoria's health must be good if she sat through a concert of the Scottish Orchestra "without giving a sign of fatigue."

Here is a strange story told by the Pall Mall Gazette: The nape of the neck is a convenient bit of anatomy to have, no doubt, but most people go through life without being specially reminded that they have it. Now and again it comes in handy in cases of summary ejection. Leech's Frenchman once carried his ablutions so far round, and caught that historic cold in consequence. In the ante-penultimate stage of existence it may sometimes grow a carbuncle. And, in the last scene of all, when you lie on M. Debler's bascule, or when, with Mr. Berry's "thimble" neatly secured under your chin, you descend into the bottomless pit, it is through your severed nape that the life goes out of you. As a rule, however, men are content to have napes to their necks, and not think much of them. Certainly no man ever thought of making money out of other people's napes until the other day. Then the idea occurred to an ingenious, but irregular, practitioner, in a village somewhere in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He found that, by an inspection of the nape, and of the color and quantity of the hair that grew thereon, he was able to diagnose and remedy all and every the diseases to which the owners of napes are heirs. At any rate, the heirs in question took his word and his physic for it, and he weighed in the florins plentifully. So plentifully, that regular practitioners hailed him before a Judge, and the Judge mulcted him of 150 of those florins—not for his diagnoses, which may have been all right, but for his physic sales, which were all wrong. So the village, which the influx of patients had made a grateful township, paid the fine. The napist learned to write, and wrote prescriptions, and took a friend of his into partnership. The partner makes up the prescriptions; the law is satisfied, and so is everybody else.

march 5. 1895

THE OPERA.

The Epidemic Plays Havoc With the Casts.

"The Huguenots" Substituted for "Lohengrin."

A Tribute of Admiration Paid to Miss Bauermeister.

Neither Mrs. Mantelli nor Mr. Jean de Reszke was in physical condition to sing in "Lohengrin" last evening. "The Huguenots" was substituted, and then there were changes in the cast announced in the newspapers of last evening and in the opera program. The cast was finally as follows:

Valentine.....Mrs. Nordica
Trigano.....Miss Van Cauteren
Margherita.....Miss Bauermeister
Raoul.....Ed. de Reszke
Marcello.....Ed. de Reszke
Conte di Nevers.....Ancona
Conte di San Bril.....Plancon
Mr. Bevilgnani was the conductor.

That so many of the singers of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company are in the hands of throat doctors is a severe disappointment to the public. But do you suppose that the managers and the singers are not equally grieved? Here is not one case of sore throat, but an epidemic. There are various alleged causes. Some say that the change from Washington to Boston was too sudden. Others say that the weather of the last week was enough of itself to choke the members of the company. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that hardly any of the chief singers are in prime vocal condition. The doctors offer encouraging reports; let us hope that their faith is not unfounded.

The performance of last evening calls in large measure for apologetic treatment. It was not one of marked worth, but when all did their best in spite of physical inconvenience, it would be unfair as well as uncharitable to carp at omissions and com-

misions. The robust Nordica showed the wear and the tear and the anxiety, although in the great scenes of the opera she gave pleasure to the audience, if loud applause is a trustworthy symptom of inward delight. It is a pity that this singer of natural gifts and liberal vocal education has not made progress in her dramatic studies. She is still self-conscious, without imagination, and Valentine is a woman without passion and without any serious conviction. She does not seem to appreciate either the chivalric spirit of Nevers, or the devotion and keen sense of honor of Raoul. The spectator never thinks of Valentine as a woman of flesh and blood. He sees and hears Nordica. By looking at the play bill he discovers that she is Valentine. Nordica, then, is not a dramatic soprano; she is a singer who sings in rôles catalogued as dramatic.

Russitano is a lyric tenor of an agreeable voice, when it is not forced. This voice has been well trained, and in lighter rôles the singer may well give pleasure. Raoul, however, is something more than a Huguenot addicted to sentimental ditties, and although Mr. Russitano made a brave attempt, he was at the best a walking gen-

tleman. Plancon and Edouard de Reszke were admirable in their respective parts. The former's San Bril is one long to be remembered for its stately dignity dashed with fierce fanaticism.

What would Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau do without Miss Bauermeister, the faithful Bauermeister? This modest, sincere and intelligent artist has more than once saved an audience from disappointment by her versatility and her good nature. The public is apt to regard only the glittering stars of the first magnitude. But such singers as Miss Bauermeister are indispensable to the success of an operatic performance. Last night she sang at short notice the difficult part of Margherita, and well did she deserve the hearty applause that rewarded her pluck. Would that certain singers of greater reputation had her true artistic spirit and intelligence!

The performance does not call for further comment. The choruses were given in a lusty manner, and again the queer ballet made its appearance and went through evolutions distinguished neither by natural grace nor rigid precision.

The opera this evening will be "Don Giovanni." The singers as announced are as follows: Nordica, Eames, De Lussan, Russitano, Ed. de Reszke, Carbone, Abramoff and Victor Maurel. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ayer did not treat Dr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary of the American branch of the Society of Psychical Research, with the respect that should be shown a gallant foeman. To call a man a "hog" and an "ass" is no longer regarded as indisputable proof of native wit or cultivated and genteel repartee. Nor did Jevons devote many chapters in his book on Logic to this species of syllogistic reasoning.

Mr. Hodgson is the terror of all professional wizards, magi, cunning-men, shamans, "ecstasies," and oboah-men. He is dreaded by all that are skilled in the use of charms, lamen, sigel, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror and geomantic figure. His name is cursed solemnly, and pins are stuck into his waxen effigy as it melts and drips at sabbats of dealers in thaumaturgy, glamour and sortilege. The fakir in India awakes from troubled dream of Hodgson and prays that his adversary may never leave the Tavern Club. Ghosts of hitherto respectable local reputation have given up their nightly exercise, and suffer in consequence. It is true that Mr. Hodgson is paid for his services as an exposé, but it should be remembered that he wrestles against the rulers of the darkness, and he must therefore be strong in mind and body, well-fed, without care.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hodgson exposed Mme. Blavatsky. Those who are still inclined to believe in her should read Solovoyoff's "A Modern Priestess of Isis," Englished lately by Walter Leaf. The Pall Mall Gazette, in a review of this entertaining book, speaks as follows: "His portrait-ure is replenished with sympathy, with observation, and with insight, and he renders with convincing exactitude the shameless parcel of lust and of imposture, with her splendid deceit, her nauseous cajolery, her foul-mouthed patter. Her excuse was that

without her jugglery she would have long ago starved to death." Her power lay in her intrepid depravity and in her knowledge of the weaknesses, the cowardice and the credulity of her victims. In the true spirit of the blackmailer, she threatens to destroy her tools at the price of her own ruin. The ignorance of the woman was blatant. Those unique MSS. from the Vatican, which reached Notling Hill by 'astral route,' the still more curious MSS. destroyed at Alexandria and miraculously reintegrated for her use, came into inept hands. For the imposter's accomplishments were few; she forgot Russian, she murdered French, she tortured English, nor could she ever learn to spell in any tongue. But the secret of her success is to be found in Mr. Solovoyoff's pages wherein are set out the varied debauchery and resourceful cunning of the jovial, hideous, obscene old quean. Herein she moves lifelike, outshining Sapphira, the peer of Celestina, with much of Falstaff's wit and all Munchausen's ingenuity. Theosophy is dead, and its gang of dupes, cranks, knaves and mountebanks is ignominiously scattered. But the foundation of the cult deserves recognition as the most brazen, the most monumental liar in all history."

She "Don't you think that Miss Eva... with gen line feeling?" He—Fudge—really had feeling, she would not shrink—Ellegende Blätter.

The Rev. Mr. Perl's point against Judge Grant's "Rogers, the Bookkeeper," is well taken. The Judge describes sarcastically how a bookkeeper supports himself and a family on a salary of \$2200 a year, and thus, probably without intention, sets up false standards of judgment. Judge Grant is not a snob—he is far from being one—and yet the views of life expressed in the article might be called snobbish by those who do not know the author.

A correspondent informs us that Miss Harriet A. Shinn, whose remarks on divorce were quoted in this column, the 1st, was not the delegate of "The National Association of Loyal Women of American Liberty," as stated. It appears that Miss Shinn was the delegate of "The Association of Women Stenographers." There are so many of these august bodies that the reporters of the proceedings of the Council at Washington are to be pardoned easily if they do not catch at once the environment and atmosphere of each impassioned speaker.

Our correspondent adds further that the only divorce the N. A. L. W. A. L. deals with is "the divorce of Church and State, politics and religion." This is indeed enough to occupy fully the attention of the members, and the Association of Women Stenographers will no doubt do full justice to the question of divorce of husband and wife.

Here is a judgment passed in a street car on the Sunday night operatic concert: "Oh, it was well enough in its way, but it didn't come up to the Sunday night concerts given by the Old Homestead Company. Take Jose, for instance; he can sing all 'round that Tomango."

By the way, the Rev. Mr. Lansing says the title "Sunday concert" is "blasphemous." Did Mr. Lansing ever hear of a Sunday concert of prayer? A concert means, first of all, an agreement of two or more persons or parties in a plan, design, or enterprise. The performances at Mr. Lansing's church are Sunday concerts. They are reported; and they are criticised favorably or unfavorably.

march 6. 1895

THE OPERA.

Maurel's Appearance in "Don Giovanni."

A Remarkable Portrait of the Famous Rake.

His Conception Was Not Clouded by Vain Theories.

"Don Giovanni" was sung last evening in Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Donna Anna.....	Mrs. Nordica
Zerlina.....	Miss Zelle de Lussan
Donna Elvira.....	Mrs. Emma Eames
Leporello.....	Ed. de Reszke
Don Ottavio.....	Russitano
Masetti.....	Carbone
Il Commendatore.....	Abramoff
Don Giovanni.....	Victor Maurel

It was 20 years ago, Feb. 12, 1874, that Maurel appeared as the rake-helly hero of Mozart's opera at the Boston Theatre. The other singers in the cast were Nilsson, Marasi, Cary, Campanini, Nannetti and Scolara.

This opera of Mozart is apt to drag when the stage accommodations do not allow quick shifting of scenery. The action should be as rapid as was the life of the hero. With long waits between scenes that should be in close succession, the opera runs the risk of appearing like an operatic concert, in which favorite singers appear armed with solos and concerted pieces. Although the letter-aria was omitted last evening, the curtain did not fall on the final scene until just before midnight.

The performance was a male triumph, for three of the men in the cast were far superior to the women in dramatic action.

Let us admit frankly that Mr. Maurel is still suffering from the epidemic. His voice was weak, and they that heard him as Iago could hardly recognize it. In spite of his physical infirmity, which accounted, no doubt, for occasional false intonation as well as weakness, he often gave proofs of his mastery of vocal art, notably in the drinking song and in the serenade. How admirable, how marvelous was his delivery of the secco recitative, which is too of

a colossal bore. Here, as in "Falstaff and Perello," he showed himself an artist of supreme power. Chagery, ridicule, threats, appeals, terror—all these were expressed at will. Phrases that are usually hurried or gabbled were pregnant with meaning. It is not too much to say that this great singing-comedian was heard to greatest advantage last evening in the recitative that to lesser men seems of trifling importance; and it seems so to them because they either are ignorant of the traditions or without the dramatic and vocal ability to express publicly their understanding.

To act Don Giovanni is one of the hardest tasks of an operatic singer. It is so easy to be merely sensual, and many see only the sensual side of the hero. Others mistake him for a Mephistopheles, others for a Faust. Then there is, and not infrequently, the sight of a well-dressed and highly respectable citizen harassed by two women, one a shrieking virago, the other whining and lacrymose. No wonder that this last type almost welcomes the statue as at least something new and of few words.

The character of Don Juan Tenorio y Salazar has been analyzed for years, and many are the theories propounded by deep thinkers and extractors of sunbeams from cucumbers. Some of these theories are fascinating, as that of Hoffman in his wild story "Don Juan." The most modern analysis is by Armand Hayem, and it treats rather of Don Juanisme than of the legendary character. His book abounds in truth and epigram. And it is Hayem who at once sets apart the Don Giovanni of comic opera. The type of the man he studies does not count and catalogue his victims. His hero is tempted by quality not quantity; again variety tempts him, but above all the difficulty of the undertaking. "He is amorous of the impossible."

Now I do not believe that Maurel bothered his head much with such speculations when he studied the part. Certainly Lorenzo da Ponte, when he shaped his libretto from the old story, had no such theories buzzing in his head. A rake himself, he told for Mozart's benefit the traditional story of a rake's adventures; and Mozart wrote his music without thought of allegory or symbolism.

Maurel is the Don Giovanni of da Ponte and Mozart. For his performance first of all is eminently frank. The moment the light is thrown upon his face, the libertine is revealed. The make up is wonderful. The features, the expression are not to be misunderstood by even the most unsuspicious virgin; it is a sensuous, wicked face, yet splendid in a fashion, brilliant, alluring, seductive. Maurel does not swagger. He is not a buccaneer. The very presence of the man causes discarded and cruelly wronged Elvira to flutter and even pray for his repentance. Donna Anna may call him a wretch and incite Ottavio against him, but she herself must admire him secretly. Maurel is not moved in his eternal pursuit of women by any search after the ideal. He does not chase a chimera. One woman serves his purpose as well as another. Her name today is Elvira, tomorrow it is Zerlina. He runs foolish risks; he escapes beatings from fellows beneath him; he fights in the duel when it is necessary, with husband, brother or father. When he kills his adversary, he salutes as a gallant gentleman the corpse. He, above all, shuns forsaken women, with their foolish and vain reproaches. He does not believe that the statue will accept his invitation. The wine was in his head when he asked him in bravado. When feasting he hears the cry in the corridor and the inexorable tramp of the Stone Man, he knows not fear. The visitor is to him no more real than a seducer's vow. Not until he learns physically by the icy grasp of the statue's hand the true nature of his visitor does he suspect the purpose of the visit. Then, realizing the awful meaning, and knowing that the end of his fleshly career is at hand, he cannot endure the terror of Leporello, which is to him about to plunge into infernal depths, buffoonery on the part of one unworthy of such a fate. And this story of the rake's progress is told by Maurel with unsurpassable cunning. He runs the gamut of all earthly passions. He knows the heart of the village coquette as well as that of the noble dame. Each tone, each gesture has its meaning. Gallant, debonaire, he is ironical when bored by the two women. He descends to practical jokes, he berates Masetto. And yet such is his authority, that even when he thus lowers himself, none women out of ten in the audience admire him. The tenth looks at him earnestly and wishes that she had known him.

De Reszke's Leporello was seen here in '92. It is the same admirable performance, perhaps a little mellowed. Its highest point is reached in the famous aria of the first act. Excellent was the Masetto of Carbone. Rusitano sang "Il mio tesoro" to the delight of the audience, and although it was about a quarter past 11, a little late in the evening for an encore, he took it and did not sing the air as well the second time.

Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Eames and Miss de Lussan were conventional in action. Miss de Lussan sang more fluently than when she appeared as Carmen, and the part of Zerlina is not so utterly unsuited to her. Both Mrs. Nordica and Mrs. Eames were loudly applauded, but these singers have been heard here to far greater advantage.

The maskers' trio was repeated. Mr. Macneil conducted with great skill in the detail—as in the accompaniment to the serenade—and with his habitual and inherent sympathy for all that is noble in music. The introductions of real champagne at the supper was a pleasing realistic touch, and the young women who were seated at the table evidently appreciated the generosity of the host.

The opera this evening will be "William Tell," Lucile Hill, Mathilde Bauermeister, Ancona, Plancon, Mariani and Tamagno will sing. Mr. Macneil will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

Twenty-five hundred yards of asparagus vine were used at the Castellane-Gould wedding. The symbolist may wonder at the choice of decoration. He should remember that Celsus recommends asparagus as a pickle in affections of the spleen. The ancients administered it in cases of the jaundice. The Arabians held that it is antiseptic. Here is much rich food for thought.

They had no wedding breakfast at the Gould house, but they had a déjeuner. "Walsingham" tells us this, and as he was present, of course, and sat next the bride, there should be no doubting Thomas. Strong man as "Walsingham" is, he was deeply moved by the spectacle of "sensitive ladies" nearly swooning in "the hot-house atmosphere of American Beauty roses and lilies." According to him, the déjeuner "followed the religious representation." "Representation" is good, and singularly in keeping with the whole theatrical affair. So, too, the description of the Count's disposition as "scenic" is a delightful touch of local color.

What should we do without "Walsingham?" Few of us were able to be present at the ceremony, and if it were not for him, many would now burst in ignorance. The Count "was quite as self-possessed as though he were leading a cotillon"—not an American or English cotillon, mark you, but a real French cotillon.

The coolness of de Castellane reminds one of the wedding behavior of the Count who married Miss Kilmansegg:

"But the Count he felt the nervous work
No more than any polygamous Turk,
Or bold piratical skipper,
Who, during his buccaneering search,
Would as soon engage 'a hand' in church
As a hand on board his clipper!"

Mr. Russell Sage, pious and frugal man, sent the bride a Bible. Why did he not choose rather a screen? They say he is an unerring judge of such useful ornaments.

It was on March 6, 1813, that workmen a-digging at Old Ford found a stone coffin with a skeleton 7 feet long.

A correspondent writes that "pepperette" is known in the market, and that the article is used in the adulteration of pepper. It is undoubtedly sold then in some grocery stores, but don't ask for it by name, or you may wound the feelings of the proprietor. Again we ask, are there such things as "mustardette" and "whiskette?"

How badly Miss Lucille Hill must have felt when she read a contemporary's sweet review of her performance of the Queen in "The Huguenots;" for it was another—yea, it was Miss Bauermeister who happened to sing the part. Yet such accidents will happen in these times of lightning cast-changes. The singer that suddenly acts as a substitute should wear for at least one act a placard bearing her name displayed in bold letters.

The Chap-Book of March 1 publishes a charming poem by Mr. Arthur Macy of Boston. His friends have known for some years his genuine poetic instinct and felicity of expression, his kindly wit and mastery of rhythm. Singers are acquainted with him through the verses that Mr. Newcomb has set to music. It is to be regretted that Mr. Macy's modesty prevents him from giving to the world at large that which is relished so keenly by his companions.

The sister in charge of the children in the South Boston church acted bravely her part when the slightest flurry might have led to sickening disaster.

A suit of paper as supplied to the Japanese soldier on service has been much admired in London. "The trousers, it is true, are knickerbockers, and lead to the impression that the Japanese soldier invariably wears his left leg shorter than his right; but this, we believe, is the result of art rather than nature. A man might make a handsome living by having advertisements printed on himself, after the manner of the praying machines."

Katie Lawrence brought suit against the Blackpool Winter Gardens and Pavilion Company, for damages for allowing the song, "Daisy Bell," of which she claimed the sole right of singing, to be sung at their place of entertainment without her permission. Mr. Justice Kennedy said that the song was a dramatic piece as well as a musical composition. It was meaningless except as regarded the representative element, which necessitated, in order to be understood, that the singer should appear in the costume of a male cyclist. The song might be described as the song of a young man of moderate means but romantic ideas. The defendants would be liable to pay nominal damages unless they could prove consent in writing. His Lordship said they were entitled to rely upon the printed notice of reservation on the title page of the song, to which plaintiff had never objected. This notice was to the effect that the song might be sung everywhere, except at music halls. Now the defendants' place of enter-

tainment was a theatre. Fifty thousand copies of the song had been published, and yet the plaintiff had never enforced her claims to the sole right, nor had she ever objected to the printed notice. He must hold that this notice amounted to a consent in writing, and judgment would be for the defendants.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"Carmen" Substituted for "William Tell."

Mr. E. Cutter's Concert in Chickering Hall.

The robust Tamagno yielded finally to the prevailing epidemic, and in consequence of his sickness "Carmen" was given last evening instead of "William Tell" by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company at Mechanics' Building. Mr. Bevigiani conducted. The cast was as follows:

CarmenMiss Mira Heller
ParquitaMiss Bauermeister
MercedesMiss Van Cauteren
MichaelaMiss Lucille Hill
EscamilloAncona
MoralesGronzeski
DancarloCarbone
RemendadoRinaldini
ZunigaViviani
Don JoseMaugulere

The performance does not call for extended comment. There is no need of mincing matters. There is no need of searching for gentle adjectives or vague sentences. Miss Heller was a most unsatisfactory Carmen in every respect. She was not coquettish, seductive or demoniacal in her portrayal of the gypsy. There was neither grace nor passion. There was no trace of high imagination or painstaking drill. Carmen, for once, was an ordinary, dull, logy woman. Miss Heller has some full and sombre tones of haunting beauty in her voice. She showed independence in matters of rhythm, and a reckless defiance of the true pitch. The managers have apparently no one in the company that can sing and play the part. It would, then, be prudent for them to drop the opera from the repertoire of this season.

Miss Hill renewed the favorable impression left by her first appearance, and she was in better voice. Ancona sang with spirit and his habitual good nature. Maugulere was again a walking gentleman, who tried to follow conscientiously the directions of the librettist. All in all, it was a very dull performance.

"Falstaff" will be the opera this evening. "Romeo and Juliet" will be given tomorrow night. "Otello" will be given at the extra performance Saturday evening.

PHILIP HALE.

MR. CUTTER'S CONCERT.

The concert given in Chickering Hall last evening was largely devoted to the compositions of Mr. E. Cutter, Jr. Co-laboring with Mr. Cutter in the performance of his trio in A minor were Messrs. Kneisel, violinist, and Schroeder, cellist. To pass judgment upon a new work as the result of but a single experience with it, may not generally be considered either wise or fair; but in the present instance we have to deal with a work that is by no means thoroughly original; neither is it a profoundly composed work. Such newness as it contains is to a limited extent creditable; is for the most part unimportant; it is superficial at times, and the final vivace "with humor" is like some coarse and witless jest. On the other hand it is in evidence that the composer has made a serious study of counter point. That he has been most commendably successful in this was shown later in the evening in his performance of an admirable suite in G minor, which had naught to mar its intrinsic beauty save a very trivial scherzo. The prelude of the suite is simply charming; the gavotte is ably made, the musette portion of it being very unique. The finale opens with a fuga partialis, an irregular fugue, 'tis true, but for all that, admirable.

If, then, we have found Mr. Cutter to have been considerable of a Hyde in the composition of his trio, it is our pleasure on the other hand, to acknowledge that he is none the less a Jekyll in his suite.

Mr. Cutter's performance of Beethoven's sonata op. 10, No. 3, was peculiar. He displayed no just and scholarly sense of rhythmic values in his playing of the scherzo, and the work, as a whole, did not seem to have been so carefully studied by him as were his own compositions, which were fairly well played.

Mr. Schroeder played in his own masterly manner several compositions by Schumann, Schubert and Cossmann. Both Messrs. Schroeder and Cutter were impartially applauded.

C. L. C.

Is it true that painters of genuine worth starve in this city, where there is so much talk about Art with a big A? Is it true that prizes are awarded through "social influence" to painters of ordinary ability, who are masters of the profession of leg-pulling? These are questions that surely demand discussion.

There has been a great deal of talk about the exhibition of well-known artists. New York welcomes those who so hungrily in Boston. After the sound of praise in the city of adoption reaches Boston, the enthusiastic in art say, "Who? Mahlistick? Know him? Yes, indeed, a remarkable man. He used to live here. It's a pity that he prefers New York."

A valued correspondent writes as follows about Mr. Breck's pictures: "We would advise all who have hastily formed an opinion adverse to the Impressionist school of paintings to visit the gallery of the St. Botolph Club during the current exhibition of Mr. John Lester Breck's canvases. These pictures, while distinctly Impressionist, are so true to the more delicate and subtle phases of nature that one doubts if they could be rendered so charmingly by the solid treatment of more conventional methods. The vibrant effect which is secured by the resolution of nature's hues into their several components so that the colors mix in the eye rather than on the canvas is most valuable in these sea shore and river views, where hazes and distant tones almost elude the painter. So beautifully have these been rendered that the water seems to ripple and the leaves to rustle and the clear atmosphere to sparkle under his treatment."

Perhaps it is merely saying that a true artist only paints what he sees, but it is most pleasing to note that these pictures have caught the very spirit of New England. River reaches on the Charles, apple orchards and stretches of the sandy and rocky coast of Essex county seem to welcome to us the very spots until we almost detect the reedy fragrance of the stream, the odor of the pink spring blossoms, or the salt spray that is blown from the wave caps. A few foreign views; a Kentish river, a clump of California cottonwoods, and one or two landscapes bespeak their distance at a glance.

"Mr. Breck has shown true artistic feeling and discrimination in the choice of his subjects as well as great skill in the rendering, and the exhibition will not only give pleasure to those who see it, but as the work of a Boston artist is a just ground for local pride."

The Boston waiting-girls say they do the same work as the male waiters, but "they do not always receive the tips that are deemed almost obligatory in the case of the men. * * * The salaries paid are small, and many of the girls are dependent on the tips they receive to aid them in procuring the necessities of life." All this is interesting to the earnest student of sociology. Indeed, "Tipping" was the title of a most elaborate chapter in "Man Considered as a Social and Political Beast"—the great work for which Taverner collected so much material. Alas, he died before he wrote his magnum opus.

Now, the pretty girl is not necessarily the better waiter, and yet she is apt to receive the larger tips. There are stingy men who regard affable conversation with the belle of the restaurant as of more value to her than a dime would be. Grimes caresses his moustache and says to his male companion, "I believe in treating these girls as respectfully as if they were in our set. They appreciate it, I tell you; they don't want fees, they want to be recognized as equals." And the foolish, near snob finds one day that his personal charms and pretty shop-keeping talk will not quicken the feet of Maria, and that Lucy's memory only works when started with at least the promise of a tip.

Such is the common view. And yet there is a species of waiter-girl in whose presence the conventional belle is but a tripe-faced shrew. We allude to the old girl of motherly instincts. She is stout; she rolls in her walk; she is apt to breathe hard; but she takes a kindly interest in her "clients." She advises confidentially as to the most desirable dishes of the day. Does the guest cough? She recommends a simple remedy. Is he tired? She tells him not to work so hard. Does he push away his breakfast after carrying the banner in a nocturnal alcoholic procession? She looks at him compassionately and steps the lighter that she may not jar his head. This is the girl that wins the largest tips. Sometimes she marries a frequenter of the restaurant, a lonely man who needs sympathy. Then is she wretched; for she continues to wait on him until Death enters as the supreme bouncer, nor does she often receive the tips of affection.

The New Yorkers are just beginning to find out that the German who sings in Wagner's operas is nine times out of ten a shouter or a howler.

The story of the Dorchester dog that was so passionately addicted to milk that he broke the eighth commandment in a most ingenious manner, suggests similar instances of canine reasoning. Here is the recent trick of a Scottish deerhound: "He lives generally in an out-door kennel, but when the hard weather came we had a box made up for him in a disused coach-house, opening into an inclosed yard. Having developed roaming propensities and an extraordinary capacity for jumping, he has been whipped once or twice for leaping the wall and visiting a neighboring house where he is not over welcome. Generally, however, he may be seen poking his nose

disconsolately through a hole he has made in the coach-house door. One day, however, he was missing, and his owner, after the customary whistle, retired to a room, the window of which overlooks the yard and barn. No sooner was he out of sight than the deerhound softly crept over rather than jumped the wall, cast a suspicious look round, slunk up to the coach-house, shoved the door open with his head and foot, and a moment after popped his head out of the hole as though he had been wearying there for hours."

March 8 -

THE OPERA.

Verdi's Fresh and Buoyant "Falstaff" Finely Given to the Delight of a Great Audience.

Verdi's "Falstaff" was given last evening in Mechanics' Building the second time by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company. The impression after the first hearing is strengthened and, indeed, magnified. The opera is a masterpiece. The music would be remarkable if it were the work of a young and hot-blooded genius; as the work of an old man, who has written many operas, it is marvelous.

Young musical Italy under the banner of "Verismo!" is pessimistic. Its plots are lurid. They are founded on tales of lust and blood. They tell the rank deeds of squalid people. The music fumes and frets and ralls at the stars. Some of these young composers have struck true notes, and their passionate strains and rhythmic frenzy and mastery of dissonances that cut like knives rack an audience and shake it mightily and stab it to the heart. No one denies their art.

But here is an old man who has dealt in passion all his honorable and enviable life. And he smiles at the young enthusiasts who hail him "Master," and he says, "Come, now; I have but few years to live. Before my blood is thin and chill, let me tell you the story of Sir John Falstaff. Optimism is the word. Everything is for the best. Everything is a joke. Let us laugh at Sir John and with him. But do not let us forget that there is such a thing as love. Listen to Nanette and Fenton as they sing."

This comedy set to music, happy in its libretto because the subject is one known to all nations that read, is one sparkling fountain of pure, delicious music. There is always the feeling of youth and joy and strength. Does Ford's jealousy cast a passing cloud over the gay landscape? Falstaff enters, clad in his courting clothes, and the orchestra laughs and mocks good-naturedly while he and Ford dispute as to which shall precede the other. The opera is not melodious, I hear some one say. Why, it is tuneful from beginning to end! So tuneful that half the delightful phrases are lost at the first hearing. And the skill shown in the instrumentation! Verdi in his use of the orchestra has here gone farther than Wagner in his theory and practice.

The cast was the same as at the first performance. All were excellent. Bardolph's nose, and Pistol's wounded honor, and Dr. Caius, with his subtle plans—these will be most pleasantly remembered. Mrs. Quickly, with her ironical salute, will long live in the memory.

The women chatter and plot most pleasantly. There is sympathy for the true lovers. Campanari as Ford shows himself an artist of the first rank. But dominating them all by force of genius and art is the Falstaff of Maurel, an incomparable creation. How masterful its detail! How superb its consistency! There is but one word for his performance, and the word is Shakesperian. The soliloquies were new heard for the first time, and for the first time did a Boston public hear that most humorous, most musical of tunes, "When I was Page to the Duke of Norfolk," for last week Maurel could only hum it. No wonder that the audience wished to hear it again and again. Mr. Mancinelli played upon the orchestra as upon an instrument, with art and with sympathy that was love for the composer and his work. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau deserve the hearty thanks of all true lovers of music for inviting them to such a feast.

The opera this evening will be "Romeo and Juliet." The singers will be Melba, de Vigne, Jean de Reszke, Ed. de Reszke, Plancon and Campanari.

PHILIP HALE.

Plymouth Rock pants seem to have a hole in the seat.

It is to be regretted that Wellesley College sees fit to raise money by the "chain of letters" plan. In comparison with this iniquitous system, piracy, burglary and blackmail are honorable and to be encouraged. The "chain system" extorts, bores, and is without garish melodramatic splendor.

Many a smug citizen, who has high ideas of social duty, was taken back to boyish days by hearing of the death of Capt. Thomes. He remembered a disagreeable character in "The Gold Hunters in Australia," named Moloch, whose rascality fascinated him. Do the boys of today read tales of adventure with such zest, or do they prefer the "studies" of the analytical school of novelists?

Mr. d'Aubigné, who took at half-an-hour's notice the part of Faust Wednesday afternoon, has many friends in Boston. His real name is Dabney, and he is a Virginian. He was first heard here as a singer in the Augustine Daly company.

They tell this story about him in New York. Sprinkle it with salt, if you please. "He was asked by the management if he would rehearse Canio in 'I Pagliacci.' Russitano was aggressive, said he had been called on too much, and demanded an extra \$200 if he sang the role. D'Aubigné rehearsed so well that the satisfaction was general; his name was out for the hand-bills, when Russitano took fright at the rival stranger, waived the \$200 and reported for duty. * * * The new tenor will sing in New York during the extra two weeks, and expects before that to have sung a half-dozen roles in the provinces." "Provinces," Miss Eustacia, means Boston, Chicago and towns in New Jersey. The New Yorker rolls the word under his tongue as a sweet morsel.

"The Raconteur" in the Musical Courier of this week pays Mr. E. A. Mac Dowell a glowing tribute apropos of his two recitals in New York. "No native born American player can approach him in warmth, color, variety of tonal nuance, authority or power. There is nothing he cannot do if he chooses to. His finger work is remarkable for its clarity and elasticity, the result of his Paris training. The volume of tone is as rich and as full as Paderewski's." Mr. Huneker closes his most appreciative yet discriminating review with this paragraph: "A great future has this same Mac Dowell. He is modern enough, but yet a romantic. When he writes an opera the poem will be from the world of romance. When he writes a symphony it will be flooded with the rich hues of a poetic romantic imagination. Romance dead, chivalry, poetry, dead in America, utilitarian, money grubbing America? Go to, go to! Not so long as Mac Dowell lives, writes and plays!"

Don't you think, Mr. Paur, it would be well for you to invite Mr. Mac Dowell to play at a symphony concert? Don't you think it would be well for you to conduct one of his orchestral works? You can easily find his address by looking in the Boston Directory.

Here is a phrase published in the Sketch that is recommended earnestly to all writers of "society paragraphs." "A function of superlatively social parts." The phrase will supply a long-felt want. It's singular that "Walsingham" has never used it.

Might not the following description be applied to many a Boston woman seen and heard in street car? "On her head is a little bonnet bristling with bows, feathers and spiky jet things, and secured by two large silver skewers, driven, apparently, right through her skull, for the points stick out at either side. On her nose is a pair of spectacles. Her face is partly covered with a spotty veil, gathered up behind, and fastened with a smaller silver skewer. In each ear is an earring. Her head being turned to one side, you catch sight of five hairpins, imperfectly concealed in an elaborate coiffure, and may surmise that there is an equal number on the other side. She wears a long cloak and a fur boa, which, being thrown open, display a jacket and a silk neckerchief fastened at one side with a gold safety pin. Suspended from her neck, and lying in her lap, is a muff, from whose inside bulge parcels and handkerchiefs. On each hand is a glove, on each wrist a bracelet. Over one arm hangs a leather bag, and over the other a brown paper parcel tied with string. In one hand she holds an umbrella, and with the other clutches a newspaper. Thirty-two separate articles does that poor tired woman load herself with every time she takes her walks abroad, all of them, with the exception of the hairpins, mere outer garments or adornments. It is quite reasonable to suppose that she has an equal number underneath. This brings the number up to over sixty. Good heavens! To put on, every day of one's life, sixty separate things! Why does a woman look old sooner than a man? We are not sure that she does, but if she does it is not because she does not use some kind of soap—not at all; but because she wraps, ties, hangs, spikes, piles, smothers herself up with so many things that she can hardly breathe."

March 9 - 95

The Reappearance of Mr. Jean de Reszke.

"Romeo and Juliet" Greeted Most Enthusiastically.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was sung last evening at Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

JulietteMrs. Melba
StephanoMiss Jane de Vigne
GertrudeMiss Bauermeister
Frere LaurentEd. de Reszke
CapuletPlancon
TybaltMaugulere
MercutioGronzski
Le Duc De VeroneViviani
GregorioDe Vaschetti
BenvoglioRinaldini
RomeoJean de Reszke

"Romeo and Juliet" was a failure when it was first produced in this country. There were comparisons drawn at once with "Faust," and the lovers of Verona suffered in the comparison. The waltz-song lived and found its home in the concert room. With the appearance of Jean de Reszke as Romeo, the American audiences discovered suddenly that the opera was "charming." Here in Boston it is one of the most popular works in the repertoire. But neither the failure nor the enthusiastic success was wholly deserved. There is nothing in "Romeo and Juliet" equal to the death of Valentine and the church scene in "Faust." Yet in the former opera there are most melodious passages, as in the balcony scene and the duet of the lark. Still stronger are the scenes of the betrothal and the administering of the potion. As a whole, the work is reminiscent, or rather it shows the genius of Gounod for assimilation. Scenes that should be tragic, or at least dramatic, are of a tawdry and melodramatic character; witness the cheap and common air sung by Romeo after sentence of exile has been pronounced upon him. To the musician the chief charm of the opera is its instrumentation, which often shows ingenuity and taste.

An immense audience was enthusiastic throughout the evening, and there were flowers and wreaths and recalls. Neither Melba nor Jean de Reszke was in full possession of vocal power, for Melba showed at first traces of fatigue, and although de Reszke acted with his usual grace and spirit his art served him admirably in covering the marks of his recent indisposition. Melba did not sing the waltz song with her accustomed brilliancy, and her intonation was impure. It was wise in her to refuse the encore. In the scenes that followed she did better work, and the duets of the balcony and the chamber gave genuine delight. When Jean de Reszke first appeared here he was the ideal Romeo, in tenderness and in strength. The ideal Romeo so dear to women is perhaps neither the man described by Shakespeare nor the one invented by Maginn, who contrasts Romeo, the unlucky, with Bottom, the lucky. Women judge a Romeo by their own idea of what a man should be. As de Reszke has all the physical charms and the art of the successful tenor, as he is tender without effeminacy, and strong without bluster, it is not surprising that in this opera of Gounod he controls the women in the audience and therefore the men. In sooth he is a gallant figure, and the enthusiasm and the palpitation that are synchronous with his appearance are easily understood. And yet last night the performance of Plancon as Capulet—who is generally a tiresome old man with a tremolo—was equally worthy of praise. Edouard de Reszke as the priest was as impressive as ever, pontifical in bearing, very human in his sympathy with the lovers; and it seemed as though last evening he sang with more than ordinary care. Admirable was his delivery of the monotone in Juliet's chamber.

Miss de Vigne made something of the page's commonplace song, and Mauguère showed unexpected spirit as Tybalt. I have never yet heard a Mercutio who gave any reasonable excuse for the existence of the Queen Mab song, and, although Mr. Gromzeski was painstaking in delivery, he was not the longed-for exception. The chorus was generally satisfactory and the orchestra was always a delight to the ear.

PHILIP HALE.

You probably have read the remarkable circular which begins, "In the interest of good music in Boston, it is proposed to ascertain whether the season ticket holders for the opera at Mechanics' Hall are desirous of taking concerted action toward facilitating the production in the future of performances which shall be free from the features that have occasioned criticism in this and former seasons."

The circular is high-toned, yes, Chesterfieldian in expression, but is not its purport vague? How do the honorable gentlemen propose to "facilitate the production, etc?" By hanging Mr. Schoeffel and Mr. Jean de Reszke in effigy on the Common at high noon, to the music of the Symphony Orchestra? By insisting on the choice of operas to be given and the casts? Or by subscribing to a new opera house?

At the beginning of the engagement there were growls from the organ of the discontented. The two de Reszkes and Melba were not in the cast of each and every night. "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" were not to be given twice each a week. The managers were so kind enough to announce "Otello" and "Palauff," epoch-making works, with the creators of the chief roles in the cast. So there were walks in a formered contemporary, walls that in range and degree of intensity resembled a chromatic whistle.

Then in spite of the fact that "prominent citizens" had subscribed, and at a lower rate than the price of subscription in New York, several of the singers, aided and abetted by the managers, no doubt, fell sick. Their conduct was an insult to the subscribers and also to the climate of Boston. It was rumored that other singers, although pining to appear, were locked in their suites at the hotel, and food and drink and medicine were thrown to them by the managers through the transoms.

Is Mechanics' Building such a wretched place? Not long ago Mr. William F. Apthorp in a review of "Elaine," published in the Transcript, proclaimed passionately that the acoustic properties of Mechanics' Building were superior to those of the Metropolitan Opera House. Opera is given in the former building at lower prices than it is given in the Metropolitan.

Do the discontented stop to consider the expense of maintaining such a company as the one now controlled by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau? Do they consider the fact that singers' throats are not made of sheet iron; that in such a changeable climate even "prominent citizens" at times suffer from sore throat, grip and intestinal troubles? Do they not realize that it is for the interest of the managers to give the operas as announced? But neither managers nor "prominent citizens" can make a man sing when his throat is raw, or a woman play her part when she is so weak that she cannot stand on her feet.

Be reasonable, gentlemen, be reasonable. If you do not like Mechanics' Building, put your hands in your pockets for a new opera house. You might at the same time, "in the interest of good music in Boston," subscribe to a new Music Hall, substantial and practical, not a thing in air to advance possibly the price of a building lot. You might also subscribe to a hall of more modest dimensions for chamber concerts and recitals.

If it does not freeze tomorrow, a fertile year may be expected.

If there are mists or hoar-frosts tomorrow, the year will be plentiful but not without some diseases.

It was on the 9th of March, 1655, that Mr. Evelyn went to see the great ship built by Cromwell "carrying 96 brass guns and 1000 tons burthen." Mr. Evelyn noted in his diary: "In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot. * * * A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; the word 'God with us.'" And has not that been the attitude of England ever since, although the action has not always of late years followed the threat?

That a respected citizen of a town in Maine had six teeth given him by nature after he was 70 years old is quoted as uncommon. Yet do the ancients record similarly marvelous and pleasing incidents. Aristotle writes that not only men in old age, but also women, sometimes at 80 years of age, have put forth their great teeth. Mutianus saith that he saw one Zancles, a Samothracian, who bred his teeth again, "after he was arrived to the 140th year of his age."

There are stranger dental curiosities, as the case of a youth in a monastery at Eugubium who had teeth bred in the palate. Think of Nicholas Sojerus, a Belgian gentleman of great integrity and prudence, who had a set of teeth of such an unusual property that, being struck upon with a sort of Indian wood, they were seen to sparkle fire, as if they were flint. The story is true, for it was told by his brother, Gulielmus Sojerus, a person well skilled in the Greek learning.

In the year 1372 the Emperor Charles IV. lost one of his grinders one night in his sleep, and another came immediately in its place. The Emperor at that time was in his 71st year.

Could you have loved, young man, the noble virgin at the Court of Ernestus, Duke of Lunenburg? There was one continued bone instead of teeth in her upper jaw. The Duke said she was of gravity and virtue.

mech 10 - '95

ABOUT MUSIC.

Massenet's "Manon" Given in Mechanics' Building.

Sibyl Sanderson Makes Her First Appearance in Boston.

The Interesting Program of the Symphony Concert.

Massenet's "Manon" was given yesterday afternoon in Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company. Mr. Bevilacqua was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Manon Lescout.....	Miss Sibyl Sanderson
Des Grieux.....	Miss de Vigne
Comte Des Grieux.....	Miss Miramon
Comte Des Grieux.....	Miss Van Cauteren
Comte Des Grieux.....	Bensaude
Comte Des Grieux.....	Plancon
Comte Des Grieux.....	Carbon
Comte Des Grieux.....	Gromzeski
Comte Des Grieux.....	Mauguère

Once there was an Abbé named Prévost. He was soldier, priest, and a writer of books. In his youth his father cursed him for some wild adventure; and the father threatened to blow out the brains of his scapegrace son if he did not become a monk. The life of the man was as stormy as that of the boy. Toward the end he became the chaplain of the Prince de Conti. "Abbé," said the Count, "you know that I never go to mass." And Prévost replied, "Monseigneur, I never say mass." Even his death was strange. It was in 1763 that he was felled to earth by apoplexy in the forest of Chantilly. Peasants found the body. A crime was suspected. There was an autopsy. A barber was the operator, and when the steel went into the flesh, the Abbé shrieked aloud. The barber had killed him.

The Abbé Prévost wrote many volumes—do they not number 200? Dismal tomes, full of learning and theology. It was when he worked at the eighth volume of "Gallia Christiana" that he thought of Manon Lescout. Today the little story of the passionate attachment of des Grieux for a treacherous wanton preserves the memory of the author, and it outweighs in the balance all his learned works. Some say that when he drew des Grieux, he drew his own portrait.

It was many years after the death of Prévost that Manon coquetted on the stage. The motif was considered risky; not without reason, for Manon in the story is almost without one redeeming grace, and the reader wonders at the lover's infatuation.

"Manon Lescout," a ballet pantomime by Halévy, was produced at the Paris Opera House May 3, 1830. The lovers were represented by Ferdinand and Mrs. Montessu. The composer made use of certain national airs.

About 1850 Théodore Barrière wrote a comedy, produced at the Gymnase, Paris. The chief comedians were Rose Chéri, Bressant and Geoffroy.

"Manon Lescout," music by Auber, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, Feb. 23, 1856. The lovers were Puget and Mrs. Cabel. The opera was not a favorite, although the "laughing-song" has been heard in concert halls ever since. Carotta Patti was always a-singing it. In Auber's opera Manon dies in Louisiana, and there was a brave attempt at local color.

Massenet's "Manon" was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, Jan. 19, 1884. Miss Hilbron was Manon and Talazac des Grieux. There were 68 performances in 1884, 10 in 1885, and then there was no revival until Miss Sanderson appeared in it Oct. 12, 1891. The libretto is by Meilhac and Gille.

"Manon Lescout," by Puccini, one of the young Italians whose motto is "Verismo," was produced at Turin Feb. 1, 1893. It has been sung in this country.

Some speak of "Manon Lescout" by Balfe. I find no mention of such work in Kenney's memoir of Balfe.

Massenet's "Manon" is not unknown in Boston. It was first given here, in Italian, Jan. 6, 1836, at the Boston Theatre, Minnie Hauk, Giannini, Del Puente, Vette, Caracolo and Rinaldini were in the cast.

This opera suffers mortally when it is given in a large theatre. The proper place for it would be a room not larger than the Park. The detail in the instrumentation, the "intimate" nature of the play and the music, and above all the many scenes where speech is accompanied by an enormous auditorium. To pass an authoritative judgment on such a work given under the conditions of yesterday would be unfair to the composer.

We have nothing to do with the book of Prévost. It might be interesting to discuss the character as treated by its creator and by the borrowers from him; but let us look at the libretto itself. It does not seem to be a masterpiece. There are episodes, tableaux, rather than a well-knit and logical development of a plot. Unless one knew beforehand the story, he could gain little idea of the dramatic presentation of the characters. They are not sharply drawn. The father is the ordinary "père noble." Manon is without special individuality. She is not as marked in character as her sister in "Traviata" or her remote relative in "Carmen." She has no peculiar atmosphere. There are such figures, smiling and coquettish, on painted fans. The infatuation of des Grieux is not easily explained. This Manon is not the utterly worthless creature of the original story. You may say that perhaps the lack of character is in the actress, not in the libretto, but Miss Sanderson is an admirable comedienne, and she studied the part under the composer, who is particular as to the conception and the detail of the performance of his opera. The Manon of the libretto arouses no deep feeling of any nature whatever in the spectator.

There are charming musical passages in this opera. There is the scene in the third act between the elder des Grieux and Manon, a true example of what opéra-comique music should be. There is the coquettish terzetto of the grisettes in the first act. There is the adorable song of Manon, "Voyons, Manon, plus de chimères," only rivaled by the exquisite romance in the second act, "Adieu, notre petite table!" The scene at Saint-Sulpice is, perhaps, judged as absolute music, the broadest, most glowing, and most passionate of the opera. But is not the duet that closes this act too heroic for the situation? A light of love is wooing a priest from his faith and duty. Yet the music would not be out of place in a Wagnerian music drama where god and goddess are the characters and heaven and earth await the result. The pother and frenzy seem out of place. The gambling scene is utterly without effect in Mechanics' Building. Nor does the music of the last act seem distinguished save the final passages in which Manon about to die gasps out her love.

For such a slender libretto and for such Dresden china characters the instrumentation seems at times swollen and turgid. Yet are there many passages beautiful in color, dramatic in treatment.

Miss Sanderson was a lady suffering physically. It is only just to say that she has been a sick woman from the day she arrived in Boston. She saw yesterday the risk of making a most unfavorable impression.

It would be unfair to judge her voice, for she was hoarse and her tones were often weak. Yet the voice carried, and many of her tones were often of haunting sweetness. She phrases admirably. She sings with an elegance that is rare in these days of boisterous sopranos. She is not merely a singer of phenomenally high notes, as has been reported. Never did she sacrifice the meaning of a phrase for a cheap display.

As an actress, she is easily the first of the women in the company. She delighted by the frequent exhibition of a sympathetic nature and histrionic skill. There has not been a more charming apparition on the operatic stage of Boston for several years than Sibyl Sanderson.

She should have had a stronger support. The des Grieux was wooden in action and ineffective in song. Bensaude has an agreeable voice, and he showed some animation, but he was conquered by the size of the hall. Plancon was admirable as ever. The orchestra was excellent. The rest is silence.

The program of the 18th Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:
Overture "Les Huguenots" in C minor, (MS), (first time)
Symphony Fantastique.....Robert Kahn
Adagio from Symphony No. 3, "Lenore".....Raff
Prelude and Andante quasi Larghetto.....Raff

Also given: Fest-Overture.....Brahms
Robert Kahn was born in Mannheim July 21, 1885. The program-book states that he studied composition under Brahms. Kahn studied under Vin: Lachner, Kiel and

Rhenberger. His works, string quartet, piano quartet, trio, songs for choruses of voices, are well spoken of. The overture played last night is eminently respectable music. It is the work of a man who has studied and knows his trade. It seems, however, to be without marked originality of invention or treatment.

Mr. Paur gave a careful reading of the musical work of Berlioz. Consider the time this symphony was written, as well as the contemporary instrumentation, and it is no wonder that it made a sensation, or that Schumann spent much labor in his celebrated analysis. Even now, when many young composers try to begin where Berlioz left off, certain effects seem new and extraordinary. Yet there is much that is dull, and certain passages that are positively offensive. The first movement is not an unusual delight, and does not the ball-music seem tarnished? Yet the "Scene in the Fields" is still of wondrous beauty, and the "March to the Scaffold" is a masterpiece of musical nightmare. With the exception of the burlesquing of the "Fixed Idea," the last movement seemed last night tiresome in the deliberate attempt to be demoniacally grotesque. There is such straining, there is such brutality without any real effect. The "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens is a far higher flight of imagination, and how comparatively simple are the means employed in producing the sensation of that which is diabolical. Or, if it is a question of shudder, mark how Verdi creates an atmosphere of indescribable terror at the beginning of the last act of "Otello."

PHILIP HALE.

The grand opera season closed last evening at Mechanics' Hall by the performance of Verdi's "Otello." The principal parts were taken by Mrs. Lilia Drog (Mrs. Eames was ill), Tamagno and Maurel. The company left early this morning for Chicago, where it will open the season with "Huguenots."

The following extract from "The Mapleson Memoirs" is most pertinent. The year was 1886. The scene was San Francisco. Mapleson quoted from a St. Louis newspaper: "An astonishing amount of sickness has seriously interfered with the success of the Italian opera. Frohstrom and Dotti sang during the engagement, but both complained of colds and sore throats, and claimed that their singing was not near as good as it usually is. Minnie Hauk had a cold and staid all the week in St. Paul. Mdlle. Bauermeister could not sing on account of bronchitis. Signor Belasco was compelled to have several teeth pulled out and complained of swollen gums. Mdlle. Nordica was sick, without going into particulars. Signor Kigo was sick after the same fashion. Signor Sapio was attacked by quinsy at Chicago, and returned to New York. Signor Ardit, the musical conductor, was confined to his bed with pneumonia. Mdlle. Lablache had a bad cold, and appeared with difficulty. Many of the costumes failed to appear because Signor Belasco, the armorer, was taken sick en route, and held the keys of the trunks."

Not many years ago the Paris Opéra and certain Parisian theatres were closed on account of the raging of the grip.

Queen Margherita of Italy has at last been recognized by the "so-la! paragrapher." Her name is given in full by an esteemed contemporary, and she is spoken of in flattering terms. And why? Because Mrs. J. L. Gardner of Boston was presented to her. This discovery of a Queen must be reckoned among the dazzling events of the nineteenth century.

But this is only one item of delicious gossip. The Queen congratulated Mrs. Gardner on the beauty—of her pearls.

Let a number of the Italian nobility—probably the last number of the Scarpatti family—took a snap shot of Mrs. Gardner "while she was sitting on a fence." The Count—or is he a Marquis?—guards his negative carefully."

In the language of our friend Jo. Howard, Jr., what tommy-rot!

A milkman in London was summoned for selling aqueous milk. "This is nothing unusual," says a London journal, "but he adopted the unusual course of challenging the police to milk the cow. They did, and an analyst found that the result contained more water than milk. The milkman's character is rehabilitated; but what of the cow? She has lost her reputation as a cow; but could she not be hired by some of our water companies against the next frost for use as a standpipe? In future milkmen had better adopt some phrase such as 'the more or less milky whey' to describe their merchandise. It is a good neutral term, and will cover both milk and milkette." What would that admirable officer, Dr. Harrington, do in such a case?

A correspondent asks if the qualifying words in the phrases "genuine regret" and "sincere sympathy" are not nonsense? But is there no such thing as feigned or careless or conventional regret?

They that are inclined to regard Boston as a village should ponder life in Glasgow, "which has always been a byword of reproach in Scotland, because, although it is the ugliest and most immoral town in the kingdom, the ordinary citizen is forbidden to do more things there than anywhere else in the world. But the Glasgow Magistrates are not yet satisfied. They have introduced a bill into Parliament, and got it read a second time as well, whose 600 clauses create a multitude of new offences: the man who owns or has in his possession a pack of cards, or flash bank notes, or exhibits the carcass of a dead animal—does this apply to butchers?—is liable to a fine of 40 shillings; and the child who runs after a tramcar or cart is entitled to the same distinction, as is the child who holds a horse or cart in the street, or lets a dog fight in the street, or lets a dog put any person to fear, or sells newspapers in the streets at night. We regret the absence of any provision against whistling on Sunday. Perhaps it might be as well if the Glasgow Magistrates brought in a bill of, say, three clauses, saying what the citizens may do."

Miss Virginia Harned, it seems, collects "personal belongings and mementoes of noted criminals who have paid the forfeit of their misdeeds with their lives." There are actresses who collect husbands.

The First of Two Piano Recitals Given by Mrs. Emil Paur in Steinert Hall.

Mrs. Paur's program last evening was as follows:

Variations, C minor, Beethoven; Clavierstück, E flat minor and two Scherzi, Schubert; Song Without Words, E flat major, and scherzo, E minor, Mendelssohn; Evening, and Bird as Prophet, Schumann; Intermezzo, No. 1, op. 117, Brahms; Nocturne, F sharp major, and Valse, E minor, Chopin; Romanze, F major, Rubinstein; Menuet Italien, Mrs. Beach; Etude, E major, Paganini-Liszt; Intermezzo, E. Paur; Fledermaus (paraphrase), Ed. Schutt.

Mrs. Paur is an amiable and chaste pianist. She prepares herself conscientiously for the appointed task; her performance is dignified, eminently ladylike. She dots her l's and crosses her T's. Her ideas once entertained are thoroughly adhered to. A dynamite bomb thrown through the window by some enemy of the piano would not accelerate the tempo that she considered proper, and unless she and the piano were disabled permanently she would finish the piece although her hearers were but shreds and patches.

There are certain characteristics of her performance that are to be admired. She shows thought and study. She is clean and clear—perhaps neat is the more suitable word—in the technical carrying out of her musical intentions. She is without affectation.

But these estimable qualities alone do not make an artist. When Mrs. Paur plays, the atmosphere of the conservatory fills the concert hall. The very precision irritates. The sure placidity maddens. There is neither genial warmth, nor authority, nor sensuous color, nor passion. Alike to her are Brahms, Chopin and Mendelssohn; they are composers who wrote piano pieces which should be played accurately. When she strikes the final chord of one of these compositions, the hearer feels like saying, "Yes, you need not study that piece any longer; what would you like to learn this week?"

Or it is as though she played softly at summer twilight while the men are smoking on the piazza and are conscious of work performed and a good dinner. Such playing in its place soothes and fits the scene. But in a concert hall it seems inadequate; it provokes restlessness and a longing for the benediction.

Perhaps the program was in a measure responsible. For the pieces by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms and Chopin in close succession, even if they were separately charming or stimulating, mixed together were a potion that would conquer insomnia. And the pieces by Schubert are neither charming nor stimulating; they are excellent examples of Schubert at his worst, which means a great deal, just as Schubert at his best is a phrase of golden praise.

Now your throat that plant I kept to be a colossal bore after the first half hour. So let your arrogant triumph over the technique. A program of light, delightful, even constantly soothing pieces is at times welcome. But when such pieces are played there should at least be traces of perfume and color; there should be at least the thought of blood coursing in the pianist's body.

PHILIP HALE.

"Boston," said old Chimes, "I a delightful place to live in, if you can escape its influences."

The new play will superintend a severe attack of trillitis.

There are undoubtedly in this town alone 4163 women who know that they could pose successfully as Trilby.

A man who lived for some time on what he stole from Yale Commons has been sent to jail for 60 days. Unless the cuisine of the Commons has improved of late years, he will welcome the change.

Worthy of wildest admiration is the skull of Henry Quick, which would not be separated Sunday from a knife stuck into it, although four policemen pulled the head one way and the doctor hauled gallantly the other way a clothesline attached to the knife-blade. We would not for a universe attempt to tarnish Mr. Quick's glory or belittle the marvel of his skull.

And yet years before Mr. Quick was knifed accidentally by a Bowery tough, Mr. Nicolaus Riardius rejoiced in a skull of such solidity and hardness that he oftentimes broke nuts or the stone of a peach with one blow of his head.

Bartholinus tells of a religious person of 40 years of age who had the hinder part of his skull so firm and compact that he was able to endure a coach wheel to pass over it without any sensible damage to him.

The men of Darien needed no helmet in war. The natural hardness of their skulls broke swords that struck them.

And they say that Cardinal Ximenes was to be wondered at in respect to his skull; for it was found to be all of a piece, without any suture; and this led a certain deep-thinker and wise ass to proclaim the unnatural formation as the cause of the head-aches the Cardinal was so very subject to all his life.

Has not the Transcript read Mr. James L. Ford's "Hypnotic Tales?" It has a treat in store, if it has not yet become acquainted with "the genial" and "the promoter" and the other delightful persons who, hypnotized, reveal their true character. A few months ago some execrably funny sketches by Mr. Ford were published in the New York Herald.

The Pall Mall Gazette ought not to be an unprofitable investment as long as it publishes unconventional editorial articles that treat of the daily incidents of life. See how a homely prosaic fact assumes iridescent tints when polished by the master of his trade: "We congratulate Higgs. The position of a co-respondent in the Divorce Court must be trying to the hardest of steel-cast nerves, but Higgs went through the ordeal with a gallantry and aplomb that mark him for a heart among ten thousand. When called, he climbed into the witness box over the side, like a gallant gentleman, and kissed the book with a smack. As a man of spirit, he had begun the day with a half-pint in the Harrow Road; 'I could do with about six more now,' he added with the jaunty freedom of him who knows what it is to live and love. He rapped out an oath or two as he left the court, and offered to fight the man who threw him out if he came down Edgware Road way. In a word, he ruffled it with the best. We are inclined

to go down Edgware Road way ourselves when we have time; you do not meet a roaring blade like Higgs every day of the week."

No day passes, however monotonous it may seem to those now living, that is not richly laden with reminiscent material for earnest thought. Nor is it the event considered great by the mob that always points the moral of all morals. Let us today consider an episode in humble life.

It was on the 12th of March, 1771, that Mr. Capon, who kept the Crown Inn at Lowestoft, was attacked violently by epilepsy. According to custom, a crowd-piece was put edgewise into his mouth to prevent him from biting the tongue. In the frenzy of his fit Mr. Capon was so judgmentless as to swallow the coin. And until Thursday, the 25th of November, 1772, about 4 A. M., he complained "of a weight at his stomach and a bitter taste in his mouth." (Reader, go on; this is not a subtle advertisement.) At the hour above named Mr. Capon coughed in a manner that was painful to hear, and lo, the coin appeared. Mr. Capon lived until 1799, in joyful condition of mind; but the coin never assumed its original brightness. Discolored, it was framed, and shown by the widow with tears and laughter to guests at the inn.

...of the ... and ...
... is ... with identification
... a mole or a strawberry mark on the
... is familiar here as his latest
... described as a "ghastly but successful
... of education." The story runs as fol-
lows: "On his back, in bed, a man was
... shot dead through the mouth. The
revolver was still in his hand. There were
... however, whether it was a case of
suicide. For one thing, deceased had never
been known to possess a revolver. Of
course, he might have bought one for the
occasion. It was advisable to try to ascer-
tain this, and it was Bertillon who hit upon
the way. He had the corpse taken out of
bed, dressed himself in deceased's clothes,
and set in deceased's customary attitude in
his usual chair. The coffin was as it
used to be, and the hue of life was brought
back to the face as nearly as stage paints
could fake it. Then the revival was photo-
graphed, and the photograph was sent to
very gunsmith in Paris. One of them rec-
ognized a person who had bought a revolver
two days before, and this witness iden-
tified the weapon."

It seems that the action of an officer of
the Royal Marines in the Brass expedition
in telegraphing to his wife in England that
he was safe brought down on the Foreign
Office and Admiralty a deluge of telegrams
from mothers of small boys on board the
ships of the West African Squadron, ask-
ing if they were safe. An Admiral of much
service exclaimed, as he saw the messages
rushing in "Why the devil do they send
their boys to sea if they are afraid of
them being killed?"

March 13-45

Take gin. Not internally, not as a lini-
ment. Take gin, for instance. Is there
poetry in the thought of old Tom? Byron's
favorite drink was gin and water, but are
there poetic ideas associated with this mor-
osyllabic of sickly perfume? Would it be
your first thought to call it "grim elerone
of the towns of sin?" See how a decadent
invokes a sad picture of supreme disgust
as he uncorks the bottle and takes one sniff:
"I hear in St. Giles's foulest slums, the dread
And blasphemous cries of ruffians in mad strife,
And, the sked eye by odious magic led,
Sees in some garret, panting still with life,
A half-starved child clasping a woman, dead,
While o'er them leers a gaunt brute with a
knife!"

How different is the poetic outfit of Mr.
Yeats of Dublin, Ireland. He may in close
companionship late at night echo the
famous wish of Eccles, but by day "he
wears a scarlet sash and a sombrero," we
hope he also wears the ordinary street at-
tire of so-called civilized males. "If you
ask him about the weather he will dream-
ily spin you a fable out of the Celtic twi-
light or reel off a sad-toned sonnet." The
climate of Dublin is not as variable as that
of Boston. His Muse would find her elbows
wedged continually if she accompanied him
in our streets.

"The Temporary Committee for the Relief
of Oppressed Subscribers for Grand Opera"
is to be congratulated on its new object,
which is "to facilitate the return of grand
opera." The statements of the committee
are no longer minatory or bellicose; they
breathe the spirit of lamb-like affability
and dove-cot peace. This is as it should
be.

According to Judge Rightor, prize fighting
is "a legitimate business and domestic in-
dustry" in New Orleans. It must therefore
be protected there.

"Truly, the actor's work embraces all the
arts," says Mr. Henry Irving. But some-
times it does not include acting, Henry,
even when the spectacle is a feast to the
eye and the music enchants the ear.

The fishmongers of London complain bit-
terly of the indifference of the public to
salt fish. Even Ash Wednesday did not
quicken sales.

Those restless beings who have already
begun to splutter in print about the charac-
ter of the operative casts as arranged for
the week in April may find their conun-
drums answered in the advertisements
corrected today. A typographical error, as
well as the sickness of a singer, seems to
the irritable an unpardonable offence on the
part of the managers.

A Copley or a Stuart is, indeed, a treas-
ure to a family, but who painted 75 or 100
years ago those portraits of plain people
in New England towns? Some of these
portraits are queer in color and have the
general rigid expression of old tavern signs,
and yet the character of the sitter often
stands out from the canvas, with rude
but unmistakable fidelity. These portraits
are as a rule unsigned, and there is no
record of the sittings. Were the painters
famous men of the villages, or were they
wanderers, looking for odd jobs, ready to
paint a house or its inmates? Did they
board off the price of the picture?

What the gods do about "rows" between
Miss Farnham and her managers? The
harmful anger showed last Saturday her
pique and her honesty as well as her art.

It was on March 13, 1796, that Mr. Wyllie
of Kilberry in Ayre, Scotland, died at 12 at
noon, and at 12 on the same night his wife
died. They had been married 58 years.
Few couples are so blessed. "It is for the
man to die, and for the woman to mourn."

In Zurich years ago when an irritable
couple applied for a divorce the magistrate
before deciding locked man and wife for
three days in the same room, with one bed,
one table, one plate and one tumbler. Food
was passed in by attendants, who neither
saw them nor spoke to them. When the
imprisonment was at an end, neither man
nor woman wanted to be divorced.

Carmencita has appeared in London for
the first time. The Pall Mall Gazette calls
her "the greatest dancer in the world." And
thus it explains the charm of her
dancing to the average Englishman who,
bred on step-dancing, imagines that the
action of the feet and legs is everything:
"Let such a one go to the Palace Theatre
and learn of Carmencita. She dances with
her feet, it is true, but she also dances with
her hips, with her sinuous body, with her
snake-like but plump arms, with her neck
and gracefully poised head, and even with
her eyes. Yet there is never a gesture or
a motion that the most bigoted puritan
could truly pronounce suggestive. She has
not a movement that is not distinguished
or which is not assisted by the brilliant
pantomime of her ever-changing expres-
sion. The Spanish dance is traditionally
expressive of coquetry. Thus she is in turn
impudent and supplicating, scornful and
penitent. She affects to be a superb ani-
mal, and yet is all the while supremely
human. She dresses magnificently, yet
with never a touch of gaudiness."

March 14-45

"If a woman is in a buying mood she pops
in and out of the various shops, taking a
little peck here, and a little peck there,
till she has quite a collection of small par-
cels suspended from her person. Most of
these purchases consist of little odds and
ends and knick-knacks. About half of them
will, by a merciful dispensation of nature,
before the end of a month have found their
way to a dust-bin. The other half she will
put on, or scatter about the house on tables
and chimney pieces, or hoard up in her
chest of drawers, on the plea that it may
come in useful some day."

To L. G: A Catarrhine monkey does not
necessarily suffer from catarrh, although
he is a man-like ape and has been called
our common ancestor.

To C. L: "Cataporesis" is a new word.
Two centuries ago "cataphor," meaning "a
deep or dead sleep," was in use, but it has
long been obsolete.

Mr. Mansfield does well in naming his
theatre the Garrick. "Of praise, a mere
glutton, he swallow'd what came."

Do the noble dames and stately men that
look down from their frames in Copley Hall
on their descendants rejoice or mourn at the
sight? Do they envy them life in these
years? At midnight, when all is still, there
are ghostly compliments, there is a resur-
rection of old scandals. Some of the por-
traits leave their frames and tread gravely
an old-fashioned measure to music heard
only by them. Copleys and Stuarts keep
by themselves, they do not mix with Sar-
gents or Durans; and, indeed, the latter
feel new and uncomfortable. At cock-crow
they enter the frames, and await with
patient good breeding, though perhaps with
suppressed indignation, the arrival of the
staring, chattering mob.

Mr. John L. Sullivan, the eminent play
actor and amateur farmer, has heard at
last the noisiest fanfare of the trumps of
Fame. "A man in Boston" will pay a debt
contracted by Mr. Sullivan. If he may in
consideration exhibit the clothes of the hero
in a dime museum. The boots of famous
soldiers conquered years ago by death
still strike terror to the souls of curious
travelers. But this honor is now proposed
to one still in the flesh.

This "Prince Roger de Bourbon," who ap-
peared suddenly in Chicago, has probably
been visiting his relatives in Kentucky.

Miss Eustacia, you have heard a lover say,
for you are fair to look upon, "Would that
you had a window over your heart that I
might see whether it were flesh and blood,
or a stone." He is an unconscious plagiar-
ist, for it was Jacob Böhm who discov-
ered that the earth itself with all its furni-
ture and inhabitants will some day be
transparent as glass. Yet, were the lover's
wish granted, would he not avoid you there-
after as one who shuns a leper? Was not
Wesley right when he declared, "But could
you look through the rosy cheek, the
smooth, fair forehead, or the rising bosom,
and distinctly see all that lies within, you
would turn away from it with loathing and
horror."

The chief lesson of the Alliance affair thus
far is that the Spaniards do not shoot
straight.

Today is the anniversary of the death
(1751) of Field Marshal George Wade,
who was a mighty bulwark of roads
in Scotland. There were 500 soldiers at
work under him when he began in 1726,
and each received sixpence a day of extra
pay. When the men were worked exceeding
hard the General slaughtered an ox, and
there was feasting and there was drinking
the King's health. On completing the great
line by Drummuachter in 1729, there was a
scene of tumultuous rejoicing. Six oxen
died that the men and guests might eat
homerically. Four ankers of brandy were
opened, and there were cups in battalions.
Those were the heroic days of road-making.

So there is to be neither "ethical culture"
nor vertical handwriting in our public
schools.

A dramatic critic, speaking of Mr. Wilde's
"An Ideal Husband," says:

"Of course you catch an occasional gleam of
genuine wit, as when, for instance, as the play
progresses, Mr. Cheveley, who is anxious to re-
turn from Vienna to London society, observes:

"Your English ladies are anxious to have
salons, and only succeed in having restaurants."

But Mr. Wilde's jest is not so pungent as
the one which appeared in Town Topics
some time ago. A Boston woman, who
found time heavy on her hands, said to her-
self, "come, now; I will create a salon." And
there was once a week loud talking in
her rooms, and there was crackling laugh-
ter, and there was beer galore. This led the
said journal to remark that the salon was a
saloon.

A correspondent in Munhall, Penn., writes
the Journal as follows, concerning the word
"dingbats," and although the discussion was
closed some time ago, we publish gladly his
note, on account of its local color: "My
early life was spent in Maine, on the
Penobscot River, and 'dingbats' was a com-
mon word among the boys and river drivers.
It was used to express any flying missile.
The river men on the Penobscot had a
topical song they used to sing, the chorus
running thus:

"We'll all go down to old Marm Rollins',

There we'll drink three times a day;

Fly the 'dingbats' round the table,

Four and six the bummers pay."

"Mrs. Rollins charged the river men 75
cents a day board, and threw in three
drinks of Medford rum. A tough crowd
gathered round her table at times."

But is not "S. S. S." mistaken? It seems
to us that "dingbats" in the quotation is
synonymous with money. A correspondent
in Maine once wrote the Journal, saying,
"Forty years ago 'dingbats' meant money
in Saco." And he quoted the following
lines, singularly like those sent by "S.
S. S.":

"We'll go down to old Bob Finigan's,

And get our tod three times a day,

Put the dingbats on the table,

Four and six for a bummer's spree."

March 15-95

The Concert of the Amherst College Musical Association.

A very pleasant entertainment was given
last evening in Union Hall by the Amherst
College Musical Association, which includes
a glee club, mandolin club and banjo club.
Old college songs, as well as glees and part
songs by Buck, Brahms, Verner, Molloy,
Ingraham, Fischer, Sinclair, Jump (Am-
herst, '96), Munday, Harrington, Lover and
Hyde (Amherst, '88), were sung. There
was hearty applause for the spirited and
tasteful delivery of each vocal num-
ber, and the solos by Messrs. Mossman,
Porter and Loud were much enjoyed. The
selections by the banjo and mandolin clubs
were also keenly relished. The concerts of
college clubs are far more elaborate affairs
than those given 20 years ago. Now they
give pleasure to the outsider as well as to
the graduate who renews the joys and
trials of undergraduate days.

A sale of land recalls the fact that in
West Roxbury are streets named after
"eminent musicians." There is Schubert
Street, there is Haydn Street, etc.; and then
there is Niklsch Avenue, so named when
the Hungarian conductor was at the zenith
of his glory. But why are not our own
composers and pianists thus honored? Why
should there not be a Lang Avenue, with
Foote Street, Tucker Street, Parker Street,
Chadwick Street intersecting it? Paris thus
glorifies its mighty men, although it waits
as a rule till they are dead. Rue Bizet,
however, was not named after the com-
poser of "Carmen," but after a real estate
owner.

Yale defies augury. There are 13 at the
training table.

A traveler of unusual intelligence and
tried courage gives an interesting account
of the manners and customs of the inhabi-
tants of Potsdam, N. Y. The favorite
amusement of the young people is the onion
social. "The girls stand up in a row and
one of them bites an onion. The young
men then have to guess who bit the onion,
and the lucky one who guesses correctly
has the privilege of kissing all the other
girls, while those who do not guess cor-
rectly are condemned to kiss the lips that
have had contact with the onion."

And yet the traveler has taken the symbolism of the game. It is agreed generally that children's sports descend the centuries and bring with them fascinating folk lore. Round games, methods of counting out, are often to be traced back to the twilight of the world when the mythical and the historical were one and the same. Now, years ago Celsus recommended onions to be chewed by those suffering from paralysis of the tongue. Is it improbable that this use of the onion is known to the people of Potsdam? A pretty girl is shy, easily abashed, tongue-tied. She chews an onion and is at once the life of the party. As otherwise sensible people are sometimes silly in their dread of laughter at superstitious rites or old-wives' remedies, no doubt a distorted tale was poured into the traveler's ear.

Mr. Edmund Russell has given at considerable length his ideas concerning a "blue breakfast." He talks knowingly of blue plates and blue decorations. But a blue breakfast is within reach of the humblest. The elements of complete success are indeed simple, and they are these: A husband who is not "over new" in the morning, weak coffee and cold mutton.

It was on the 15th of March, 1761, at Tre-goney, Cornwall, that a tinner employed on a new mine struck his pickaxe on a stone and, removing the earth, found a coffin. When the lid was taken off, the skeleton of a man of gigantic size was discovered. When the air struck the skeleton it mouldered into dust. One tooth remained whole, and it was two inches and a half long.

And it was also on March 15—but in 1734—that Mary Jenkins, a poor woman of Warminster, fell asleep, and she slept until the 17th of June at 10 o'clock in the morning, when she awoke and ate and drank heartily.

They say that this is the anniversary of the birth of Andrew Jackson, and the irregular decease of Julius Caesar; but what are such events to those just mentioned?

And yet let us not forget that today is the anniversary of the death of Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to James I. and Charles I. He amassed a prodigious deal of wealth and wrote the great cook-book of the 17th century. Here is his recipe for "A City of London Pie": "Take 8 marrow bones, 8 sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eringoos, 2 ounces of lettuce stalks, 40 chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, 3 artichokes, 12 eggs, 2 sliced lemons, a handful of picked arberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor when it is baked, with white lard butter, and sugar."

"Spatter-work takes on a fresh lease of life." Spatter-work is a term of loose application, as when an amateur carves ticks.

A dentist has bought Poe's cottage. Perhaps he is infatuated with Poe's "Berece," the story in which the weeping widow pulls out all the teeth of the loved one, even after she is in her grave.

The male flirt has been defended of late. How dull, how dreary, how inexpressible! He would society be if there were any rule towards the abatement of this delightful nuisance! The flirt fulfills the office of Darwin's worm: he is the leveler of social grades, the promoter of that divine sense of unexpectedness without which society could be stale, flat and unprofitable. The uncertainty of his procedure, the caprice of his manoeuvres, keeps us all on the qui vive, and ready for attack. He is the unknown quantity that we all have got somehow into the habit of taking into account.

Many are flirted with, but few chosen. When all is said and done, all the shrieking, the recrimination over, the bitterness overpast, "would you not rather have been flirted with than not?" asks Mr. Lang. Is it not best to secure the superficial compliment of being admired, you cannot have the more enduring one of being chosen as a companion for life?"

To L. D.: No. German opera does not necessarily mean opera by Wagner. Great German operas were written before him. Only extreme and gushing Wagnerites confuse the terms.

mdh 16.95

"There is order in New Orleans." So there was in Warsaw.

In the debate on female suffrage in the New York Assembly, Mr. Halpin told a pathetic story of the increase in the restaurant business in Denver, on account of the necessity for husbands, with tear-stained cheeks and trembling voices, to go out in search of something to eat, because their wives were busy at meetings and caucuses. And the members were so moved by Mr. Halpin's earnest words that they voted 80 to 31 in favor of the bill, thinking, no doubt, that thus they would have a good excuse for haunting restaurants.

"To ask of the average critic sensitivity," as Mr. La Forge says, "is cruel." For in such a case the critic's life would be unendurable.

Women that long for a career and find all occupations crowded should remember the example of Miss Hester Hammerton, the sexton of Kingston, Surrey, England. Today is the anniversary of her baptism, 1711. In 1730 she was appointed successor to her father, who was killed by the fall of a chapel while he was digging a grave. As she herself was severely hurt, she never could wear stays. Her usual dress was a man's waistcoat and hat, a long loose gown, and a silk handkerchief tied round her neck. On a Sunday she would show natural coquetry, and wear a gown of the prevailing fashion, a mob-cap, with frilled border and ribbon, and a nosegay.

Nor did her special calling make her morose or separate her from gay companionship. She was fond of cricket, foot ball, bull-baiting. She smoked. Nevertheless, says the chronicler, she preserved her moral character unimpeached; for she possessed great bodily strength, and she was quick to resent an affront by beating the offender with her fist.

"Mendelssohn," remarks the New York Sun in authoritative manner, "like Haydn, Mazart and others, is rapidly fading into the mists of the past." True, true. Haydn is now only known as one of the founders of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the name of Mazart is not found even in the most complete musical dictionary. You will find in the great work of Fétis, many names beginning with Maz—from Mazas to Maz-zuchelli, but there's nary a "Mazart."

The N. Y. Recorder makes a good point in asking why Richard Mansfield, who appears to hate vehemently all English play actors, did not name his theatre "The Mansfield," instead of "The Garrick." Even in his bitterest speeches to the public, Mr. Mansfield has never been so carried away that he forgot to speak graciously of himself.

There is kicking about railway season tickets as well as about operatic season tickets.

Mr. Ysaye, the eminent violinist, walks like Pete, the dude bear.

As a well-to-do citizen was blaspheming in a shocking manner in Buena Vista, Ga., a flash of lightning struck his house, set it on fire, stunned several members of the household and ruined his piano. Mr. Crawford was some distance off and was not injured. Now this story was telegraphed to a leading New York paper and was published this week in a prominent position. But the story is mild compared with punishments noted in Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgments," published over 250 years ago.

For instance: In the year 510 "an Arrian Bishop called Olympius being at Carthage in the baths, reproached and blasphemed the holy and sacred Trinity, and that openly; but lightning fell down upon him three times, and he was burnt and consumed therewith."

There are 592 pages of such stories in this entertaining volume, written by Oliver Cromwell's school teacher. There is the tale of the Vintner "that accustomed himself to blaspheming, swearing, and drunkenness, and delighting to entertain such that were like himself, to swallow down his wine; upon the Lord's Day standing at the door with a pot in his hand to call in more guests, there came suddenly a violent whirlwind, and carried him up into the air in the sight of all men, and was never seen more." Out of many hundred cases no one escaped so lightly as did Mr. Crawford of Georgia.

It is something to create a new shudder in these decadent days when the fantastically gruesome or the grotesquely horrible is the favorite motif. Mr. Arthur Machen, the author of "The Great God Pan," may well plume himself on his feeling for awful suggestion. No one can explain the terrible mysteries hinted at in the book. The reader remembers Balzac's "Succube," but she is a creature of flesh and blood, a wearer of diamonds and a sealskin sack, with a tendency to put her car fare in her mouth when hands are busy, compared to this woman of unutterable deeds that maddened men and drove them to self slaughter. No one can surmise the deeds, for the factors of wickedness are, alas, no mysteries. Mr. Machen himself, if he were asked for an explanation, would look wise; but has he any key to his own riddle? We doubt it.

A symbolist might say that Mr. Machen's Pan seen in the never-to-be-forgotten vision was the Goat worshiped when Pan joined the troop of Osiris; and that therefore too free indulgence in book beer inspired the writer and created the characters.

It is a remarkable book, this inciter of goose-flesh. Old Chimes was right when he said that Machen had here got down to hard Pan.

Mr. Ysaye's Farewell Concert in Music Hall: A Great Performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

Mr. Ysaye made his farewell appearance in Boston this season in Music Hall, last evening. He played Beethoven's concerto and Bruch's Scotch Fantasia, with the assistance of an orchestra conducted by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer.

It is not too much to say that the performance of the concerto by Beethoven was remarkable. In this work the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Ysaye's playing were seen as before, but there were also a nobility, a serenity, and a high, sustained flight of imagination that are more than any other of tone, playing of the phrase and dazzling pyrotechnic display. It was a supreme effort, not to be talked of in conventional sentences, not to be regarded gleefully as excellent copy for the heated world-weary. It is the music itself absolute, so was the performance. There was no thought of spectacular exhibition, no consciousness of an interpreter standing between composer and hearer. There are effects of sun and cloud, and sky to be accepted without comment, as are other phenomena of nature, and to be long remembered in waking moments of the night watches. Such was this performance of Ysaye.

Admirable in another way, one eminently suitable to the music, was his interpretation of the romantic composition by Bruch. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted in a most sympathetic and intelligent manner, and with authority. The orchestra gave an excellent performance of Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture. The march from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" was also played. Miss Elizabeth Hamlin sang the air of Balala from Gounod's "Reine de Saba," and two songs by Chadwick: "Nocturne," and "Before the Dawn." Her tones seemed to emerge with difficulty from the recesses of her throat, and her intonation was not always true to the pitch.

The audience was wildly enthusiastic at the end of the Scotch fantasia and Mr. Ysaye, recalled again and again, played extracts from a sonata by Bach.

PHILIP HALE

17.75

ABOUT MUSIC.

Thoughts Suggested by the German Opera Company.

Why Count Laurencin Would Grind His Teeth.

Mr. Emil Sauer Talks About Composers for the Piano.

There died at Vienna in 1890 a singular old man by the name of Laurencin. Count Laurencin was a natural son of the Emperor Ferdinand, who gave him such scanty support that the Count gladly accepted pay for contributions to a Viennese newspaper.

Beatty-Kingston tells us that the Count was so diminutive of stature "as almost to belong to the dwarfish category, dark of complexion, with glittering eyes, gleaming teeth and an angry expression of countenance that by no means belied his disposition."

What is Laurencin to us? He is a figure of contemporaneous interest, not on account of his books on music or his critical reviews, but on account of his attitude toward Wagner.

"When listening to or discussing Wagner's music he was apt to foam slightly at the mouth, and to grind his teeth in a highly alarming manner."

Now the opera company under Mr. Walter Damrosch will not give performances of Wagner's operas at the Boston Theatre before the 1st of April, and yet there is already the fever of anticipation, as well as acrid discussion. Count Laurencin lives in Boston, but he grinds his teeth at the infuriate Wagnerites, not at much of the music.

For there are few left who are irreconcilable and still regard Wagner's music-dramas as the abomination of desolation. Nearly all sane persons admit the genius of the composer, and at the same time insist that he was mortal, that portions of his music are a colossal bore.

Here is Mr. Huneker, a sincere admirer or, better, lover of Wagner's operas, and read what he has to say about the necessity of boiling them down.

"Isn't it time, now that the old man is over 10 years dead, to edit him, curtail his lush extravagance of diction, to condense his long-winded garrulous speeches—in a word, to trim up Wagner's terrible books into decent, dramatic, acting versions?" * * * When on the purely dramatic stage a character says, "Ah, me boy, that reminds me. Forty-one years ago come Michaelmas your poor mother was a girl. She was just 65, I a lad of 80, and it occurs to me that I could tell you a good story. It was in the

year — Well, we all groan, or beg, to read the corset advertisement in the program. Of course a composer has tremendous advantage over a dramatic writer. The composer can orchestrate a retrospective narrative so as to make it a newly-told tale, and therein lies the temptation to be prolix. Wagner talks too much. His dramas have too much gabble and not enough action. There is that stupid old windmill Wotan. Every time he meets anyone he buttonholes him or her, and tells his past history of about 400 years, the orchestra meanwhile fairly seething with prehistoric motives. If he can't catch hold of a man, or bird, or woman, or a dragon, he will chase a stump of a tree or any old rock in the foreground and tell them about Walhalla and Fasalt, or Fafner, and again we hear the 'galumphing' of the motives, and how bored the scenery becomes of the old tramp. * * * If Wagnerians could only see things in their proper perspective! but then, they never will. When the last Wagner singer, the last Wagnerian critic dies, then, perhaps, Wagner's music dramas will be done justice to. The importance of every syllable he uttered is grossly exaggerated. The stage has its laws, and remember Wagner prided himself on his knowledge of dramatic form. But in practice he can be as tiresome as the veriest philistine. I hope to live to see Wagner without the padding and verbosity and repetitions and all hideous morasses of floundering speeches, when Wotan will not be allowed to Wote, and König Marke to Mar!

Boston was slow in catching Wagneritis; consequently the disease rages here in full fury, although the inhabitants of other towns are cured or convalescent.

There are subscribers to the short season who now pay pianists to play to them the piano arrangements of the operas that will be performed, just as in Peladan's strange story Bihn played to Mme. Ripalta, but, let us hope, without the similar result.

These subscribers thus hope to "understand the meaning of the music." As though music had a meaning.

They buy Baedekers to the musical countries. They commit each leitmotiv to memory, so that, when the opera is given, they can say, "There, that's 'Tristan's Distress,' and that's 'Isolde's Wrath,' or is it just the other way? What a fool I was not to bring the guide-book."

Madam, if you wish to read a book about Tristan that is comparatively clear and far less objectionable than the gush-and-slush compilations by Germans and American-Germans, buy Maurice Kufferath's "Guide Thématique et Analyse de Tristan et Iseult," by Maurice Kufferath, Paris and Brussels, 1894. But take an old man's advice, and do not cram the subject in any such manner. Read Swinburne's version, or the one by Matthew Arnold, or the story as told by Malory, or any form of the Celtic legend.

And before you go to the theatre look at Aubrey Beardsley's picture "The Wagnerites," in Vol. III. of "The Yellow Book." The memory of it may save you from intense emotion during the performance.

Was there any such preparation for the hearing of "Falstaff" or "Otello"? No; and yet the former was given for the first time and the latter is by no means familiar.

The Count Laurencin grinds his teeth with more than customary ferocity when he

hears some stout and unmusical woman use "Wagner's operas" and "German opera" as synonyms. To the poor victim of Wagneritis German opera means Wagner. And yet there is Mozart's "Magic Flute;" there is Beethoven's "Fidelio;" there are operas by Weber, Marschner, Lortzing, Brüll, Goldmark, Reinthaler, Götz, Humperdinck, that are heard in German opera houses. And in German opera houses the proportion of French and Italian operas given in German is very large. Nowhere is there a warmer welcome extended to the young opera makers of Italy than in Germany. In Germany Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti are still honored names; Verdi is regarded as the greatest of opera writers now living, and his name is mentioned with that of Wagner.

Why should the people of this country affect to be more German than the Germans?

Here is a singular instance of Wagneritis. A tenor who is nearer 60 than 50 years old sings in this country such parts as Romeo and Raoul and Faust. He also sings in "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger." Just as his art serves chiefly to conceal the ravages of Time, when he is obliged to wrench the tempo to suit his delivery, and to change the notes that a tone may not crack, he announces his intention of singing at Bayreuth in the more ultra Wagnerian operas, where declamation is demanded rather than bel canto. I admire and commend the prudence of Mr. Jean de Reszke; but I cannot join in the passionate cry, "Ah, the true and great artist! He cannot endure longer the songs of France and Italy. His artistic soul will only rejoice when it is in communion with Wagner."

By the way, why does not Nordica sing Elsa here in April? It will be remembered that she was under the special tutelage and

patronage of the widow Wagner; that she drank deep at the Bayreuthian fount; that there was ecstatic leaping in the air, as well as tooting of horns and pounding of drums after her appearance on the consecrated stage. But, lo, it is announced that Emma Eames, who never won fame at the German Mecca, will be the Elsa on the return of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company.

Mr. Emil Sauer, the eminent pianist, was interviewed a short time ago in London.

"Of all the great composers, I prefer to play Beethoven; and after his works those of Chopin. * * * I think that a program should contain as much variety as possible, so as to appeal to every taste in the audience. I do not mean that an artist should pander to vulgar tastes or play anything that is not good in itself, or truly beautiful. I never do this. All that I play I like. Only I believe in making each program contain something of each of the different kinds of beauty. * * * As for Beethoven's sonata op. 106, perhaps you will be shocked to hear that I do not like it. In the first place, it is a heavy work—a hard work for the public to listen to, but that is not all. Of course, the slow movement is one of the greatest things Beethoven ever wrote; but he has not completed it. The sonata is, unlike his general work, not complete or a perfect artistic unity. The great fugue, which some reckon among Beethoven's masterpieces, I consider his weakest composition. It is not beautiful, and people only rave about it because it is by Beethoven."

Mr. Sauer then added the following eminently sane and refreshing remarks: "None of Bach's pianoforte music is fit for public performance under modern conditions. Planos and pianoforte playing were so entirely different in his day that it is now only possible to play Bach in arrangements if his compositions are to be effective. The Preludes and Fugues are intimate music; something to love and to live with and to study, but not for public performance. Of course it is absolutely necessary for every pianist to practice them, and to make them a part of his musical consciousness. I do not think, however, that it would be a great pleasure to hear them performed in a large hall. They would sound weak and thin, and if one plays arrangements, such as those of Tausig and Liszt, the critics exclaim, 'Oh, what profanely to meddle with the great composers—to play dis-arrangements!' and so on."

"I am very fond of the Italian composers; they had enough melody for us all to bathe in. Take Bellini and Verdi, for instance. It is a wonderful riddle to me how Verdi, at the age of 80, could produce such a masterpiece as 'Falstaff,' the greatest work he has ever written."

Speaking of Brahms, Mr. Sauer said: "Though a great composer, he is not a great composer for the piano; in fact, the best of his compositions that I know for that instrument alone, is the Scherzo in E flat minor (op. 4). Rubinstein far surpasses him as a writer for the piano."

"I have said that I do not like Liszt as an original composer because he never had great ideas, but one must not be ungrateful to him, for we get the whole of our technique and the whole system of modern piano playing from him."

"I should like to play on several different pianos, even at the same concert, for different kinds of music."

Dvorak's "American" symphony was played at the eighth Symphony concert in London, Feb. 28, under Mr. Henschel's direction, and the Pall Mall Gazette speaks of it as follows: "The most important selection was doubtless Dvorak's symphony, 'From the New World,' a work which, if we accepted the recently propounded theories of Sir A. C. Mackenzie, would prove the Bohemian composer to be the greatest negro national musician in the world. For 'Dr.' Dvorak (as the program pleasantly calls him) has had recourse, in this instance, for the substructure of his work to negro national melodies, even as Humperdinck resorted to German Volkslieder for the substructure of his 'Hänsel and Gretel.' The logic of our conclusion in regard to Dvorak will be easily appreciated. If we consider this symphony apart from national influences, an impartial critic must pronounce that, although it has many passages of great ingenuity, though the orchestration is often admirably full of color, its general tendency is toward a painful monotony. You remember Beethoven inevitably, and his manner of repetition, how he displays the same phrase ever in a new aspect, sometimes even appalling you by the almost diabolical ingenuity of his differences. But, here, a somewhat rapid passage is repeated again and again, now on the horn, now on the oboe, now on the strings, but with so little variety and so complacent an insistence, that, beginning with irritation, you finished with laughing at it outright."

PHILIP HALE.

The rumor has gone over to New York that Boston resents the show of the Abbey cartoons in New York before they find their destination in the Public Library, and it has been the subject of mild cynicism about the Chinese wall of Beacon Street. Meanwhile the artist is feted by his old friends in the studios and the clubs. Mr. Abbey is so popular and so thoroughly liked by the guild that his pictures have received that form of reception known to the newspaper world as an "ovation." Praise the most extravagant is heard in every direction, and it is the fad to speak of these canvases as a new departure and the highest achievement in the decorative art.

There are, however, a few sober minded artists who hold their peace and shake their heads. They like Abbey and think the work upon which his reputation is based most charming; but they do not fully accept his new departure as a complete success. In the first place, they say the work is not in Abbey's vein. All the piquant delicacy of his lyrical sketches finds no place in these and he has failed to grasp the decorative requirements. The pictures as a whole are neither great pieces of color nor are they beautiful combinations of line. The one fine conception is the zone of angel halos and heads about the Round Table, but the effect of this is largely lost by blotchy color elsewhere. Some fine figures and groups are to be found, but the pictures do not cohere, nor as a whole produce great effects. All this may be the carping of critics in a corner, urged on by the popular clamor of approval, but they say that these canvases are not equal to the ceiling of Vedder or the Court Rooms pictures by Simmons, and that there are a half dozen men in New York better fitted for mural decoration of this kind.

We in Boston, however, may rest content. The real, the final verdict will not have been given until the cartoons have been received by those keen-eyed critics, our Public Library Trustees, and placed in position.

"On St. Patrick's Day, the warm side of a stone turns up, and the broad-back goose begins to lay." Did anyone observe these harbingers of spring yesterday?

Not without reason was the late and insolvent citizen of New Bedford named Shearjashub; for the son of the prophet was so called "partly in hope that in the end a remnant should return to the land of their fathers."

Our old friends Jean and Edouard de Reszke are having a delightful visit in Chicago. Jean, indeed, felt in fine fettle the moment he arrived there. "This is my favorite place in America," said Jean as he leaned on the shoulder of a representative of the Chicago Record. Meanwhile Edouard opened "envelopes of delicate tint and of much fragrance." He smiled. So did Edouard, although he was finally bored, and handed one to Jean, "with the remark, 'Vollà.'" Mind you, Edouard did not say "Tiens!" or "Canaille!" or even "Cochon!" The details of such incidents should be remembered accurately.

Mr. Willy Schutz was there, and he explained the trouble with the ticket-holders in Boston. "He said that the people there kept on demanding that the favorites be put on the program every night, and some even wanted them to appear twice in the same day."

The de Reszkes said "they did not like the Boston Theatre at all; it was too small, and full of draughts." Of course this is a mistake. For "Boston Theatre" read "Mechanics' Building," and for "small" read "large." In other respects the paragraph is rigidly correct.

Jean thinks "other cities are jealous of Chicago." What an innocent young fellow he is. Let's see; how many years has he been on the stage as buffo baritone and hero tenor?

Mr. Arthur Warren should beware of the anticlimax. He speaks of a novel by Harold Frederic, "In the Valley," which "has languished under five years of neglect." This feat alone gives immortality to the book. Then Mr. Warren adds his own personal indorsement, and calls it "the best American novel that has ever been written." And then Mr. Warren remarks in a spirit of analysis, "It is a book of marked distinction."

When the Czar dies, there is a new managing editor for every Russian newspaper, but the policy is always the same: Suppression and silence.

It is a pleasure to learn from his own lips that Mr. Jake Kilrain feels the "responsibility" resting upon his shoulders. He has a great regard for Boston and Bostonians, and he will do his best to wallup Mr. Steve O'Donnell in their friendly trial of strength. Now if Mr. Kilrain were to enter the ring in a flippant manner, the sympathies of our best citizens would not be with each blow of his manly fist.

"EXCELSIOR, JR."

New Entertainment Given
by the Cadets.

Mr. Barnet Builds on Long-
fellow's Poem.

Specialties of Genuine Mirth and
Gracefulness.

"Excelsior, Jr.," a burlesque, words by Mr. R. A. Barnet, and music by Mr. G. L. Tracy, was given last night by the members of the First Corps of Cadets at the Tremont Theatre for the first time on any stage. Mr. Tracy was the conductor. As a matter of record here is the cast:

Wadsworth Excelsior.....B. P. Cheney, Jr.
John Book, a personal conductor.....T. E. Stutson
William Tell, engaged to Bertha Gessler.....
H. A. Frothingham
Signor Vendata.....James Walker, Jr.
Signor Mafia.....W. B. C. Fox
Professional upholders of family tradition.
Tommaso Tenorini, Santotis's perspective
Hubbard.....Robert Hunter
Priar Tope.....C. L. Safford
Priar Tope.....F. W. Thomas
Priar Tattle.....Leroy Russell
Priar Tuck.....J. S. Leach
Four of Grutzner's laughing monks.
James I.....R. D. Ware
James II.....C. H. Cole, Jr.
James III.....A. S. Porter, Jr.
James IV.....E. L. Kent
Excelsior's valets.

Walter First.....R. L. Knapp
Tans and de Mauer, Wrestler.....E. K. Newhall
William Tell's Hired Son.....R. D. Ware
Jury Lamb, a book tourist not personally
conducted.....George P. Davis
Bertha Gessler, proprietress Gessler Inn.....
E. L. Caton
Manche Calve Santotis, with a foreclosed
tradition.....Courtney Guild
Lucretia Murfe-McGuinniss.....L. C. Benton
Gertie Giggleston.....H. J. Farrington
Lucy Lisperhard.....C. W. Young
Junice Oglethorpe.....E. L. Adams, Jr.
Mara MacFarson.....Rodney Thayer
Harriet Todd.....S. P. Bremer
Jolly St. M.....W. J. Toppan
Book tourists personally conducted.
Fitzzy Cliscerald.....M. D'W. Greene
Peachie Luffball.....H. B. Perkins
Ethie Effingham.....T. L. Drew
Pearlie April.....W. E. Putnam, Jr.
Gayest of Galettes.

Hildegard, a villageess.....E. J. Watson
The purpose of these Cadet entertainments is well known. It is not to raise the stage by dramatic jack-screws, arouse strong emotions, soothe fierce passions, create a national or even a local school of histrionic art. It is to raise money for the Army, as well as incidentally to have a good time. This purpose is laudable, and not without reason does the public look on the entertainments with kindly eye. The public welcomes Mr. Barnet's child, and enjoys its pranks; and it also goes to see the child when it wears clothes thoughtfully provided for it by Mr. Edward Everett Rice.

Mr. Barnet, in "Excelsior, Jr.," builds his airy edifice on the poem by Longfellow, which not many years ago was, strange to relate, regarded by some as the gentle poet's masterpiece. The hot enthusiasts never stopped to ask what there was particularly heroic in the conduct of the young man who was rude to blushing maidenhood and irreverent to old age, all for the sake of a banner. Nor did they question his real motive, nor did they suspect the future possible derivation of the phrase, "carrying the banner." Mr. Barnet's libretto, or frame-work, or scaffolding, or what-you-will, resembles Longfellow's poem: there are several disconnected episodes, and the young man appears in each; but Mr. Barnet's version introduces more characters and some of them indulge in specialties never dreamed of by the creator of the rash and flippant young man.

Do you ask for a description of the plot? It has already been published, and some of the audience last evening recognized it. Others, who went to confirm their suspicions, complained of an absence of plot. They failed to see what the "miller's song" and the "soubrette" in Act minor op. 2. In the second act had to do with the adventures of H. W. Excelsior. But these are constitutional carpers, who object to "Martha" because there is no duel in it and "La Grande Duchesse" because diplomacy is treated lightly by the librettist. Mr. Barnet follows an excellent recipe: He introduces all his characters and then lets each do what pleases him or her. If one is fired and disappears at the end of the first act, another may be persuaded to take his place. Now if all these characters had not been introduced, we should not have seen that irresistibly funny gymnastic act by Messrs. Barroll and Watson, by all odds the most amusing thing in the show. Nor would we all have wondered at the grace and skill shown by Messrs. Perkins, Drew and Putnam in the fantastic dance in the third act. Welcome, very welcome, too, were the disquisitions of Mr. George P. Davis, and the audience was pleased mightily by the "Chant Celtique" of Mr. Benton. Mr. Greene looked something like Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, and there were men that were not very unlike portraits by Van Dyck, "Subjects Unknown."

The lines and songs suffered at first through the modesty of the comedians, whose voices hardly went over the heads of the members of the orchestra. Later here was more confidence. Mr. Tracy's music is almost always a pleasing jingle, and it is often much more than this. The use made of Rossini's music in the first scene, where William Tell figures, is clever. Several of the numbers will undoubtedly be popular. And there are many traces throughout the work of nice musical taste

and genuine fancy in instrumentation. All in all, the music has a go and timefulness—not often marked by extreme originality—that serve admirably the purpose of the Cadets. The burlesque is mounted handsomely, and the opening scene in the monastery and the apotheosis of Excelsior are well worth seeing.

All engaged in the performance contributed their time and best will, if some were more successful than others in amusing the careless spectator, why particularize, or why discriminate? Let it be enough to say, that there was frequent applause, there were flowers, there were recalls, and all manner of outward exhibitions of delight, not so much after each act as during the performance of a specialty. The whole performance went smoothly for the most part. There is every reason to believe that the Cadets have added a large sum to their fund; and they not only have had a good time but they have given enjoyment to others. And so Messrs. Barnet and Tracy should be pleased to turn.

PHILIP HALE

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneseel Quartet gave its seventh concert at Union Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 1, Schumann; songs, with piano accompaniment; piano quintet in A major, op. 81, Dvorak. Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer, and Bernhard Stavenhagen the club's assistant in the quintet.

It seemed, when the Schumann quartet had been played, that its varied charms would constitute the most pleasing reminiscence of the evening. The dominant "cello" passages as played by Mr. Schroeder, haunted the memory; the fascination of the adagio movement had not vanished, and the demure in the rare ensemble had been as irresistible as ever. Yet when the first movement of the quintet was over, scarcely a vestige of Schumann's piquancy and strange beauty remained. The zest with which Mr. Stavenhagen began the performance of his part of the quintet soon seized all the players. They appeared to strive to outdo one another in faultlessness and delicacy of skill. In the scherzo, despite the artistic restraint of the pianist, there were vivid glimpses of the accomplished virtuoso; but, however, only the unsympathetic could have quashed the impulse. The large audience applauded the players loudly until they had twice bowed in response.

Henschel's "Spring," the only song which Miss Franklin sang in English, gave more genuine pleasure than the songs of Bizet and Emil Maur together. The applause, strange to relate, was discriminative.

Again have the laws concerning man's apparel been framed by an esteemed local contemporary. "Underwear," for instance, "is colored, blue being most favored." Isabel should be the color, Isabel, a dull brownish yellow, with a mixture of red and gray. Was it not Isabella who swore that she would never change her clothes, superficial or intimate, until a certain town fell into her hands? And the town resisted for a year, or, as some say, two.

"Shapes and sizes are unaltered." There is no allowance made this season for shrinkage or swelling in flesh.

"It will not be correct to wear a negligé shirt with a high collar or a colored shirt with the solecism." Nor should you wear a negligé collar with a high shirt. Authorities differ concerning the solecism. Some think it should only be worn in August and then after sundown. Others approve of it with a frock coat, but persons of light complexion should use great care in the selection of surrounding colors. Solecisms are now to be found at any respectable "furnishing store." It's better to buy them by the box.

The red necktie is in fashion, as are the "flamboyant colors, yellow and green." Perhaps the most remarkable "specialty in neckwear" is the Self Tye. The moment it is adjusted firmly at the back of the collar, it ties itself without a blunder and without the aid of a glass or profanity.

"There is a schism on the subject of waistcoats." But it will not be fashionable this season to wear the schism in the back, even when the waistcoat is covered by a cutaway or a frock. At least the Duke of York prefers a waistcoat without a rent, and he has "authentic information on these matters."

The news about the Yznagas strengthens the rumor that South Dakota is a fashionable resort. The season is a movable feast, and it lasts in the case of each individual until the divorce is granted.

Nordica shows at least genuine emotion while she is fulfilling an operatic engagement. She has lost her dog.

The Rev. Dr. Bicknell, if he is reported correctly, claims that he is not a "prudist." What's the matter with the word "prude?" So many men have lately shown all the characteristics of this singular being, that the term "prude" can no longer be regarded as distinctively feminine.

The Ministers' Association at New Haven will try "to induce the Faculty to adopt more stringent measures in dealing with looseness in Yale student life." Is looseness here a euphemism for tightness?

It was on March 19, 1678, that red or bloody snow fell on the white snow of the mountains called La Langhe, near Genoa. From this snow, when squeezed, came a red water.

Here is a problem for students in the advanced classes of Journalism. Given, a drunken man, who fell under a train, and given, England as the suggester of color: how would you word your account of the accident so that there would be accuracy in detail, splendor in description, and an appeal to the high emotion, patriotism? This model, hard to better, is from the Pall Mall Gazette: "We are not cotton spinners all. For instance, George Griffiths is a brickmaker's manager, and, as such, loves England and her honor yet. He was drunk the other night—very drunk, we had almost said—and yet how noble the spirit that surged through the earthly prison of his body! His soul's dark cottage battered and decayed let in floods of light through chinks that floods of alcohol had made. He jumped before an approaching train and fell between the metals; the engine and eight carriages passed over him. When the train had departed he rose, still grasping with a hand of vice the cigar he had held when it arrived, and asked for a light. His view of the situation probably was that he had been in bed for a space. Have the annals of Rome or Sparta any more imperturbable hero on their books than simple George Griffiths? Surely England is not yet done with when her sons tread the plain path of daily life with so unswerving a fearlessness. Griffiths was remanded, presumably for the attendance of the train."

The true story of the manner in which Poe was inspired to write "The Fall of the House of Usher" has never been told, and it is with exceeding pleasure that we make it known to all lovers of the decadent born out of season. Mr. Poe was looking earnestly one day at a bottle of Glenlivet whisky that stood on his table. By a rare accident, it happened to be corked. Frowning for a moment Poe seized a corkscrew and grasped the bottle firmly. As he did so, he noticed the word "Usher," which struck agreeably his ear as he repeated "Usher" vaguely. He then thought as he tested the contents of the bottle, "what a calamity it would be if Usher were to fall, if this noble house should fall!" The title, "The Fall of the House of Usher," was determined before he reached the middle of the bottle, and the opening sentences were written before the night and the whisky were gone.

new 20

The Fourth and Last Concert of the Adamowski Quartet Series—Mr. William H. Sherwood, the Pianist, Assists.

The Adamowski Quartet gave its last concert this season in Union Hall yesterday afternoon. The first number of the program was Mozart's quartet in G major (K 387). In many respects the performance of this beautiful work was the high water mark of the players this season. For not only was there a closer approach to absolutely pure intonation; there was unusual care in the observance of dynamics; and there was emotion without exaggeration and sentimentality. The performance gave genuine pleasure. To say it was an ideal performance would be to go too far; but how seldom is a performance of music by Mozart in operatic or symphonic form ideal.

Mr. Sherwood played Rubinstein's fifth barcarolle and Tausig's arrangement of the familiar military march by Schubert. He has an admirable technique, one that responds in full to all demands, however severe they may be. His touch yesterday seemed at times hard, and in the stormy passages the hearer was conscious of physical exertion on the part of the player. Did he not take the barcarolle at too slow a pace? Without pressing the question, it may be said that he interested chiefly the student of technique. There was the one thing lacking, call it sympathy of temperament, or what you will, so that the hearer admired the fingers and was not otherwise moved.

Schumann's piano quartet—op. 47—always interests, even when the performance is only respectable. The performance yesterday was not wholly satisfactory. The piano too often was selfish in its appeals to the attention of the hearer, and there was consequently a lack of balance. In the slow movement this want of due proportion was especially noticeable, particularly where the violin is in running counterpoint against the haunting theme. The first allegro was taken too fast at the start; this allegro is often sinned against by dragging it until it loses rhythmic shape; of the two evils the first is the more endurable.

Mr. Sherwood in response to a recall after the solo numbers played a piece of his own. "Exhilaration," I am told, is the title. The exhilaration was only for a moment, and it was not contagious.

PHILIP HALE

The literary pre-eminence of Boston is assured as long as such novels as "Rita" are written by her sons; for "Ray Nard" is a Bostonian, although the publisher is in New York.

Who is "Ray Nard?" Some say it is Hamlin Garland in disguise; but the style is too frank, and the author rides no hobby-horse. Perhaps he is a member of the Watch and Ward Society; for he turns the calcium light on the dark life of the town. Perhaps he is Dr. Lansing—we say this with all respect, and the guess is probably without foundation. Yet there is a fierce denunciation of the corruption in social life that reminds one of the doctor's weekly jeremiads.

Who is Mrs. Hunnewell, the "comey young society leader," who induces poor Rags to leave her husband's bed and board and elope with an artist in such haste that she does not even provide herself with a tooth-brush? Who is the wicked white-haired old man, and in what street is the house "not many miles from the dome of the State House" where revelers meet in the afternoon? Such books should be provided with a map of the locality and a key to the characters.

The report of the hanging in effigy of the Rev. Mr. Robinson at Avon Park, Fla., is unfortunately vague. It is announced that Mr. Robinson "confessed that he used tobacco in his study," but we are not told the form of his indulgence. If he smoked cigarettes the indignation of the parishioners may be understood, if not wholly excused. But if he smoked the pipe of contemplation—ah, think how many grave and worthy divines have pondered the vanity of a worldly life as they watched the smoke arising, and afterward knocked out the ashes with a sigh. If Mr. Robinson took the weed in its rawer and more intimate form, did he use fine-cut or the more heroic plug?

That is a strange story of life in New Bedford. Is it the custom there for citizens to guard their houses with "drawn swords"? Is there a return to the age of chivalry in the famous town? If Mr. Devoll had armed himself with a gun, or an Indian club, or a flatiron, the incident would not have been so marked. If he had chosen a harpoon there would have been a pleasing dash of local color. As it is, this "drawn sword" smacks of a novel by the elder Dumas or Anthony Hope.

Shakespeare stock is rising in spite of the Detroit doctor and his marvelous discovery. Mr. E. Charlton Black tells us that Shakespeare had great social and literary popularity and "there was about him something of unusual potency." And it was only the other day that Shakespeare was awarded judgment for costs against Pension Commissioner Lochren. He will be a-suing the Detroit doctor next for defamation of character.

We celebrate with pomp this day, not because it is the anniversary of the birth of Ovid and the death of Newton, Mars and Henry IV. of England, but because it was on the 20th of March, 1753, that Mr. Haynes, a carpenter, in St. Johns Street, London, while seized with a giddiness, was rubbed as to his head, by Mrs. Haynes, a devoted wife. And as she rubbed vigorously, but lovingly, his hair came off from his head and his eye-brows. Hence, undoubtedly, the expression, "'Twill take the hair off your head."

And it was on March 20, 1809, that Mary Bateman, the reputed witch of Leeds, Yorkshire, was "conducted under the drop and launched by the instantaneous falling of it into that state where repentance comes too late." In other words, Mary, who at the age of five began to display a knavish and vicious disposition by stealing a pair of morocco shoes and hiding them in a harn; Mary, who was in certain respects a more skilled comedian than Mlle. Mars; Mary was hanged, "quitting," to use the chaste language of a reporter of that day, "after foul and deliberate murder, the last brink of time, with an obdurate lie hanging on her quivering and distorted lips."

There is one London dramatic critic who does not bow the knee to Miss May Yohe, who is still remembered in Boston. Indeed, in some families her name is a household word. This critic remarks apropos of her appearance in "Dandy Dick Whittington": "Some day, perhaps, she will be a Duchess, but we fancy she will never be an actress."

Another man who drove Daniel Webster is dead. As a rule it was easier to lead Daniel than to drive him.

St. Paul and Minneapolis should take lessons in denigration from Bornheim and Bockenheim, two rival communities near Frankfurt. In a carnival procession, Bornheim was represented by a car in which the people of Bockenheim were represented in tattered clothes and with empty purses. Bockenheim replied by a poem in its newspaper, which described its rival as a village "without the perfume of a single factory." It also gave this advice to Bornheim's local pfarer, who was about to take the post of Prison Chaplain: for they advised him to preach from the text, "I go to prepare a place for you." And they said that the Bornheimites were evil by birth, robbers, sons of robbers, as the sins of the fathers were visited on the children. Was Bornheim ached? Not at all. The report was: "Bockenheim need never fear a similar fate, because the fathers there were so miscellaneous that not omniscience itself could tell who they were."

"Implacable must those hurricanes be that force one to ask peace for the soul at the mouth of the pistol."

Why should not a woman who is sick of life be allowed to escape the identity she herself longs to throw off? Why should there be such prying into her affairs?

A woman determines to efface herself. Her body is not cold, but the "distinguishing marks on her person" are noted. "Her four upper incisors are filled with gold," etc., etc. The size of her shoe is recorded, and "odd details" observed, from hat to bottle of cold cream.

Once on a time a certain dreadful and monstrous distemper did seize the Milesian maids; for all on a sudden an earnest longing for death, with furious attempts to hang themselves, did attack them; so that the calamity seemed to be an extraordinary divine stroke and beyond human help, until the counsel of a wise man was by record past into act of the Senate; viz.: That those maids that hanged themselves should be carried naked through the market place. This ratified law did not only inhibit but quashed their desires of slaying themselves. Plutarch tells the story.

And yet was the Milesian punishment more to be dreaded by a sensitive woman than the morbid and heartless curiosity that is spurred by mystery, and respects not the sanctity of death.

Mr. Steve O'Donnell insists that he is a dead game sport, and refers parenthetically to "the ravings of a defeated sorehead like John L. Sullivan." We hope the eminent play-actor will not be disturbed by these windy words. Garrick had his detractors even in his own day. Booth knew the taunts of the envious. Richard Mansfield admits publicly that his high merits are not fully appreciated.

Childie Hassam—that it to say, he has one of 'em, the \$300 prize.

Ben Jonson was well done, not rare, in Cambridge yesterday.

The Chap-Book says that Mr. Eugene Field once in London took Mrs. Humphry Ward in to dinner. Mrs. Ward was monumental and impassive, and several courses passed in a decent and orderly silence. Finally she turned to Mr. Field and said: "Tell us of Chicago, of your habits and customs. I have never known anyone who lived there."

And Mr. Field replied, beginning thus: "Well, Mrs. Ward, when I was caught I was living in a tree."

The Society for the Suppression of Operatic and Managerial Immorality already plumes itself on its labors. "The operas" of the next month, says its appointed organ, "have been selected with care, and the great singers distributed in such a way as to give a good performance on every night." As a matter of fact the repertoire is by no means as striking as that of the first week, in which "Otello" and "Falstaff" were produced. As for "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet," they have been given here ad nauseam. But in the April week Emma Eames will cut more of a figure than she did during the fortnight, and so the Society is probably content.

The tobacco question, "Whether clergymen should use the weed," is not confined to Florida. The smoke arises in Newton, even in the neighborhood. Mr. Bronson writes a manly letter in defining his position, and his letter is the stronger because he gave up tobacco years ago. By the way, why do not the enemies of tobacco put in circulation the once-famous pamphlet written by James I. of England. Do you remember its closing sentence? "A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmfulfull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

If you keep Lent and at the same time would fain feast sumptuously, delight the stomach and surprise the nerves, prepare the eel in its slimy, ghastly length. Stuff it with truffles, roast it in buttered paper, wrap it in sauce as in a garment, and serve it squirming, wriggling, in hideous coils.

The advertisement of the "bashful" young man in Rockland for a wife excites the laughter of the superficial and the scornful, but it reads like an honest cry of a yearning soul. Times change and advertisements with them. This is a practical, a commercial age, and so this young man adds "preference given to one who has money." Now here is an advertisement which appeared in a London newspaper June 16, 1803: "To men of honor. If it were asked at Delphos, why there is so much infelicity in human nature; the Oracle might urge, that it arose from the misapplication of our passions. If Sappho or Heloise existed now, they might pine in vain for suitors correspondent with their elegant desires; yet there are such amiable beings; but they are denied the contemplation of high good, by the spells of ambition and wealth. The coarse may believe, that Love can triumph, independent of sentiment and the assiduities of

the Graces; but such persons are not organized for the supreme happiness; the laws of Cypress are inexplicable to a table of interest. A refined spirit is anxious to participate in the enthusiasms of tenderness and sympathy, and tremblingly departs from her accustomed habits, to allure a kindred soul. A noble mind can only understand and appreciate the genuine tenor of this declaration." O Laura Matilda! No. The initials are D. E.

Do you wish to hear an oracular weather opinion pertinent to the time? Listen to this statement by the ingenious Dr. Kirwan, and commit it to memory—if you can: "When there has been no particular storm about the time of the spring equinox, if a storm arise from the east on or before that day, or if a storm from any point of the compass arise near a week after the equinox, then in either of these cases, the succeeding summer is generally dry, four times in five; but if a storm arise from the S. W. or W. S. W. on or just before the spring equinox, then the summer following is generally wet, five times in six." At any rate an umbrella in the hand is worth four in the rack.

The Last Recital Given by Messrs. Stavenhagen and Jean Gerardy in Boston This Season.

The following was the program of the Stavenhagen-Gérardy recital given last evening in Music Hall:

Sonata, B flat minor.....	Liszt
Concerto pour 'Cello.....	Mr. Stavenhagen.
Rhapsodie, G minor.....	Eckert
Intermezzo, E flat.....	Mr. Gerardy.
Two Etudes.....	Brahms
Romance.....	Brahms
Pastorale, op. 2.....	Chopin
Caprice, op. 2.....	Mr. Stavenhagen.
Erl Koenig.....	Svendsen
(By request.)	Mr. Gerardy.
Berceuse.....	Stavenhagen
Tarantelle.....	Stavenhagen
	Schubert-Liszt
	(By request.)
	Mr. Stavenhagen.
	Godard
	Popper
	Mr. Gerardy.

A pianist is announced with a flourish of trumpets. He makes his first appearance, and is heard with admiration, say with enthusiasm. He comes again, and again, and although at the final concert there are still a few souls faithful to the end, he feels that he has worn out his welcome, and he is not perhaps to be severely blamed if he plays in a somewhat perfunctory manner. For he is conscious of the fact that his powers have not waned seriously in one season. He is like unto the agreeable raconteur that soon becomes a bore; or the man of unfailing accuracy in statement, who at last irritates beyond measure. This is the end of every man's desire.

Mr. Stavenhagen last evening played at times uncommonly well. There were delightful passages in the sonata, made delightful by the pianist's delicacy of treatment or breadth of style. Then, on the other hand, his performance of the Rhapsodie, by Brahms, was disfigured by a reckless use of the damper pedal. If the first of the Etudes chosen was played sympathetically, the arrangement of the Erl King was thundered forth as though the job must be done within a given time. And yet this performance, inferior to much of that which had preceded, provoked the most spontaneous applause, and a recall.

Mr. Gerardy, for now that "by request" he wears trousers and not knickerbockers he surely is entitled to promotion from "musician," again showed himself the born musician, the musician of temperament, the mysterious quality sneered at by those who are themselves without it. He is no mere child wonder, no prodigy to be patted on the head and patronized. He has the skill, the emotional feeling and the intelligence of the fully developed man.

Neither of these musicians appeared at a symphony concert in this city. This fact is apparently inexplicable. In Gerardy's case the answer might be, "But there are so many players of string instruments in the orchestra who would like to play solos." Why was Mr. Stavenhagen not invited to play a concerto?

The program announced that Mr. Stavenhagen is "Hofpianist Sr. Konigl. Hohel. Des Grossherzogs von Sachsen-Weimar." The expense of printing this announcement might have been spared. To use a homely phrase, such advertisements do not ent any ice, even in the town of Boston.

PHILIP HALE

One of our contemporaries stated yesterday that the playbill on the production of "Epicene" ascribed the authorship to "Benjamin Jonson, M. A.;" another stated that the author was alluded to as "Ben Jonson." Accuracy, gentlemen, accuracy, as Brother Pulitzer is never weary of remarking.

This comedy of Jonson contains the famous lines so pertinent today, when the sickening odor of musk thickens the air of street car and vitiate even the free atmosphere of a wind-swept street. (By the way, the wind is the chief sweeper here in Boston.)

"Still to be powdered, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound."

And yet the use of perfumes is not to be condemned indiscriminately. De Pachmann should always play the piano in a room where pastilles smoulder or tuberoses sigh voluptuously. 'Twas only the other day they experimented with caged animals at the London Zoo. "The lion sniffed at his bottle of lavender essence as if it were

a slab of raw meat, and the best of the night of the trial during the process. This fact naturally suggests the necessity of the lion-hunter providing himself with a bottle of lavender-water, to be used in case of misplaced confidence in a gun. There is symbolism in this leonine affection for lavender. The lion of the old legends always respected maidenhood, and is not sweet lavender the very symbol of that state and condition?

An old edition of Ben Jonson's plays is now before us. It has evidently known book-stalls and auction rooms. And some one annotated it. After "Epicoene" is written, "I once knew a gentleman in India who had lived some years in the interior, and who, in his absurd dislike of common noises, resembled Morose. I have seen his servant announce his carriage to him in a whisper and receive a reproof for vociferation."

With the whizzing and the rumbling and the bells of electric cars, who does not envy Morose, who "hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of those common noises."

It does not speak well for the acumen of detectives, professional and amateur, when a cipher card is regarded as possibly a cryptogram or possibly a policy combination. Has any one tried the principles of investigation laid down in Poe's "Gold Bug"? It's a pity that Mr. Sherlock Holmes is dead. But Mr. Ignatius Donnelly still lives.

A local contemporary, opposed to the subway, insists that women are "naturally adverse to tunnels." And thus a delusion cherished for years by caricaturist, paragrapher, and story-writer, is shattered as in the twinkling of an eye.

An highwayman armed with a revolver frightens nine people, seven of them men, chases them at his will and makes his escape. And where did this happen? On a Western plain? On a lonely Southern road? In that remote and unprotected region known as the Back Bay? No. It was on a Revere marsh, and the vehicle was an electric car with all the modern improvements. If this sort of thing keeps on, all reputable citizens will apply for permission to carry weapons. It is a pleasure to learn that in this particular instance some one had the presence of mind to report the affair to the police.

They say of the late Duchess of Leinster, famous for her imperial beauty, that "she was not clever and she did not try to talk." Therefore she was clever.

O, esteemed contemporaries that borrow freely musical and theatrical reviews of each other, are you cock-sure that "Gypsy John" is a song by Clayton Johns? Is it not by an English composer, named Clay? Nor can you put in as a defence, association of ideas; for Mr. Clayton Johns could never be a Gypsy John.

Here is the Transcript a-pitching into Miss Gertrude Hall for translating some of Paul Verlaine's poems. It remarks incidentally that Verlaine "is one of the vilest of vile French poets." Such ferocity of rhetoric brings with it the suspicion that the rhetorician is not well up in his Verlaine. It is true that the poet has written a few verses hardly suitable for recitation at the tea table, or as an intermezzo between reading the Transcript and the evening game of jack-straw. But Verlaine has composed many poems of innocent beauty, and some of deep devotion; and Miss Hall honors herself by translating them; that is, if she translates them well.

That is a singular mania; breaking into railway stations. If there is any dreary, forsaken, suicide-inspiring place on the earth, it's a railway station after the last local train has tottered by, and all the lanterns have been blown out.

Is this Swampscott whale the blowing press agent of the approaching summer season?

man 23. '95

A man was found in Boston who was willing, yes, apparently eager to spread abroad all that Miss Hathaway had told him in confidence. There was also a newspaper that in its devotion to "modern journalism" and thirst after "identification" was delighted to publish the story.

Of course there was a man in the tragic case, and of course he was the one deeply wronged. "The woman was a stranger in Boston." The man, "on the contrary, was well known to the trade. * * * He was highly regarded in some of the best business houses in the city." Therefore it is the solemn duty of every respectable person to shy a brick at the woman.

Then, too, there is no possible risk in publishing this confidential story. The woman cannot contradict. She is dead.

And again we ask, why in such cases is public and morbid identification necessary?

Dr. Prager reports that he has found that "the way the public looked to the undertaking rooms was simply shameful, and a disgrace to Boston." He might have widened the scope of his denunciation.

Capt. Wotherspoon assured the audience that in every tight or skirmish between the whites and Indians "it was the former who were always to blame." There's no doubt that the whites started the row. The Indians were here first.

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University is a dead game sport, fit to be called to a still higher position, viz., Perpetual President of Assorted Athletics. "I should be sorry to maim and kill our boys, but I am willing to say that it would be better to maim and kill a few of our very best young men than to allow the whole race to drift into those worse habits which are now becoming so threatening." But does it necessarily follow that violent foot ball will remove drunkenness, licentiousness and gambling from a college? At the same time, Hurrah for the old Spartan spirit!

A correspondent writes: "I notice that in the biographies of young men published in the newspapers of today each of the men described, with or without a portrait, was graduated at school or college with the highest honors. After careful examination and comparison I find that some classes must have had at least a dozen valedictorians." Our friend should not take these matters so seriously. Did he ever read in the newspapers of "hands" that were "unwilling," or "wedding gifts" that were not "costly?" "With highest honors" is an amiable phrase that pleases some and injures no one.

What's this? Mrs. Lease declines the nomination for Mayor of Wichita because "if she accepted the nomination she would be compelled to resign her position at the head of the State Board of Charities, where the income is three to four times greater than the Mayor's salary." But this is acting like a debased, sodden, gross and sensual man!

They are not merely "waves of crime" along the water front; they are breakers.

Mr. S. J. Elder believes that foot ball has a high and holy mission. "This game," says the profound student of sociology, "has its effects not only on the boys but also on the girls, and the puny, white-faced girls are giving way to those who go to New London and Springfield and enjoy the races and games as much as you or your sons do." Yes; there's nothing like education. The Vestal Virgins watched with bugging eyes and heaving breasts the death-kick of the handsome gladiator, and the women of Spain rejoice in the spasmodic nervousness induced by the sight of bull v. man.

And now there is delightful gossip about Boston painters and their studios. When Mr. Pope was painting lions in a Connecticut town, that is, painting pictures of the lions, one of his sitters brought his paw down on the artist's shoulder and tried to drag him into the cage. Was this favorable or adverse criticism on the part of the lion?

Then there's Mrs. —, who "never took the brush in hand until her household was established." But how could she "establish her household" without a brush.

"Reading man goes wrong." Not while he

was reading, nor because he was a man of literary pursuits. In fact, he was assistant train master of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

"Go to Halifax" will not be much of a curse if the railway trains cover the distance between Boston and Halifax in less than 24 hours.

Tomorrow is a memorable day; for just 84 years ago at Misson, near Bawtry, a man ate for a trifling wager 65 raw eggs in eight minutes.

When Professor Luther of Trinity remarked, "As long as notoriously unruly and vicious players are applauded by their peers and whitewashed by their elders, games will be marked by considerable brutality," all eyes were turned toward New Haven; and yet the Professor named no names.

The Raconteur speaks pleasantly of Mr. Paur in the last number of the Musical Courier: "When Emil Paur came to America he was a big, loose-gaited, lumbering man, whose head was a mop of hair, and he certainly looked musical. Now all this is changed. Emil has become Americanized, and believes in his barber as much as in his Brahms. Alas! he has become a bit of a dandy, and I charge it all to Timothy Adamowski's fatal influence. Tim is the handsomest man in the orchestra. (I ask the tympanist's pardon.) Mr. Paur naturally took him for a model. Else why that hirsute arrangement on the forehead? Is it not a halcyon paraphrase of the famous Adamowski bang? Come, come Monsieur Paur, give an account of yourself. Is this sort of thing to continue, and will you eventually become graceful and a lady-killer? Alas! art is ever swamped by the materialistic tendencies of America. We may live to see the day when Paur will conduct from a bicycle and attired in Plymouth Rock panties. O, Dies Irac!"

The Nineteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra—Mr. Kniesel Plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto.

The program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows.

Symphony No. 3, E major Brahms
Concerto for Violin, E minor Mendelssohn
Entr'acte from "Der Gouverneur von Tours" (first time) Reinecke
Overture to "Hans Heiling" Marschner

The compiler of the program book says "Der Gouverneur von Tours" is not down in any musical or operatic cyclopaedia.

Mr. Apthorp in his most authoritative manner, his neck clothed with thunder, makes this positive statement.

Alas, the statement is not true.

It is true that there is no mention of Reinecke's opera in Grove's Dictionary, Poulgin's Supplement to the great work of Fétis, or the "Dictionnaire Lyrique" by Clément and Larousse.

But the leading "operatic cyclopaedia" is the "Opern-Handbuch" by Dr. Hugo Riemann, published at Leipzig by Koch; and on page 752 is a paragraph, which, Englished, reads as follows: "Der Gouverneur von Tours," comic opera in three acts, by Karl Reinecke; text by Edwin Bormann and founded on "Die Münche" (Leipzig, Nov. 22, 1891.)"

Is this statement by Riemann correct? Apparently not.

For the Signale, No. 68, 1891, announced the first performance of "Der Gouverneur von Tours" at the Court Theatre, Schwerin, Nov. 20, 1891. It also announced the success of the opera, although "the libretto founded on the well-known French comedy 'Die Münche' might well be condensed." However great the success may then have been, it was not such as to make the opera well known to the musical world. Little or nothing was heard of the work until Nov. 24, 1894, when it was brought out at the City Theatre, Cologne, and Reinecke himself conducted.

Mr. Apthorp also says that Joseffy is a pupil of Reinecke. Mr. Joseffy may have taken a few lessons of Reinecke, for he studied in several German cities. But he is pre-eminently a pupil of Tausig.

The entr'acte is a German attempt at piquancy. It reminds one of the gavotte from "Mignon" and also of the famous "Pizzicati" in "Sylvia." They order these matters better in France. Where the French wear pumps with rosettes, the Germans wear rubber boots.

The overture to "Hans Heiling" is preceded in the opera by a "vorspiel" in which Hans, his mother, and the Earth Spirits appear. The overture is in the style of Weber. It is well-made after a conventional pattern. There is no suspicion of program music. It's a cut-and-dried affair, neither better nor worse than the average overture of its day.

Mr. Apthorp in the program book says that "Hans Heiling" was nearly Marschner's last work for the stage. As a matter of fact, he wrote five operas after "Hans Heiling" was produced, although one of them was given for the first time after his death.

The first three movements of the Brahms symphony are Brahms at his best. There are elemental, granitic qualities in the first movement that give an overwhelming feeling of power. This movement suffered in consequence of the comparative slowness of the second theme as taken by Mr. Paur. The continuity was broken. There were episodes instead of a mighty whole of alternate strength and sweetness.

Nor was Mr. Paur happy in the pace of the second movement. The music is frankness itself, after the trifling debt to "Zampa" is acknowledged. But last evening it was tortured into something deep, mystic,

cryptic, wonderful. The result was tedium instead of delight.

The third movement was read and played delightfully.

Mr. Apthorp says of the last movement: "The ending of this finale is one of the most highly poetic I know of in all orchestral music; the dramatic significance the last themes have acquired during the first movement imparts an indescribable atmosphere of pathos to it all. It is, however, really only the ghost of the first theme of the first movement that thus returns at the close; for, unfortunately, either intentionally or by miscalculation, Brahms has so written it that it is perceptible only to the eye, but is not to be detected by even the most carefully intent ear. The theme is so veiled in the tremolo of the muted strings that its melodic outline is evanescent, and no one would notice it save in the printed score." There is only one thing to be said in reply to this extraordinary statement: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Ear trumpets are now admirably disguised. A fan thoughtfully bitten at critical moments does not provoke public comment, and it is of invaluable assistance.

Mr. Kniesel gave an eminently Mendelssohnian performance of an eminently Mendelssohnian work. He played with great care; his accuracy was praiseworthy, as ever; his taste was not to be disputed. His tone seemed thin, and his interpretation was unemotional.

PHILIP HALE

ABOUT MUSIC.

Did Wagner Build on the Greek Tragedy?

The Sound Opinions of Mr. J. F. Rowbotham.

The Silent Interview of Two Silent Men.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Van Ness is reported to have said in his lecture: "The Parsifal Play, as seen at Bayreuth," that "the great Wagnerian dramas were evolved from the Greek, whose creations lacked sweetness."

It is not likely that Mr. Van Ness used this precise language. Yet it is highly probable that he believes Wagnerian opera to be the direct descendant of Greek tragedy; for the mistake is common.

It would be easy to say that an interest derived from the passion of sexual love can rarely be found on the Greek stage, possibly as De Quincey suggests, because such interest did not harmonize with the principle of that stage, and its vast overhanging gloom. The interest in the majority of the Wagnerian operas is derived from this passion, at times illicit, at times absolutely repugnant, as in the incestuous adulterine relations of the couple in "Die Walküre." But this would not reach the root of the matter.

It was the theory of De Quincey that the first elementary idea of a Greek tragedy is to be sought in serious opera. What kind of serious opera? Italian. Italian of the first 50 years of this century.

Hear him. "The Greek dialogue is represented by the recitative; and the tumultuous lyrical parts assigned chiefly, though not exclusively, to the chorus on the Greek stage, are represented by the impassioned airs, duos, trios, choruses on the Italian."

But "the impassioned airs" are sung by the chief characters; whereas the chorus of tragedy was "a sympathizing spectator, detached from the business and the crash of the catastrophe; and its office was to guide or to interpret the sympathies of the audience."

In the operas written by Wagner in accordance with his advanced theories, there are no airs, duos, trios, choruses.

Leave De Quincey out of the question at present. Is there any form of dramatic entertainment today that resembles the Greek tragedy?

The actors in Greek tragedy declaimed in the manner of the Epic Rhapsodists, more colloquially and with less musical expression. They sometimes chanted and sometimes spoke; the interchange was determined by the character of the matter, whether it was impassioned and exalted, or purely colloquial. Now this interchange was known as the Paracatalogue.

Mr. John F. Rowbotham, in the second volume of his remarkable and, alas, unfinished "History of Music," has considered most carefully the claim made by the more infuriate Wagnerites. Here is his opinion, and every sentence is worthy the earnest attention of all those interested in the present condition—vague, uncertain, tentative, experimental—of opera.

"Now if the Paracatalogue was the basis of the actor's part in the Greek drama, we may go on to consider a further exhibition of its influence, and see how its spirit seems to have extended over all the play, which we may pronounce in a manner, though unconsciously, to have been formed on the spirit of the Paracatalogue. For if exalted chanting differs from speech, no less does regular rhythmic song differ from chanting. It is as much a contrast to it as chanting itself is to speech, and in the perpetual contrast of Lyric Song to Chanting did the relations of the Chorus to the Acting consist."

"For when the actors had finished their dialogue or harangue, with which the play opened, speaking it or chanting it according to the nature of the subject, the chorus, preceded by a line of flute players, came dancing through the side wings into the large arena, singing a most harmonious and plastic song, and the flute players ranged themselves on the steps of the altar, fronting the stage, while the chorus, in time to their song, performed their dances and evolutions in that large open space that was like a small cricket ground in size, and after the conclusion of their song and dance the actors began their speeches again, and after a time there was another choral song and dance, and then more speeches, and in this graceful interchange of music and speech the structure of the drama consisted. For I say we may well call the actors' part the 'speaking' part, however much it may at times have risen into the region of musical declamation, for even this was speaking, as compared to the clear and plastic choral song, which stood out as the undoubted music of the play, and to which the rest served but as a foil. In this way, then, we may take the Paracatalogue as the typical form on which the Greek Drama was based, and so we shall find it was more allied to our melodrama than our opera, whence we may well surmise if the melodrama may not be a purer form of art, and that in the opera, which gives us perpetual music all through the piece, with

none of the relief or shading which the infusion of homely speech affords, we see rather a corruption of Dramatic Music than its best and purest form. For there is such a thing as making too much of Music in Dramatic Art, whereby it loses half its charms, and there is such a thing as making too little. And the latter we may see in the Melodramas of our own Elizabethan poets, where the music, as was natural with men who were playwrights rather than musicians, is reduced to too great a subordination; though even that is preferable to the excesses of the Modern Grand Opera, where we are overdone with a continual swell of sound, that never ceases for an instant being poured in at our ears, which is not only unnatural but false to the best models of antiquity. For, indeed, if we would find the same excellent tempering of Speech and Song, which was the basis of the Greek tragedy, we must search for it in the operas of Mozart and the early Italian school, which were in every sense of the word Melodramas, and gain their beauty, as we say, from that admirable blending of Speech and Song, which it was the merit of Greek tragedy to enunciate and emphasize. Which character of the Greek Tragedy it behooves us to keep clearly before us at present, when so many false theories are afloat about its nature; for men have lately arisen of a spirit that is eminently anti-classical, who would warp and distort that beautiful form of art into keeping with their own opinions, and they have given untrustworthy and untrue descriptions of it in their writings, making Pegasus into a griffin, and the Chimaera out of the goat Amalthea."

Neither in subject nor in treatment did Wagner choose as model the Greek tragedy. He undoubtedly said that he did; for Wagner said many things; thus, he preached vegetarianism and ate meat; he preached democracy and hung on to the coat-tails of a mad King for support. These contradictions do not disprove his genius. Nor does the loud quackery of many of his pamphlets tarnish the beauty and diminish the grandeur of portions of his music.

Mr. Van Ness "hoped the Parsifal play would never be given in America—it was too solemn." My dear sir, I had the pleas-

ure of hearing "Parsifal" in Bayreuth in '82. I have heard "Parsifal" in concert form in Boston under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. I assure you that the latter performance was not "too solemn." Indeed, the performance contained the elements of genteel gayety, if not of boisterous merriment.

"In a purely melodic, homophonic work, as 'Carmen,' with one hearing, you hear all it has to tell; 500 hearings of a great Bach work only brings out new beauties, unheard before."

But why compare such utterly dissimilar works, Mr. Elson?

You might as well condemn an essay by Montaigne or a grim tale by de Maupassant because it did not resemble Jonathan Edwards's "Narrative of the Work of God in the Conversion of Many Hundred Souls in Northampton."

Besides, do you not exaggerate? No sensitive musician hears "Carmen" many times without continually finding new beauties of instrumentation and strong dramatic points. The Quintet alone is inexhaustible.

Here is a story told by Le Ménestrel, March 3.

The friends of the celebrated composer Ignaz Brull of Vienna call him, and not without reason, "the silent man." The Viennese painter Hans Makart was dubbed in similar fashion. One day—'twas some years ago—Brull was seated before his piano when the door opened and Makart entered. They knew each other by sight, and after a polite bow, Makart sat down in an easy chair. Brull thought that the painter came to congratulate him on the success of the opera "The Golden Cross," which had just been produced, and awaited a compliment. Makart did not open his mouth. Brull kept on practising. An hour passed without a single word from either of the distinguished men. Finally Makart arose and said: "Beg pardon, but does not Mrs. W— live here?" "Oh, no," said Brull, "you will find her on the second story." "Excuse me," said Makart, bowing. Brull returned the bow, and the painter left the room.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

Nikita has been singing in Odessa.

The last of the Kniesel concerts will be given April 8.

The review of the Symphony concert will be found on another page.

The Kniesel Quartet will give concerts in London June 10, June 17, June 24.

Richard Genée, librettist and composer, is very sick and wretchedly poor at Meran.

Campanari will be the chief figure in Gustav Hinrichs' Opera Company this spring.

The Kniesel Quartet will give concerts in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, March 27, April 15, April 23.

A new book of genuine interest is "Das Alte Clarinblasen auf Trompeten," by H. L. Eichborn. Breitkopf and Härtel.

Zelle de Lussan will sing in concerts and music festivals in May, and will not return to London until June.

Calvé has been making a sensation in St. Petersburg. She has sung in "Carmen" and "La Navarraise."

Miss Mattie Belle Ladd has accepted an engagement with the Bostonians to sing Alan-a-Dale in the Robin Hood company.

Franz von Suppé will bring out a new operetta next season. He has rested eight years.

New Italian operas are, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," by Benvenuti (Florence); "Vendetta Sarda," by Emilio Cellini (Naples, Feb. 12).

New one-act operas are, "L'Amore di un Angelo," text and music by Andrea Ferretto (Alhambra, Milan), and "Der Lotse," by Max Brauer (Carlsruhe).

A new book on aesthetics is "La Psychologie du Beau et de l'Art," translated into French by Auguste Dietrich from the Italian of Mario Pilo. The publisher is Alcan, Paris.

Among the musicians who have gone over to the majority are Ignaz Lachner, composer (born 1807), and Ferdinand Sieber (born 1822), the celebrated singing teacher in Berlin.

Miss Bessie P. Holmes, violinist, of Ayer, Mass., was invited by Americans in Berlin to play at their concert and celebration of Washington's birthday at Hotel Reichhof, and she consented.

Oscar Comettant has written the history of "La Garde Républicaine en Amérique," and it is published by the firm "La Nouvelle France Chorale," Paris. The story of the famous French band and its adventures in the United States in 1872 is told in full.

This is the way they do it in Italy: "As the season at Massa-Carrara is over, the prima donna Signora Anita 'Del Broi' quits the opera house persuaded to abandon an operatic career, and she will marry the rich baker, Signor Liapli Atroeneg."

Mrs. Clara Fernald of Boston sang with marked success in Van Bree's "St. Cecilia's Day," at a concert of the St. George's Glee Union, London. "Her well-controlled powers and good method shone to conspicuous advantage."

The program of the Symphony concert of Saturday will be as follows: Overture, "Spring," Goetz; "Cahal Mohr of the Wine-Red Hand," a rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, H. W. Parker; Variations, Knorr; aria from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Symphony No. 9, C major, Schubert. Mr. Max Heinrich will be the soloist.

The third concert of the Cecilia will be given in Music Hall Thursday evening. The program will include Brahms's German Requiem and selections from the first act of "Parsifal." Miss Lila Juel and Mr. Max Heinrich will assist. There will be an orchestra. The Wage Earners' concert will be given Wednesday evening.

Mr. George W. Chadwick's overture, "Melpomene," will be played this season at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, London, under the leadership of Dr. Mackenzie. Mr. Stavenhagen is one of the soloists engaged for these concerts, and he will play his piano concerto. Miss Chamblade will play her concert piece (op. 40) for piano and orchestra.

Mozart's "Figaro" was given lately in Munich, with a sumptuous outfit. The famous Louis XV. furniture that was ordered by the late mad King of Bavaria for the performances at which he was sole spectator was exhibited for the first time in public. "The boudoir of the Countess Almaviva" was applauded heartily. Thus the foolish extravagances of the unfortunate monarch are now of benefit to the people of Munich."

A concert will be given Monday evening in Association Hall in aid of the work of the First German Baptist Church in Boston. The following will take part in the interpretation of an interesting program: Mrs. S. Homer, contralto; Mrs. Berg-Parkyn, piano; Miss Pray, 'cellist; Miss Bullock, 'cellist; Mr. Molé, flutist; Mr. Fries, 'cellist; Mr. Parkyn, 'cellist, and Dr. Kelterborn, accompanist. Mr. Parkyn will play solos on the aeolian.

Ferruccio Busoni, the pianist, played recently with success in Mr. Nikisch's concerts at Buda Pesth. Nikisch is reported to have tired of his place as conductor of the Buda Pesth orchestra, and Siegfried Wagner is spoken of as his probable successor. George Henschel has resigned the direction of the Scottish orchestra, and is to be replaced by William Kes, who for years has conducted the symphony concerts at Amsterdam.

Mrs. Emil Paur will give the second of her piano recitals in Steinert Hall Monday evening, the 25th. The program will be as follows: Sonata, E flat major, op. 18a, No. 26, Beethoven; aria and gigue from the Partita, B flat major, Bach; two minuets, Rameau; Caprice sur les Aïrs de Ballet d'Alceste, Gluck-Saint-Saens; adagio from Sonata, G minor, and Novelette, E major, Schumann; Intermezzo No. 2, op. 117, Brahms; Mazurka, Berceuse and Polonaise, C sharp minor, Chopin; Barcarolle, F minor, and Passetied, Rubinstein; Caprice, Paderewski; Passetied, Delibes; Mazurka, Godard.

men 25. 945

What would become of poor Tennyson if it were not for Mr. Arthur Warren?

And then this memorial business furnishes Mr. Warren a wealth of copy.

"Personally, his travels are of tremendous advantage to Davis." Thus, for instance, Mr. Richard H. Davis gained his unparalleled knowledge of New York by his darling journey to the interior of the Bowery.

A New York newspaper remarks: "Boston is having an exhibition of the portraits of women, of which it was announced in true Bostonian dialect that it will be 'as strong in its artistic as it will be in its personal, historical, sartorial, genealogical and patrician attributes.' And all that poor New York had was a collection done by famous artists of famous, beautiful, well-born and well-dressed women."

"ROB ROY."

The New Operetta at the
Castle Square.

The Great Success of Richard
Carroll, Comedian.

Mr. de Koven Rides on Mr.
Carroll's Shoulders.

"Rob Roy," a romantic comic opera in three acts, libretto by Mr. Harry B. Smith, music by Mr. Reginald de Koven, was produced last evening, for the first time in Boston, by the Whitney Opera Company at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. Antonio de Novellis was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Rob Roy MacGregor.....William Pruette
Janet, daughter of the Mayor.....Juliette Corden
Prince Charles Edward Stuart.....Barron Berthald
Flora MacDonald.....Lizzie Macnichol
Dugald MacWhieble, Mayor of Perth.....
Lochiel.....Richard F. Carroll
Capt. Ralph Sheridan, of King George's.....William McLaughlin
Grenadiers.....Anna O'Keefe
Sandy MacSherry, town crier.....John G. Bell
Tammam MacSorlie.....Harry Parker
"Rob Roy" was first produced in Detroit Oct. 1, 1894. It was first given in New York Oct. 29, 1894.

It is not necessary to inquire into the historical character Rob Roy, or to discuss Sir Walter Scott's novel, or to refer to the operas entitled "Rob Roy," by John Davy (1803) and "Flotow" (Paris, 1837).

We are only concerned with Rob Roy as invented by Mr. Smith. It must be said without further delay that Mr. Smith's hero is as commonplace as his libretto. The book itself is dull and the story is needlessly absurd. Not that the story is simple; on the contrary, it is involved. To tell it at length would be no easy task, and the reading of

it would not repay the effort. It is sufficient to say that Janet, secretly married to Rob Roy, is married openly by her cowardly father to Capt. Sheridan and Sandy MacSherry, but no comic or romantic situations are evolved from this trigamy. The Pretender is pursued by the English soldiers, is sheltered by Rob Roy, is disguised as a miller's lad who is dumb but can sing, is rescued from arrest by the devotion of Flora MacDonald, who swears that she is the Prince; is finally allowed to go to France. The Mayor is a contemptible character, and the low comedian. He is assisted in his knavery by Sandy MacSherry, who claims to be a descendant of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is arrested as the Prince. However favorable these elements might have been, they yield nothing in the hands of Mr. Smith. There are no strong situations, the absurdity of the action in serious moments is too much for even a comic opera, and the humor of the piece depends almost entirely on the invention of the comedians.

Mr. de Koven has made for himself a name. He has written two or three operettas that have pleased the public, and his "Robin Hood" is deservedly a great favorite. His position is such that we have a right to expect from him work worthy of his reputation.

There has been question at times concerning the originality of his musical thought. There can be little question concerning the originality of the music of "Rob Roy." The tunes of many men appear in this opera filtered through Mr. de Koven's sieve. The opening measures of the Town Crier's song remind one irresistibly of the rondo of Fritz in "La Grande Duchesse." There is now a touch of the leit-motiv of the Flying Dutchman; there is again the thought of the opening measures of the Sanctus in Gounod's St. Cecelia Mass; and the first measures of Capt. Sheridan's song in the third act are nearly note for note the song sung by Erlmine to the Chevalier.

I do not accuse Mr. de Koven of deliberate plagiarism; but these and other measures are frankly reminiscent. Nowhere in the operetta does he show the freshness or the skill in treatment of ensemble and instrumentation that may be found in "Robin Hood" or in the better portions of "The Fencing Master." The instrumentation is often muddy, it is often thin. In the finales it is blatant. The ensembles are carelessly constructed, and when Mr. de Koven would bring two tunes together contrapuntally, as in the duet of the ballad mongers, the attempt is short-lived and lamentably weak. The most pleasing feature of the music is the occasional introduction of a Scotch tune. The pleasure comes from the thought of the tune itself, and not from his treatment of it. For the most part, the music is hopelessly commonplace. When it is distinguished, it is reminiscent.

The performance was one of good faith. The chief singers were conscientious, but their intonation was often impure. Miss Corden acted with grace and spirit, but her voice has grown shrill. Mr. Berthald was inclined to force his tones. It may be said in general that the company is worthy of a better operetta.

And yet it would not be surprising if "Rob Roy" should have a long run. In the first place the scenery is worth seeing, the costumes are effective, and the stage management is excellent. The mounting of the operetta deserves the warmest praise. Each act is a beautiful setting in a beautiful theatre.

And what is perhaps still more important to success, the chief comedian made a decided hit. Mr. Carroll belongs to that industrious class of actors known as acrobatic

Why was not a list given in the catalogue of the party it show to the long and imposing list of patronesses devoted to an alphabetical list of the artists represented? Do Copley, Stuart, Sargent and Duran stand in need of patronesses? Or does the great public care a fig as to who patronizes and who does not?

Miss Camille d'Arville has an ingenious press agent

Here's one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's alleged epigrams: "The literary autopsy lends a new terror to death." Somehow or other Lord Brougham's "Death was now armed with a new terror" goes straighter to the mark. And before Brougham, Arbuthnot alluded to Curll, who issued catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his death, as "one of the new terrors of death."

The London Figaro says: "'Crack-pot' is American for a person of deranged intellect, or, to put it mildly, eccentric mind." Rude, or gentle reader, did you ever know of such a use in the United States? There is such a word in English popular speech and it means, "a pretentious, worthless person."

The late Mrs. Jacobine Camilla Collett, the Norwegian novelist, was also "the leader of the Norwegian movement." The Norwegian movement must not be confounded with the Swedish movement. The former is for "the emancipation of women."

Why is it that well-dressed and apparently well-bred women will not form in line at a postage stamp window?

But the Reichstag cannot prevent Bismarck from having a birthday.

Short lobsters may, nevertheless, have searching claws.

If Mr. Clement W. Andrews accepts the offer of the Crerar Library in Chicago, the Technological Library here will suffer a severe loss.

This is Lady Day. And the old saw runs: Is't on St. Mary's bright and clear, Fertile is said to be the year.

It will be remembered that Mr. George Moore was dragged into the Eden-Whistler controversy. Mr. Moore sent Jimmy a note the other day, a note that for its style and impudence may well excite the admiration of the gifted and irascible inventor of painted nocturnes and symphonies. This is a copy of the note:

"Dear Whistler—I am reading a wonderful book 'En Route' by J. K. Huysmans, and have no time to consider the senile little squalls which you address to the papers and are obliging enough to send me. There is so much else in life to interest one. Yesterday I was touched by the spectacle of an elderly eccentric hopping about on the edge of the pavement; his hat was in the gutter, and his clothes were covered with mud. The pity of the whole thing was that the poor old chap fancied that every one was admiring him.—Very truly yours,

GEORGE MOORE.

"P. S.—If a man sent me a cheque for a MS., and I cashed the cheque, I should consider myself bound to deliver the MS., and if I declined to deliver the MS. I should consider that I was acting dishonorably. But, then, every one has his own code of honor."

In Boston we turn churches into theatres. In New York they turn theatres into office buildings. Niblo's is now a thing of the past, as the last theatrical performance at the famous place was given Saturday night. There are many interesting reminiscences connected with Niblo's. A newspaper report, speaking of a performance given at the theatre on Dec. 3, 1851, for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association, said: "A very remarkable child, eight years of age, made her appearance. Her name is Adelina

Patti, and her voice and execution astonished the audience."

Maurice Strakosch, in his "Souvenirs d'un Impresario," says that Patti, who was then 8 years old, made her first appearance in 1850 in a charity concert given in New York under the direction of Max Maretzck, and that she then sang the rondo from "La Sonnambula" and the echo song, sung by Jenny Lind. As Patti was born in 1843, the date given by Strakosch is undoubtedly erroneous, and 1851 is the correct one.

But Niblo's will be associated for many years with "The Black Crook." Do you remember the outcry against that spectacular piece? How visitors from the rural districts donned false beards that they might without detection snatch a fearful joy? And yet in these days of "bronze statues" and split dancing, "The Black Crook" would seem to be as innocent and mild as any parish-house entertainment.

Some say his legs are fine and agile and he is prepared to give and take hard knocks. In his baroque Highland fling, and in the Spanish dance with Mr. Ball he was exceedingly comical after the manner of his kind. He is not afraid to introduce gags that defy time and annihilate space. Trilby, it appears, was a well-known character about the time of the battle of Culloden, and Robert Burns was already in high favor. The slang of those days was singularly prophetic of the popular speech of to day.

It would be idle to inquire into the reasonableness of the uproarious laughter that followed the flights of verbal fancy and the physical gyrations of this comedian and his partner. If a man succeeds in making an audience laugh, as the audience laughed last evening, there is nothing to be said. To deplore the fact would be as impertinent as to rejoice. The Jack pudding has been the delight and the solace of weary mortals of many centuries. One man may prefer Mr. Barnaby to Cagliostro. Many no doubt would prefer Mr. Carroll to Mr. Dodson in "The Squire."

Perhaps such taste is homely, but if any comedian, whatever may be his method, succeeds in diverting the attention of hard-

working people from the daily routine of life, its petty annoyances, its carking care, he is not rudely to be dismissed or to be driven from the stage. Let the fact then be recorded that the success of the evening was not the libretto or the music or the earnest singing man or woman; it was the exhibition by the clown, if Mr. de Koven rides to success at the Castle Square, he will ride on the shoulders of Mr. Carroll.

And yet the applause was not confined to the comedians. The singers were treated generously. The chief singers were recalled and Miss Corden was obliged to sing "The Merry Miller" again and again. Each time she sang it, the voices of other composers were heard, although the hand was that of Mr. de Koven.

Mr. de Novellis conducted with great care, and, in fact, did all in his power to insure a smooth performance.

PHILIP HALE.

It is to be regretted that the miniatures at the Copley Hall exhibition are not together in one collection. Then there might be fair comparison. Undue prominence given a painter always suggests favoritism, even when the prominence is accidental.

Why not put it this way? "The body of the man who jumped exclusively into the water at the Back Bay Fens March 9, the story of which appeared exclusively in the Bugle, was found exclusively early this morning by the park police."

"It is said that Mr. John Leslie Breck has taken a studio in New York for next winter." We hope the rumor is not true, for his paintings are an honor to this city. And yet too many artists have found that they are more appreciated in Boston by word of mouth and substantial check when they live in New York and are not seen daily in these streets. This is an instance where the step-mother is tenderer and prouder than the mother.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus sums up Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith": "Three magnificent acts, splendidly written, splendidly set, and splendidly played; three acts of steady development, of subtle interplay, of absorbing interest; three acts which promised to place this play a head and shoulders above any other play in London—and then a smash."

"The Women of the United States" is the title of a book translated from the French. Its author is C. de Varigny, and he makes many remarkable statements concerning the manners and customs of the American woman. This is only one of many instances: "There are in New York a number of women who receive an allowance for their support, not from one husband alone, but from two and three, from all of whom they have been successively divorced, and this is the case when they are living with their third or even fourth husband." But this is no funnier than certain opinions and statements of facts concerning the French, expressed lately by Mark Twain.

A New York newspaper asks, "Is it or is it not true that Verlaine was imprisoned for a crime of a peculiarly revolting character?" Paul Verlaine was imprisoned for two years at Mons for stabbing a young poet, Arthur Rimbaud. The drama occurred in a disreputable ken in Brussels. Rimbaud lived, however, and repented of his wild ways. The last that was heard of him, he was an inmate of a monastery on the Red Sea. A sympathetic sketch of this writer of great promise may be found in George Moore's "Impressions and Opinions." A new edition of his prose and poetry is now in press. The original edition of "Les Illuminations" is rare.

Mr. Labouchere is preaching the gospel of cider. Yet he is not a full and complete ciderist, for he indulges himself in the pleasing delusion that cider cannot intoxicate. Has he never been in Normandy? Has he never been in New England? And when the cider is hard, the acquisition of intoxication is not such "weary work" as he might suppose.

This reminds us that Sir George Birdwood implores English speaking people to spell the word "cyder." But why with a "y"? Because Phillips, the poet, "forever fixed the correct English form for all makers and

drinkers of the beverage, and for all literary men as cyder." But why not choose the form "sithere," used in the fourteenth century, or "cedyr" of the fifteenth? As for the authority of the poet, Phillips, Sir George might as well claim that joke should be spelled "goak," because Artemus Ward so forever "fixed the correct English form for all literary men."

As long as animals are on earth, the two-legged will tell wondrous stories about the four-legged. No doubt the four-legged return the compliment, but we, alas, never know whether the tales are creditable to us or whether they reveal the true character of man. Here is a story of a dog of Flanders—not by Ouida. No one is obliged to believe it: "A dog of Flanders went into a fox's earth, as it appears to be the way of Flanders dogs to do, in order to have it out with the fox. The owner of the dog stood listening to the noise of war inside, chucklingly anticipative of the triumphant return of his terrier. All, however, did not go as usual. Three and twenty days passed, and the dog had not reappeared. It began to be pretty evident that the fox had had the best of it. But on the twenty-fourth day the owner, watching against hope at the hole, saw something emerge from it. Its physiognomy was weirdly vulpine, and it instantly snapped at the watcher. But the rest of it was the terrier all right enough, and that portion immediately wagged its tail. The recipient of these mixed demonstrations stared at the thing, rather aghast. Later on, he convened a council of his friends to pronounce upon it. Some said the fox had eaten the dog. Others were of opinion that the dog had eaten the fox, and not digested him. The properest explanation seems to have been that the dog and the fox had eaten one another down to a certain point, and that this singular hybrid was the result. The owner calls it a fox-terrier."

The Duc d'Orléans is indeed a terrible fellow. He likes to put on a coat of mail which weighs 22 pounds; and then he "takes up the old broadsword and has a set-to with all the fury of another age." When he is satiated with this exercise, he "pots larks on the wing while at full gallop." Either diversion is better than pursuing prima donnas in their flight from capital to capital.

March 27 - 75

What has become of the cry of hard times? The theatres are crowded this week. The Cadets made about \$25,000, and the sale of German and French opera tickets is very large.

Bismarck need not be ashamed of his tears. He loved his master and served him faithfully, and when William I. died the mission of the Chancellor was at an end.

It's very easy to cry "Westward, Ho." Easier than to travel westward, and then use the hoe. Whenever the late Horace Greeley was beset by an applicant for work, he said to him in an emphatic manner, "Go West, young man."

Long Island officers found whisky in milk cans. And now many seek the address of that milkman.

It appears that it is not larceny to purloin an unlicensed, uncollared dog. In other words, to collar an uncollared dog is not theft, and Blackstone on dogs is synonymous with rough on dogs. As for that, Shakespeare did not appreciate the moral qualities of the animal.

Here's "Walsingham" insisting that New York needs a dramatic censor, "needs one badly and right away." And all because Yvette Guilbert will sing her songs in the metropolis. The censor in London did not interfere with Yvette's artless and artful ditties and the most straight-laced reviewers praised and admired her genius. But there's no deceiving "Walsingham," he not only speaks French, he understands it, whether it be of the Academy or the bastringue. He could find undoubtedly immorality even in Fénelon's immortally dull work.

If New York is to have a censor, "Walsingham" is the man. His duties might compel him to visit the city occasionally, and he could then confirm his suspicions as "New York correspondent."

Mr. Woodbury's picture "Mid Ocean" is praised to the skies by New York connoisseurs. This is the same picture that was looked at skew-eyed by the Boston judges when they pondered the proper person for the prize.

The Symbolist notices an undertaker by the name of Fudge in the neighborhood and rejoices thereat. It is the final word in so many cases of poor mortality.

The literary centre of the United States shifts, as does the standard of beauty. Look for it now in North Carolina. One little book establishes the point. The book is "The Balsam Groves of the Grandfather Mountain," by Stephen M. Dugger.

The dedication of this volume is "To the lovers of the sublime and the beautiful and especially those who have grasped my mountain palm." Here is a purely personal touch. One extract will show the golden diction. "Her raven black hair, copious both in length and volume and figured like a deep river rippled by the wind, was parted in the centre and combed smoothly down, ornamenting her pink temples with a flowing tracery that passed round to its modillion windings on a peaceful crown." The use of the word "modillion" arouses the suspicion that Mr. Dugger was once an architect. But do not sneer, ye that think culture confined to the banks of the Charles. Mr. Thomas Hardy was once an architect; so was Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

Talk about medieval Italian and Spanish cruelty. What are racks, cages, gins, boots, the strappado, or ganshing known to the Turks, to the refined and subtle cruelty of science? This is not an introduction to an outcry against vivisection, but a prelude to a story of singular indifference to humanity and absorption in study. A chemical operator in Mulhouse, Alsace, was blown by an explosion of nitro-benzol into a trough of sulphuric acid three feet deep. His whereabouts were only ascertained through the accidental discovery of two porcelain buttons and an India rubber mouthpiece in the trough, everything else pertaining to the wretch having been dissolved. Was there thought of bereft family or even of loss to employers? Not a bit of it. But an electric journal did regret that no attempt was made to restore the deceased by electro-deposition from the solution in which he was contained.

There is a street in Brighton—at least, they say there is—named Peaceable. Is this irony loved by the Greeks? Is this a parallel to the street in Damascus mentioned in The Acts of the Apostles as "the street which is called Straight," and was in reality exceeding crooked? If the name is of peculiar fitness, better a dwelling there than on the water side of Beacon.

For the dweller would realize the value of peace and quietness. He would know the true meaning of Adolphe Retté's fantastic vision: "Strange silence; people flow by as an idle stream of shadows; carriages roll without tumult; black waddings oppress the town; the sun is a fleecy thing set in blue waves. The idea flashes across me, Noise is dead. And I shriek with laughter at the deduction that earth is henceforth condemned to eternal silence. Then a huge announcement is unfolded, and I read this written in a distorted handwriting, 'You are invited to be present at the funeral of Monsieur Noise, who died this evening. Killed by the excess of his contemporaries, he was held in horror by the Eternal. On the part of his widow, Humanity.' And I laugh so much and so noisily that a passer-by cannot brook it, and he asks me if I scoff at him. Then terrible mortification clutches my throat at the mere thought of having offended—who knows?—perhaps a relative of the deceased."

On the other hand, in the wild tale told Edgar Allan Poe by the Demon, the man did not shudder, did not turn his face away, did not flee afar off in haste, until he was cursed with the curse of silence.

March 28 - 75

"The average man goes out and buys himself a dozen pairs of socks, all alike, and all at once, in the same shop. The average woman prefers to buy them in twos and threes, of different patterns, and in different shops, and at different times. If you watch women walking along the pavements, you will see that their heads, instead of being stuck on straight, have a permanent twist toward the shop windows. There is nothing the matter with their heads. It is only that they are looking to see if there is anything they would like buy."

The histrionic fame of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is now assured. It is announced that she is a friend of Mrs. Gardner.

Joseph Jefferson has struck bed rock salt. "Them that has, gets."

Mr. Higgins of Maine is a philosopher and a shrewd student of sociology. In speaking against the bill prohibiting the wearing of big hats in theatres, Mr. Higgins remarked, "Women would continue to do as they pleased, as they always had done."

Manganese bronze plating is said to make a boat go faster. Would living manganese bronzes be more "immoral" statues than your plain, ordinary bronze?

The testimony of Mr. Chase, the artist, in the "bronze cases" was a refreshing revelation of personal conviction and courage of expression.

An esteemed contemporary blows a fine blast upon the bugle horn: "Certain it is that the Browning Society of Boston includes a very notable proportion of the most cultivated men and women in this the most cultivated of American communities." Applications for membership will now come in shoals.

Scott's "Rob Roy" might be used to advantage by the press agent of the Castle Square. The nightly audience could be described as a "Sea of upturned faces;" and another familiar line might thus be parodied: "His foot is on the stage and his name is Mac Gregor." "Scared out of his seven senses" and "There's a gude time coming" are in the novel, but they are hardly applicable as appeals to popular, box office enthusiasm.

Are you fond of birds, both great and birdkins? Not necessarily on the wing or on toast, but stuffed for purely scientific purposes; birds separated forever from their natural playmates, the cold bottles. Mr. W. E. D. Scott, the well-known ornithologist, has given his entire collection of about 3000 birds, consisting of about 150 mounted birds, 1500 North American bird skins, and 1600 West Indian bird skins as a nucleus for a great general collection at Cambridge. Mr. Agassiz has given certain rooms in the Agassiz Museum for a temporary exhibition, so that the value of the scheme can be shown before it is attempted to secure a more adequate habitation. Each species will be presented as a separate picture.

Mr. Scott's plan proposes that the birds shall be rendered as lifelike as possible; that the various phases of appearance shall be shown; that the effect of environment on non-migratory species shall be shown, as well as the dichromatic phases and the range of each species; that the economic value of a given species shall be indicated. A committee has been named, Messrs. Dudley L. Pickman, George Mixer, Arthur T. Cabot, Walter G. Chase of Boston and Mr. C. C. Beaman of New York. The estimated cost of the work during the first year is a sum not to exceed \$10,000. There are already generous subscriptions. Those interested in the plan should send their subscriptions to Mr. George Mixer, Treasurer, 28 State Street.

March 29 - 95

Brahms's German Requiem and Excerpts From Wagner's "Parsifal" Sung by the Cecilia Under Mr. Lang.

Let us dismiss all extraneous sentiment. It is true that the German Requiem was inspired—suggested is the better word, by the death of the composer's mother. But a work written under such conditions is not necessarily a master piece. Witness the great mass of obituary and memorial poetry.

And let us not bow down in fetich worship to a great name. Famous composers are often overtaken by what may be called official inspiration. Brahms is just as capable of writing perfunctory, dull music as was Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert; they were more richly endowed musicians and yet they nodded and maundered; and that Brahms can do likewise is disclosed by this crabbed and tiresome Requiem.

It would be folly to deny the technical mastery of the composer or his ingenuity; but here is absolute music in the strict meaning of the word wedded to a dramatic text. The embrace is as fatal as was the embrace of palpitating flesh and the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg. Such music is without esthetic value. It is unemotional, it does not provoke a good or mental condition; it is without religious feeling.

Of what avail are cunningly-devised pedals with persistent drums, of what avail daring progressions and ingenious solving of harmonic and contrapuntal problems, if the soul of the hearer is not stirred within him? Hanslick once said that in this work Brahms had raised a monument to his mother and himself. It is a monument of dullness.

Nor was the performance such as to console the hearer for the choice of the work. Mr. Lang conducted in a perfunctory manner and without disclosing possible beauties that may lurk concealed. He occasionally changed the pace of a movement without warrant, direct or implied, and the chorus that interrupts the soprano solo nearly came to grief on account of his forgetfulness of the necessary cue. The chorus sang carefully and faithfully, but without marked distinction in dynamics. It must not be forgotten that the task of the chorus is exceedingly difficult, and the attacks and the intervals are dangerous even for picked and long-drilled singers. The orchestra did its best in the absence of a firm conductor. Miss Lilla Juel and Mr. Max Heinrich sang the hard and uninteresting solos.

The second part of the concert was devoted to "The Grail Burg," a selection from the first act of Wagner's "Parsifal." Here again all labored earnestly and the choruses on the stage and "In the dome" were not without a certain effect, for the music is beautiful. And yet a scene from "Parsifal" heard under these conditions with a small orchestra and without the inspiring stage-setting and the knowledge of that which has gone before is but a chromo for family and familiar use. Even Wagner, who, in spite of his theories, was nervously restless in spreading the knowledge of his music in every possible way, might well have protested against such straining through a sieve. And yet the performance was one of good faith.

The last concert of this season will be Thursday evening, May 2.

PHILIP HALE

The artists here are not applauding the wisdom of the purchasers for the Museum of Fine Arts. X. X. X. writes to the Journal as follows: "Two legacies to the Museum amounted together to \$100,000. This sum is to be used in buying pictures. The managers of the Museum buy of dealers a picture by Delacroix for \$21,000. It is by no means one of his best; in fact, it is one of his inferior works. It would be interesting to know how much the picture would bring today in Paris. The managers also bought a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds for \$6000, a high price for the goods delivered. Who act as guides, philosophers and friends to these buyers? And is it true that the primary purpose of a Museum of Fine Arts is to enrich smooth-tongued dealers?"

Here is a Spanish story. A shepherd promised March a lamb if he would temper the winds to suit his flocks; but, after gaining his point, the shepherd refused to pay over the lamb. In revenge March borrowed three days from April, in which fiercer winds than ever blew and punished the deceler.

Variations on this theme are found in many countries. Here is a Staffordshire rhyme:

"March borrowed of April, April borrowed of May,
Three days they say:
One rained, and one snow,
And the other was the worst day that ever blew."

Today is the anniversary of the death (1741) of Sir Thomas Parkyns, scholar, magistrate, and author of "The Inn Play, or Cornish Hugg Wrestler." So fond was he of wrestling that he engaged as coachman the man that threw him, and on his tomb the Baronet is represented as in the first position of wrestling. His treatise is practical and quaint. Modern athletes may well ponder this paragraph: "Brandy, a Frenchman, Usquebaugh, an Irishman, Rum, a Molossian—these masters teach mostly the trip, which I assure you is no safe and sound play. You may know them by their walkings and gestures, they stagger and reel, and cross legs, which I advise my scholars to avoid, and receive many a foul fall in the sink or kennel; and were your constitutions of porphyry, marble or steel, they will make you yield to your last and only fair fall."

There is a drop of gall in the philanthropic cup pledged by the Malden School Committee to teachers, maiden and widow. It is said that married women have bread winners in the house, and that single women, desirable as teachers, would probably not receive offers of marriage. Fie on such gallantry. Are there not hundreds of good and beloved wives and mothers in New England who taught school in their younger days?

Father to young man: "Sir, I saw you kiss my youngest daughter. You must marry my oldest."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, the brother of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, is here in town. He is a welcome visitor, and many know him by his delightful articles published in *The Yellow Book*. "A Defence of Cosmetics," "A Note on George the Fourth," and "1880" show the lover and master of paradox, the observer, the man of whimsical fancy and singularly individual style. To the listine, these articles are as a stumbling block. To the man of humor they are a refreshing draught.

Do you remember that pleasant satire in "A Note on George the Fourth?" "We have societies for the prevention of this and promotion of that and the propagation of the other, because there are no equals among us. Our sexes are already assimilate. Real women are becoming early as rare as real ladies, and it is at the Music Halls that we are privileged to see strong men."

There is the defence of the latter of George IV. "Not that I regret the year in which he spent his last years, but contrary I think it was exceedingly like to think of the King at Windsor, a-bed all the morning, in his dark-room, with all the newspapers scattered over his quilt, and a little decanter of favorite cherry brandy within easy reach. I like to think of him sitting by his the afternoon and hearing his minister log on the fire, as he hears them say by his servant. After all, he lived his life; he had lived more fully than any other man."

John Gannett Wells contributed food for thought at the last meeting of the Club. "Men are quite as nagging as women, and would be more so if they had women's clothes." But what is the argument? Should men wear female attire? Women wear literally the trousers? Men are said to be disagreeable to women, it is often because the latter are weak, and do not assert their rights. Do you advise seriously a pitched battle at the start, and do you recommend Retto, "Vae victis?"

We have believed for some months that the chief cause of sharp domestic squabbles and slow, continuous nagging is the unpleasant morning awakening. Sleep is dispelled by shriek of milkman or huckster of fruit, by rattle of electric car or postman's sharp ring. We might learn a lesson from Montaigne's father. The essayist says "whereas some are of opinion, that suddenly to awaken young children, and as it were by violence to startle and fright them out of their dead sleep in a morning doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains, he would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some instrument; and I was never without a servant, who to that purpose attended upon me." We recommend, therefore, the soothing tinkle-tinkle-plunk-plunk of a mandoline, played by Bridget or Selma outside the bedroom door. Nor is it likely that she would rebel at the necessary preliminary lessons, for art would solace her in lonely, disengaged moments and entertain her kitchen company when conversation flagged.

March 30. 45

R. A. Barnet is ungrammatical. He should be R. U. Barnet.

Mr. B. L. Beal secured the first spade in the deal. He is now looking for the other four.

Why is it that so many artists use mediocre when there are ochres as red, brown, yellow, Oxford, Roman, stone, terra di Sienna, umber, etc.?

We have had so many kinds of weather from Feb. 1, 1894, to Feb. 1, 1895, that the death rate of the year, as published, seems unsatisfactorily low.

The children suffered terribly. For the Slaughter of the Innocents was not merely an episode in the life of Herod.

Mr. Beerbohm was much surprised at the fuss and the pother in this country about the book "Trilby." He says that in England it is read comparatively little. The French used to call certain novels by Belot export literature. It is possible that "Trilby" was prepared for the American market.

It looks at present as though the future fame of Boston in the United States would rest on the fact that it was here that "Trilby" the play first saw the footlights.

The secret departure of Joaquin Miller from the Sandwich Islands recalls to mind the memory of a poet. It was not so long ago that his name was in the mouths of men, and his shirt and boots ornamented fashionable London drawing rooms. Does anyone read today his poetry? Is not even the glory of his boots departed?

Let's go a-fishing. For this is the anniversary of the birth of Sir Henry Wotton. "This man," says Walton, "whose very approbation of angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of angling; of which he would say, 'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent, . . . that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.'"

And then Walton adds this sentence: "Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility." Did anglers underrate their skill in his day? Were there no extraordinary tales of quantity and size?

Ye rich men, ye that are "demented with the mania of owning things," ponder the death, 286 years ago today, of Sir John Spencer, who left behind him £800,000, an

enormous fortune at that time; and yet have you ever heard his name?

"Vegetables may fill, but they cannot satisfy. Therein lies their perfidy and their crime. A people fed upon them might grow fat, but so in proportion would they become flabby and feeble. Vegetarianism means decay and degeneration and death."

The marvelous operations of cranotomy performed lately in New York for the correction or possible extirpation of idiosyncrasy remind one of fantastic stories, as "The Great God Pan." Is it unlikely that in another century, if a youth shows a tendency to steal, his skull may be so tinkered that he will walk about as the mirror of honesty; or that a man naturally polygamous may by an operation on the skull be turned into a confirmed misogynist, if his friends are convinced of the wisdom of such a transformation?

The idea of some reminder of a crime haunting the prosperous, respected, undetected criminal is much older than the bells always ringing in the ears of the Polish Jew. There were the cranes of Ibycus that prevented the murderers from ever accepting a hospitable invitation to the hanging of a crane. Some years ago Theophile Gautier wrote a pantomime in which Pierrot kills an old-clo' man that he may have a decent suit. Pierrot in every important event of his life hears the voice of the murdered man. "Rrrrrchard d'habits"—

"Old-clo'." As he stands looking at the old-clo' to be married, he hears neither word nor bride, nor music nor congratulation, but only hears that well-remembered voice chanting usually "Old-clo', old-clo'."

Some say they would not for the world walk across the Common and the Public Garden after 11 o'clock P. M. Yet they make the long detour. Why should not there be a society of guides, sworn to the duty of making the perilous march, marching against robbery and irregular death?

Or there might be a hospital near the soldiers' monument with trained dogs to rescue the weary and faint-legged who venture to return a-foot after an evening with Brahms or Browning.

F. L. T. writes to the Journal as follows: "When I was a boy, in the State of Maine, the boys of 10 to 20 years—seldom or never the middle-aged or old people—used the words 'linger' and 'linkin' (pronounced ling-er and link-in, and not like 'linger,' to loiter), as substantive and adjective, respectively, to denote unusual size, coupled with a certain idea of extraordinary qualities. For instance, one said, perhaps, 'Jini caught a linkin big pickerel yesterday!' Or one asked, 'Was it a big one?' to be answered with enthusiasm, 'O yes! 'Twas a linger!' These words were always given special emphasis when used as above indicated. I do not find this contemporaneous use of the good old Teutonic root, *lingen*, or *gelingen* (to succeed, to be strong), noted in our dictionaries, and yet it is in common use among young people in parts of Maine at this time, and has to them a special and sort of mystic force, which much delights the heart and the imagination of the boy of 15 in those parts."

Can any one explain the introduction of this word in Maine? Is the term peculiar to Maine? English dialect and slang dictionaries give no hint as to its origin.

March 31, 1895

Mr. Horatio W. Parker's "Cahal Mor" Produced for the First Time at the Twentieth Symphony Concert.

The program of the 20th symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture, "Spring," in A major, op. 15. (First time).....Goetz
Rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cahal Mor of the Wine-Red Hand," op. 41. (First time).....H. W. Parker
Variations on an Ukraïne Folk-Song, in F major, op. 7. (First time).....Knorr
Pogner's Address, from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".....Wagner
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert

This concert was one of marked interest. It is a good thing to hear new music, so that the hearer may in future renew pleasure or avoid boredom.

The overture of Götz is entitled "Spring," a natural phenomenon known only to dwellers in New England by allusions to it by poets, musicians, men of scientific attainments and travelers. Spring in music is associated generally with a liberal use of clarinets, oboes, and flutes. But Götz abstained from the conventional and did not indulge himself in program-writing. The overture is fresh, original, spontaneous, and for the most part beautiful. The beginning and the ending are dramatic in a simple manner. The themes are eminently pleasing, and the development of them is thoroughly musical, not merely pedagogic. All in all it is a delightful work.

Mr. Parker took as the text of his rhapsody the wild poem entitled "A Vision of Conraught in the Thirteenth Century," by James Clarence Mangan. The motto of this poem is "Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie." Mr. Parker for his musical purpose made a few slight changes in Mangan's verses. This poem is not perhaps as characteristic of the poet's genius as "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," "Sarsfield," or "The Nameless One," and yet read the first verse:

"I walked entranced
Through a land of Morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Heaven no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

And who would not listen eagerly to the strange tale of the dreamer?

Did Mangan weave these fancies of opium and strong drink? Is the story founded on some Irish legend? There is no note or commentary. And the poem needs none. A gloss would be an impertinence.

This Rhapsody seems to me the highest flight of Mr. Parker's imagination. Freedom of thought, splendor of diction, gorgeous color, dramatic expression, the legitimately spectacular in music—all these are in this orchestral piece in which the human voice is obligatory. There is no attempt at panoramic treatment, and yet the mood of each verse is italicized most eloquently. Nor is there the incoherency that seems inevitable in the musical presentation of such a poem. Finely and impressively does Mr. Parker keep riveting the hearer's attention to the refrain, to that glorious, haunting line:

"Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

The instrumentation throughout is that of a master. Thrilling are the effects gained by simple means as in the expression of the strange change beneath the dome. Sensuousness that is noble, terror, the fantastic, the spiritual, the horrible—Mr. Parker suggests all these, and in the suggesting controls himself. And the highest praise is that the hearer henceforth cannot think of the poem of Mangan without the instantaneous accompanying thought of the music that is its double.

Mr. Max Heinrich declaimed the text with marked dignity and thorough appreciation of poet and musician.

And after this glowing, imaginative work came the variations by Knorr, a son, I believe, of the Dr. Knorr who was Schumann's friend. These variations show the well trained musician, who thinks correctly and as many other respectable people think. There are interesting rhythmic problems solved, and the variations are thoroughly made. And when you say they are thoroughly made, the story is told.

Mr. Heinrich declaimed Pogner's address from Wagner's comic opera. In the opera Pogner is a good deal of a bore, and why should he be brought out on the concert stage? This is not said with any disrespect to Mr. Heinrich, who went through his task manfully and as, though he really enjoyed it.

It is the fashion to rail at the great symphony by Schubert; but even the scoffers must be dumb when they hear the famous trombone passages in the first movement, or even the very opening of the symphony. Long as the second movement is, there are measures of imperishable beauty. And in these first two movements there is stuff enough for a dozen conventional symphonies.

PHILIP HALE

ABOUT MUSIC.

Why Is There So Much False Intonation?

How Pier Francesco Tosi Regarded the Matter.

An Evil, Natural or Artificial, to Be Corrected.

What ails the singers who have sung here lately in opera or in concert? For there has been much false intonation. Wandering from the true pitch was common during the two weeks of opera in Mechanics' Building; it was noticed in "Rob Roy;" it was remarked at the last concert of the Cecilia.

Do you think false intonation is a peculiarly modern or a German vice? Read the golden book by Pier Francesco Tosi (1723). The famous teacher says in the first chapter: "Let the Master do his utmost to make the scholar hit and sound the Notes perfectly in Tune in Sol-Fa-ing. One, who has not a good Ear, should not undertake either to instruct, or to sing; it being intolerable to hear a Voice perpetually rise and fall discordantly. Let the instructor reflect on it; for one that sings out of Tune loses all his other Perfections. I can truly say, that, except in some Professors, the modern intonation is very bad." I quote from the quaint translation, by Galliard.

And what is the conclusion of Tosi as expressed by Galliard: "Gentlemen Masters! Italy hears no more such exquisite Voices as in Times past, particularly among the Women, and to the Shame of the Gully. I'll tell the Reason: The Ignorance of the Parents does not let them perceive the Badness of the Voice of their Children, as their Necessity makes them believe, that to sing and grow rich is one and the same Thing, and to learn Musick, it is enough to have a pretty face: 'Can you make anything of her?'"

But why do men and women sing false? Is it the result of practice, with that unmusical instrument, that compromise, the piano?

When Melba, that most admirable singer, comes before a vast crowd and begins above the true pitch, you may say, it is excitement, she is screwed up a notch too high; or perhaps she does not temper, and so, like Sarasate, the one fiddler of all living fiddlers, she seems above the conventional, agreed-to pitch.

And yet, common as false intonation is, it is cursed vigorously by the wise of all ages.

Victor Rokitsky, in his "Leher Sanger und Singen," says frankly that the voice of false intonation is beyond human remedy. He speaks of those that sing too high, too low, or are constantly objects of anxious suspicion.

He tells of a Russian pointer, of unusual intelligence, lively temperament, who had lived with him 18 years. The dog had been obliged to hear much music. Now, when students sang in tune he raised no serious objection. The moment any one sang out of tune he was sore vexed, bitterly disquieted. The first false tone caused him to prick up his ears and he would go into a corner and throw himself down, with a noise, but as though he were resigned. If the singer persisted in straying from the pitch, he would finally approach the piano and stare anxiously at his master.

Now if a woman is temporarily indisposed or tired she may sing below the true pitch.

Or perhaps she has not been taught conscientiously, and the teacher is at fault. Perhaps she has not mastered the relation of the semi-tones, and she experiences difficulty in going from the Third to the Fourth and the Seventh to the Eighth. And Rokitsky recommends the finale of the second act of "The Huguenots" as an indispensable lesson in correct intonation.

The ancients would not endure such an exhibition of an ignorant ear or indisposition. See the strictures of Bénigne de Bacilly (1668), and many others. And so talk the instructors of modern days: "It is indispensable," says Mme. Damoreau, "that a singer should be true to the pitch. Without pure intonation there is no charm in singing; and pure intonation does not come easily to the pupil. In practising diligently all manner of intervals slowly, with the aid of a teacher, one can sometimes gain this precision, even when it does not lie in the natural voice."

Mr. Beatty-Kingston, who has seen many men and many cities, made eight years ago this observation: that oddly enough the publics of Berlin and Vienna were tolerant in vocal performances of faulty intonation to an extent that caused surprise. Wagner accounted for this fact by claiming that from a physiological point of view the Germans lack the true methodical voice-gift.

Mr. Beatty-Kingston claims that in the latter part of 1866 there were not three prime donne absolute in North Germany whose intonation was irreproachably pure. "I well remember, at a concert I attended shortly after the conclusion of the Nikolaus-burg Peace Treaty—it was given by the pianist Joseffy, then a juvenile phenomenon, who subsequently developed into one of the most accomplished executants in Europe—a select audience of Berlin dilettanti enthusiastically recalled a good-looking songstress for performing a lengthy and elaborate cavatina by Rossini, exactly an eighth of a tone below the key in which it was accompanied by the concert giver. As far as amateurs were concerned, a German Fraulein 'of society' who habitually sang in tune was as remarkable a rarity—I speak, of course, only of my own distressing experiences in the salons of the Fatherland—as a truly melodious bull-frog.

"For some weeks," says Mr. Beatty-Kingston, "I hardly ever attended a performance without falling into an ecstasy of astonishment at the moderation of the Berlin public's artistic requirements and the unboundedness of its endurance. To offenses, as well of omission as of commission, which would have elicited showers of petty vegetables from the auditorium of a second-class Italian provincial theatre, Berlin audiences constantly accorded their approval (on the principle that 'Silence gives consent') and not infrequently their plaudits. I repeatedly heard Herr Fricke, the leading basso profundissimo of the Hofoper in 1867, sing his whole part through a fraction of a tone below pitch. Every musical ear in the house must have suffered a long agony under that torture; but I could detect no sign of disapprobation or murmur of remonstrance."

Friends of his have assured me that he has always been totally unconscious of the defect in his physical organization which incapacitated him from singing in tune, or rendered his doing so at rare intervals the strangest and most unforeseen of accidents. The professional critics treated him with undisguised tenderness; society dilettanti shrugged their shoulders whenever I ventured to utter a mild protest against his faulty intonation, and replied, 'But he looks so well on the stage; he is such an intelligent, trustworthy actor; besides, where can we find a better than he is in Germany now-a-days?' It was upon such grounds as these that Berlin tolerated a singer who invariably put every concerted machinery with which he had to do out of gear, and whose soul cried aloud to Apollo for vengeance."

It was only the other day that a man said to me: "The singers in the Wagner operas may or may not sing false; that

makes no difference to me as long as I can hear the orchestra." He will be satisfied. Unless a man is stone deaf, he can always hear the orchestra in an opera by Wagner; it is always in evidence.

This man is only one of many. They are not disquieted by false intonation; indeed, I doubt if they know whether the pitch is held in respect or not. The applause falls like rain upon the just and unjust.

Many singers use a piano that is not in tune. Many church singers are accompanied by an organ that is never in absolute tune. Is it any wonder that their ears are dulled, blunted, deadened?

And then the modern composers write often abominably for the voice. They insist on intervals that are repugnant to the natural voice. It is almost impossible to strike them in absolute pitch. Here is another stumbling block.

But what pleasure is there in music when the tones of a singer are not absolutely true? Never mind the cause of false intonation; it may be natural or artificial; it is in either case the abomination of desolation. There should be open rebuke. If hissing is too heroic a remedy for this squamish, prudish age, let there be a raising of umbrellas or an adjusting of ear caps in the sight of the lazy and indifferent. But remember the words of Tosi: there was false intonation in his day; and his day is now called the golden age of song.

PHILIP HALE

April 1-95

Happy the man who is a fool only this day.

Whatever March does not want, April brings along.

If it thunders on All Fools' Day,
It brings good crops of corn and hay.

Till April's dead
Change not a thread.

Gladstone has been studying fossils. In the Museum of Natural History, not the House of Lords.

An article in the Nineteenth Century treats of "The Peculiarity of the 'R.'" Now the distinguishing peculiarity of the "R" is that it goes with oysters.

"The advancing warm wave checked." Yes; but it was not checked through.

The deep-chested, bushy-bearded, long-haired heroes and heroines of Wagner will bestride the stage this week. The leit-motiv rules instead of the singer's cantilena and earnest and sonorous declamation will triumph for a week or for ten days over bel canto. Let each have its turn. The great Republic of Music welcomes all comers, and there is room for all. Let there be no unseemly strife. If Wotan is a thrice-sadden bore to you, good neighbor, there is no law compelling you to listen to him. Let others enjoy his disquisitions and dissertations, and they in turn should not snap derisive thumbs at you when you announce your pleasure in the melody of France or Italy.

So Nordica will be the Elsa a week from tomorrow night, and it will not be Emma Eames who will be rescued by the knight conducted personally by a trick-swan. It seemed strange that Nordica should not be allowed to show here the results of her Bayreuth training.

You will notice, please, that this season Nordica or Melba is generally in the cast with Jean de Reszke. Emma Eames is to be found in the list with Maurel, sometimes with Tamagno. We do not refer to the casts of next week, but of the whole season in this country. And they say that it is Jean de Reszke who lays down the law in this company.

Here is a pleasing political thought appropriate to the day. "In the North of England persons thus imposed upon are called 'April Gouks.' A gouk, or gowk, is properly a cuckoo, and is used here, metaphorically, in vulgar language for a fool. The cuckoo is, indeed, everywhere a name of contempt."

G. B. B. writes the Journal apropos of the terms "linger" and "lingen" (used to denote unusual size or quality), that these words were in common use in Rowley, Essex county, in his boyhood. "I have no doubt such use is as common today as then." Can anyone explain how these words were introduced into New England? Were they invented here, or do they come from a Teutonic root?

So Dean Hole is to publish his impressions on America. Will he explain the true inwardness of his public appearance here? Mr. Harold Frederic remarked in his Lon-

don letter, dated the 30th ult.: "I fear the fact that he brought back only \$2500 for the restoration of the Rochester Cathedral, instead of \$5000 that he wanted, will rather color his views. His remarks to his interviewer on his trip were all commonplace, except perhaps his discovery that a great blemish in the American educational system is the absence of any religious teaching. He cites Oxford and Cambridge as a luminous contrast, but if he could see the pandemonium round the Piccadilly circus, kicked up this evening by swarms of their drunken students hot from the boat-race excitement, he might possibly waver in his conviction."

The British Medical Journal speaks these cheering words for lie-abeds. "Physiological experiment appears to show that a man does not work best and fastest in the early morning hours, but, on the contrary, about midday. The desire to rise early, except in those trained from youth to out-door pursuits, is commonly a sign not of strength of character and vigor of body, but of advancing age."

The desire to work is undoubtedly abnormal. Take even those who talk largely about the dignity of labor or assure you

in confidence that unless they had systematic work they would go mad, do they not when they are alone echo the sentiment of Artemus Ward "I could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months."

Let us today of all days remember that gray matter is not the only ornament of a man or woman. Said Mrs. Scamler, in Davidson's "Earl Lavender," "I never did understand why people's brains were the only brilliant thing about them. Their eyes may be brilliant, too." "Admirable!" said Sir Harry. "Men have credit for brilliant appetites, good stomachs, and active livers."

April 2, 95

GERMAN OPERA.

Performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

Sucher and Brema Make
Their Debuts Here.

A Very Large Audience
Welcomes Company.

The Performance Was Un-
even in Its Worth.

The Boston Theatre was crowded last evening, the first night of the short season of German opera under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The opera was Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," produced for the first time in Boston. Mr. Damrosch was given a hearty welcome when he took the director's stand. The cast was as follows:

Isolde	Rosa Sucher
Brangaene	Marie Brema
Tristan	Max Alvary
Kurvenal	Franz Schwarz
Seaman	Mr. Zdanow
Melot	Mr. Tomson
King Mark	Emil Fischer

The story of Tristan and the beautiful Isolde, in one form or another, is known to all. It would be an interesting task to discuss the legend as it appeared in its early form and as treated by Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne. But we have now to deal with the libretto prepared by Wagner for his musical purpose.

Much has been written about the immorality of the subject. And yet such a subject is not necessarily immoral. Immorality in art of every kind lies as a rule in the treatment rather than in the subject. The legend, as known to troubadours, and as told in the times of the Courts of Love, was accepted as eminently natural. It was the duty of a knight to court the wife of another. The times are changed. Yet there are marriages today that on account of circumstances are profoundly immoral.

Wagner's treatment of this famous story is neither frank nor decent. There is here no heroic though guilty passion. There is not the deliberate choice of a strong soul. However much the lovers may have sighed for each other, the declaration is brought about by a drug, a love philtre, prepared by the sinister mother of Isolde for a very different purpose. The moment this potion is swallowed, the lovers cease to be responsible beings; they are simply animals without reason; their passion is sensual, and all the philosophy borrowed from Schopenhauer and introduced in the second act, and all the manderings of poor King Mark do not help the matter. Was Isolde a heart a murderer when she carried the bath-potion in her portable medicine chest? Had she not designs on Mark? What real cause had she for taking Tristan's life? When by the mistake of Brangaene, the living cup was drained by the couple, there was a revelation of animalism on the stage that may be realistic, but it is not aesthetic.

The finale of the first act is prepared with considerable skill, but with this, action is lacking. The second act is one long rambling duet, in which vigorous embracing, unattractive and symbolic talk about the glory of night over day, and the desire for absorption, total oblivion, Nirvana, satiety are mingled in a singular manner. The lovers are discovered, and with a pause, for their shouts must have reached through the forest. King Mark is there the sudden revenge that is kind of justice? Not a bit of it. The dramatization is at length. He asks Tristan a question of his apparently unaccountable conduct. He again moralizes. And then he tries to commit suicide by rushing into his sword.

In the third act Tristan, like Charles II. of England, is a long time dying, unlike the courteous monarch he does not crave the indulgence of the audience. A shepherd pipes a melody that no shepherd could possibly play unless he had enjoyed the advantages of a musical education. Tristan is delicious; he sees visions; and finally Isolde comes to him. Tristan dies. Kurvenal, the one honest and wholly sane person in the opera, is killed. Isolde sings and sinks upon the body of her lover. "Profound emotion and grief of the bystanders."

Mark invokes a blessing on the dead. Curtain.

And the inflated, bombastic language! Tristan and Isolde shriek out such sentiments as "Love-holdest life rapture—sublimest weaving, delusionless, lovely conscious wish for never awaking."

And what does Isolde sing on another occasion? "Clearer resounding, me surrounding, are they waves of soft airs? Are they billows of delicious perfumes? As they swell and swirl around me, shall I breathe, shall I lurk? Shall I sip, dive down, exhale myself sweetly in scents? Shall I in the surging billow of the rapture-ocean, in the resonant echo of the odor-waves, in the blowing-entirety of the world-breath, drown, sink unconscious? Highest bliss."

Such fustian surpasses the wildest ambition of the Western orator, which is to introduce "eagle" and "bugle" in the same sentence.

Some have said that the potion is not the creator of this love, but Tristan mentions the draught, and Mark when too late accepts the excuse. The solution of the whole problem seems to be this: Annihilation is the glorious crown of a life ennobled by lawless passion which had not even the honor of being voluntary. But not to insist on immorality or immorality, there remains this blemish and it is serious: There is little or no dramatic action. The book is dull.

The opera contains music of wondrous beauty and overwhelming strength. Passages in the second act, notably in the second part of the "Hymn to the Night," are perhaps unequaled in sensuous musical literature. I confess that the greater portion of the first act, nearly all of the music before the draining of the cup, seems to me undramatic, without genuine virility or authority, restless, vague, purposeless. Nor is the instrumentation of this act worthy of the Wagner of supreme moments. The love duet in the second act, long as it is, too long, is to be accepted for the most part with unreasoning admiration and devotion. The scene in which Mark sermonizes is a sad failing off, although that which is inherently dull and trivial was last evening made interesting by the art and the dignity of Mr. Fischer. The third act suffers, until the entrance of Isolde, from an abuse of prepared climaxes, which yet are not climaxes, in spite of the preparation. On hysterical, neurotic persons this succession of spasms is undoubtedly of immense effect; but the death song of Isolde is worth all the struggles and the ravings of Tristan.

Some claim that this opera is the masterpiece of Wagner, the fullest expression of his musical theories. This may be; but as a work of art, in spite of the great duet, it is inferior to "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Parsifal." Nor is it too much to claim that "Lohengrin" or "Die Meistersinger" will hold the stage after "Tristan" is only consulted in libraries by the curious. It is, perhaps, going too far to say, as Mr. Beatty-Kingsford did, that "Tristan" is "a gigantic, incoherent, terribly ponderous work; a musical monstrosity, bristling with unpardonable offences and insuperable difficulties, a loathsome story, set to music that is frequently ugly, still oftener incomprehensible, and always tiresome," and yet the Englishman in his wrath may be pardoned easily.

Much praise is due Mr. Damrosch for the intelligence and fervor shown by him in conducting this most difficult opera. The performance was not ideal—and how many performances of "Tristan" are ideal?—but he led with a firm hand, and the work of the excellent orchestra was on the whole the most pleasing, impressive and musical feature of the evening. In getting together his company, in undertaking such risks, he showed courage as well as devotion to his master, and it is a pleasure to record that his efforts are appreciated highly in this city as well as in New York.

Mrs. Sucher gave in certain respects an excellent interpretation of Isolde. Her voice is worn, her upper tones are often shrill, her physical strength deserted her in her final scene. Remember the difficulty of the part, the cruel task demanded of her. Yet one may reasonably say that if she had husbanded her strength she might have been able to do justice to her dying-song. Her performance then was stronger dramatically than musically, although she often charmed by phrase. A woman of heroic but and graceful bearing, she acted with marked discretion, and at times with genuine power. Would that she had visited us when she was at the zenith of her fame!

Miss Brema is a woman of marked temperament, who will rid herself in time, no doubt, of over-zeal and unmeaning restlessness in action. Her voice is strong and of good quality. She was inclined to shriek, and the temptation in this opera must be well-nigh irresistible. Her appearance as Ortrud is looked forward to eagerly.

I regret to say that Mr. Alvary during the first two acts was wholly inadequate. His intonation was painfully false and he shouted and bawled in an unnecessary fashion. It is true that Mrs. Sucher's intonation was not always pure; but her lapses in intonation were redeemed by the frequent display of musical and dramatic art. In the third act, Mr. Alvary, lying on his back, was heard to better advantage. Sickness seemed to have benefited his ear, and he was not so unduly obstreperous. It might not be a bad plan for him in future to sing in a recumbent position during the whole opera. Such a course would not at all interfere with the action of the piece. From the dramatic standpoint his performance one of striking individuality.

Most excellent was the King Marke of Mr. Fischer. The preaching king was for once a real monarch and not a paste-board figure. This veteran singer of Wagner's music sang; he did not merely declaim. And the intelligence shown in his portrayal was a proof of his understanding and experience.

The Kurvenal was treated with sympathy by Mr. Schwarz, and the other parts were satisfactorily taken.

It was also a pleasure to see again a German performance; in which the singers seemed absorbed in the task, unconscious of the audience.

After the first act there was enthusiastic applause and there were many curtain-calls. There was hearty applause after the second act. After the third act there was an exhibition of only very moderate rapture.

The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin," with this cast:

Elsa	Johanna Gadski
Ortrud	Marie Brema
Lohengrin	Nicolaus Rothmuhl
King Henry	Conrad Behrens
Telramund	Franz Schwarz
Herald	Rudolph Oberhauser

PHILIP HALE.

Although the woman doctor has never become so acclimated in France as in America and England, Madame Touraquin has been appointed medical officer to the Lycée Fénelon, in the place of the late Dr. Dujardin-Beanmetz, who occupied a high professional position in Paris.

Nordau's book "Degeneration" has been some time in making its pessimistic way to English readers. The original German edition was published in Berlin in 1892.

Dr. Schweninger gave Bismarck a keg of Pschorr beer. Bismarck was the man who protested some years ago against the national drink, and said: "They that drink beer, think beer."

They are telling many stories in England about the late Corney Grain. Mr. Grossmith, in the Pall Mall Gazette, indulges in pleasant reminiscences. Here is an instance of the quality of Grain's humor: "In one of his entertainments he was supposed to be rebuking a badly-behaved boy at an afternoon party. You could almost see the boy standing in front of him. The rebuke, as far as I remember, was: "'Now look here, my boy—you must not talk when people are singing. You are only a boy, and such conduct is very rude and ill-mannered. Of course, when you are grown up, it is a different thing altogether. It's expected of you then.'"

'Tis Common talk now.

If the first three days of April be foggy, there will be a flood in June.

Do you know why men go out of a theatre between acts? According to a letter published in an esteemed contemporary, it is because "they have acquired a habit that has grown with time and indulgence into a very octopus, with its fabled hundred pliant, greedy arms, sucking to the last drop the vital fluid of their manhood." And now after this lurid explanation, what man will dare to stir from his seat before the final fall of the curtain?

"An authority on the care of a piano says it should be placed against an inside wall and a little out from it. * * * The room should be moderately warm all the year round from 60 degrees to 70 degrees. The instrument should not stand too near the source of heat." The piano should then be locked securely and strapped, and the key thrown away.

C. M. K., Springfield, Vt., has been familiar with the word "linger," used as a superlative, for over 50 years in Vermont. G. S. C. writes: "Any old boy who fished, as I did, 50 years ago in Massachusetts's brooks will recall with what supreme gusto he boasted of pulling out a 'linger!' " D. P. says that "linger" and "llngen" were in every boy's vocabulary in Lawrence, Andover, Cambridge and New Bedford 30 or 40 years ago. Another correspondent writes that the words were heard frequently in Connecticut. Can no one tell the origin of these words?

The hysteria provoked in Chicago by the inability of Jean de Reszke to appear in a performance of "The Huguenots" is only chapter 1001 in the "History of the Tenor." Why is it, by the way, that the tenor has in so many ways for years made women frantic? You do not hear of feminine wailing and sobbing when it is announced that a bass is suffering from influenza or gastritis. Nor do you often find a palpitating creature eloping with a basso profundo.

They now propose to invert the Eiffel tower. Afterward they will have it on the side.

Mr. Max Beerbohm must not be read so seriously. Whatever he may be in literature, in private life he is a modest, quiet gentleman, not a bit of a poseur, and evidently in search of information and new impressions. When he talked gayly with a reporter, he no doubt intended to give the reporter pleasure and answer expectation.

Of course Mr. Beerbohm's verbal capriciousness and whimsical ideas, his quips and paradoxes remind many of the existence of the decadents, much abused writers. After all, what is a decadent? Mr. Charles Whibley, speaking of Apuleius, in his preface to "The Golden Ass," says: "His closeness of diction, his unflinching loyalty to speech, his eager search after the strange—and living—word, his love of an art which knows no concealment—these qualities proclaim the Decadent."

They are disputing in Glasgow over the proper way in which to designate women who have secured a medical degree. Some of the suggestions are "doctorein," "physiclerine," "doctoreine," "doctoreina," and in the case of married medical women, "doctora." But what's the matter with "doctor?"

"Things! Things! Things! Nothing but things!—stuffing up all the corners; crowding one so that one can hardly breathe; dogging one's footsteps so that one can hardly move. Who does not pine at times for the life of a savage? Yes, the reaction must come. We shall not be able to stand it much longer. Sooner or later we shall all take ship for the desert islands to avoid suffocation. And perhaps when they find we have all gone, the factories will cease pouring out rubbish, and the trains stop carrying and scattering it about. And the stuffed-up houses will crumble away and cover up all the things they are so full of, until the city becomes a green, smooth mound with grass growing at the top. But then our descendants will come back from the desert islands with spades and dig them all up again and put them in rows in museums and label them all with their wrong names. We could not bear that. Perhaps we had better save them the trouble by staying where we are."

April 3-1905

HUNT FOR A TENOR.

Audience in Boston Theatre
Waits for "Lohengrin."

Rothmuhl Hoarse, Alvary Weary,
and Almost a Fiasco,

But Prince Charlie Came From "Rob
Roy" and All Was Well.

"Lohengrin" was the opera last evening at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Walter Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Elsa	Johanna Gadske
Ortrud	Marie Brema
Lohengrin	Barron Berthald
King Henry	Conrad Behrens
Telramund	Franz Schwarz
Herald	Rudolph Oberhauser

Elsa's Knight was unusually long in coming last evening, and for some time there was more than the customary doubt about his personality. The delay, however, was not the fault of the swan, who appeared to be in excellent physical condition.

It was about 20 minutes of 8 when Mr. Damrosch stepped before the curtain and said that Mr. Rothmuhl, who had been announced as the Lohengrin, had acquired suddenly a severe hoarseness, and would not be able to sing; that Mr. Alvary could not be found; that therefore there would be no performance; but that another performance of "Lohengrin" would be given this week, and those in the audience who could not attend it would find their money paid for tickets at the box office. A few minutes later it was announced that Mr. Alvary had been captured, and would sing. The curtain did not go up, and it was about 8:30 when Mr. Snow gave the information that Mr. Alvary was tired, and that the part of Lohengrin would be taken by Mr. Barron Berthald of the Whitney Opera Company, now at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. Whitney kindly loaned his tenor, who after he had sung in one act of "Rob Roy," hurried to the Boston Theatre.

The opera was, therefore, not over until an unusually late hour, and these comments upon the performance have reference only to the first two acts and the first scene of the third act.

Mrs. Gadske made her first appearance in this city. In face and figure she is the traditional Elsa, the heroine of Wagner; not the heroine "with celebrated eyebrows," fearful "lest someone may muss her tress," described by Jules Laforgue in his fantastic treatment of the legend. Her entrance was graceful, without affectation, and she was at once a sympathetic apparition. Her impersonation throughout was backed by discretion in song and action. There were no great moments, but her performance was consistent, logical and pleasing. Her voice is light and of agreeable quality, and she manages it with considerable skill. She did not indulge in heroics, she did not mouth, rant, or tear wildly about the stage. On the other hand she did not imper or play at coquetry. She was modestly in her longings and her doubts. Not a strong delineation of character; but was not Elsa weak as well as sweet?

Miss Brema, or Mrs. Brema as some insist, is indeed a remarkable young woman, and her conception of Ortrud is one sharply defined. Ortrud as usually played is a rago, a most unpleasant person, who shows the thorough baseness of her nature by refusing to listen to the true pitch. She and her wicked husband in the average performance have prominent positions in the gallery of operatic bores.

But the Ortrud of Miss Brema is indeed a tragic figure of huge proportions. In the second act she dominated the stage by the intensity of her action and the authority of her declamation. Miss Brema has not yet mastered her fiery nature. She is inclined toward exaggeration. She should, for instance, chasten her melodramatic strut as she advances from the ranks of the wedding procession. So, too, her facial expression at times is extravagant. But, all in all, her performance was one of rare strength.

It would be well for her to ponder the future of her voice. In "Lohengrin" as in "Tristan und Isolde" she at times made reckless demands upon her voice, and although the demands were, as a rule, honored, still there were unnecessary shrieks and a forcing of tones that if persisted in for the sake of supposed dramatic effect will surely impair the usefulness as well as the beauty of a naturally good organ.

Mr. Berthald deserves warm praise for the courage shown by him in jumping quickly from such a part as the Pretender to such a part as Lohengrin. It is true that he had assumed the role in Germany, but it was some years ago.

His voice is of good range, and of full and pleasing quality. Although his singing was not flawless, it was much better than that shown by the average German tenor imported for American use. I doubt very much whether either Alvary or Rothmuhl could have sung the part as well.

To speak at length concerning his dramatic performance would be perhaps unkind in view of the circumstances of his appearance. And yet it may be said that in the first act he was the amiable and conventional lover rather than the man of mysterious origin. The unearthly purity and the noble high-mindedness of the savior of Elsa were not suggested. This Lohengrin was earthy, of the earth. Not until Elsa persisted, woman-like, in the inquiry that wrecked her happiness forever, did Lohengrin rise to a higher plane.

On the other hand it should be said that Mr. Berthald by his courage and vocal excellence gave great pleasure to an audience that was hardly prepared for it. His efforts were warmly appreciated, as was the generous conduct of his manager.

Mr. Behrens was a sturdy king, and Mr. Oberhauser made his proclamations with more than customary tunefulness. The Telramund of Mr. Schwarz was an earnest, sincere impersonation without marked character. The chorus singing was at its best only mediocre, and the costumes of the women in the second act inflamed the eyes of the spectator. Who in the world chose such a juxtaposition of colors? The work of the orchestra was almost always a delight. There was a large and applauseful audience.

The opera this evening will be "Die Walküre," with this cast:

Brunnhilde	Marie Brema
Fricka	Marie Maurer
Sieglinde	Elsa Kutschera
Sigmund	Max Alvary
Wotan	Emil Fischer
Hunding	Conrad Behrens

PHILIP HALE

Now all sing. One-two-three. "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

A journal devoted to the interests of undertakers announces "There is room for all to make a good living without cutting prices to a figure that leaves no profit."

We have received letters from correspondents in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine treating of the words "lingen" and "linger;" but they say nothing about the possible origin of the terms. L. G. D. in an interesting communication speaks of also hearing years ago "in a New Hampshire hamlet," the word "garm" or "gawm," meaning "awkward or lubberly as applied to an individual; as to work done what I should now call a botch." Is this a form of the northern English county word "gorm" to smear, to daub? There is an old Lincolnshire expression "to gawm," to stare vacantly. In South Worcestershire "to gawm" is to handle articles in a manner calculated to damage or mar their appearance. Such statements as "He was all gaumed up with molasses" are heard in Louisiana as well as in New England.

L. G. D. adds: "Another old word I found in Celia Thaxter's 'Among the Isles of Shoals' in which she mentions 'tantoaster' as applied to a severe storm by the fishermen of that locality. Now that word was as familiar to me in my childhood as to her in her home on the Atlantic Ocean. Where it came from I don't know, but my theory is that these old words came with the settlers from the Old World, lived along in the speech of the people in some localities and died out in others. In an educated and reading community, not being found in the books, they would naturally die out." "Tantoaster" is found in dictionaries of Americanisms.

J. W. H. recalls a French expression in common use 50 years ago in New Hampshire, "Haut-gout, then pronounced 'ho-go,' and denoting a strong scent of any kind. I have queried as to how this expression obtained currency." "Hogo" is an old English word, used as far back in literature as 1639-61 in Rump songs. It meant a flavor, an aroma, a relish; by irony or corruption, a stink. Walton wrote in the "Compleat Angler," "To give the sauce a hogoe let the dish (into which you let the pike fall) be rubbed with it (garlic)." "Hogo" and "haut-gout," "haugou" and "hogough" are all forms of "haut-gout." But all this is far, far from "lingen" and "linger."

The impersonation of Yvette Guilbert by Cissy Loftus is said to be so clever "that people flock to see whether Miss Loftus is not the more original of the two." Unfortunately Miss Guilbert has never been in Boston, on the stage or as Honess at a social function. But it will be easy to criticize the impersonations of those "favorites of Boston," Miss Maggie Cline and Miss Ada Rehan.

A musical composition by William II., dedicated to Bismarck, was sung at the Berlin birthday banquet. Was not this rather rubbing it into the old gentleman as well as the guests?

So a Yale man is to coach the Harvard Senior crew. Nothing could be fairer than that.

"The sensation of the day in Cleveland was the appearance of a handsome young woman, clad in bloomers, who rode up to the polls on a bicycle, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. She wanted to vote, and was accorded the privilege." After all, there may be something in female suffrage. Such incidents might lure men here to do a citizen's duty.

Miss Pauline Hall will also sing "America" today. And, no doubt, Mr. Duncan Harrison will join lustily in the chorus.

The sudden discovery in Boston of Nodier and his Trilby is an amusing chapter in the history of general literature. If any one wishes to read a delightful sketch of this charming writer and most amiable man, let him look over the first chapter of "La Femme au Collier de Velours," by Alexander Dumas the Great. And the story itself is mighty entertaining reading. Even in these days of new shudders, the old shudder of Dumas seems fresh in goose-flesh properties.

Church papers in England are gradually becoming frivolous. Perhaps this is due to the influence of The Ram's Horn. The Church Review tells this story: A priest was showing a lady visitor round a church, and it is said that the following incident occurred:

Priest—"So, madam, you have now seen the organ, the font, and the nave. I should next like to conduct you to the altar."

Lady—"Oh! this is so sudden."

Here is another story said to be true. An anonymous donor once sent the late Prebendary Calthrop four pence, urging him to have his hair cut. The Prebendary announced the fact in church, adding that he had never paid less than sixpence, and suggesting that his adviser should send the balance of this sum.

The Pall Mall Gazette refers thus to the Spanish political troubles: "Only the King is calm. He meets the crisis with the calmness and dignity he has ever displayed in State affairs, and treats the foolish squabble with the contempt it deserves."

April 4-1905
"Die Walkure" Given at the Boston Theatre by the Damrosch Opera Company—Miss Brema Appears as Brunnhilde.

The opera last evening was "Die Walküre." Mr. Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Brunnhilde	Marie Brema
Fricka	Marie Maurer
Sieglinde	Johanna Gadske
Sigmund	Max Alvary
Wotan	Emil Fischer
Hunding	Conrad Behrens

The first number of the Trilogy is comparatively familiar to the opera goers of Boston, and there is no need of extended comment on the libretto or the music. And yet each performance of this work provokes criticism of the beauties and the defects; for if with each hearing there is fresh wonder at the gorgeousness, the beauty, the sublimity of portions of the music, there is also a fresh realization of the glaring absurdities and pompous bathos of much of the text.

Opera is in a certain sense absurd, whether it be written by Donizetti or Wagner. The moment the actor begins to express emotion by singing, you say farewell to realism and common sense. But the hysterical Wagnerites—and there are many in Boston, for they contracted Wagneritis late in the day, and still suffer acutely from it—are never weary of pointing out the absurdities in Italian and French opera. Wagner gave them the cue. And yet his house is of glass from first story to cupola.

Glance at the story of the first act of "Die Walküre." The curtain rises. There is an empty room. A man enters violently without asking permission and falls down in a lump. A woman opens an inside door of the apartment and is naturally surprised at seeing a panting stranger. She gives him a cooling draught, and they stare at each other, one of the trade-marks of Wagner, by the way. Hunding, a most unpleasant-looking individual but the master of the house and the woman, comes in. The guest is sacred by the law of hospitality. They all sit down at meat. Hunding is naturally hungry. No one eats, however, and Sigmund has the poor taste to monopolize the conversation. He is long-winded, but as he is guest Hunding listens.

And guest stare at each other. Time and again cannot find it longer. He proposes to go to bed, and his wife precedes him bearing a drugged drink for her lord; the drugged drink is another trademark of Wagner. The wife stares at Siegmund until her husband thinks it high time to interfere. Then Siegmund alone runs the risk of disturbing his host by singing for some time with the full strength of his lungs. Siegmund comes down, not to find out what ails the man, but to indulge in amatory conversation. Various events then happen. A side of the house falls down, but the sudden lovers never turn a hair. Siegmund pulls a sword out of a tree that grows in the middle of the room. There is embracing, and the deceivers of the husband finally discover that they are brother and sister. They then embrace with renewed zest. And the curtain goes down.

Is not this a pretty dish to set before an audience?

Do you know of anything more absurd or so monotonously repugnant in the whole repertoire of the Italian opera house?

But on the other hand, what marvelous music is set to this vile and bombastic text. Even Alvary, with his shouts and rude declamation and wanderings from the pitch, could not ruin the splendid beauty of the impassioned scene. How dramatic this music is! Never mind the significance of the left-motif meaning this and meaning that. It is not necessary to know them all to enjoy thoroughly the brilliant genius of Wagner. You forget absurdities, the long lingering looks, the non-action, the sense or nonsense of the text. You are plunged in a mighty stream and are borne with it and tossed to and fro even against your will. You cannot escape the spell of the master.

After this act, however, are long and dreary sandy wastes. We may yet live to see the time when passage after passage is cut out heroically. Who can describe in words the tediousness of the scene between cowed Wotan and the scolding Fricka? And yet this scene is followed by brilliant passages where Siegmund sleeps and Siegmund learns his fate. So, too, in the third act mighty cuts are necessary for the full enjoyment of the hearer. With all its faults, this opera is a wonderful creation.

Alvary was not so constantly untuneful as in the performance of "Tristan," but they that never heard him before this week may well wonder at his reputation. His voice is often hollow, often nasal; and his singing is without method or respect for the true pitch. Still last evening he was a romantic figure, and in the scene of his dramatic interpretation was authoritative. Charming was the tenderness toward Siegmund. Manly, without rant, was his behavior in the presence of Death.

Mrs. Gadsby sang delightfully. At times she was overpowered ruthlessly by the orchestra, but she did not yield to the temptation to scream. It is a pleasure to hear and see this modest, intelligent artist.

Miss Brema should let such parts as Brünnhilde alone if she wishes to preserve her voice. Her upper tones last evening were forced and shrill and she was singing evidently out of her natural range. Her dramatic performance was strong and carefully studied; but there are certain mannerisms that she should at once discard. They are grotesque, not exhibitions of intensity as she supposes. The strait-admirable in burlesque—the pose of Ajax defying the lightning, a pose very dear to her; these mar an otherwise impressive impersonation.

Mr. Fischer's Wotan is well known, and his art in Wagnerian opera makes amends for any loss of vocal vigor. Mr. Behrens was an excellent Hunding, and Miss Maurer was more satisfactory than the ordinary Fricka.

The orchestra did some excellent work, but there was at times a lack of precision; there was more than occasional untunefulness; and there was too often roughness as well as coarseness. The famous meeting of the female messengers was played with a reckless abandon, and the chorus was alternately screeching and weak, always without genuine effect. And yet the fiery vigor of the music made its way in spite of imperfections.

The audience was not as large as at the preceding performances, but it was enthusiastic.

The opera tonight will be "Siegfried."

The cast will be as follows:

Brünnhilde Rosa Sucher
Forest Bird Marcella Lindh
Siegfried Max Alvey
Mime Paul Lange
Wagner Franz Schwarz
Fafner Emil Lenger
Alberich Rudolph Oberhauser

PHILIP HALL

Miss Marie Brema, in speaking of the United States, exclaimed fervently: "The country is lovely, and the people charming." Alas, there is a fly in the ointment. "There is one serious drawback—your streets are all so noisy." But not half so noisy, Miss Brema, as many of the Wagnerian operatic scenes in which you so delight.

Tuesday evening was undoubtedly one of the happiest in the life of Mr. Barron Berthold. For he was conscious that as Lohengrin he saved Damrosch and the audience, as well as Elsa. The tenor of a night, he was the talk of the town.

And here is a singular fact. The first night of "Rob Roy" at the Castle Square Mr. Berthold as Prince Charles Edward Stuart was inclined to force his tones. In the heroic part of Lohengrin, where there was apparently a greater temptation to scream, he was free from this reproach.

According to all accounts the Marquis of Queensberry was inclined to maul and belabor and swat Mr. Wilde in open court and without reference to the famous family rules.

"All for Her" should be a favorite play with the "modern woman."

The late Mr. David M. Stone said once to an interviewer: "Curiosity is not my vice. I have not even read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" So there are men, even in Boston,

men of education, who are not the more marvellous dreamers because they are "educated." And they lose their neighbors in the face and they enjoy their dinner, and they sleep and as peacefully as though such a book had never been written.

If, as with trembling hand you push the cork into the bottle instead of pulling it out, do not disturb the household or ruin your own temper by trying to remove it. Cork was esteemed by some of the ancients for its medicinal properties, as an astringent. Serenus recommends it in cases of hemorrhage. They, timorous and effeminate, chafed it before taking. In this braver age, it might be a good thing to keep one bottle charged heavily with cork as a medicament.

The nerve specialists rejoice in the musical debauch of this week. They lift their hands gratefully toward the sky. They say: "Lo, now comes our harvest." For surely the hearing of seven operas by Wagner in one week is a debauch to a subscriber's nerves.

Mr. C. B. Shaw of London does not believe in a censor of plays who is almost always an incensor of playwrights. "I claim to have been the person who pointed out that the man selected as Examiner of Plays must inevitably be a Nobody. The appointment of Somebody would have aroused a storm of indignation. If a man's a Somebody, his qualities are public property, and that means it is known that he is unfit to be the despot of the English drama. Now, Nobody's qualifications are unknown, and, therefore, people can imagine what they like."

A local contemporary speaks editorially of the Havana Opera Company that visited Boston in 1887, and it mentions Fortunata Tedesco. It then adds: "It may seem incredible, but it was the fact, that this 'troupe' performed at the Howard Athenaeum at regular theatre prices, and that for \$1 in the orchestra, and as low as 25 cents in the upper gallery, there were heard, not one artist alone, but several, who were hardly surpassed on the operatic stage then, and have been seldom equaled since." But it is also a fact that whenever Tedesco appeared the seats were often sold at \$1 or \$5 premium.

Col. Clapp, in his "Record of the Boston Stage," tells of the madness of the admirers of Tedesco. "The honors paid her attained their greatest excess in the casting at her feet of a warm admirer's hat and cane in token of his own entire prostration."

"It is an item of interest in the literary world that the English Government has recently conferred peerages upon Messrs. H. C. Brunner, Julian Hawthorne, Brander Matthews, Theodore Roosevelt, Jeffrey

Roche, Arlo Bates and Laurence Hutton. A shapely pension, and a camel's hair shawl, go to each, with a letter from Her Majesty in person, expressing her deep sense of the services rendered by these gentlemen in repressing Anglophobia in the revolted colonies."—The Chap-Book.

A local and esteemed contemporary remarks: "If a person can talk well, 'tis now the proper thing to call him—or perhaps her—an efficient conversationalist. The next verbal monstrosity will be the word 'conversationalism' used to describe the art of speaking." But "conversationalist" is not a new word, dear brother. It was used by that elegant writer Horace Smith as long ago as 1836. Its equivalent "conversationalist" was not disdained by Southey or Hawthorne.

F. Y. writes: "I heard a man boast the other day of evading the payment of a tax, and he used this expression, 'I shot the moon.' What did he mean by it?" In English slang "to shoot the moon" is to remove furniture from a house in the night, without paying the landlord. Your friend probably meant that he had dodged his taxes. We do not believe, however, that the phrase is in common use.

The equivalent expression in French is "déménager à la ficelle," or "déménager à la cloche de bois." The first phrase means simply moving by means of the window and a cord; the second is to take French leave after the janitor's bell has been privately muffled. This change of landlords is done in Paris in a neighborly fashion. Workingmen often form a mutual aid society.

At the Boston Camera Club show Miss Eddy exhibits "The Last Drop" and Mr. Boos "Fairy Tales." To the symbolist it seems that "The Last Drop" should belong to Mr. Boos.

Those epigrams may cost Oscar Wilde his case. Theodore Tilton once exhibited himself on the witness stand as a poseur, and with disastrous results.

At the same time the habit of burning perfumes in a room is not necessarily a depraved one. Some estimable people here in Boston are guilty of this trick.

They say that this new perfume so marked in the street when certain women pass drenches flannel and is bought by the yard. It smells as though it were used frequently by the rod.

Dr. Lorimer quoted at the meeting in honor of Dr. Smith the "memorable saying, 'Let me write the laws of a nation and I care not who writes its laws.'" Dr. Lorimer is a sharer in a common mistake. This quotation is nearly always a misquotation, perhaps in meaning, surely in text. Years ago "ballad" was used to specify a popular song celebrating or scurrilously attacking person or institutions. These ballads were often printed as broad sheets. It was in 1701 that Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun wrote, "Tempted to all manner of Lewdness by infamous ballad singing in every corner of the streets." * * * I know a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not cure who should make the laws of a Nation."

When Mr. Andrew Carnegie wrote Dr. Smith that the tune "America," or "God Save the King," was of German origin, he might have written, "Its origin, though probably English, is disputed; at any rate the tune is the national hymn of Saxony." Weber introduced it in the cantata "Kampf und Sieg," as well as in the Jubel overture. He also arranged it for male voices, and for mixed voices with accompaniment of flutes, clarinets and bassoons.

Some French historians have claimed that the tune was written by Lully. They point to the "Religious Service" of Saint Cyr. The facts are these: When James II. of England visited Saint Cyr in 1690, they wished there to pay him the compliment of singing "God Save the King" with French words. The canticle was then inserted in the sacred repertoire of Saint Cyr, and it remained there for the confusion of the antiquarians.

There is no evidence for the existence of the words or the air before 1740. "In 1791, a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that his father had dined with a party which met in a tavern in Cornhill in 1740, to celebrate the capture of Portabello, when he heard Henry Carey sing the song as his own composition, with great applause from the company." * * * The anthem does not seem to have come into notoriety till the first successes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart in the autumn of 1745 called forth a burst of loyal—that is, anti-popish feeling, in the population of London. To gratify this sentiment, the song was brought upon the stage in both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres."

To N. B.: You ask "who or what was the 'cavass' that leaped from United States Minister Terrell's carriage in Constantinople Wednesday?" A Kawwas is a police officer. The word literally means "a bowman, an archer." It is mis-spelled "Cavash, Cavass, Kawas and Kavass."

That's a singular suit brought against the estate of Gen. Butler. It reminds one of the folly of asking or giving advice. It's a dangerous thing to recommend a hook, an investment, a particular cigar or a servant.

Let us be mindful of the woman reader. Here is a paragraph that, though it is as Sanscrit to us, may prove a boon to some perplexed and weary consulter of fashion plates: "A bolero of narcissus-green cloth shows through its mazy trellis-work of decoratively conventionalized vine-leaves a cowslip-yellow satin ground. Its large satin-faced revers turn backward to reveal a double-breasted waistcoat of the yellow satin with big cut silver buttons, and a white satin chemisette."

With this sentence, however, we are in hearty sympathy: "You have the certainty that an uncommonly mode possesses just three times the vitality of any that is graceful."

The Rev. William Lloyd of New York declares that the modern novel is more seductive than a siren's singing. "To read it is like sitting down to some enchanted feast, spread in a room flooded by softest light, the air filled with sweetest music and redolent with the perfume of flowers." What's its title, Mr. Lloyd, and who publishes it? It should command a large sale.

"I remember a man telling me, many years ago, that once when he thought himself beyond hope of recovery, what affected him most was the sight of an old pair of slippers, and the thought that he would never wear them again."

"Berlin women of the advanced type have adopted the single eyeglass." Even such a defended and aggressive eye is preferable to the two that look at the universe, including man, through a lorgnette. The proudest quails when thus surveyed. He is suspicious of his dress; he wonders if, after all, he is bow-legged; he wishes he had shaved twice that day. The gentlest woman equipped with this weapon of arrogance is more terrible than an army with banners.

April 6. 91

"Siegfried" as Sung by the Damrosch Opera Company at the Boston Theatre - A Performance Marked by False Intonation.

The cast of "Siegfried" was as follows:
Brünnhilde Rosa Sucher
Forest Bird Marcella Lindh
Siegfried Max Alvary
Mime Paul Lange
Wanderer Franz Schwarz
Fafner Emil Senger
Alberich Rudolph Oberhauser

This opera is regarded by many Wagnerians as a blithesome, almost merry work. It is supposed to be a cheerful intermezzo between the tragedies "Die Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung." Some commentators enlarge upon the fact that the great love duet in the third act was written while Wagner was enjoying the early companionship of his second wife, whom he took away from his staunch friend and helper Von Bülow.

It is true that there is food for mirth in this piece. It is a strange conglomeration. The first act is a realistic melodrama with a smithy in operation, real bellows, water and sparks. The second act allows of variety business. There is a singing dragon, a trick bird, and Mime introduces a dance. In the third act the hero awakens a sleeping woman and, naturally enough, knows for the first time what fear is. But the character known as the Wanderer, who goes about at all hours asking and hearing rebuses, charades and conundrums, is of such portentous solemnity that the opera cannot be truthfully called comic, although there is a happy ending.

Now if there were large cuts, there would be much to enjoy in this opera. You should go to it as to any other show, and revel in the bear, the forging of the sword, the dragon, the bird, and the pranks of Mime. To be sure Wagner was never weary of jeering at composers who introduced live stock and wild fowl in their operas, and he was always protesting against the undue importance given by them to the stage carpenter. But do not hold a man to his theories; look rather at his work. If the Wanderer were forbidden the stage, and if the garrulosity of the other characters were checked, in a measure, the opera would give pleasure.

That is if the performance were a good one. The performance of last evening was not wholly satisfactory.

Siegfried is a lovable character. His courage, innocence, boyish temper, sentiment, and the sight of him rejoicing in his youth are most attractive. In the portrayal of the character Alvary was admirable. But Siegfried is not merely a pantomimist, not merely a play-actor; he is a singer. Alvary is not a singer. He does not even declaim invariably on the pitch; on the contrary he is a more reckless wanderer than the disguised Wotan himself. It is not necessary to talk here of voice production or of method; but it may be said that Alvary defies the rudimentary principles of song. His attack is seldom precise; he scoops and he shovels; he slurs constantly upward and downward; he forces his queer tones; he shouts; and, as I have said, his intonation is often distressingly false. It is nonsense to say that, hard as the task is, this music cannot be sung; just as it is nonsense to say that the constant singing of such music does not run the voice. Some time ago Alvary in an interview spoke with disdain of "confectionary operas" as "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet," in which he "would not sing." He is wise in his refusal, for the moment in a Wagner opera that there is the slightest chance for an exhibition of bel canto he falls miserably.

It is not a pleasure to write these words. Here is a man to whom Nature was kind. His face, figure and voice were admirably suited to the stage. Face and figure remain. He is an intelligent actor. As a singer, he distresses the ear and the judgment.

The management of the stage this week has not been worthy of such a company. Alvary is not to be blamed because he was disgusted at the impotent attempt of the bird to fly at the end of the second act; and yet he should not have indulged himself in a fit of temper before the audience. Nor was it gracious in him to refuse a certain call offered by an audience that has admired his histrionic skill and been patient with his vocal shortcomings.

Mr. Lange was an excellent Mime, in fact, he was the feature of the performance. His conception of the character was strongly marked, and the detail was carefully worked out. He sang the part well, italicizing the lines by grotesque rendering or mocking intonation without becoming unpleasant.

Satisfactory, too, was the Alberich of Mr. Oberhauser. Mr. Senger was a good Dragon, who was chiefly impressive on account of his magnified voice. Miss Lindh was an agreeable member of the menagerie.

Poor Mr. Schwarz! Yours was an unhappy lot, for you were the Wanderer, condemned to the dreariest of music. There are several bores peculiar to Wagner. Wotan, in any form, is perhaps the most pertinacious, aggressive, unendurable. Mr. Schwarz gave the most of his part, but no genius could dispel the gloom that darkens the stage when the Wanderer rambles aimlessly about it.

Mrs. Sucher was not at her best as Brünnhilde. As she was discovered sleeping, the sight was, like the celebrated reading of Hamlet by the tragedian in "Great Expectations," passive and concrete; for she was awkwardly displayed. Her awakening was not impressive, and in the music that followed she often forced her tones, and was false to the pitch.

The orchestra gave a fine performance. There was a large and applauseful audience.

As much beautiful music in the first act, and in the second scene of the act, it was a pity that the beauty was seriously impaired by the inadequacy of the tenor and the soprano.

The evening will be "Götterdämmerung" with the cast:

Rosa Sucher
Johanna Gadski
Marcella Lindh
Mina Schilling
Marie Maurer
Nicolaus Rothmühl
Rudolph Oberhauser
Emil Fischer
Philip Hale

"Götterdämmerung" as Performed by the Damrosch Wagner Opera Company at the Boston Theatre

This was the cast of "Götterdämmerung":
Brünnhilde Rosa Sucher
Gutrune Johanna Gadski
Wotan Marcella Lindh
Wellgunde Mina Schilling
Flosshilde Marie Maurer
Siegfried Nicolaus Rothmühl
Gunther Rudolph Oberhauser
Hagen Emil Fischer

The libretto of this opera seems more firmly knit and more coherent than those of the two preceding operas of the trilogy. The characters are more like creatures of flesh and blood. They are not seen wandering in legendary mists. Sensible cuts have no doubt assisted largely in bringing about this result. And more cutting would further improvement. There are weary moments in the scene where Hagen, Gunther and Gutrune are holding a family council; and Brünnhilde's final scene is too long, especially when the stage business is so inadequate as it was last evening. Admit that there are the customary long staves and magic potions. But also admit that the parting scene between the lovers in the prelude, the scene between brain-clouded Siegfried and Brünnhilde; the death of Siegfried; and the farewell of Brünnhilde to earth are most dramatic. With the exception of the tedious passages noted, the opera is full of brilliant illustrations of Wagner's genius. Ah, if he had only had the gift of self-criticism! If he had not been so prolix, and so confident of the enormous value of even a penny thought!

The performance was in the main interesting. First of all, the orchestra must be loudly praised. Mr. Damrosch led with care and authority. Occasionally the brass was overblown, but Wagner scored this work for a hidden orchestra, and it is not easy to regulate the dynamics in a conventional theatre.

I remember seeing Mr. Rothmühl in 1882 in the opera houses of Dresden and Berlin. He was singing minor parts in Dresden, such as the bourgeois lover in Nessler's "Rattenfänger." He was then an earnest, hard working young singer with a strong voice which he used in a rigid manner. In Berlin he sang such lyric parts as Faust, and, little by little, he began to assume the roles made famous there by Niemann. Last evening Mr. Rothmühl showed at times the effect of his indisposition, but he sang with intelligence, and in the scene in the forest where he tells his story, he showed more taste and greater vocal skill than is customary with the cast-iron singers of Wagner's music. If in action he was neither notably impressive nor warmly sympathetic, he was always manly, without arrogance or affectation of any grievous sort, and this is saying much.

Mrs. Sucher as a singer was heard to much greater advantage than she was in "Siegfried." Although her voice shows the ravages of Time and, Wagner, she used it with large freedom, and her intonation was far purer than on former occasions. Dramatically, her performance was not authoritative. Action to her seemed merely attitude, and her facial expression only knew conventionality. The effect of her supreme scene was greatly marred by the weak stage business.

Mrs. Gadski was interesting in an uninteresting part. Gunther showed deep appreciation of his contemptible character; and Hagen was our old friend, the black-bearded villain of melodrama, whose footsteps are accompanied by sneak-music, and who at times has moments of ghastly amiability. The Rhine maidens sang without marked effect, while the attendants of Hagen were distinctly heard.

The feature of the evening was the noble performance of the funeral march.

Even the man who does not take these operas so seriously as to quarrel with his neighbor because he persists in regarding Wagner as a human being must protest against such a scenic version of the last scene of the last act. Where was the funeral pyre? Where were the inflammatory and dropsical symptoms of the death of the gods? Brünnhilde with her spavined horse disappeared in shame-faced fashion from the stage, and, lo, a group of figures appeared in the sky, comfortably seated and waiting for the applause. The arrangement was not unlike the figures in the well-known steel engraving, "Washington Irving and His Friends."

The stage appointments and management have not always been worthy of the company. There have been some singular incongruities and contradictions. Wednesday evening Wotan tucked Brünnhilde away with great care as well as with considerable difficulty. The crown was uncomfortable, so he put it by her. He provided her thoughtfully with a spear. When she awoke Thursday evening, the crown was on her head, the spear was missing, and during her sleep her shield had been changed. Possibly, uncomfortable and nervous in waiting so long for Siegfried, she kicked in her sleep and knocked the spear down; but this is no explanation of the change in the metal quill.

Thursday evening Siegfried showed the results of practical knowledge in the daily use of a razor. Many commentators say that after he found Brünnhilde he stayed in the fire-bewitched place only one night, and set out on his travels the following day. Now last night Siegfried appeared with a full and pronounced beard. To be sure, he was a man of many resources and magical spells, and so the sudden growth is not surprising. But did Brünnhilde recognize him at once in the morning? Or did she start, and give one of her celebrated and patented Walküre calls?

These and kindred problems should be determined once and for all time by the Wagner experts, who can whistle all the typical themes and tell the story of the Ring without a break. Or is there no Wagner Club here?

The opera this afternoon will be "Tannhäuser" with Gadski, Kutschera, Alvary, Behrens in the cast. The opera this evening will be "Die Meistersinger."

PHILIP HALE

One night this week a man was walking home from his club. It was about half-past twelve, and he was at the corner of ~~Fourth~~ ^{Nesbury} Street and Berkeley Street. He was assaulted by some one who sprang up suddenly, like Jonah's gourd. One arm was held firmly, and no doubt robbery was the motive of such unconventional self-introduction. Although he is slight, the clubman has nerve and strength. With his free hand he struck his assailant two or three quick blows in the face. The unknown dropped to the pavement, recovered himself, and ran away, probably in search of "practical dentistry," as the striker's hand was cut and bloody. There was no policeman in sight.

So the concert hall is to know the "favorite pupil" of Paderewski as well as the "favorite pupil" of Liszt. There is a difference. There's only one of the former, and there are about 147 of the latter. It is to be regretted that the friends of Miss Szumowska should deem it their duty to advertise her as belonging to one of the noble families of Poland. She is too good wine to need such a bush. Are not all Poles noble? Did you ever see one who did not carry certificates of aristocratic birth? But what has high lineage to do with playing the piano?

The suit of Spreckels's son against Spreckels's father is one calculated to provoke laughter of the Immortals; that is, if they are interested in sugar.

"Mrs. — possessed the birthright of every American woman." And what is that "birth-right," Walsingham?

The expense of enjoying opera is not always confined to the price of the ticket. In the entertaining "Mapleson Memoirs" the gallant Colonel tells of a bill presented him by a man in Baltimore who was disappointed because Gerster was sulky and would not sing. The cause of the sulks was the sight of a play bill in which Patti's name was in larger type than hers. Now the bill presented for return of money was as follows:

Two opera tickets.....	\$10 00
Carriage	5 00
Gloves	2 50
Necktie	25
Overlooking and pressing a dress suit..	3 00
Flowers for her corsage.....	3 00
Two return tickets.....	14 00

\$37 75

"Legal proceedings were resorted to, but I ultimately settled the matter by giving a private box for our next visit."

"I am a great admirer of Ibsen," writes a young girl of "modern" tendencies, "and

I should be sorry to miss one of his delightful studies of life as it really is. I used to think I'd be a hospital nurse, but Ibsen is far more amusing."

The Marquis of Queensberry, unusually conspicuous at present, is a singular compound. He takes an interest in boxing, and when he went to France to see the fight between Smith and Kilrain, he was asked to stand as referee, but he declined the honor. It was only this week that he knocked Oscar out. He once wrote a long-winded poem, with a longer-winded preface of a controversial nature, entitled "The Spirit of the Matterhorn" dedicated to "The Peers of Scotland" and published in '81. At a performance in London, 1882, of Tennyson's dismal failure, "The Promise of May," he sprang up in the Globe Theatre at the end of the first act and exclaimed, "I am an agnostic, and I protest against Mr. Tennyson's gross caricature of our creed."

They are having a lively time in London about the preface of Mr. G. S. Street to a new edition of Congreve's plays. Mr. Street says, practically, Congreve was not immoral for his time; therefore, as a writer, he was personally not immoral. He adds that Congreve had not a high dramatic quality. A reviewer in the Daily Chronicle is thereby highly shocked. He states dogmatically, Congreve is immoral, and there's an end on't. As the Pall Mall Gazette puts it: "Then a curious light swims into the reviewer's eye. Like the harmless lunatic, who said of another, 'he can't be Alexander the Great, because I'm Philip Macedon, and he's not my son,' the reviewer observes that Congreve was not undramatic for his time; therefore, as a writer, he was personally not undramatic. Why the very argument which is unfavorable to Congreve's morality should be favorable to his dramatic genius no man shall know."

This reminds us that today was a field-day in the Macedonian family. For it was on April 6 that Philip took Pontidea, overthrew the Illyrians through Parmenio, his General, took the prize in horse racing at the Olympian games, and saw himself the father of Alexander. And of all these triumphs undoubtedly the victory of his horse touched him the most.

We published the other day a letter in which Mr. George Moore disposed effectually of Mr. Jimmy Whistler. Now it appears that the eminent artist and poseur

was exceeding wroth. Mrs. Moore, by the sarcasm of Mr. Moore, produced two Frenchmen to demand of Mr. Moore "a formal retraction or reparation by arms." Mr. Moore, like a sensible man, preferred silence. Whereupon the irrepressible Whistler sent this note to his "chers amis:" "I deeply regret that I have placed you en rapport, even imperfectly, with Mr. George Moore, and you see me quite humbled at having wasted your precious time by the immoral contemplation of this poor personage, under the influence of a fit of panic. 'Every man,' he said, 'has his own code of honor.' Surely the code of Mr. Moore is very much his own."

F. H. M. writes to the Journal as follows: "I have been waiting for all this coll about 'lingen' and 'lenger' to exhaust itself before I disclosed the real origin and use of the expression in modern speech. Most of our 'funny' stories are recognized at once as 'chestnuts' whose originations are lost in the mists of antiquity, and none is more so than that of the country gawk who took his best girl to a cattle show and treating himself to a hunk of glit gingerbread, coolly remarked: 'Its lingen good, Sal; why don't you buy you some?' If John Alden didn't tell Priscilla Mullins this story, it was not because he had not heard it, but because it was even then a 'chestnut.'" F. H. M. need not have inclosed the word chestnut in quotation marks. It is in the great Oxford dictionary.

Another correspondent says: "I remember perfectly 40 years ago the word 'gawm' or 'gawn' used in the western part of New York to express (nearer than any other word, I should say) the act of touching every tart on a plate before taking one. For example, 'Come, Jim, don't gawm over those biscuits; take one.'"

OPERA AND CONCERT.

"Tannhaeuser" as Given by Damrosch Company.

Miss Szumowska Plays at the 21st Symphony Concert.

"Die Meistersinger" the Opera of Saturday Evening.

"Tannhaeuser" was the opera given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre by the Damrosch Wagner Opera Company. There was a very large and applauding audience. Mr. Damrosch was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

ElizabethJohanna Gadske
VenusElsa Kutschera
A young shepherdMarcella Lindh
TannhaeuserMax Alvary
Walter von der VogelweidePaul Lange
Wolfgram von EschenbachFranz Schwarz
HerrmannGustl Senger
Heinrich von SchlegeNathaniel
Herrmann von ZweiterBronberger
Herrmann Landgrave of ThuringiaConrad Behrens

Mrs. Galski is, all in all, the most pleasing singer of this company. If she is not an actress of great distinction, she is at least discreet and always free from exaggeration. Her personality is sympathetic, and her very appearance on the stage wins at once respect and admiration.

It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that slight consideration was shown her last week by the management, for she sang Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and yesterday evening, as well as in the afternoon. No singer of her voice and build can endure such fatigue.

Yesterday her Elizabeth was a graceful and gracious apparition. The part is often played as though the sweet and gentle dame were a tragedy queen, or even a virago. Tender was this Elizabeth, a woman easily heartbroken, pathetic in her distress. Mrs. Gadske sang the music admirably.

Miss Kutschera, the Venus, was dressed prudently, as though she feared the draughts in her mountain retreat. She sang the alleged seductive appeal to her bored knight in tune, a feat of considerable difficulty. Otherwise she gave no real excuse for Tannhaeuser's protracted absence from his colleagues and Elizabeth.

Mr. Behrens was an excellent père noble. Mr. Schwarz, who labored faithfully through the week in the Wagnerian vineyard, was a poor Wolfgram, addicted to false intonation. Mr. Alvary acted the part of Tannhaeuser with power, but his singing was, as a rule, inartistic. He was heard to best advantage in the second act.

The other members of the cast, with the exception of Miss Lindh, do not call for extended comment. They were earnest in their efforts. The rest is silence. Would that it had been so yesterday! The chorus was untuneful, particularly the male contingent.

The playing of the orchestra was most excellent. The performance of the overture well deserved the hearty and long continued applause. The tempi chosen were admirable, and I have seldom if ever heard the measures of the Venus song, and those that follow immediately so clearly brought into the light. Mr. Damrosch disclosed new beauties in this overture.

In the program book, a portion of the story in the grove of Venus, it was stated. Wild, unholy orgies of nymphs alternate with seductive songs of sirens. Many a fond and estimable mother, when she read this, turned pale and thought seriously of leaving the theatre and taking her offspring with her. It was a false alarm. The nymphs were most respectably clad, and the "wild, unholy orgies" turned out to be innocent cultish exercises awkwardly executed. In fact, the stage management throughout the opera was wretched. When Tannhaeuser should have exchanged the heathen grove for the Christian wood, he awoke to find himself a part of a singular landscape, three-quarters cave and one-quarter forest. He is not to be blamed for leaving the stage until the scenery was regulated and he could dilate consistently with the right emotion. And this is only one of many instances.

The program of the 21st Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 4).....Haydn
Serenade for wind instruments, No. 11, in E flat major (two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, first line).....Mozart
Concerto for piano, in E minor.....Chopin
Overture, "Der Freischütz".....Weber

Mr. Paur showed good sense in administering the cooling drinks of the classical period after the audience had drunk through the week the fiery, inaudible potion prepared by Wagner. And yet Haydn wrote other symphonies than those played here over and over again. Why should they not be given? They are by no means of inferior worth.

This is the story of Mozart's serenade. A letter by him to his father, dated Nov. 3, 1781, is in existence, and Mozart tells of "Nacht musik" written for clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, for the pleasure of the sister-in-law of von Hickl, a court painter at Vienna. As Mozart expected an influential man to be present at the informal concert, he says that he took considerable pains with the music. It was first produced on the feast day of Saint Theresa, which was Oct. 15. The players were roistering toss-pots, but, according to Mozart, they blew together beautifully. The serenade met with much favor, and it was played in three places that night. Indeed, just as Mozart was undressing himself for bed, the musicians in the courtyard surprised him by sounding the first chord. The oboes were not added before 1782. There is a version in which two English horns are also found.

The serenade was played in delightful fashion last evening. Once in a while it is a good thing to hear such amiable music, but a little of it goes a long way.

Miss Szumowska is said to be a pupil—"the only pupil" of Paderewski; and it has been announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that she is of a noble Polish family, a member of one of the oldest Polish families, etc., etc. Fortunately she needs neither prop. Famous pianists are not necessarily good teachers, and great singers and great performers on instruments come as a rule from what Abraham Lincoln once described as "the plain people."

This pianist has a thoroughly beautiful touch and a technique so well developed that you never think of that dire word when she plays. Her fluency is under artistic restraint. She has rare delicacy, and of a peculiar nature, for the faintest pianissimo carries. She is a player of exquisite taste. Far from her is thought of affectation or desire to impress an audience. Her performance of the concerto was eminently romantic. The summit of her art was the delivery of the larghetto, which was entrancing. Admirable, too, was her playing of the finale. Perhaps this composition by Chopin is peculiarly suited to her musical nature. She is only now to be judged by this performance. What she may be able to do and what she may not be able to do are not now to be considered. The purity of this pianist is not prudishness; her intelligence is not pedagogue. She does not apparently envy the strength of man, nor does she attempt to rival it. And what a pleasure it was to hear such crystalline and yet warm tones!

PHILIP HALE.

Harold's

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

"Die Meistersinger" was given last evening by the Damrosch company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Damrosch conducted. The cast was as follows:

Hans SachsEmil Fischer
Velt PognerConrad Behrens
Sixtus BeckmesserE. Oberhauser
Fritz KothnerEmil Senger
Walter von StolzingNicolaus Rothmühl
DavidPaul Lange
EvaJohanna Gadske
MagdaleneMaurer

Wagner's "Meistersinger" is regarded by his blind admirers as a masterpiece of comedy. Cooler minds regard the opera as a colossal work, in which the comedy that enters is chiefly farce. Beckmesser may provoke laughter, and the street fight may seem to some irresistibly funny. If there are portions of genuine musical beauty, there are also pages of rank stupidity. The subject is one that is alien to us, and the whole spirit of the work is narrow and parochial. "Cultivate German art" is the motto, which being interpreted means, "Hear nothing but my music; and I am Wagner."

The performance was remarkable for its general excellence. The overture was finely read by Mr. Damrosch, and the musicians played with a rare care. The chorus which followed introduced the surprisingly delightful portions. There was no oppressive slighting of the true pitch, and there was a sufficiency of fitting action.

Mrs. Gadske's singing gave little evidence of the enormous task which she has performed since the present season began. Her upper tones were a trifle pinched, but otherwise she sang with sweetness and discretion. In Miss Maurer she had an accom-

plished companion, who added exceptional pleasure to the trio in the opening scene.

The figure who dominated the opera, in spite of the splendid efforts of all the others, was Mr. Rothmühl. There was barely a trace of his recent indisposition. His voice was powerful, and yet tender. The music suited it—gave him an opportunity to show its fine qualities, slightly marred by the rigors experienced in Wagnerian roles. His figure was attractive, and he acted with commendable skill.

Mr. Fischer's Hans Sachs is not unamiable to the Bostonian. But little admiration of his old power was manifest. Equally praiseworthy was the Pogner of Mr. Behrens, nor should Mr. Oberhauser's Beckmesser or Mr. Lange's David be passed without favorable mention.

The theatre was almost filled, and enthusiasm prevailed from beginning to end.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Max Nordau's Strictures on Richard Wagner.

How the Pall Mall Gazette Reviews Them.

An English Judgment on Henschel's "Stabat Mater."

Although Max Nordau's book "Entartung" was published in Berlin in 1892 and 1893—for the original edition is in two volumes—it did not excite the attention of many English readers until an English version appeared the other day.

Nordau's views on Wagner are of pertinent interest, and as they have been quoted freely, it may be well to see what the brilliant music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette writes in confirmation or refutation of them. Mr. Astor's newspaper is not in general circulation in Boston. The Journal will therefore publish the articles—they are not many—beginning with the preliminary paper.

Wagner and Nordau.—I.

It is for the general critic to concern himself with Max Nordau's notorious book, "Degeneration," and the theories with which it deals. For us, however, it will suffice to write of the particular chapter which, under the general title of "Mysticism," discusses what is there called "the Richard Wagner Cult." It may be pre-faced that Nordau, while arguing mainly upon the insanest premises, does occasionally stumble upon lucid conclusions. This, however, is significantly by the way; for the present, let us occupy ourselves with the chapter in question.

We despair of treating Nordau's general position thoroughly in one paper. His accusations and imputations are too numerous and too bewilderingly occasional. Nevertheless space may avail for somewhat, and it will be the most convenient course to develop his position, first of all, as briefly as may be, Richard Wagner, according to Max Nordau, "is in himself charged with a greater abundance of degeneration" than all degenerates put together. It seems that he displays in the general constitution of his mind "the persecution mania, megalomania, and mysticism; in his instincts vague philanthropy. Anarchism, a craving for revolt and contradiction; in his writings all the signs of graphomania—namely, incoherence, fugitive ideation, and a tendency to idiotic punning, and, as the groundwork of his being, the characteristic emotionalism of a color at once erotic and religiously enthusiastic."

To meet this inchoate accusation it may be worth while, for a beginning, to recall that, after all, Nordau's thesis is nothing more than an elaboration of Dryden's famous line:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

Nordau, however, here set out to show the particular points in which Wagner allied himself to madness, the sole exaggeration of his position being this, that he substitutes the word "identified" for "allied." Let us see, for the moment, with what other "wits" Wagner was thus identified. Though not a conclusive position, it may serve—however little, in some respects, we may admire Wagner: as a prose writer, for example to clear the air and send the common or bemused mind flying back at all events to some sane standpoint.

According to Max Nordau, Wagner was insane and degenerate because he thought good to fill in, with elaborate and newly occasional detail, the position which he had already developed. A sane author, he argues, is content with his single utterance; he says what he means, and there's an end on't. It is the sign of the "crazed graphomaniac" not to be satisfied with his book; but he will be for ever trying to improve it at all costs, and with endless effort. A thousand instances occur to the mind of similar craze, if craze it be. One may suffice. Pope wrote "The Rape of the Lock" with brilliant success; after it was published he bethought him of improvements and a novel design to introduce that action of sylphs and gnomes which has since become so deservedly famous; he fulfilled his design, and his work is now a classic. Was Pope a "graphomaniac?"

Wagner was a megalomaniac. Let us recur, if you please, to the sad case of Sir Isaac Newton. It is known that the great mathematician's calculations in connection with the law of gravity depended, to his own dissatisfaction, upon a certain recorded distance of the moon from the earth—a distance which had been reckoned at the time somewhat inaccurately. It was not until Newton worked out his calculations with the corrected figure that he discovered the superb and accurate simplicity of his own divine decision. It was then that he exclaimed, "I will indulge my sacred fury," and precisely understood the character of his own greatness. Newton was, of course, upon that occasion, the supreme moment of his life, an obvious "megalomaniac."

Another symptom of Wagner graphomania becomes clear, apparently, in the light of his "tendency to idiotic punning," a harmless practice, in which, however, he only indulged upon occasions pardonable by reason of their engrossing childishness. And Shakespeare? What of him? What was it Johnson, speaking certainly out of excessive severity, said of him? That for a pun he would sacrifice the world and count it as little. The saying is, of course, unjustifiable. But if Wagner was a maniac for his punning method, Shakespeare was doubly so, who gave himself far more persistently to this silly form of wit.

Wagner, too, was mad, it seems—for degeneration, in the Nordau sense, naturally means madness—because he trusted too little to his own originality, and preferred to select for his dramatic treatment the old legends, the national myths of another time. This apparently is a most unhealthy sign, a proof, in fact, that he needs as a prop to his intelligence the suggestions of other minds. In itself a most depressing symptom. But what of Goethe, then, the living genius of Nordau's admiration? What of him and his "Faust"? Really, if you desire to convict a man of madness you should select qualities which he does not share with others whom the world and yourself agree to call great.

This is barely to touch upon Nordau's more intimate theories with regard to Wagner—theories the discussion of which must be left for another paper. We cannot refrain, however, in this superficial view from remarking upon Nordau's theory about Wagner's "continuous melody"—not for its conclusions, but for the exquisite absurdity of its reasoning. Melody was, it seems, unfixed, continuous, unsymmetrical, in barbarous times; civilization gradually reduced melody to a fixed form. Wagner's theory is, therefore, atavism, a retrogression—in a word, degeneration. A brief parallel will suffice. Poetry, it is well known, was the original literary speech of men. Prose followed in the train of poetry. But poetry is now reckoned, and rightly reckoned, as the highest form of literary speech. By a parity of Nordau's reasoning, the work of Shakespeare, Keats and Tennyson is atavism—a sign of degeneration, a demonstration of mania. We do not now judge upon Wagner's melody, or upon his views in connection with that important musical question. We only assert that Nordau's methods of proof, in this regard, come far nearer to madness than any Wagnerian essay in melody ever remotely approached. Having thus merely skimmed the matter of Nordau's chapter on Wagner, we may leave until next week the more intricate questions raised, which certainly deserve an answer of some sort, negative or affirmative. These occasional remarks are equivalent, let us say, to sweeping a very dirty doorstep.

The Pall Mall Gazette, by the way, treats in a manner peculiar to itself the "Stabat

Mater" by Mr. Henschel, produced for the first time in London March 21, by the Royal Chord Society under Sir Joseph, not K. C. B., but Barnby. The first performance of the work was at Birmingham last autumn. "We have a kindness for Mr. Henschel. He is so industrious and so versatile, so filled with the artistic temperament and the temperament of the singer, that it would be impossible to feel otherwise. Nevertheless, in strict honesty, we are bound to confess that his 'Stabat Mater' is a work both dull and pretentious. Where it inclines to melody it becomes indifferently commonplace. Where it inclines to aulicity it is insufferably oppressive. Take, for example, what is evidently meant for a bold brass effect in the 'Soll and Chorus,' 'Inflammas et Accensas.' As a matter of solid fact, it is merely unpleasant, even painful. You wait for a revolution and no relief appears. We are quite aware of the common or artistic resort, made once before upon a memorable occasion. 'I am content to break every rule, provided only that my effect is secured.' In this instance we beg leave to inform Mr. Henschel that his effect is monstrous and intolerable. Such may be the musician's conception of the final trump on the Day of Judgment, but frankly that conception is here couched in no language of art or sense. The last solemn stanza, 'Quando corpus morietur,' is something more restrained than its predecessor; but restrained or not, it remains indubitably dull and heavy. That is the prevalent note. There is no relief, no golden passage, nothing humanly attractive from beginning to end. It is true that the audience was excitedly enthusiastic, and the chorus so far forgot its own relation to the scheme of things as to utter a cheer upon no less than two occasions. Unfortunately these greetings do not affect the written note."

"Lady Hallé, formerly known as Mrs. Norman-Neruda, the celebrated violinist, will make a tour through the United States next season, after which she will take up her abode in Austria, her native country." Wilma Maria Franziska Neruda was born at Brünn, March 29, 1839. She appeared in public when she was 7 years old. Her first appearance in London was in 1849. In 1864 she made a sensation in Paris and married Ludwig Norman. They did not live together after 1864. Norman, a composer and conductor at Stockholm, died in 1865. The lady Neruda married Sir Charles Hallé.

It is proposed to hold in Dublin at an early date a national musical festival, to be called by the appropriate Irish name of "Feis," and a committee of Irish musicians, with Dr. Villiers Stanford at their head, and of members of the National Literary Society and the Gaelic League, has been formed to carry out this purpose. The objects of the "Feis" are to give the public an opportunity of hearing Irish music, and particularly old tunes, interpreted in accordance with the traditional manner of performance; to encourage the publication of old Irish airs, now in manuscript or not yet set down in writing; to perform songs in the Gaelic tongue, and to encourage the formation of a new Irish school of composers, as national in their art as Dvorák or Grieg. The Honorable Secretary is Miss Annie Patterson, one of the examiners in music at the Royal University of Ireland, and the only Irish lady, we believe, who has ever gained the degree of Mus. Doc. by examination.

April 8-95

The Concert of the Damrosch Company at the Boston Theatre—Miss Brema Loudly Applauded—Scenes from "Parsifal."

A concert was given last evening at the Boston Theatre by the orchestra of the Damrosch Opera Company, assisted by Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Rothmühl, Mr. Plunket Greene, and a chorus that included members of local societies. These excerpts from "Parsifal" formed the first part: Prelude, Finale Act I., Temptation scene, Acte II., Good Friday music, Act III.

It is a doubtful experiment to give scenes from "Parsifal" in concert form. They that have seen the music-drama at Bayreuth know the impression made by the finale of the first act. This finale loses its peculiar significance, separated from the scenery and without action. Nevertheless, it was not without effect last evening. The prelude prepared the audience for the mystic, religious music, and even he that was ignorant of the story felt without effort the solemn spell.

But the temptation scene, in spite of the admirable orchestra and the earnest endeavors of the Kundry and the Parsifal, dragged and was exceedingly tedious. Even on the stage, the scene is not exciting; and the normal hearer revolts at the idea of Kundry tempting Parsifal to sin by offering to him his mother's kiss. In concert, the music of the temptress is, with the exception of the opening measures, without sensuous charm. Miss Brema, who sang the part of Bayreuth last season, and if foreign reviewers are to be believed, with indifferent success, showed last evening that the music was not within the range of her working voice. She often exploded, and her upper tones were shrieks. When the music was within her range, she gave much pleasure. It is a pity that a woman of such marked temperament and naturally fine voice is ruining her organ through desire to achieve the impossible. And she should control her fiery nature. The more spasmodic her delivery, the louder was the applause. The sight of physical exertion almost always delights a crowd. But Miss Brema is too fine a woman to thus throw away her future for the sake of short-lived fame. They that applaud so madly today when she is violating all rules of art, will be the first to notice the ruin of her voice another year.

Mr. Rothmühl was effective, and he showed fidelity to the pitch, a rare thing in a German tenor. Mr. Greene sang with his customary taste, but his voice is hardly poetical enough for the music of Gurnemanz.

The chorus did good work, especially the portion of it which is supposed to sing in the dome.

The orchestra, which was excellent throughout the evening, played the "Freischütz" overture; a melody by Grieg and polonaise by Beethoven for strings; and an intermezzo and the march of the Toreadors from "Carmen." Miss Brema was heard to her genuine advantage in two Irish songs arranged by Stanford, and Mr. Greene sang some songs by Schumann.

There was a good sized audience, and there was hearty applause for everybody.

PHILIP HALE.

Let us again praise famous men and women. It was on April 7, 1812, that Mrs. Bumby died at Eking in Hampshire. A school teacher till she was 50, she married at that age, and thus prophetically contradicted the philanthropists of a town near Boston who declared the other day that maiden school teachers remain maidens till the end. She also pointed an awful warning by her indiscretion. For, immediately after coming from church, mental derangement took place, and lo, "a horn sprung from one side of her forehead and grew in a crooked form to the length of nearly 6 inches."

A local contemporary remarks that "the whirl of life on this side of the Atlantic is depressing." And why is this whirl peculiarly painful to the deep thinker? Because "American men rush home so late from the office that it seems almost as though they have the right on their side when they protest against evening clothes for dinner." But all advances in genuine civilization are slow. There was a time when it was considered the courteous thing for a man to remove his coat at dinner that he might carve with greater freedom and put stray guests at ease.

Our contemporary also remarks that "a décolleté dinner bodice always does the body and soul good." We have seen this proposition disputed by physicians and clergymen. "It is a charming practice, and should be encouraged especially in Boston." Why especially here?

But when our contemporary says "the well dressed woman is just perfectly groomed," we must enter a protest. "Groomed," in connection with a woman, is a vile phrase, nor is "just perfectly" to be commended to the young.

To every playactor a professor or two. Beerbohm Tree had his Pierce and now Olga Nethersole has her Roife. No comedian in future can hope for lasting success unless a professorial affidavit goes with the performance.

One of the saddest circumstances of the Oscar Wilde tragedy is the amount of reckless twaddle provoked by the ignominious fate of the poseur. One newspaper affirms that Mr. Pinero's plays will now be taboo. Another sees in Wilde's downfall the end of all decadents.

But what has Mr. Pinero to do with Mr. Wilde? The former is a most respectable gentleman who has shown rare skill as a playwright. The latter threw together his epigrams, real, spurious, original, and stolen, seasoned with paradox and evil suggestion, and served the mess as a comedy. The former has a sincere purpose, however you may disagree with him. The latter is a bundle of shams and affectations.

Nor will the decadents disappear as morning dew beneath the sun. Mr. Wilde was not one in the true meaning of the word. The leading decadents are men of sober lives and earnest thought. Does anybody seriously class the late Walter

Pater, and Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck with such a one as Wilde?

But there is no distinction made. Ibsen, Maeterlinck, the French of the decadent school (and most of them are singularly pure and idyllic writers who abhor the alleged realism of Zola), have nothing in common with the man disgraced last week.

Apropos of Maeterlinck, a performance of his "Pelléas et Mélisande" was given the 26th ult., in London, by a French company. A London reviewer thus spoke of the effect produced: "M. Maeterlinck has struck out a new line in drama. Most dramatists say what they mean; he prefers to say something else, in the hope that somebody will find out what he means. It must be submitted that this symbolic method may be admirable as literature—and, indeed, there is, with some commonplace, much wonderfully beautiful writing, and much wonderfully tender passion—but it is hardly suited to the exigencies of the stage."

You often see some allusion to the "gentle Quaker" William Penn. Did you ever read his letter to the pious Richard Baxter? "I perceive the scurvy of the mind is thy distemper," says this man of peace; "I fear it's incurable; I would say that I had rather be Socrates in the Day of Judgment than R. Baxter."

Did you ever meet "the back drawing-room woman" described by the Lancet? "She is incapable of the exercise of free will, susceptible to slight impulses and morbid sensitiveness, and an exaggerated perception of any comparatively trifling simulation."

And this suggests to a student of sociology the following judgment: "How well we all know her! How we know her endless variety of tea-gowns, the studious demi-jour of her back drawing-room, her little, carefully-slipped feet that never walk, and the wearisome stare of her dull eyes that follow the visitor about the room and crave sympathy for the maladies that are non-existent! For she is generally stronger than any of us, if we only knew it."

April 9-95

The First Appearance of Miss Cissie Loftus, Mimic and Dancer—The Last Concert of the Knelsel Quartet Series.

Miss Loftus has the charm and the fragrance of youth. Truly is she a pleasing apparition, delectable to the eye. Hers is the mimetic power, but within bounds. She is happy in catching the character and the inflections of a voice; she can copy deftly a gesture or a pose; and when all this is done gracefully and modestly, it is much. Her range of facial expression is not generous. She relies chiefly on voice and gesture.

Now if Miss Loftus had given her imitations last evening in a small room and as a number in a vaudeville show, she would have charmed her audience. As it was, she appeared in Music Hall, and as a comedian as well as a mimic. The result was that the entertainment as a whole was not an unalloyed joy. She was also unfortunate in this: Some of the actors and actresses she mimicked were unknown to the majority of the spectators. Many recognized at once the singular mannerisms and strange modulations of Ada Rehan, the limp and gestures of Beerbohm Tree, the rigidity of Haydn Coffin, the stinging and raucous voice of May Yohc. Admirable was the imitation of Letty Lind—as Miss Lind and as the imitator of Miss Loftus's imitation—admirable was she as Maggie Cline, and most admirable was her Tony Pastor.

Florence St. John is not unknown to Juliet Nesville, Albert Chevalier, the bar of the costermongers, Yvette Guilbert and Sarah Bernhardt in the murder scene of "Izzy!" were unfamiliar to the majority. Yet did she speak with the voice of Bernhardt, and the movements of her lithe figure suggested constantly the Frenchwoman.

Her dancing is graceful, and yet "Estudiantina" words by her husband, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and music by herself, did not excite even moderate rapture. "The Japanese Doll" pleased so much that the singer was recalled, and she was obliged to repeat a verse of Guilbert's song, possibly because the audience thought that she was expressing questionable sentiments.

Part II. of the entertainment was devoted to "The Highwayman," a dialogue by Mr. McCarthy, in which Miss Loftus appeared for the first time as Lady Betty. She was assisted by Mr. John Vincent, whose comparative lack of art was accentuated by acute hoarseness. The piece is a trifle, and yet, as played, it was heavy as lead. Part II. also saw the appearance of Mr. Fred Williams, who told stories, sang a song, danced and whistled. He was born under a lucky star, for, coming directly after "The Highwayman," his humor seemed unctuous and his wit meteoric. As one of a galaxy of stellar attractions, this particular star might not have flashed so brilliantly.

An audience of fair size was generous in applause. A small orchestra played the accompaniments, and during the entr'actes played strange, yea, marvelous pieces, that sounded as though they were invented then and there.

PHILIP HALE.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The eighth concert given in Union Hall by the Kneisel Quartet last evening, brought to a worthy close a series of chamber concerts, the rare attractiveness of which has not been surpassed in this city, not even by the Kneisel Quartet. The concert opened with a piano trio by Robert Schumann, op. 19. The first two movements of the trio are technically well made, but the music in attendance upon them is for the most part so saccharine, and so utterly void of either virility or passion, that the sterling finale which follows puts in its appearance as a genuine surprise. The finale is a most stirring piece of music; bears the impress of rare creative talent; and it could not have been composed except by one having a splendid command of the technical requirements of his art. Despite this, the trio is largely the product of the hand of an apprentice, and the first two movements are wanting in poignancy of feeling, are simply monotonous and tautologous in what they have to say, and present but a very slight variety of tone color.

Mrs. Faur brought commendable intelligence and skill to bear upon her performance of the pianoforte part, and was actively in sympathy with the artistic playing of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder in their scholarly interpretation of the work. In performing the Schubert fantasia op. 159 in C major Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Faur were highly successful, so that at its conclusion the artists were rewarded with no inconsiderable number of bravos, and prolonged applause.

Worthily, indeed, did this memorable series of concerts end with an admirable performance of Beethoven's quartet op. 131. Who can listen to the opening adagio of this quartet without being impressed by a mastery of counterpoint shown; such as even J. S. Bach could not easily have surpassed; and how it pours forth a wonderful sweet peace into the soul. The architectural treatment of the subject is no less wonderful than are its ideal contents. The Kneisel Quartet has seldom played with more chaste purity, finish, expression and unity than at this concert, and there was even more warmth, spirit and verve in their playing than usual. C. L. C.

"SIEGFRIED."

It was Max Alvary's night at the Boston Theatre last evening, for the honors were freely showered upon him by the enthusiastic audience. The other members of the cast were Mrs. Sucher as Brunnhilde, Miss Lindh as the Bird, Mr. Lange as Mime, Mr. Schwarz as the Wanderer, Mr. Senger as the Dragon, and Mr. Oberhauser as Alberich. All were in excellent voice, and at the end of the first act Mr. Alvary was recalled by stormy applause and cries of "Hoch, hoch." Act third was wisely shortened, the scene opening with the arrival of Siegfried at the mountain top and the discovery of Brunnhilde.

The opera this evening will be "Tannhauser," with Mrs. Gadsby and Mr. Rothmühl in the cast.

Yes, yes, by all means should Bird-day be celebrated. But a celebration only once a year may lead to neglect. Now to every well-regulated New England family, one day in the week is known as Fish-day. Why should not Bird-day be hebdomadal? Especially as the price of its playmate, the cold, cold bottle is to be lowered.

Others may disappoint in an emergency, but "Walsingham" is a strong rock. He always supplies the missing word, the unexpected resolution of the chord. He is the one who puts the cap-stone on the perfections of the humbler and less competent. He could have added the one window to Aladdin's palace. Admirable as were the newspaper articles on the art of Miss Olga Nethersole, acute observers felt that the final judgment had not been pronounced. Nor was it found in the affidavit drawn up so carefully by Professor Rolfe. After the babel, the flurry, the pother, is heard the cool, clear voice of "Walsingham." It is he that says: "She is a modern of the moderns, and her artistic manner, as well as her personality, is of the last note of modernity." Ah, what would we do without "Walsingham!"

That Gov. Greenhalge acted well his part in helping to put out a fire excites snobbish surprise in certain quarters. Such incidents show how far the American people has departed from its early and proud simplicity.

They cannot be pondered too seriously. President's taking off his hat to them, and they to him."

April 8, 1863, is the date of the first playbill that issued from Drury Lane Theatre. The play was "The Humorous Lieutenant." It began at 3 o'clock. The prices ranged from 1 shilling to 4 shillings.

A correspondent writes: "I see that the cause of Alvary's anger at the bird in 'Siegfried' and of the fire in the Parker House was one and the same: viz., a bad flue. Will you publish this?" We publish it, simply to show that singular beings, as yet probably unclassified, are now on the face of the earth.

H. L. S. of Boston writes to the Journal as follows: "I have been much interested in what has been said in your columns as to the word 'gawm,' for I have found it unknown to most people hereabouts when I happen to make use of it. In my native town in Southern New Hampshire it is still in common use, and is applied to a person who is awkward, clumsy, who 'tumbles all over himself.' The more common form is as an adjective, as 'He is such a gormin (or gawmin, perhaps) fellow!' Sometimes, though more rarely, it is pronounced 'gorming.' I have heard it applied to a horse which had an awkward gait, or which stumbled, or whom it was difficult to back up between the wagon shafts. It would be said, 'Get up there, old gorm!' The substantive, however, is rather rare. I feel quite sure that most of those who use the term would consider the proper spelling as 'gormin' rather than 'gawmin.' Sometimes the sound is like 'gormen,' perhaps the ending 'ing' has been made in the belief that the common form was a fault in pronunciation, as 'He's a risin' youth, but dreadfully gormin' and that correct speech would require the restoration of the elided g in both cases. Many of the settlers of the region spoken of were Scotch-Irish (so-called) Presbyterians. I have wondered whether there wasn't some Scotch word to which it could be traced."

We stated April 2, that "gorm," to smear, to daub, was an English northern county word. In Part IV. of "Dialect Notes" "gormy or gormin' round" is cited as in use near Plymouth, Mass., and meaning "a horse that 'gawks' in stable or harness." Farmer says that the verb "to gaum," to smear, "still provincial in England and colloquial in the States, may be regarded as a survival of Elizabethan English."

J. M. C. writes from Crawfordsville, Ind.,

apropos of "gaum" as smear. "In conversation with the students whose homes are in Southern Indiana, I learned that a similar use of 'gaum' and its derivatives obtains there, but I have never heard it here, and one of these students said that he was heartily laughed at one day for saying that his hands were all gaumed up."

F. H. M. misunderstands the point. The word "chestnut," meaning a "story that has been told before, a venerable joke," is in the great Oxford dictionary. There is no need then of using quotation marks with it, for it is a recognized word.

F. H. M. says: "'Fegs' was a great exclamatory word a great many years ago. See if Journal readers can tell how many, and its origin?" But this is an easy one. "Fegs" has been long in use in certain English counties. Halliwell gives the definition "In faith." The form in Somersetshire was "fags!" meaning "truly; indeed."

But no one explains the origin of "lingen."

OPERA AND CONCERT.

"Lohengrin" Given at the Mechanics' Building.

A Calm Consideration of Mme.

Nordica's Elsa.

"Tannhaeuser" at Boston—Bremas Greene Recital.

A performance of "Lohengrin" began last evening the return engagement of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Opera Company at Mechanics' Building. There was a gossiped and enthusiastic audience. Although the opera was announced to begin at 7.45, Mr. Mancinelli did not take the baton in hand before 8.15. The cast was as follows: Elsa Di Brabant.....Mrs. Nordica Ortruda.....Mrs. Mantelli Enrico L'uccellatore.....Ed. de Reszke Federico Di Telramondo.....Ancona L'Araldo.....Abramoff Lohengrin.....Jean de Reszke

There was natural curiosity to see the Elsa of Mrs. Nordica. Her Elsa last season is still fresh in the minds of all that saw her. Wagner's heroine was then

at a high level of consistency. That time Mrs. Nordica has sung in the Temple at Bayuth, and although the reviews in Germany were not unanimous in loud praise, nevertheless many kind words were spoken about her singing. It has been said by some that Mrs. Nordica benefited greatly by the counsel of Cosima Wagner, who, by the way, has caused the original disciples of her second husband much pain by her alleged extraordinary management of the Bayreuth Opera House, which, as the most bitter say, she has turned into a species of rare show.

It is true that Mrs. Nordica has improved in certain respects. She walks and stands with more dignity. Certain mannerisms of personality are less in evidence. Last season she was a young woman a little put out on account of some trifling misunderstanding with Telramund; a woman very anxious about her dress; fearful lest it might be mussed in the rush to see "Lohengrin" and the swan.

While it is true that she has been coached, and now shows certain gratifying results of the coaching, she is very, very far from being an ideal Elsa.

She is also very far from being that "great dramatic genius" so fulsomely heralded by the passionate press agent, Mr. Haynie, who, the other day, filled two columns of a contemporary with an extraordinary rhapsody in which superlatives were thrown about recklessly, as firebrands by a fanatic.

Mrs. Nordica showed the benefit of her training chiefly in the first act. Her entrance was effective on account of its simplicity. For a time she was natural and a sympathetic figure. The results of her study were shown to her advantage throughout this act.

But after the first act there was a steady decrease of dramatic feeling and skill, and there was an equally steady crescendo of forgetfulness of the teacher's instructions. Now and then she would suddenly remember advice and would be for that moment very agreeable to the eye and the intelligence. In the second act and in the third act, you too often saw a woman endeavoring conscientiously to play a part. There was little or no spontaneity. There was the thought of a task faithfully studied.

Mrs. Nordica, however, deserves warm praise for what she has done since her last appearance in this part. She is not naturally an easy subject for the teacher of dramatic action. Her face, whatever may be its attractiveness, is not mobile. Her figure does not lend itself easily to charm of line or grace of pose. That she has in a measure rounded her angularities and stripped herself of the self-consciousness that is the curse of so many American singers is greatly to her credit and also to the credit of her teacher. She does not, however, play the part with natural ingenuousness, nor does she exhibit the authority that follows the mastery of art.

Mrs. Nordica sang with her wonted freedom and intelligence, and at times her tones moved and thrilled. The effect of her performance was marred seriously by her frequently singing below the true pitch.

The Lohengrin of Mr. de Reszke is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated that it is not necessary to speak of it at length. Mr. de Reszke was in much better voice than when he last sang Romeo here, and if he occasionally humored his voice by shortening phrases, the abbreviations were skillfully made. In his caution as well as in his occasional boldness the artist was always revealed. Dramatically, his Lohengrin is one of the finest, most fully rounded displays of his art.

The Ortruda of Mrs. Mantelli was a well sustained dramatic performance. It was free from strange affectations and uncouth, grotesque mannerisms. The rich and passionate voice was used with much skill. Her climaxes were not explosive shrieks. There was a sense of the value of occasional inaction. All in all it was the finest Ortruda that has been seen here for some years.

Mr. Ed. de Reszke was a stately King, and Mr. Ancona was, as a rule, vocally satisfactory as the wicked Telramund. Mr. Abramoff, as the Herald, sang very well in the first act. In the second act he was sadly below the true pitch. Although the chorus, too, deviated at times from the pitch, much of its work was effective.

Perhaps, however, the true hero of the evening was Mr. Mancinelli, for his reading was masterly and the orchestra played superbly. We have all heard the Vorspiel again and again, and yet last evening new beauties were revealed. Mr. Mancinelli brought out certain middle voices as Padewski treats contrapuntal passages on the piano. I know of very few opera conductors who have the ability to so prepare a great climax as has this modest and most musical man. With him there is no sudden jump, no anticipation, no anti-climax; and when he has gained an overwhelming effect, he does not fritter it away. On the organ the releasing of a chord should be as carefully taught as the attack of it. So is the case with an orchestra; and here again Mr. Mancinelli shows remarkable skill. Fine is his appreciation of color, of the real value of a phrase, of the exact and inevitable tempo. He is in sympathy with all that is beautiful and noble in music. His authority is not that of the arrogant task-master, but of the leader who is respected and beloved.

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Nordica was not really the shy, abused, dreamy, doubting, heart-broken heroine of Wagner, but an opera heroine moving for the most part in the narrow grooves of conventionality, the performance of "Lohengrin" gave great pleasure. It was a delight to again realize that after all there is such a thing as bel canto; that the art of singing is not utterly lost; that it is not necessary for a heroic tenor to shout and scream and defy the true pitch. The stage management was much better than that which we are accustomed to in Boston, although the lighting of the second act was open to criticism. Why should the stage have been so light during the long scene of the two conspirators, and then have been darkened suddenly just before sunrise? The passages for brass that should have been played on the stage were played in the orchestra. But these after all are minor matters. There was so much to praise loudly in the performance, it is not surprising that the audience was enthusiastic.

The opera this evening will be Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." These singers will appear: Emma Barnes, Zelle de Lussan, Lucile Hill, Ed. de Reszke, Carbone, Rinaldi, Vanni, de Vascetti, and Victor Maurel.

PHILIP HALE.

BREMA-GREENE RECITAL.

Miss Marie Brema of the Damrosch Wagner Opera Company and Mr. Plunkett Greene gave a song recital in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Walter Damrosch was the accompanist. Mr. Greene sang these songs:

"Plaisir D'Amour," Martini; "Tannhauser's Dussied," 1240; "Lied Elmes Fahren," 14th century; "Elin Ton," Corneilus; "Alt Heidelberg," Jensen; "Oh! Ye Dead, old Irish melody; 'I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven,' old English; "Twanky-dillo," melodies, Miss Brema sang; "Gloria," "Gloria H. Sole Dal Gange," Scarlatti; "Traume," "Schmerzen," Wagner; "Earl Konig," Schubert; "Love's Philosophy," Welling; "A Summer Night," Goring Thomas; "The Throstle," Maude Valerie White. These duets were sung: "Ich Bin Dein Baum," Schumann; "Es Rauschet Das Wasser," Brahms; "Wanderer's Nachtlied," Rubinstein; "Night Hymn at Sea," Goring Thomas.

Miss Brema is a more striking figure in opera than in concert. Her vocal mannerisms, accompanied by dramatic action, may produce an effect, however much her methods may be deplored. When she sings in concert, her crudities are laid bare. As a singer in the true sense of the word, she

has much to learn. She should in the first place be told that it is a foolish thing to choose songs that are not within the range of her voice. Then she should be taught to sing the suitable songs in the becoming manner. Method, tone-production, phrasing, these are apparently unknown words to her. It is a great pity that a woman with such a voice and such a dramatic nature has not earned the mastery of her voice and temperament. It is a great pity that she apparently copies the worst faults of German exponents. It was also a great pity yesterday that her intonation was so often false. She was heard to her greatest advantage in "A Summer Night," for she then sang with some discretion, and she did not tear passion to tatters.

Mr. Greene has naturally a beautiful voice, a marked appreciation of that which is good in music, and a fine taste that does not exclude dramatic robustness. His voice, unfortunately, is not properly posed, and he is not master of its full display. Yesterday he was at times guilty of trickery, as in the use of the "inaudible pianissimo," as, for instance, in "Oh, ye Dead," the second verse of which he sang in such an impressive manner that not one word was to be distinguished. Mr. Greene also strayed frequently from the true pitch.

These singers were most enthusiastically applauded by the audience.

Mr. Damrosch often accompanied very well. At times he pounded the keys as though they were inimical to Wagner.

P. H.

"TANNHAUSER."

The repetition of "Tannhäuser" last evening in the series of Wagner operas which is giving at the Boston Theatre was made notable chiefly by the splendid performances of Mrs. Gadske, who was the Elizabeth, and Mr. Rothmühl, who was the Tannhäuser. Both acted with ardor and sang with sweetness and power. Mrs. Gadske possesses the charms with which Elizabeth doubtless might have been endowed, and Mr. Rothmühl's like possessions are quite adequate for the character of the fickle minstrel knight.

Especially satisfactory was the grand scene with which Elizabeth and Tannhäuser introduce the second act. The part of the Landgrave was admirably sung by Conrad Behrens, and little inferior was the taking of the part of chivalrous Wolfram by Franz Schwarz. In fact all the male impersonations were agreeably performed. Physically, Miss Kutschera was a capable Venus. The chorus in the hall of the Landgrave was thrillingly sung, but this was a rare exception to the other chorus numbers.

A constant delight was the playing of the orchestra. The performance of the overture was brilliant; nor was one of the many subsequent charming passages slighted. So overwhelming was the applause at the end of the overture that Director Damrosch was compelled to acknowledge it. Often, besides, did the fair-sized audience generously reward the performance.

This afternoon Max Alvary, Mrs. Sucher and Miss Brema will sing in the final performance of "Tristan und Isolde." The matinee will begin at 1.30 o'clock.

A local contemporary, in an editorial article published Tuesday, patted Charles Nodder on the head and patronized his "Trilby." The writer alludes to this "Trilby" as a "heroine," and admits that "she is a pleasant person." Now, Nodder's Trilby was a male fairy.

That Concord town meeting would have pleased De Tocqueville.

"An Enemy of the People" is the most impressive thing Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company have done in New York." Ibsenites and Anti-Ibsenites, please take notice.

Were the ancients all wrong? A boy in Newark died the other day, poisoned by eating the root of yellow jasmine. But Serapion recommended yellow jasmine as a remedy in phlegmatic complaints, and as an application in certain cutaneous diseases, although he added "it induces headache when administered to persons of a hot temperament." Ebu Bathar also spoke kindly of it, and noted that it was used for dyeing the hair.

The day is past, and yet the strange case of a faster who from deep conviction abstained from food for 78 days and died the 3th of April, 1776, should not be overlooked. The case is reported by Dr. Willan in the second volume of "Medical Communications." The abstainer was "a young man of a studious and melancholy disposition, troubled with some symptoms of indigestion and internal complaints, doubtless insti-

gated likewise by a strong imagination and mistaken notions relative to religion." He took no exercise, slept little, shunned all solid food, but moistened occasionally his mouth with water flavored with orange juice. He used each day from half a pint to a pint of water, and the juice of two oranges served him a week. Alarmed friends called a "respectable clergyman" and on the 61st day of the fast Dr. Willan was summoned. He found "a skeleton prepared by drying the muscles upon it." The unfortunate had amused himself by copying the Bible in shorthand. But he never began the first chapter of the second book of Kings.

There is a slang expression, "He had a dog with him," meaning, "He was intoxicated." The degree of intoxication is indicated graphically by mentioning the species of dog. Thus, there is a graduated scale from King Charles to mastiff, from black-and-tan to Siberian bloodhound. How did the phrase originate?

Is it of kin to "doggerly," a grogshop, generally of a very low kind? This term, we believe, was confined originally to the West and the South. "There was a crowd from the floating population of the river, and loose-footed, doggerly-haunting, dissipated renegades of the towns and villages all around."

Then there's "dog's-nose," which the famous committee in "Pickwick" found upon inquiry to be compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin, and nutmeg. On the other hand "dog's-soup" in thieves' parlance is rainwater. Then there's the familiar saying "The hair of the dog that bit you."

What a pity, by the way, that the old spelling "dogge" was not preserved? It gives a more picturesque idea of the animal. You see his teeth. You hear his snarl. You are conscious of his heavy breath. The English language has lost immeasurably by pruning and revision.

The English do not appear to know this slang expression. They prefer the fox. "To fox" is to intoxicate. "Foxed" is drunk. "To catch a fox" is to be very drunk. As far back as 1611 you find "They will bib hard; they will be fine sunburnt, sufficient foxed." And in a number of the Sporting Times for 1891 is this frank statement of a writer's condition: "And so to bed well nigh seven in the morning, and myself as near foxed as of old."

The boys in the Howard Colored Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn, rose in rebellion because "the prayers are too long and the spankings are too hard." The Rev. Mr. Johnson says in reply that the spankings are always done in a fatherly way. And yet there's many a white haired man today who remembers chastisement conducted personally by a father and turns pale at the thought. Solomon on account of his educational advice has many acts of cruelty to answer for.

Poor Heine! His statue goes a-begging.

Will the English version of "The Son of Don Juan" lead to an Echegaray fad? They that wish to study the words of this remarkable Spanish dramatist should begin with "Madness, or Holiness." There's a good German translation in the cheap Reclam Universal-Bibliothek.

"Marriage of Figaro" at the Mechanics' Building.

Reappearance of Emma Eames and Victor Maurel.

Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" was the opera given last night by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company at Mechanics' Building. Mr. Bevilgnani was the conductor. As Miss Lucile Hill lost her voice about 6.30 there were changes in the cast, which finally was as follows:

ContessaEmma Eames
CherubinZellie de Lussan
MarcellinaMiss Van Cauteren
SusannaMiss Bauermeister
Il ConteEd. de Reszke
BartoloCarbone
BasilioRinaldini
CurzioVanni
AntonioDe Vaschetti
FigaroVictor Maurel

This opera is one of the most delightful musical comedies that was ever written, but it is absurdly out of place in an enormous theatre. Its true home is a room about the size of the Park. Then there would be close relationship between comedians and audience. The action would seem livelier. The detail would be more keenly appreciated. The music could not fail to charm the hearer. The song would seem more sensuous or dramatic, and the beauty of the instrumentation would be constantly in the mind of the hearer.

And yet the performance last evening gave much pleasure. Mr. Maurel showed his rare powers as a comedian, and reassured those who have been led of late years to suspect that Figaro is after all a good deal of a bore. For this admirable

actor was always graceful and dramatic. It must be confessed that there have been Figaros here who sang the part with greater effect. Mr. Maurel's voice is often dry and dead, and his intonation last night was often false. And yet such is his art that failings hard to forgive in the case of a phlegmatic or over-robust actor do not so force themselves upon the attention when he is on the stage. Take his delivery of "non più andrai" for example. How marvelously he used his voice fatigued by many years of valiant service! With what finesse he teased and mocked Cherubino! And the little cadenza that he introduced so cunningly! So, too, his byplay throughout the opera, as well as his constant fitting of the music to the sense of the text, showed the consummate artist.

Mr. de Reszke does not shine brilliantly as the Count. Perhaps he is too big for the part. His impersonation is ponderous, almost sluggish. This Count, remember, is our old friend in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," to be sure, marriage has tamed him a little, he is more sedate, and yet he has not shaken off completely the gallantry of his bachelor days. He is still at heart a dashing blade, suspicious of his wife, because he remembers his own youthful pranks and follies. Mr. de Reszke is without the dash and the elegance that are the characteristics of the jealous husband. Nor is his massive voice suited always to Mozart's music. Witness the duet with Susanna, "Crudel! perché finora." It is true that as sung last evening, this duet was redemanded, and yet the Count did not catch the true Mozartian spirit, the half-serious, half-mocking tone of the music. Nor was he truly successful in the great aria that follows, which was not sung in its complete form. While it is always a pleasure to hear this excellent singer, men of inferior reputation have given a more satisfactory performance in this part.

Mrs. Eames wore her left arm in a sling, on account of a recent and painful accident, and she asked for the indulgence of the audience. She was most fair to look upon, and, although handicapped, she was a Countess of dignity and grace. In song she was almost always satisfactory. Under the circumstances, her slight deviations from the pitch were easily to be pardoned.

Miss Bauermeister again displayed her versatility, memory, courage and good nature, and her performance, while it was conventional, was always respectable and one to be praised. What would Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau do without this admirable woman, who assumes parts at a moment's notice and shows no mean vocal skill?

Miss de Lussan sang to her marked advantage. A purist might have objected to the catch-note introduced in the closing cadence of "non so più," but there is much nonsense talked and written about the reverence that should be paid Mozart's music. Mozart wrote for Italian singers, and at a time when it was the custom to embellish airs. It was not the habit to write out the ornaments or the slight variations on the reprise of a theme. But the purist would have had a right to object to Miss de Lussan occasionally making little or no distinction between eighth and sixteenth notes in "Voi che sapete," because she then changed the character of the passage. However, the de Reszkes and other singers of repute are at times careless in this matter, and Miss de Lussan did not offend seriously in the matter. Her idea of the character of Cherubino was not sharply defined, in fact, the page was without character good or bad.

The other members of the cast were fairly successful, and, indeed, Mr. Carbone deserves warmer praise than this. He is a buffo of natural talent and more than ordinary intelligence.

The orchestra played well. There was once or twice a hitch in the accompaniment of recitative, but Mr. Bevilgnani, as a rule, had his men under control, and the beauties of the instrumentation were disclosed as fully as the absurd size of the hall would permit. The wonderful finale of the second act went with spirit. There was an audience of good size that was applaudive and openly appreciative of the exquisite music.

The opera this afternoon will be "Romeo and Juliet," with Melba, de Vigne, Jean and Ed de Reszke, Plancon, Manguere and Campanari in the cast.

The opera this evening will be "Aida," and Nordica, Mantelli, Tamagno, Plancon, Mariani and Maurel will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

With the performance of "Tristan and Isolde" at the Boston Theatre Wednesday afternoon, the first season of German opera was brought to an enthusiastic conclusion. The audience was large and friendly, and the leading members of the company were recalled again and again quite after the fashion of traditional Italian opera performance. The singers showed the effects of singing Wagnerian opera every night for more than a week, and in many places the volume of the orchestra drowned their voices, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on their part, but these, however, were few, and the performance, on the whole, was one which gave the greatest pleasure to the ardent Wagnerians in attendance. Mrs. Sucher and Mr. Alvary were the central figures of the performance, and repeated their impersonations of last week with much the same effect.

Among the interested listeners were Melba and Jean de Reszke.

'Twas another case of Jersey lightning.

The news from Yale, telegraphed at considerable expense, is important. The spring term closed Wednesday, and the Glee and Banjo Clubs and the base ball nine started on their Southern trip. Mr. Carter will play first base, so as to save his arm for more serious engagements. Not one word about the high-stand men, but there is a dozen about the grand-stand heroes. Not one word about the relations between the Faculty and the students. All this is gratifying to the alumni, though it's a little early for them to bet with any safety.

"Whisky will be cheaper." And worse?

An esteemed and prominent literary critic regularly of "the art of characters" when it reviews an opera or play. What's the matter with "enst?"

Vivian Cholmondeley writes to the Journal as follows: "The recent discussion about 'lingen' and 'linger' has been of absorbing interest. I was brought up in Vermont, but I never heard the words used in the sense cited. By the way, did you ever hear the verb, 'to ling'? The boys at their play 60 years ago used to shout 'Ling it now,' as equivalent to 'accelerate your movements'."

Raffaelli, the celebrated painter, said the other day to a Bostonian, "American women rest so securely on their beauty that they forget the value of charm." He also wondered at the Philadelphians, "people who evidently cannot be bored; for they listened patiently to an opera, two acts of which were without a woman in the cast and without a ballet." They all were probably at "Siegfried."

That was an amusing typographical error in the review of "Lohengrin" published by a contemporary. "Since last singing Elsa here she has sung the role to the rapturous delight of genuine Marguerites at Bayreuth." This mistaken reading of "Wagnerites" is not without pertinency and symbolism.

Mr. Forest Cheney in the April number of *Chips* makes these statements: "A man's true character is more distinctly shown in music than in any other art. . . . A great musician must be a great character." Neither of these statements should be accepted blindly. However, they are more complimentary to the class than is the famous doctrine of a French philosopher, that people of an unusually low order of intelligence show a special aptitude for music.

Two men died lately who were famous in large measures through their wives: John Maxwell, husband of Miss Braddon, the novelist, and W. J. Demorest, husband of Madame Demorest, who some years ago was an oracle to thousands perplexed as to matters of dress. And do you remember when Miss Braddon was regarded as the incarnation of all that was sensational in literature? Today her early books seem conventional and distinctly proper compared with the perfervid novels and "studies" in which the heroines break all the commandments, as well as Priscian's head.

"Every Scotchman," says Rorison in "Earl Lavender," "has a Highland dress and a set of bagpipes. Very few will admit it, I daresay; they even try to conceal it from each other; but in some cupboard or corner every Scot keeps a kilt, a dirk and a chanter."

To D. T.: The name of the author of "The Yellow Aster" is Caffyn—Mrs. Manington Caffyn—not Caffene, although the constant perusal of such novels leads inevitably to large doses of pleasing vegetable alkaloid hyphenated with bromo.

Here is an instance of how they handle witnesses in Paris. A Judge, desiring to remove all temptation from a female witness, directly she entered the box asked her what her age was. When she had answered he ordered the oath to be administered in the ordinary way.

This is the way they criticize "Tristan und Isolde" in Philadelphia. "After the introduction the curtain rises and we see the usual masculine heroine of the German beer and cheese make, although Isolde is supposed to be an Irishwoman with a brogue. Isolde and Brangäne are striking the usual German attitudes of despair. What's the matter? What is the only thing that would drive Germans to despair? Cannot you guess? I will suggest it: the beer has run out—all the Limburger and pretzels have been eaten. . . . Isolde gives her first yell. Wagner's music is nothing if not descriptive, and Isolde's yell convinces me at once that she is thirsty. . . . 'Oh!' cries Brangäne, with a strange smile, 'when all else fails, try Tannhäuser!' And she rushes to a large box, opens it, brings out a casket, raises the lid, and behold, a bottle of Tannhäuser beer! It is said that the manufacturers kept Wagner supplied with it during his life as a reward for this superb advertisement. . . . Isolde persuades Tristan to try some beer. He at first refuses. 'We have far better in Germany!' he shrieks, as the orchestra skillfully introduces a reminiscence of 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' etc., etc. For the benefit of the sufferer from Wagneritis who may wish to paste the whole article in a scrap-book, we add that this review was published in the Item.

"Aida" as Given by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company Last Evening "Romeo and Juliet" at the Matinee.

Verdi's "Aida" was the opera last night at Mechanics' Building. Mr. Bevilacqua was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Aida	Mrs. Nordica
Amneris	Mrs. Mantelli
Radames	Tamagno
Ramfis	Abramoff
Il Re	Mariani
Un Messaggiere	Vanni
Amonaso	Maurel

One might have trembled with reason at the thought of "Aida" in Mechanics' Building; for Verdi's intensely dramatic work makes loud demands on the stage carpenter, the scene painter and the costumer. The performance last evening was in these respects creditable. The scenery was suitable and effective, the costumes were striking, and the final double scene disproved the objection frequently urged against "Aida" on this particular stage. The stage management in the first temple scene was excellent. The triumphal procession, if not gorgeous and imposing, was at least a respectable affair, and the ballet never appeared before to as great advantage. Appos of the dancing, the little negro boys in the second act showed amusing irregularity in their evolutions. The managers deserve praise for producing the opera with such creditable accessories. As a spectacle, it was the finest show of the operatic season, French, Italian or German.

There was disappointment at the non-appearance of Mr. Plancon as Ramfis, but Mr. Abramoff was not a half-bad priest, as our English brethren would say. There was also shaking of heads at the end of the first act, for the performance vocally was rough. Tamagno made a sad mess of "Celeste Aida," and was almost constantly flat, nor did Amneris and Aida do themselves justice. But Mr. Mariani showed the sterling qualities of a conventional and sober-minded King, and the impressive temple scene was not without effect. In the other acts there was much to praise, if there were also false intonations and occasional strange exhibitions of the vocal art.

The most prominent feature of the whole performance was the Amonaso of Mr. Maurel. His make-up was marvelous, even for him, and we are accustomed to wonder at the taste and imagination of this admirable actor in matters of dress as well as in higher things. In face, walk, pose, gesture he was the savage King; there was no trace here of the gallant Don, the devilish Iago, the toss-pot Falstaff, the shrewd Figaro. His Amonaso was one of the most remarkable impersonations ever seen on our operatic stage. There is no need of again speaking of worn voice and falling below the pitch. You must take Maurel as he is, and now that he has passed the zenith of his vocal magnificence, there is still brilliancy, there is still the full possession of art.

Next in dramatic power was the Amneris of Mrs. Mantelli. It is true that she sang the sublimely beautiful phrase "Ah! vieni, amor mio" with false intonation each time, and this phrase means much to the lover of "Aida." It is true that there were other things to censure in her performance, but it was a steady dramatic crescendo, and in the great scene of the judgment of Radames she rose to tragic intensity. All in all, there was a marked exhibition of dramatic skill and temperament; and the rich, full tones when they were not forced struck the heart of the hearer. She deserved fully the stormy applause that followed the fall of the curtain before the final scene.

Mrs. Nordica made a more favorable impression as Aida than as Elsa. While she did not stray very far from the path of conventionality, her conception was intelligent and the carrying of it out was consistent and logical. She was less self-conscious as Aida than in any part in which she has appeared here of late years. She sang better as Aida than she did as Elsa.

But whether it is because she has been overworked, or whether she has been too anxious to appear in public, her voice occasionally seemed tired, and she frequently was below the true pitch.

Mr. Tamagno had his happy moments, and then there were unhappy stretches where he included pitch as well as the composer's text and indications in his robust and overwhelming defiance of art. This tenor is a strange compound. How can he be guilty of such barbarous taste in "Il Trovatore" and "Aida" and then give a superb performance of "Otello"? Is it because in the latter opera he listened to the coaching of Maurel? Yet, infuriated as he is with high notes, proud apparently of being an athletic singer, there are strong points in his Radames, when he carries all before him, and your blood tingles, and you forget New England coldness, and cry out "Bravo," and then, remembering traditional decorum, try to look unconscious of your enthusiasm. An heroic figure, this Tamagno, in spite of all his faults!

The work of the chorus was of varying worth. The opening chorus in the second act was roughly and coarsely sung, and frequently there was not sufficient attention given to dynamics. But there were also occasions when the chorus was excellent. The orchestra for the most part was admirable. The long trumpets designed purposely for the march were missing, but how often are they found in their proper place? I confess I did not like the tinkering with Verdi's text in the great duet of soprano and tenor in the third act.

"Aida" has not been sung here since January, 1883, when Bertha Pierson, Clara Poole, McGuckin, Vetta, Ludwig and Broderick were in the cast. At least there is no note of a later performance in Mr. Wilson's Year Books. It's a great work, the finest example of Verdi's tragic art; for noble as "Otello" is, it has not the wealth of haunting melody found in its predecessor.

The audience was not as large as those at the other performances this week, but it was the most enthusiastic.

The operas this evening will be "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Miss de Lussan, Messrs. Ancona, Gromzeski, Vanni and Russitano will sing in the first; Mrs. Drog, Miss Bauermeister, Miss de Vigne, Messrs. Bensaude and Tamagno will sing in the second.

PHILIP HALE.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

Combs' "Romeo and Juliet" was given at Mechanics' Building yesterday afternoon by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Mantelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Juliette	Mrs. Melba
Stephano	Miss Jane de Vigne
Gertrude	Miss Bauermeister
Chorus	Ed de Roske
Capulet	Gromzeski
Tybal	Messrs. Campanari
Mercutio	Castellari
Le duc de Verone	de Vachetti
Gregorio	Rinaldi
Benvoglio	Jean de Resake
Romeo	

This tuneful opera has been sung here so frequently of late years that the performance of yesterday does not require extended comment, for the chief singers are known to all in their respective parts. Mr. Campanari was a new Mercutio and he sang the part most effectively; but the role is at the best a thankless one. Mr. Gromzeski did not fill the place of Mr. Plancon, who was advertised as the Capulet. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Castellari again, for even in small roles he always shows the training and the intelligence of the true artist. Melba was in fine voice, although she frequently sang sharp, and the de Roskes were as impressive as ever in the parts that fit them so admirably. The orchestra played exceedingly well. There was the largest audience of the week so far, and, although the beautiful madrigal in the first act went without a hand, the waltz song was loudly applauded, and there were enthusiastic recalls after the exile scene.

A woman asked yesterday at the box office of Mechanics' Building if the Scalchi brothers would positively sink.

There is an old superstition that an egg laid on Good Friday will extinguish any fire in which it is thrown.

Rings hallowed Good Friday were called cramp-rings, and they were a preservative against fits.

Nature's spring opening started in with a rush.

Some say that foot ball at Harvard means no game with Yale. The very statement seems contradictory.

A head line in a contemporary announced that "Mr. and Mrs. Kendall are finally divorced," and lovers of the drama were paralyzed until they remembered that the play-actress and her husband spell their name with one l.

Our old friend, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the celebrated emotional, Hungarian conductor, had a singular experience the other day. Mr. Floersheim, who met him in Berlin, tells the story. Nikisch, it seems, had been to Moscow. On his return to Germany, he was dragged from a sleeping car at 5 in the morning, and told that his papers and passports were not in legal order. "After considerable telegraphing forward and backward and Babylonian explanations which were difficult to understand, as the one party spoke no Russian and the other no other language, he was finally allowed to depart when he had shown a copy of the concert program, and by mute signs with a stick had given the officials to understand that he had conducted the concert."

Here is a familiar touch. "Nikisch made light of his alleged troubles at Budapest, which the papers, as usual, seem to have exaggerated."

The latest advertisement of "Trilby" is very ingenious. It seems that a Mr. O'Connor is in Ludlow Street Jail, New York, accused of robbing a Post Office. As time was heavy on his hands he played at checkers, and as he played he discoursed pleasantly on art, literature, etiquette, and morals. Trilby's morality, immorality, or immorality surged above minor questions concerning the humanities, fate and free will, and Mr. O'Connor was moved so mightily that he struck Mr. William Hawker on the jaw. In the course of the argument Mr. O'Connor had his face slashed. Mr. O'Connor, with some difficulty, was removed to a locked cell, where his views on the art of Du Maurier will not be contradicted.

Mr. Henry A. Clapp is right. The evil connected with a work like "Trilby" is not the work itself, but the prating, prattling and writing that has gone on about it.

Mr. Clapp's remarks on "The American Theatre of Today" are interesting reading, for he speaks with authority. But is he not just a little pessimistic? Is he not more cheerful at the beginning of the season than at the end? For many, many years there has been periodic talk about the decadence of the stage. It has been so in England, it has been so in France.

Mr. Clapp says that the supremacy of the French in the theatre arises from the fact that their theatre has not been regulated by the principles of demand and supply. But if you believe the statements of certain eminent French critics, the French stage is going to the dogs. Zola, for instance, sees no salvation for it until they play constantly his pieces.

A contemporary declares editorially: "It is, of course, to be admitted that there is today, in English literature at least, no literary master of the rank of Addison." No one certainly will dispute the charm of Addison's prose when it is at its best.

but it is an open question whether Mr. Pater, and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the essayist, were not greater "literary masters." You will not find anywhere in Pater such loose constructions and solecisms as are in Addison. It was the latter who framed this remarkable sentence: "When we had done eating ourselves the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman"—which led Landor to remark, "Now when they had done eating themselves, the waterman would hardly thank them for the remainder, and probably their voices would be but little intelligible to the waiter."

Today is the anniversary (1742) of the death of Dr. George Cheyne. From his singular life, the thin may take warning and the fat courage. For in consequence of a sudden change "from abstemiousness to epicurean indulgence" Cheyne achieved such bulk that he weighed 448 pounds and was compelled to have the whole side of his carriage made open to receive him. Physicians were in vain. He then tried a milk and vegetable diet. His size was reduced almost to a third, and he lived in sound health, until he was 72 years old, by adhering to his simple regimen. And yet his temperance and prudence provoked epigrams. Here are two verses written by a well-known physician:

"Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.
"Doctor! one new prescription try,
(A friend's advice forgive);
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live."

W. J. F. of Snow's Fall, Me., writes the Journal as follows: "Taking much interest in your discussion of quaint words and expressions, I would like to say that the word 'gawm,' or 'gawn,' is daily used by my workmen to signify a bad piece of work. For instance, they say: 'He made a gawm of it, or it has been gawned.' They use it both as a noun and as a verb. Another word in common use in these parts is 'reffage,' which appears to mean poor in quality. It is commonly applied to firewood, which is made up of the leavings in the woods, although I have heard it applied to a faulty piece of iron casting. Some think it a corruption of refuse. I would like to know whence it comes."

Can anyone give the origin of "reffage?"

"Octogenarian," Newport, Vt., who has read the Journal from 1840 on, says that "dingbat" and "the dingbats" in the sense of "strike" and "walloping" were used 70 years ago throughout northern New England. "Linger" about 70 years ago expressed disbelief of any statement that seemed to be exaggerated. "It was a modest way of telling the narrator he lied."

"I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" at Mechanics' Building—Bach's Matthew Passion Music Given by the Handel and Haydn.

Two celebrated examples of the ultra-modern Italian school were given by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau opera company at Mechanics' Building last evening. Mr. Bevilgnani was the conductor. The cast of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" was as follows:

Nedda Zelle de Lussan
Tonio Ancona
Silvio Gromzeski
Peppe Vanni
Canio Russitano

This intensely dramatic work was not dramatically performed. One exception must be made, and that was the Tonio of Mr. Ancona, the creator of the part. He sang it here last season, when de Lucia, as Canio, gave a marvelous exhibition of histrionic skill and fiery temperament. Last night his admirable delivery of the prologue was disturbed seriously by the noisy and continuous arrival of late comers, who, indeed, thus marred the effect of much of the first act. Mr. Ancona sang his music nobly, displaying, particularly in the prologue, a rare legato, and he acted with spirit. Miss de Lussan's Nedda was pale and ineffective. Mr. Russitano is a lyric singer of considerable taste, but he is utterly unfit for such a tragic part as Canio. Mr. Gromzeski's Silvio was acceptable, and Mr. Vanni sang the serenade below the pitch. The chorus in this opera has no light task; neither has the orchestra. The former sang lustily, and the latter was, as a rule, excellent.

Without a great Canio, "I Pagliacci" does not arouse the enthusiasm of the average audience. The many beauties of the score, the daring modulations and general harmonic treatment are as caviare. And yet it is a striking opera, full of hot blood, dramatic feeling, the skill of a master musician and the tempestuousness of youth.

This was the cast of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana":

Montezza Mrs. Libia Drog
Lucia Miss Bauermeister
Lola Miss De Vigne
Alfo Bensaude
Turiddu Del Papa

The performance in the main was coarse and untuneful. Mr. Tamagno was announced as the Turiddu, and there was curiosity to see him in the part, which fits his temperament. No apology was made for his failure to appear. Mr. del Papa's efforts do not call for serious comment. Mrs. Drog showed considerable animation in song and action, but she strayed frequently from the pitch, and did not show a marked sense of rhythm. Mr. Bensaude was an amiable Alfio, with a light voice. The chorus shouted with good will, and the Intermezzo was repeated.

All in all, these were the least satisfactory performances given by the company this season.

The audience was the smallest of the week. It was liberal with applause during "Cavalleria Rusticana," and it applauded Mr. Ancona vigorously after the prologue of Leoncavallo's opera.

This afternoon "Lucia" will be given with Melba, Russitano, Bensaude, and Abramoff in the cast.

This evening the opera will be "Faust," with Bames, Scalchi, Jean and Ed. de Reszke and Campanari in the cast. This performance will close the season, although there will be an operatic concert Sunday night.

PHILIP HALE.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

Last evening's performance of Bach's passion music, according to St. Matthew, had its usual disappointment. Perhaps not in a lifetime will a work so colossal, and so imperious in its demands, be satisfactorily performed. It has staggered the ablest conductors, and even the Handel and Haydn chorus has not yet been able to compete with its difficulties. No wonder Mendelssohn approached Zelter with diffidence when he proposed the Good Friday performance in Berlin, March 12, 1829.

Last evening the Handel and Haydn labored with Bach's choruses, but in a very careless and indifferent fashion. In the singing of the great chorals that Bach has adapted for the work, there was much indecision, much somnolency. As for the chorals, "Now May the Will of God Be Done," one might reasonably have hoped that the will of Mr. Zerrahn would be done, but the baton of the conductor and the voices of the chorus were throughout as sixes and sevens. The choral, "O Man, Bewail Thy Great Sin," seemed one sinful scream and scramble. There was no sostenuto, no true singing of the great choruses, and nearly everything that the chorus had to do was rendered in a very staccato—a very jerky manner. The double chorus, "Come, Ye Daughters, Weep for Anguish," was taken so rapidly, and in a manner so out of keeping with the spirit of the text, that it might easily have been taken for one of Corelli's or Bach's antique gigue.

On the other hand, and in simple justice to the Handel and Haydn Society, let us admit—at the expense of being charged with high treason—the possibility of there having been at least several profane jokes perpetrated by Bach when he wrote the Passion music. How else are we to account for such a stupidly sacrilegious setting of the words "Ah, my Jesus now is taken." Treasonable or not though it be to say so, the music supplied for these plaintive sacred words is Bourée music pure and simple, as no sincere and intelligent musician will deny. It is music fit for a Shaker's service, and by no other sect or denomination would it seem worthy of being tolerated.

There is doubtless much insincerity in the indiscriminating admiration that the orthodox music lovers profess for J. S. Bach. A genius among the very first he surely was, but even like Homer, he would nod; he, too, was human, and his off moods are frequently to be observed in his passion music. Of the remaining features of the performance, the exigencies of time

and space require that we should be brief. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker was wholly admirable in the singing of the soprano recitatives and aria; Miss Marguerite Hall's enunciation was very imperfect throughout her performance, but otherwise her singing was unimpeachable. Mr. Carl E. Dufft, who took the part of Jesus, was so false in intonation that he might have appropriately been assigned the part of Peter; furthermore, there was a conspicuous void of a true sostenuto in all that he attempted. Mr. William H. Rieger struggled heroically with the part of the Evangelist, and although his higher tones were pinched and unmusical, his singing as a rule was exquisitely artistic. In the first part of the performance Mr. E. F. Bushnell, the bass, disappointed, but with the difficult recitatives and air of Part Two he was superbly successful. Mr. H. G. Tucker played a piano that was wretchedly out of tune with the orchestra, and in spite of his wholly worthy efforts, the instrument must be held responsible for the oft uncertain intonation that prevailed among the soloists. Mr. Zerrahn, conducted, and Mr. Lang, as usual, was organist.

C. L. CAPEN.

Philocarpine, "the new cure for consumption, extracted from the jaborandi, an Arazilian plant," reminds one of the dilsen berry, which grows on the pamela bush, and is devoured eagerly by the Kiliulu bird.

Mr. Swift, late of Coxey's army, is at it again; but this time he is not so far from a base of supplies.

Another illusion gone. Recorder Goff thinks \$11,250 a ridiculous sum for his services in the Lexow cases. He forgets that he was elected to the Recorder's office on the strength of his work before the committee.

The New Yorkers are beginning to think that dock juggling should be docked.

So the famous Brevoort House has gone the way of all good and famous taverns. There was a time when only Princes, millionaires and the Captains of ocean liners could afford to stop there.

Professor Goodwin in speaking of the latest discoveries at Troy did not throw any light on the laundry system or the manner of conducting elections.

Now when Mr. F. B. Sanborn read a paper on "Nerve Centres" there was a distinct element of personality in it.

Here is a singular case. A man sues a woman for alleged breach of promise. Not that he needs money, for he is said to be rich. Is the suit brought to recover sums spent in courting, or to show to the world that he only values her charms and companionship at \$2000?

Old Chimes asked the teller at the bank how long he had been there. "Twenty years," was the reply; "and if I like it, I shall stay."

Apocryph of Mr. Henry A. Clapp's wish that rich men in Boston do for the theatre what Mr. H. L. Higginson did for orchestral music, it is interesting to note that Mr. E. A. MacDowell, the distinguished composer, made the same suggestion almost a month ago in the Musical Courier. Mr. MacDowell starts with the condition of opera here. "It is a strange fact that America, which furnishes Europe with so many splendid singers and pays such enormous sums for its short seasons of imported opera, should not see that this yearly importation of foreign companies has no permanent value and can never lead to our establishing opera of our own."

"Is it impossible to organize a society in America," asks Mr. MacDowell, "that would partake of the character of both (the French Théâtre-Libre and the German Allgemeine Musik-Verein), going, perhaps, even further, and including painting and kindred arts, as well as letters and music? * * * To build a club house and theatre sounds like a very ambitious undertaking. As a matter of fact, it would not be the first of its kind in America. In Grand Rapids, Mich., an amateur ladies' club, the St. Cecilia, has built a handsome club house and theatre, where all its concerts are held. If we cannot do as much for art in the East, it is high time we realized the fact."

It is a singular fact that a similar scheme was proposed a few years ago and was attempted by another Mr. MacDowell. But "The Society of Arts and Letters" died soon after it was born. It was killed by too much "culchaw," acute snobbery, and poor management.

It was on April 13, 1761, that Capt. Maney of the Norfolk militia, "standing on a horse's back, without a saddle, in full speed," leaped over a five-barred gate, and the records of this, and other "amazing feats of horsemanship" in Hyde Park, before the Duke of York and Prince William Henry, has come down to us with the fact that today is the feast of St. Hermengild and the death-day of the Duke of Rohan. And what sporting event of today will be found recorded a century from now?

The Handel and Haydn Society will produce Mr. J. C. D. Parker's new oratorio "The Life of Man" tomorrow evening; and, by the way, tomorrow is the anniversary of Handel's death.

The New York Sun takes judicial notice of the fact that the phrase "not worth a continental damn" has almost disappeared. Yes, this is an age of brevity, and the superfluous qualifying word is often omitted. Still, "tinker's, etc.," has still its pristine force.

And what sunbeams have been extracted from cucumbers by etymologists. There is one conjecture that the blunt, familiar, vulgar expression is the Hindi "dam," an ancient copper coin, of which 1600 went to a rupee. Then there is the incredible proposition of White that "damn" represents watercress, Anglo Saxon "cerse." By transformation of the "e" cerse became cres, but for a long time it retained its original form; "and a man who meant to say that anything was of very little value, said sometimes that it was not worth a rush, and others that it was not worth a 'cerse or kerse.' The transition from this, by reason of identity of sound and a love of variety, to 'not worth a damn' is easy." To which the proper answer is "Fudge!"

So, too, it was once argued gravely that "tinker's damn" should be spelled "dam," for it was a crust that stopped the flow of solder and was worthless after it had fulfilled its purpose.

Twenty-second Concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—Close of the Operatic Season at Mechanics' Building.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert last evening:

Symphony No. 5, G minor, Rubinstein
Introduction to the Opera, "Dornroeschen" Langer

(First time.)
Concerto for violin, No. 1, G minor, Bruch

Musical Joke, "Moto Perpetuo" Strauss
(First time.)

Overture to "L'Enfant Prodigue" Auber
(First time.)

There is no doubt that Rubinstein took a peculiar interest in his "Russian" symphony. He built it on folk-song foundations and dedicated it to a woman who was kind to him, who recognized his great talent—perhaps genius would not be too strong a word—and who believed firmly in Russian music. And has the symphony the marks and signs of undoubted long and healthy life? Possibly the Russian to whom the themes may be hallowed by association will always hear it gladly. But will any work that is so intensely national in character be of vital interest to the world at large? Here enters a question that is to-day almost fiercely discussed.

"I have reason to believe that Mr. Benj. E. Woolf knows who Mr. Henry T. Pinck is. In claiming never to have heard of him I fear Mr. Woolf wishes to be bitter. But in order that there shall be no further doubt in the matter, I will say that Mr. Henry T. Pinck is the special lecturer on Seidism and cup-bearer to Anton of the Vienna Bakery, and is attached to the God-kin, or Little God, a presentation brought out in groups of three at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway. He used to be fond of Wagner. He no longer speaks of him. It is Seidl, Seidl, Seidl, the whole day long. If Mr. Benj. Woolf wishes further information of Mr. Pinck he should write to Anton himself, fourth table on the left wall, Vienna Bakery, Broadway, New York."

First Production by the Handel and Haydn Society of Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "The Life of Man"—Operatic Concert at Mechanics' Building.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its 70th concert last evening in Music Hall. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor. The orchestra was made up of Symphony men. The work chosen was an oratorio written for the Society by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, and entitled "The Life of Man." The solo singers were Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Miss Jennie M. Crocker, Messrs. George J. Parker, Max Heinrich, Thomas E. Johnson and Myron W. Whitney, Jr.

Mr. Parker chose his text from the Bible. These subjects are treated: Creation, the Fall, the Promise of Restoration, the Exclusion from Paradise, Murder, Blasphemy, the Rejection of Christ, the Resurrection, the Pentecost, the Church Militant, the Church Triumphant. Here is indeed rich material for dramatic, profoundly religious and mystical music.

Mr. Parker calls his work an oratorio, and as the word oratorio is now applied loosely, it may serve here; but according to conventional ideas "The Life of Man" is a cantata. There is an overture, built in large measure of material found afterward. The motives may or may not be regarded as typical. The composer, unlike Gounod, has given no thematic index.

The composer is known as a man of marked sincerity of purpose, of strong religious convictions, and of a facility in the expression of his musical thought. It is therefore the more surprising, nay it is almost incredible to find that much of the music of his latest work is profoundly and inherently irreligious.

It is true that religious music is in great measure a matter of time, geography, climate and temperament. The man in the north of Scotland and the Neapolitan would not agree in their premises. The mediaeval monk and Tinel or Brahms would not accept the same definition. To-day many devout people regard the joyous tunes of the Salvation Army as flippant to the verge of blasphemy. On the other hand, association may consecrate that which is intrinsically merely heel-enticing, ar-tickling, the lusty jig or music that is frankly sensuous. The mourners watch the corpse. Without a piano-organ plays a march by Sousa. To those within, that march will for the rest of life awake emotions that are sacred. Or it is Sir Thomas who thinks of the "First Comer" when he hears vulgar tavern music that makes one man merry, another sad. It is true, then, that religious music is largely that which awakens religious thought in an individual. It may have no text. Yet among men and women of the same time and town and influenced by the same conditions of life there are certain principles, perhaps traditional, perhaps fictitious, that influence the judgment when the hearer is cool, and without personal interest or association. An eccentric rhythm turning words of solemn import into something fantastic; a freak of instrumentation that excites curiosity when there should be contemplation; an impertinent trill that disturbs a mood; these distress many thoughtful people when a quiet commonplace might accentuate their own religious thought, inspired by the verse of the hymn or the passage from the Bible.

Now in Mr. Parker's oratorio I find in many places the handiwork of the practised musician. There is melody, which, if it is not strikingly original, is certainly fluent. Although the writing in the main is homophonous, not polyphonic, no real valid exception should be taken on this ground alone, for polyphony is not necessarily religion, although there are still a few bigots who cannot see salvation except in a fugue. There are agreeable passages of instrumentation, but as a whole the instrumentation is not of conspicuous worth. The fatal error is that solemn subjects are treated lightly. This, to any one who knows Mr. Parker, seems no doubt a preposterous statement.

There are first of all passages and even numbers that are effective in less or greater degree. The music that proclaims, "And man became a living soul" is instantaneous in the production of a sentiment appreciative of the purport of the words. The chorus, "Come now, and let us reason," although in passages it suggests strongly Gounod, is simple and soothing. The murder scene, with its opening pastoral and attempt at dramatic suggestion, is an excellent example of the incongruity that is, to the writer at least, synonymous with irreligion. The Lord asks Cain, what he has done. He asks in lively tempo, and a lively figure runs against the voice of parts. There is free use of the pizzicato and the whole scene reminds one of a little scherzo that some would find piquant. Others might censure the march that follows and all it a patrol fit only for comic opera or a band concert, but, while I do not find the music of singular merit, Mr. Parker certainly could argue in favor of its appropriateness on the ground of local color. The words are, "These be thy Gods, O Israel."

What, however, has the trivial instrumental introduction to Part II. to do with the sufferings of Christ? Nor is the sugary and sentimental theme of the Redeemer in keeping with the text or thoughts suggested by the text. "The Resurrection" might serve as a finale to an act of light opera. "The Church Militant" a "sestet," although a seventh voice is finely introduced, begins with these words of sublime mysticism, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." And how are they set? To a tripping tune in 2-4, "non troppo lento." Again is there operetta music pure and simple. I do not deny that it had a marked effect on the Handel and Haydn chorus, which was bolsterous in its applause, although the voices were not well balanced, and the pronunciation was not faultless. Sentimentalism even entered into the final "Amen."

The work will undoubtedly be popular at music festivals in inland towns, nor is this said as a sneer. The oratorio is tuneless, and the chorus are not beyond the level of an ordinary chorus.

There is no need of extended comment on the performance. The chorus did good work, and there was attention paid to dynamics. Of the solo singers, Mr. Parker bore away the honors. Miss Hamlin and Miss Little were inadequate.

PHILIP HALE.

OPERATIC CONCERT.

The concert given in Mechanics' Building last evening had for its participating artists Mrs. Nordica, Miss Jane de Vigne, Miss Mira Heller, Messrs. Plancon, Ancona, Tamagno, together with the Metropolitan Opera House chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bevington. The orchestra gave selections by Gounod and Rossini, including the "Tell" overture, the performance of which was decidedly mediocre and without effect. Mr. Plancon was loudly cheered for his spirited performance of "Les Rameaux," and for an encore he sang "Les Grenadiers"—Schumann. The "Stabat Mater" by Rossini was effectively given, the artistic honors of the performance being evenly shared by Mrs. Nordica and Mr. Tamagno. The chorus singing, as a rule, was excellent. The concert was attended by a small but enthusiastic audience.

A contemporary assures the world that "to call a woman 'well-groomed' is the best compliment one can give her." It is perhaps the best compliment that a groom can pay her.

Paderewski says that the only two natural musical people in the world are the Jews and the Gypsies. We were under the impression that Paderewski was a Pole.

M. W. D. of Cornish Flats writes: "We still use the adjective 'gauming' or 'gormling.' I hardly know what our people would do without it. 'A gauming boy,' a 'gauming piece of work.'"

Yesterday was "cuckoo day" as well as Easter. Perhaps his song was heard in England, but in the Northern States even the political bird was mute.

A good deal of rain upon Easter Day
Gives a good crop of grass but little good hay.

A correspondent in Notes and Queries (1875) points out that the superstition, "Such weather as there is on Easter Day there will be at harvest," may have arisen from the pagan sacrifice to the goddess Eostre (from which name the Venerable Bede says "Easter" is derived), a sacrifice made about the vernal equinox, with a view to a good harvest.

"Do you think that an artist puts his own feelings into his work?" asked the young woman.

"To be sure," was the reply.

"I suppose," she went on, thoughtfully, "that's why some of the poor hungry fellows make their skies look like scrambled eggs."—Exchange.

Richard Watson Gilder's new volume, "Five Books of Song," is praised warmly in English reviews. Is it possible that Mr. J. L. Ford is wrong, and that Mr. Gilder is another case of prophet, etc.?

Mr. Harry Furness's rival to Punch is dead. Even the gods strive vainly against stupidity.

The play, never written, that caused bitterness and a law suit between Mrs. Annie Yeamans and Miss Estelle Clayton was to have been known as "Happy Days."

F. L. T. writes to the Journal: "There were several other 'lingen' good words which we used to find necessary to express certain ideas when we were boys, but which are not often heard now in polished society. One of them was 'hyper,' 'to move' quickly. We used to say, for example, 'Come, hyper now, or you'll be late to school.' Another, which seems to be more local, was 'nimmer,' meaning 'to loiter.' You might hear a lazy boy apostrophized thus: 'Don't nimmer along there.' Is this 'hyper' the ordinary Greek word? And is the other the German 'nimmer,' never, used colloquially to mean 'never get there?' New England is full of these old words, not to be found in any dictionary, many of them of very ancient and honorable lineage. Some day an enthusiast will arise and collect these remnants of our ancient speech."

Many have been the absurd reasons given for docking the tails of horses. Docking was practised in the 17th century under the notion that the back was strengthened thereby. Fifty years ago they said that the unutilized tail heated the horse while at work, that it was apt to soil the rider in foul weather. One excuse now is that it is dangerous to employ horses with undocked tails, as the reins are liable to get under them and cause kicking and running away. The chief reason, however, for the barbarous cruelty is that the woman of the house finds a docked tail stylish.

Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune speaks thus about the music critic: "The complacency of the musician and the indifference, not to say ignorance, of the public usually combine to make them allies, and the critic is, therefore, placed between two millstones, where he is vigorously rasped on both sides, and whence, being angular and hard of exterior, he requires the treatment received with perfect and generally energetic reciprocity. Is he,

therefore, to be pitied? Not a bit, for in this position he is filling one of the most significant and careful of his functions, and since it is he that is nearest my heart, let me advance my argument a bit and credit him with one of his most precious virtues. While musician and public must stay in the positions in which they are placed with relation to each other, it would be the simplest matter in the world for the critic to extricate himself from his predicament. He would only need to take his cue from the public, measuring his commendation by the intensity of their applause, his dispraise by their signs of displeasure, and all would be well with him. But of all the sins charged against the critic, this is the most infrequent."

Mr. Krehbiel is a music critic. And he knows full well the truth of his many statements.

Here are sensible words about the revival of the Blavatsky scandal: "We dismiss all the chela and mahatma silliness. You can see better tricks than that on the Bowery any day for 10 cents, but, then, why should the Society for Psychological Research have taken so much trouble about this thimble-rigging? Certainly such a minute mouse from a laboring mountain makes the mountain lose dignity. Let Mme. Jellhovskiy berate Mr. Solovyoff. Our sympathies are with none of them. Let that wretched old woman, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, stay quiet in her grave. If we have to throttle present superstitions our hands will be better employed. All the fools are not dead when somebody in all faith writes to a newspaper in March, 1895, for a horoscope."

April 16, 1895

MR. HARRIGAN AS "THE MAJOR."

Mr. Edward Harrigan is always a welcome visitor. Perhaps many of his plays are only to be appreciated fully by those who know humble life in New York, or rather knew the localities and scenes, for the New York of today and the New York of Dan Mulligan are hardly one and the same city. Yet intensely local as these plays are, parochial as are certain allusions, there is such human interest in them, such sympathy, such humor, that is at times akin to pathos, that they do not seem alien or remote to those who only know the metropolis by its hotels, theatres, business houses, shops and fashionable streets. In spite of all their exaggeration and their grotesqueness, Mr. Harrigan's sketches are full of realism, and they have exerted no slight influence on the American drama, or what is known as such.

Not that all these plays are of equal worth. The peculiar genius of Mr. Harrigan—and genius is not too large a word—is displayed more brilliantly in the Mulligan series than in "The Major." The latter has one great scene, "Jenkins's Policy office," which, extravagant as it may seem to those who know not the life depicted, is full of genuine fun and exact delineation of character. There are excellent lines throughout the piece; the boarding house scenes in the first act are often admirable; but the "Policy office" is a positive creation. Delightful as ever was Mr. Wild as Phineas Bottlegreen, and he was ably seconded by Mr. West. Delicious as ever was Mrs. Yeamans. Excellent was Mr. McCarthy as Ellen Murphy; and Mr. Sparks, though given to overdoing, was very funny as Mike Gillespie. Pleasing as is Miss Emma Pollock, we could well spare the scenes in which Henry Higgins and Thomas Tape dispute. In fact, nearly the whole of the third act is far below Mr. Harrigan's best endeavor. Nor does Mr. Dave Braham shine with such lustre in "The Major" as in the Mulligan series. "4-11-4" is a capital song, and the choruses sung at the opening of the "Policy scene" and on the housetops linger in the memory. The other tunes are without the characteristics that make Mr. Braham so justly famous.

As the bland beguiler, the accomplished beat, Mr. Harrigan is almost always amusing, and his methods are discreet and effective. But while you laugh, and while you are moved by his voice even when he delivers an amazingly absurd line—for the voice of Mr. Harrigan is pathetic, whatever part he plays—you wish that Mulligan, the ambitious, patriotic, shrewd, lovable Dan was on the stage, attended by his faithful friend McSweeney.

There was a large and very applaudive audience. "Cordelia's Aspirations" and "Relly and the 400" will be given next week.

The conduct of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society in applauding frenetically Sunday evening a number sung by solo singers, has excited comment. Some argue that the members of the chorus have a right to express gratification, others say that such applause is as impertinent as though Rosencrantz and Guildenstern should applaud Hamlet in the scene of the recorders. Whether the applause of the chorus was a mark of knowledge or ignorance is a minor issue.

We have before this urged that a committee should be appointed to act as leaders or quellers of applause at such functions as Symphony concerts and performances of oratorio and grand opera. Its services would be particularly valuable in case of a novelty, when the great bulk of the audience would otherwise hardly know the becoming degree of demonstrative rapture. We do not think that it is the duty of a chorus at a performance, in which it takes part, to act conspicuously as fogleman.

So Wilkes Booth is "still alive." It was about time for the reappearance of this legend, which returns with the regularity of a well-behaved comet.

The news of the death of Professor Dana recalls many pleasant memories to those who had the pleasure of reciting to him. He was a singularly modest, courteous, lovable man, who stated undisputed facts in almost a shy manner, and could not be prevailed upon to talk of his own great researches. He was one of the first of devout Christians to accept the theory of evolution. He held Huxley in high respect; but he was not always sure of the scientific sincerity of Tyndall.

It is stated, and stated gravely, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree's non-appearance here in "An Enemy of the People" was a severe disappointment, "especially when you know that one of Boston's most distinguished women, who rarely goes to the theatre, had made an exception for an Ibsen play, because she felt her time would not be wasted." How characteristic of a certain phase of Boston artistic life! And yet there are envious outsiders who refer to this city as a village.

"My dear, I congratulate you; you have absolutely the right complexion!" said an amiable woman just from Paris, to a friend questioning about the fashions. "Have? What is the right complexion?" "Quite, quite pale, with grey shades, not to say yellow." It appears that the least shade of pink is "déplacé." Anaemia is the thing. Blood full of red globules is hopelessly vulgar.

It is easy for any woman to acquire this desirable complexion. Insomnia and the attendant use of drugs—there is weekly a new drug with a strange compounded name—will soon put any woman in the gallery of anaemics. Indeed, insomnia itself is fashionable.

The ailment used to name the disease "watchfulness" and "insomnolency." Galen cured himself by eating freely of lettuces. Rhases recommended this liniment: Pound the bark of mandragora, the seed of black henbane, and opium, with the juice of lettuce, and rub into the temples.

Think of the goodly line of those who could not sleep: Ahasuerus, the Great King, Sultan Schahriar, Brutus, Macbeth, Simeon Stylites, Charles IX., Rossetti, Nero, James Thomson, these names at once rush into the mind. Here are two remedies of the 16th century. (1) "A Bath for the Feet and Legs to cause Sleep. Take 3 or 10 Lettuces or more, or 6 Handfulls of Vine-leaves, and 6 Heads of Poppyes, boll them in a pottle with a sufficient quantity of Water, then pour all out into another vessel, and herein wash the Feet and Legs for the space of a quarter of an Hour; then wrap them in a Linnen-cloth." (2) "To make one Wake or Sleep: You must cut dexterously the Head of a Toad, alive, and at once, and let it dry, in observing that one Eye be shut and the other open; that which is found open makes one Wake, and that which is shut causes Sleep, by carrying it about one."

W. H. S. writes to the Journal: "In your issue last Friday A. M. I noticed the query of W. J. F., Snows Falls, Me., as to the origin of the word 'Refuge,' and its local usage as expressing the refuse of cord wood left by wood choppers. He states that he presumes the word to be a corruption of 'Refuse.' I have often heard the word 'Refuge' used to express the same meaning, and can see in it a possible link in the evolution from 'Refuse' to 'Reffage.'"

Bernard Bosanquet in a review of Nordau's "Degeneration" declares that Nordau's suggestion of the new society for ethical culture in Berlin, constituting itself a tribunal for judging of works of art with regard to their morality, leads him to think that a man who makes such a suggestion has never grappled in earnest with any aesthetic problem.

That was a pleasant meeting of Anarchists the other evening in Caledonian Hall. Mr. Mowbray, in most persuasive manner, argued that Thomas Paine, not George Washington, brought about the independence of these States, and he then declared his intention "to break to pieces the conditions of the present time." A sympathetic listener proposed death to landlords. Mr. Most argued in favor of the destruction of the present social system. There was only one cloud; no policeman, minion of authority, interfered with the proceedings.

"One comfort about Ibsen," says somebody in Mrs. Hugh Bell's novel "Ursula,"—"one comfort is that one can quote him constantly in daily life without departing from one's usual commonplace conversation."

Here is entertaining gossip about two women, well known in this city, and who are now in London in the cast of "An Artist's Model." "The sisterliness of Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Letty Lind is quite too charming. The cheerfulness of the dialogue and the liveliness of the music are, no doubt, responsible for it. Every one knows how in grand opera the prime-donne have to be restrained by force and diplomacy from engaging in mortal combats whenever they meet. Heavy high-class music always has the effect of inspiring those who sing it with a murderous hate

for one another. But I have a high idea to know that Miss Lind and Miss Tempest are on such terms that neither of them ever wears a new dress on the stage without the other having one quite as costly and beautiful. And no one admires their new things, or says more piquantly pleasant things about them, than clever Miss Lotte Venne."

The managers announce positively that there will be no disappointment at Mechanics' Building in consequence of change in repertoire or cast. All the dogs are in excellent physical condition, entirely free from grip, influenza, or gastritis. The performance last evening was most successful. The tone production of the artists was excellent, and their phrasing was wholly admirable. Several of the chief soloists displayed marked temperament, and the intonation of even the youngest was impeccable. All in all, the ensemble was one of remarkable strength.

One of the leading sopranos granted a short interview Monday, although she had not recovered from the fatigue of the journey and was saving her strength for the evening. She said that she was delighted to be in Boston, for she had heard much about its highly developed musical culture. She assured the reporter that her diet was simple and she exercised freely every day. "There is no dissension in the company, whatever reports may have been made to the contrary."

The last Chap-Book publishes in its "Notes" this epigram: "To the pure all things are impure." This false and flip-pant epigram has not even the merit of originality. Was it not Ouida who exclaimed bitterly, "To the pure all things are nasty."

They say that a man in Boston sold the first volume of the Chap-Book for \$6, and another sold the first number for \$7.50. Will the second volume bring even 60 cents?

The description of the Court and Police Station in Newton reads like a screed of Mr. George Kennan against the wretched condition of a Siberian jail. Let us hope that the report is exaggerated.

Suppose that an intelligent Russian should be given the opportunity to study the prisons and the insane asylums of the United States, and that he paid special attention to convict hire in certain Southern States. Do you not think that he would find rich material for sensational lectures to be delivered before his countrymen and with the aid of a stereopticon?

And there are play actresses to whom the jeweler is the leading man.

Dr. Forbes Winslow was not the first to talk so learnedly about kleptomania as an aberration of the brain, a disease almost exclusively pertaining to woman. Dr. Icard, in a remarkable book published in Paris in 1890, devoted a chapter to this species of monomania, and gave most singular statistics. The 4th of February, 1889, 49 women were arrested for stealing in the Bon Marché. Among them were marchionesses, countesses, baronesses, and other noble dames. Out of 105 female kleptomaniacs examined by Legrand du Saule, 49 showed indisputable signs of insanity, and 41 were clearly hysterical. Among these unfortunates are girls and women who are seized with an uncontrollable desire to smell of a certain perfume, to handle or break certain objects, to plunge their hands into this or that liquid. There are women who find no enjoyment in food, however richly served, unless they have stolen it.

To F. L. T.: We have received no explanations of the verb "hyper, to move quickly," or the verb "nimmer, to loiter." "Hyper" is in Farmer's "Dictionary of Americanisms," and the definition is "to bustle." In Part VII. of "Dialect Notes" (Boston, 1894), "hyper, to hurry about, to bustle at work," is cited as a Jerseyism, "little used" in New Jersey. There is an old English verb to "hype," meaning "to make mouths at or affront one." An ox apt to push with his horns is said to "hype." In Lincolnshire "hype" the noun means a person's gait, and here we seem to be "growing warm."

Now a "nimmer" was a stealer, a pilferer, and to "nim" was to steal. The Anglo-Latin Lexicon 1440 has "nym, keep or take heed, intend." It was the habit of the trotter of children on the knee to say "nim! nim!" perhaps a monitory notice to take heed and sit firm. "Nim" in northern England meant "to take up hastily." In Lincolnshire there is still a noun "nimming" defined as "a peculiar gait, not firm, affected, not regular." Here at last we have undoubtedly a trace of the meaning of the word "nimmer" as used in New England.

The late Nathan Sanders, known as the King of Fakirs, made much money out of "sleepers." A "sleeper," according to him, "is anything that a peddler can get hold of at a bankrupt sale that the rest of the bidders do not tumble to the value of."

This notion, by the way, is too strictly constructed but let us reverence the word "Sleeper" is found in slang dictionaries, but with other meanings. "Sleeper" for sleeping car is regarded by some as slang. "Sleeper" was a nickname assumed by or given to the Molly Maguire.

We have received the circular of Messrs. ———, who do business in a town in Pennsylvania. And what is this business? Messrs. ——— are the "originators and publishers of the original Photograph Marriage certificates." There is a choice. The happy couple may be taken as "Oak and Vine," or "Cedar and Vine," or "three place" (which is to us something cryptic, orphic), or they may be ornamental in "marriage scene." They may still prefer "Olive Branch," or, if they are shy, "Orange Blossoms." The photographs may be black and gilt, or tinted, or colored. Then there is the "marriage booklet" which contains "a choice selection from Cooper, together with several pages for the names of the guests, and a marriage certificate." Why Cooper? And which Cooper? James Fenimore, Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury, or Sir Astley?

They are more ingenious in all such matters in the Middle and Western States. There is a firm in Toledo that provides entertainments, with costumes and properties, from "Charity Circles" to "Belles of Blackville," from minstrels to the legitimate. And how do the members of this firm describe themselves on their printed card? As "Inciters of Public Amusement."

Here are brave words for the "school-marm" but the special application is rather to England than the United States: "Of old, a gentlewoman taught as a last resource, when starvation stared her in the face. Her duty was to marry for a livelihood. Any situation in which she worked for daily bread was 'considered in the light of a degradation.' The words are Mary Wollstonecraft's, and she knew: she began life as a governess. Now, teaching for woman is an honorable profession, as it should be. She teaches because she has qualified herself to be a teacher; even as a barrister has equipped himself for the law, a doctor for medicine. Her work is done, not because a husband is not forthcoming, but because the world needs it."

April 18-95

Mr. Croker has found balm for his political wounds in Eau de Gallie. In other words, his horse knocked the English rivals Gallie west.

By the way, what is the origin of the term "galley west?"

It has been the habit of some to ascribe the pre-eminence of the United States to the fact that more beef was consumed here per capita than in any other country. If the report is true that the quantity of beef will grow steadily less and the price higher, the consumption will naturally diminish. Will the country then lose this pre-eminence? Are beef and national glory synonymous terms?

Now beef was condemned by many of the ancients as a breeder of gross melancholy blood. It will be remembered that Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek was a great eater of beef and believed that his wit was harmed thereby. Hippocrates, called beef a strong, astringent, and indigestible article of food and Oribasius objected to it as imperspirable. The mighty influence of New England was the result, undoubtedly, of codfish and beans. The South and Southwest know the sustaining power of hog and hominy. Nor can sneerers sniff away these facts. What to Bostonians is the command of Pythagoras, or the reminder that in June, 1466, "the beans were very abundant and good, nevertheless very many persons of both sexes lost their senses at this time in Paris." As regards hog, pork was almost universally esteemed by the ancients as the best of animal foods. Cato, the Censor, was very particular about the preparation of ham. Cicero and Porphyry quote the saying of Chrysippus, that a soul or living principle was given to swine, as a sort of salt, to preserve their flesh from putrefaction for the use of man. "Take away the beef; States can be saved without it."

Here is a review of a book that reminds us of the good old days of Mr. Bludyer and his colleagues: "The author in his preface makes use of the word 'tasty,' and the rest of the book is as cheap and vulgar as this would enable us to infer. Whoever buys it will waste his money, and whoever reads it will waste his time."

Apropos of the scathing review in a New York newspaper that is alleged to have sent a novel into a second edition a few days later, the Bookman remarks, "The logroller may be the darling of the author, but it would seem that the 'sister' is the publisher's friend."

If Nicaragua should cede Corn Island to Great Britain, would the United States then acknowledge the corn?

To J. J.—You may, well ask the meaning of the word "beri-beri," the name of the disease troubling the crew of the Daniel Barnes; for the disease is not common in this country and the word has a heathen sound. The word is Cingalese from "beri, weakness;" the reduplication is intensive. Another spelling, beri-beria," is sometimes found. The disease is acute, generally presenting dropsical symptoms, with paralytic weakness and numbness of the legs. It prevails chiefly in India. In 1879 the total number of such patients in India amounted to 8873. Some say that in this disease there is scurvy from the first. The Daniel Barnes sailed from Cebu, Philippine Archipelago.

President Young calls on the umpires to eliminate from base ball "vulgarity, profanity and rowdy, loaferish actions." How's this? We were under the impression that all base ball players were "perfect gentlemen."

This reminds us of the sad news that there is to be a symposium concerning the relative meanings and merits of the terms "woman" and "lady." Truly is this "atrocious trifling with the ends of literature."

It looks as though the west coast of the Pacific was to be thoroughly jappanned.

Mr. Mansfield is always a delight. From his theatre, decorated in Pompeian red and bronze, he sends forth a bugle blast that will arouse the spirits of those who regard the present stage as the abomination of desolation, a blast that may even cheer our pessimistic brother, Clapp. "There will be no old women with pasts at the Garrick, no teacup philosophy and no hypnotism," says Mr. Mansfield. Having thus neatly disposed of the leading dramatists of the day, Mr. Mansfield announces his ambition "to follow the model of the Théâtre Français and have the company elect their fellow members." Here is a case where the Australian ballot would have indisputable advantages.

This is a curious commentary on the Ibsen cult. After the performance of "The Pillars of Society" at the Columbia the question was frequently heard: "Well, do you see anything immoral in it?" The answer, as a rule, was: "Why, no." Did this answer express joy or disappointment?

Read this description, a bibliophile, of the binding of a book to be sold here at auction next week: "Bound in brown crushed levant, with sides ornamented with mosaic of blue levant, in a beautiful interlaced floriated design; the flowers, leaves and petals are all inlaid in colors, red, blue, green, yellow, with monogram in each corner, double of pure white parchment, wide dentelle borders, vellum fly-leaves, with the original covers bound in, entirely uncut, by Lortic fils, enclosed in crushed levant morocco pull-off case, blind-tooled." Does your mouth water? Now the book is a little one of 40 pages, and its title is "Tamerlane and other Poems. By a Bostonian." And there are those who would infinitely prefer the precious book of Poe in its original, naked simplicity, without the loving labor of the foreign binder.

April 19

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, a Pupil of Paderewski, Plays the Piano in Music Hall to an Applaudive Audience of Fair 'Liz.

When Miss Szumowska played lately with the Symphony Orchestra a concerto by Chopin, she pleased by the charm of her touch, the fluency of her technique, her fine taste, and the grace and the modesty of her bearing. Last evening she submitted herself to a more exacting task. There was greater opportunity of judging fairly of her abilities. It must be confessed frankly that her playing was not an unalloyed joy.

Her technique is fluent and she has treasured certain instructions of Mr. Paderewski in her heart. Her free and generally artistic use of the pedals was undoubtedly learned from him, as was the delightful quality of tone that depends so largely upon ingenious use of the pedals. In such pieces as the "Spring song" and "Spinning song" by Mendelssohn and the "Theme and Variations" by Paderewski she showed excellent qualities, such as win quickly an audience. So, too, in the G major barcarolle by Rubinstein she was unaffectedly pleasing.

Last evening, however, in the more serious pieces she disclosed a certain superficiality and a non-appreciation of the great and indispensable value of rhythm. Her playing of Beethoven was not flippant—it is hard to imagine Miss Szumowska as insincere or frivolous—but it was without breadth and depth. Even the delicacy, the broad humor, the insane joy of Beethoven suggest the Titan. But Miss Szumowska only skimmed the surface. It was as though she did not understand fully the character of the mighty man. It is not given to all to play Beethoven's music. Paderewski himself did queer things with the sonatas. Now, that a woman does not shine as an interpreter of Beethoven is no disgrace to her; the more truly womanly the woman, the less likely is she to satisfy the hearer in this attempt; for the gracious qualities that make her beloved by men are displayed more suitably in pieces that demand chiefly delicacy and brilliancy, or sentiment and discreet sensuousness. There are fifty women that play Chopin's music acceptably to one that is equally acceptable in the music of Beethoven. And the one is generally an Amazon of the piano.

But in the pieces by the other composers Miss Szumowska, while she often gave pleasure, did not always speak with authority and carry conviction. Perhaps she was nervous, perhaps she was not in the mood, but the rhythm in the scherzo by Mendelssohn, the pieces by Chopin, and Schumann's "Carnaval" was often not defined, and the music suffered sorely thereby. No one would pretend that the mazurka should be played in exorable rhythm, but even in the license of rubato there is a certain regularity; for there can be no real music without rhythm. In the "Carnaval" there was too often a lack of poise; there was occasionally an unsatisfactory rounding of the phrase; the episode was not clearly brought into the light; there was the thought of inexperience—call it not immaturity. And it seemed throughout the concert that Miss Szumowska had acquired certain mannerisms of her teacher, which her own individuality should teach her to question and reject. For in piano playing there are other things besides twilight effects. One composer demands one manner of treatment; another composer is more or less exacting. There should be more than one arrow in the quiver, although the one is almost sure of hitting an audience.

Miss Szumowska will give her second recital Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The program will be as follows: Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven; Andante Con Variazioni, Haydn; Papillons, Schumann; Sonata, B minor, Chopin; Nocturne, Intermezzo Polacca and Caprice, Paderewski; Etude, Flic-use and Campanella, Liszt.

PHILIP HALE.

King's Chapel has been a long time making up its mind. It is said that several clergymen looked on with favor by the congregation could not approve conscientiously of the liturgy now in use.

The employment of cheap and incompetent firemen is "almost criminal carelessness." Why should the carelessness be thus qualified?

The Japanese will soon be home, bringing their tails behind them.

There is a common phrase, "It don't amount to Hannah Cook." Can anyone tell the origin of this phrase, or who the woman was? Was she related to Billy Patterson, or of kin to Gilderoy of kite fame? Was she the Hannah referred to in the phrase, "That's what's the matter with Hannah," and "That's the man as married Hannah," used of a thing well begun and well ended, or as an expression of certainty?

A contemporary says: "People who put useless labor into small things and work at them in a desultory way still 'putter' in Nantucket." The use of this word is not confined to Nantucket, by any means.

Mr. Maeterlinck, who declared in London that his plays were not intended for the stage, spoke as follows concerning the performance of a modern play: "I regard originality as being the last quality to be applauded in an actor or an actress. The interpreters of a drama should be average, and even mediocre, men and women, only intelligent enough to realize those characters they are attempting to make live. Perhaps I should add that I do not expect any of the kind of dramatic work which we are now discussing to ever appeal to the great play-going public." A good many theatrical performances in Boston would meet the full approval of this Belgian.

The attention of Mr. James Means and others interested in all sorts and conditions of flying machines is called respectfully to the sad story of Prof. Fitzgerald of Trinity College, Dublin, who tried the other day to vary the monotony of customary instruction by teaching his pupils how to fly. His machine resembled "an enlarged edition of a white pigeon of the fantail breed, the tail being constructed of four fans running perpendicular and transverse." Three times the machine refused to leave the earth. A table was brought and the bold aeronaut climbed it and would have fallen departed from it skyward. "But alas! and alack! he came back to earth and Erin almost in a straight perpendicular. Like Vulcan, he fell all day, and at even there was little life left him."

Is not the publication of the "complete works" of any man too often an injury to his fame? Here's the 4th volume of the new edition of the works of Poe, a pretty volume and carefully edited by Professor Woodberry. The volume includes the stories of extravaganzas and caprice, and what poor, silly stuff they are for the most part, utterly unworthy of the man that wrote such immortal tales as "The Fall of the House of Usher" and such fantastic, highly wrought, impassioned prose as "Silence" and "Shadow."

It is a singular fact that Professor Woodberry in the note "On Poe's Sources" says nothing about the resemblance between "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Iron Shroud" which was published in Blackwood's. The former was first published in 1843.

It is the fashion to call Poe a decadent; but in one sense of the word he was far from being a decadent. He did not seek eagerly after the one, right, inevitable word. As Mr. Stedman says, "his vocabulary was meagre; pet words and phrases constantly recur, and many do service alike in his verse and prose." He was by no means a master of style in the modern

sense, "with its outlaid of stock words and phrases." For he wrote before the days of Arnold and Pater, of Flaubert, Daudet and Maupassant.

It was on the 19th of April, 1761, that the people of Bordeaux were scared out of their wits. There fell at noon a shower of yellow powder, like unto flour of brimstone, "which soon lay a quarter of an inch deep in many parts of the city." There was thought of the Great Day and final dissolution. The people waited for torrents of fire and mighty chasms in the earth. But some thought to examine the powder under a microscope, and they found it to be nothing more than the dust of the stamina of the flowers of pines which abounded in the lands to the south of the city. And so the jig of life went gayly on.

The pulling of posts out of the Common seems like a gigantic operation in dentistry.

"Thomas Hardy is dramatizing 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.'" This is an old story revived. Let us hope there is no truth in it. The masterpiece of fiction would probably make a very poor play.

Just before Dr. Dvorak, the composer, sailed for Europe, he unbosomed himself to a reporter. He expressed himself as much pleased with the conduct of the students at the National Conservatory of which he is director. He likes the colored pupils better than the foreigners, as Germans and Italians. "What I like about our colored pupils is that they are respectful. The Americans, I mean the white Americans, are also respectful and polite. They always treat me white, as you say here. Of the young men, the Americans always are gentlemen, and the manners of the girl pupils are charming." And these, it appears, are the chief reasons why Dr. Dvorak thinks of becoming an American citizen.

Japan shows immediately the result of the late practical lesson in the art of war. She has ordered more ships.

It seems that there is in New York a club known as the "Paranoia Club limited." These are among its objects: "To encourage and study those erratic tendencies in society which have an aesthetic, moral, picturesque, or scientific interest. In particular this club shall pursue the study of Decadence, Occultism, Anarchism, Amateur Economics, Religion and all paranoiac manifestations in poetry, art, science and practical life. Lying in its higher form will be encouraged." There are many Bostonians qualified for non-resident membership.

April 20 '91

Considerable attention is paid in Boston now to cheiromancy. (By the way, the proper spelling is chiromancy.) The science is reported to be "exact," and, as one impassioned admirer exclaims, "The hand contains an epitome of the life's record, and also of the destiny which awaits each man." Are we not even told by a circular that "the opinions of such men of learning as Hispanus, Pliny, Aristotle, Paracelsus, Cardanis, and many others of the same period, cannot with reason be lightly thrown aside," a warning that in its boldness defies chronology.

And what did Pliny say? He reproached Aristotle for his believing that there were bodily signs of length of life. And then he added—we quote from the noble Englishing by Philemon Holland:—"These Physiognomists and Chiromantines * * * as frivolous and foolish as they be, yet now adales are in credite." Accuracy, gentlemen, accuracy.

Aristotle, it must be remembered, said many wondrous things. It was he that foretold long life for all with a crooked back, two long lines in the palm, huge ears, and more than thirty-two teeth.

Perhaps the old sect of the Borborites will be revived in Boston—it's about time for the starting of a new religion. Now the Borborites believed that the hand was the whole civilization of man; without it he would be only a horse or a bull. Men at first had paws like dogs' paws; and they then lived in peace and blissful ignorance. A mighty Jinn became fond of men and he gave them hands; and men little by little degenerated until they did surprising deeds: they made war and built hospitals and painted pictures and invented the plug hat.

And do not forget Troglus, the celebrated Troglus, who judged men by their facial complexions and features. To be sure, his were snap-shot judgments. "A man with large ears is silly and garrulous. They that have a large forehead are generally lazy and of little understanding."

"The Yale nine is badly crippled." Is not this announcement a little premature?

Patriots' Day is Sports' Day.

Now that beef is high, there is thought of lamb. The curse of lamb is the conventionality of preparation for the table.

Plain roasting by a clear and quick fire, with accompaniment of mint sauce, pails. Try boiling and baking and stewing and braising. Would you rival the feasters in "The Arabian Nights?" Order a boned pilau, and you are in the Orient. "Take the leg of a lamb and bone it. With the bone

and the potatoes and a few herbs make a gravy, and put it into the stewpan, with a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and fry, cut into dice-sized pieces the lamb meat and add to this gravy, season to taste, and fry over a brisk fire for ten minutes. Moistened with the strained gravy, add a bunch of parsley, two pimientos, a tomato, and the juice of a lemon, and boil up quickly for a few minutes; then arrange this in a pyramid with slices of lemon and a purée of sorrel."

Eating suggests drinking. How stands the vintage of '91. Reports are now in. There is satisfactory news from Madeira. Port and sherry fall off in amount and merit. Burgundies are generous. Clarets are plentiful, and, with a few exceptions, poor. The same tale is told of champagne, and the quantity beats the record of the previous decade. There is a marked deficiency in quality and quantity in wines of Rhine and Moselle.

In a singular letter, Admiral Ito assigned the cause of the downfall of China to the fact that the literary class is still the governing class, "and literary accomplishment is still the chief, if not the sole, way to power, as it was a thousand years ago. I do not venture to deny that this system is excellent in itself, and might well be permanent, were China to stand alone in the world." There was a famous American politician who expressed in blunter terms his opinion about literary men.

Is this really "a simple evening dress for a young girl?" To the male, the description reads as though it were of some intricate machine. "Over a foundation of periwinkle blue is lightly hung a filmy superstructure of striped silk gauze the same in color this is the skirt. On the bodice the atmospheric gauze is arranged after a different fashion; the stripes, softly gathered round the figure, take a horizontal instead of a vertical direction, with a charming rippled effect as of a wimpling stream under a clear spring sky. Breast-knots and shoulder-wings of rose-petal pink chiffon add a note of distinction to this airy fairy Lillian of a gown; a note that is repeated by tiara-like tufts of small pink roses that crown the fair full-clustered waves of the wearer's hair."

Here is a question in literary ethics. The publishers Methuen & Co. of London wrote to the editor of the Academy asking why certain books published by them and sent to the Academy had not been reviewed in its columns. The proprietor of the Academy sent this message by a clerk: "The proprietor wishes me to say that we do not review your books as you do not advertise in our paper, and, as you do no business with us, we cease to do business with you." The question then arises, is it not the duty of a distinctly literary organ to place before the public impartial criticisms of current literature?

MR PHILIP HALE. (The Critic.)

UNTIL he is 45 years old the thoughtful theatergoer is apt to be an optimist; at 45 he begins to question his enjoyment; with each succeeding year he is the more firmly convinced that the theater is degenerating. The feeders of his youthful amusement are glorified in the recollection. Othello was of more heroic proportions. Touchstone was a courtier of more grace and drier humor. Melodrama was more exciting. There never were such pantomimists as the Ravels. The glory of clowning faded with Fox. Acting is a lost art. The stage is the abomination of desolation. The audience is as without understanding.

In all ages of the theater there has been the cry, "degeneration!" In the alleged glorious days of the drama, there were sitters in the seat of the scornful. They that now see in the Theater-Francaise the model theater should remember that leading critics of Paris look at it skew-eyed.

The theater is the mirror of the day. In a time of adventure, discovery, hot enthusiasm, when the prose of familiar speech was poetry, blazed the fiery genius of the English dramatists from Marlowe to Shirley. In profligate days the drama reflected the manners of the dissolute. Artificiality in daily life sauntered, applauded, upon the stage. The revival of romanticism shaped anew the drama. The plays that in spite of the passing of years still draw audiences maintain their hold not merely on account of fine thought and sounding phrase, but because they appeal to men and women now living.

As the play is the thing of the hour, comparison between the dramas of this age and of those gone before is without basis, and is illogical.

The drama of today expresses the character of the people that support it. Tawdry rhetoric no longer inevitably compels admiration. The strut of formal tragedy is not to be endured. A street scene in Boston is more to us than the sight of the Forum. The melodrama now hangs on a practical peg familiar to the people. Social problems are worked out by the stage players. The thought of the day is in the dialogue. Dan Mulligan is more human than the Stranger or Alonso, the Peruvian. With all their extravagances, the pieces by Mr Hoyt are franker, more real than the bulk of the plays found in the collections of Lacy and his predecessors.

The modern drama is at the same time cleaner and less priggish. It provokes discussion, excites friction; witness the plays of Ibsen, Pinero, Herne. It leads, even in wild farce, to thought of political evils; witness Mr Hoyt's "A Texas Steer." Is there horse play? There always has been. It has grown less and less vulgar. Is there a love of the spectacular? There always has been. But tinsel and gewgaws are of less influence each year.

Does the box office rule? No more than in earlier years. It is recognized even in the subsidized theaters.

Is the audience less critical? Dreary tragedies, utterly absurd melodramas, brutally coarse farces that delighted our fathers would excite contemptuous wonder if they were now played. It is to be regretted, however, that the fine old right of hissing that which bores or offends has been abandoned in this country. For judicious hissing is a noble corrective and purifier.

The drama is more natural, more human, more influential than it ever was. It no longer is the highest expression of poetic thought. But it has not degenerated, unless the thoughts, hopes, fears, aspirations, beliefs and very life of today are those of a degenerate people.

Philip Hale

Twenty-third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra, With Miss Caroline Clarke as Soloist-Miss Szumowska's Piano Recital.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor:

Overture to "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini
Air, "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea".....Handel
Symphonic Poem No. 4, "La Jeunesse d'Hercule".....Saint-Saëns
Concert Aria, "Viveta," op. 80.....V. Lachner
(First time.)

Symphony No. 4, in D minor.....Schumann
Cherubini's overture to "The Water Carrier" has long been counted among the great overtures of the world, and yet it is not as large and noble a work as his "Anacreon" overture. The latter, with all its contrapuntal ingenuity, has classic simplicity, a chaste beauty that is almost severe, and yet woo: the admiration and challenges the variable tastes of the ages. The overture to "The Water Carrier" is more dry and formal; the wlg is more in evidence; there is not as much serene coloring obtained by simple means; and yet it is a composition to be heard with respectful attention even if the rapture provoked is very moderate. It was finely played, and Mr. Paur worked up with thrilling effect the climax that ends the introduction.

"La Jeunesse d'Hercule" is the least spontaneous and the least interesting of Saint-Saëns's symphonic poems. In a way it seems soporific. It reminds one of the old reading book piece, "Tact and Talent," where antithesis becomes a bore. "Least interesting," however, is to be understood discreetly, for Saint-Saëns in his music for orchestra is almost always interesting. His methods of instrumentation alone repay careful study and give enjoyment even when the scheme of the composition may not be wholly a delight. It would be instructive in the class room to compare the music of "seductive nymphs and Bacchantes" who tempt Hercules with the strains that Wagner wrote for the scene in the Venusberg. Richly sensuous as are the many passages given by Saint-Saëns to Pleasure, the music of Virtue is wanting in solemnity or nobility, and "the glimpse of the reward of immortality" is not unlike the final transformation scene, so far as the music is concerned. Mr. Paur, last evening, took perhaps the wiser course and favored Virtue. The bacchantic music might have been a little more furious, more reckless. But as some insist on the educational value of these concerts to the young, Mr. Paur is, after all, to be commended in refraining from making Pleasure too alluring. The orchestra gave an admirable performance from the purely technical standpoint.

The symphonies of Schumann are not loved in France by the majority of musicians, who complain of the dryness of the instrumentation, and the attention paid at times by the composer to the mere working out of a contrapuntal problem without regard for tonal coloring or strong dramatic

effect. The symphony in D major is the one that best answers these objections. Surely the rumanza and the scherzo are creations of haunting and imperishable beauty. They were played delightfully last evening. But the performance of the first movement was not wholly satisfactory. The rhythm at times seemed lumbering, and there was the thought of the stern resolve to accomplish a task. There was a lack of elasticity. The color was monochromatic.

Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang Handel's air "As when the Dove" and a concert aria by Vincenz Lachner. In the performance of the first, the additional accompaniments by the late Otto Dresel were used. Many have entered the accompaniments of Handel and Mr. Dresel no doubt went to work in all sincerity and reverence. The result of his labor was not fortunate. The accompaniment seemed muddy, prejudicial to the voice, and often un-Handelian. I admit the thinness of the original score. I admit the gravity of the problem. But it must never be forgotten that when such masters of counterpoint as Handel and Alessandro Scarlatti wrote arias, they wrote accompaniments of great simplicity. To them the singer was the all-important person. We have wandered far in these days from that sane practice. Now, the result of Mr. Dresel's thick, distracting and anachronistic accompaniment was that Miss Clarke, although she has a strong and full voice, was at times only one voice, not distinctly heard, among many voices.

Miss Clarke has improved in certain respects since she sang at the last Worcester Festival. She is not as much given to scooping or to unmeaning explosions. It is true that last evening her intonation was not always pure and her attack was not always inapproachable. But she had greater and more artistic control of her fine voice. This praise is to be applied especially to her singing of the air by Lachner. She did comparatively little with the air by Handel, and her enunciation was not clear. The "Viveta," on the other hand, was sung with breadth and with no small degree of passion, and the delivery of certain phrases was admirable and impressive. Miss Clarke has still something to do with her upper tones, for occasionally they are cloudy. It is to be regretted that the words of Lachner's aria were not printed in the program book; as it was, probably not six persons in the audience had any idea of what Miss Clarke was singing about. She was applauded generously.

PHILIP HALE

MISS SZUMOWSKA.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska gave the second of her piano recitals in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. She played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; an andante with variations by Haydn; Schumann's "Papillons"; Chopin's B minor Sonata, and pieces by Paderewski and Liszt. There was an applauding audience of fair size.

This graceful and amiable pianist was apparently less nervous yesterday than she was Thursday night, for she played with more artistic poise and with greater command of rhythm. And yet her performance was in a sense monotonous. Admirable as were scale passages, arpeggios, the use of the pedals, the quiet taste, the refinement—they palled and palled quickly, because the pianist painted constantly in miniature. If you accept blindly all that Mr. Paderewski does in his hypnotic and androgynous fashion, then you are satisfied with Miss Szumowska. Color, however, is not the only thing. Color alone will not make a sonata by Beethoven endurable, nor is color all that Schumann thought of when he wrote. In the playing of works of high imaginative flight, and in works that suggest that untranslatable German word "Innigkeit," Miss Szumowska seems superficial. She does not understand the depth of Beethoven's feelings. She does not strike the note of passion. She colors nicely. She does not know the value of daring black and white. She is the echo of the female voice of Paderewski.

PHILIP HALE

ABOUT MUSIC.

Francis Walker Tells of His Musical Quest.

How He Finally Found His Sure Vocal Salvation.

"Letters of a Baritone" Are Addressed to All Pupils.

Francis Walker, an American, went to Italy to study singing. The story of his hopes and tribulations, of how he fared at the hands of teachers is told in a well-printed volume of 298 pages, entitled, "Letters of a Baritone," and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"These letters," Mr. Walker says, "are published with the sincere desire to make easier for others the way which for me was fraught with difficulties."

There are many who will realize only too well the meaning of those words. Even they who do not go to a foreign country, where they lose time on account of ignorance of the language, understand imperfectly the teacher even though he may speak a little English, suffer from strange climate and diet, and finally are tormented by the thought that the instructor does not appreciate their particular needs; even they who study in one of our large cities realize—often when it is too late—that the teacher so many are praising is not the one for them. It is not an exaggeration to state that an excellent teacher of singing is a

One has intelligence, but looks only at the dollars. One has impudence, the gift of gab, a little skill, and no conscience. One prefers to please the pupil and his friends by teaching glibly how to sing a song with conventional expression rather than to go through the drudgery of placing the voice. Another is honest and ignorant, and he is undoubtedly the most dangerous. Fashion is apt to rule in the so-called success of a teacher. Pupils are inclined to be gregarious. Thousands of dollars are spent by pupils who learn little of the great rudiments of the vocal art. These pupils sing in concert and show their superficial training. Patrons and patronesses may boost them for a season; they soon grow weary of them; and the poorly taught turn into poor teachers.

These remarks apply to Italy and France as well as to the United States. As Mr. Walker well says, "The unscrupulous, plausible wrecker of voices is found everywhere, but the thoughtful student may learn how to avoid him at home and abroad—in fact he must learn many things from every other to whose thoughts he has access. Experience is a doctress who holds forever good, but it is too often thought to mean that each must gain his experience for himself, and we forget, or refuse to avail ourselves of the time-saving help others can give us."

Mr. Walker went to Florence, although "Milan has drawn to itself the greatest number of teachers and innumerable agencies, and, as a natural consequence, the students flock thither." The climate of Florence is better, for "Milan is swept by fierce winds in winter, and in summer is baked and arid."

His prime need was a thorough placing of the voice. He tells, without bitterness, the mistakes and failures of teachers with whom he had previously studied. "The shoal of self-styled 'Voice-Builders' in our own country do an incalculable mischief to art. The people who talk and write volubly of their theories and experiments, and who invent machines to teach singing with, are, more or less consciously, humbugs. There is no royal road for the student of singing—no 'short cut.'"

He hired a sitting room and bed room for \$10 a month, a small piano for \$3 a month, and began to study with the celebrated maestro di canto, Signor O—. As Mr. Walker does not see fit to give the real name of this teacher, I shall not disclose his identity. This may be said: Signor O— is a teacher of repute, and an excellent coach. He asked \$2 an hour, and went to his pupils' rooms, as it gave him needed exercise. And what did the illustrious master do for Mr. Walker? He said that there was need of more tone-color. He advised him not to open his mouth as widely as had been his habit. He found the voice "forced in the highest notes and totally unequal to the lowest ones." In both extremes it was lacking in solidity and security. And the illustrious master gave him songs and operas to learn, studies by Concone. An excellent master for making points in a song, but he did not place Mr. Walker's voice.

And here Mr. Walker makes a digression that is invaluable to all students of singing. It is, however, concerning a purely technical matter, and so I refer any inquiring soul to the book itself, pp. 35-39. The question discussed is why there is so often a scraping sound in the upper tones of sopranos. Yet this quotation may be permitted. "The mischief was generally perpetrated by some self-styled 'voice-builder.' The very term is misleading, because building is done from below upward, and that is exactly what is wrong in making a voice. . . . The process should be exactly reverse, and the strengthening of the weaker tones effected by working from above downward."

In this digression occurs this admirable sentence: "The teacher who allows himself but one unvarying formula of expression must fail to reach about three-fourths of the intelligences represented in his pupils."

Mr. Walker kept on singing songs. Sometimes they went well, and again he could not sing them at all. He had no settled method of production. The master did not seem to take pleasure in doing that which was most needed. Mr. Walker changed his rooms. He was happy when he found oatmeal in the shops. He had much trouble in learning Italian, which language he regards as indispensable to a student. "I cannot see how it is possible for any one to learn to sing well and to make the utmost of his voice without using this language as at least a phase of study." Finally, discouraged, he changed teachers. He became a pupil of Francesco Cortesi.

Mr. Walker tells but little about Cortesi's career. He states that he was graduated from the music school at Bologna and studied composition with Rossini. Poughn in the Supplement to the great dictionary of *L'États* names him as the composer of operas brought out in Rome (1859) and at Florence (1879-1874). His sister, Adelaida Cortesi, was a well-known dramatic soprano from 1846 to 1861, and in the course of her career she visited this country.

Cortesi heard him sing, tested his voice in many ways, and said, "Almost everything you do is wrong, and it is impossible to predict now what you will be able to accomplish, but I have a curious feeling that there is something worth working for in your voice, so if you will begin with daily lessons for one month, and will continue them for a second month in case I think it necessary to do so, I will take you." Mr. Walker then gives the technical details of the instruction, which are of deep interest to students, who are referred to the book itself.

"None of the teachers who muddle over anatomical matters in detail, and thereby create a distressing and hampering consciousness of muscular arrangement, ever turn out an artist—one who makes a really legitimate and successful career."

Cortesi believed that many good things follow in the train of vocal flexibility; so in addition to exercises he set him at work on Rossini's music. But these details if quoted in full would eat up too much space. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Walker, according to his story, made sound and sure improvement. It would be an agreeable task to quote in full Cortesi's remarks about the vibrato and the tremolo, the messa di voce, etc., and other points of interest to singers.

Mr. Walker again changed his rooms. He found excellent quarters for \$1 a month. His breakfasts, "simple and slight," cost about \$3 a month. "I have two good, plain meals per diem at an excellent restaurant. For these I pay by the week—\$8, with 20 cents every week to the cameriere who serves me. For luncheon they give me soup or macaroni, then meat with vegetables, and then a choice of cheese, pastry, pudding, or fruit—all with abundance of excellent bread and good red wine." He learned at last not to pay "foreigners' prices." He paid Cortesi \$30 a month for daily lessons of one hour each.

Interesting sketches of life in Florence are given, and in the gossip about fellow students, the Bostonian will recognize "Mr. W—, the son of a distinguished American singer," as Mr. William L. Whitney, that admirable teacher, singer and musician now living in Boston. These letters, by the way, are dated 188—. "Of all here the most thoroughly prepared to become a singer is the Mr. W— of whom I have spoken. He is a deep student of harmony, having here in Florence the exceptional advantage of study with one of the ripest musical scholars of Great Britain, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and he has a real gift for composition which should be utilized. He is an excellent pianist, as I lately learned by hearing him play. . . . His voice is a rich basso, with a compass that brings within its scope rôles like Marcel and Sarastro. He has been here three years with Signor O—. Now Signor O— was the teacher Mr. Walker left. He surely did well by Mr. Whitney."

Wagner was a great genius, thinks Mr. Walker, but much of his music "is directly destructive to the singing voice. Examples would not be wanting to show that purity of tone and correctness of production are sacrificed first. Then the fine sense of style goes, and as the ear deteriorates it ceases to demand accuracy of intonation. It is not an uncommon thing to read in the reports of German operatic performances statements like the following: 'Herr — showed himself the great artist he always is, although he sang flat throughout the third act!' Did the critic mean the man was a great actor? Certainly he could not be a great singer and sing false through an entire act of an opera." On another page we find: "All baritones are profoundly thankful for the molting phrases of 'O, du mein holder Abendstern.'" But, Mr. Walker, did you ever hear the *romanza* sung absolutely in tune?

Take operas with you, when you go to Italy to study. "Many of the copyrights are owned here by publishers who hold them at almost prohibitive prices."

The temptation to quote is great. It is true there are commonplaces, there is gush, there is twaddle, there are descriptions that may well be skipped. There are also shrewd observations, as those about a subsidized opera in the United States, the absurd attention paid here in opera houses to upholstery that impairs the musical effect.

Would that the author had confined his dissertations to subjects of purely musical interest!

There are students that ask "Why should I go to Italy to study?" Just as there are students who really go to Germany to take singing lessons, incredible as this last statement may seem. Mr. Walker gives these reasons in behalf of Italy: "As long as Italy is Italy, with her climate, her language and her traditions, the best will come here to take what she has to give them from those resources. In this, as in any old civilization, the student can have the needed tranquillity for his work, the withdrawal from that feverish existence

which is a poison we Americans, of all peoples, imbibe without knowing it. In Italy, along with serene retirement, one secures a constant inflowing of subtle artistic sympathy which feeds and sustains one with more or less tangibility. Then the climate is certainly something like in effect to Silas Wegg's famous poetry—'mellerin' to the organ!' The use of the Italian language, not only in singing but in conversation, with its simpler, ampler vowels, gives one a freedom of tonal emission not to be learned from English alone."

"Finally, as to what I have termed traditions—ah! that is difficult to explain. It does not mean that the Italian *maestri di canto* hold and conserve certain ancient secrets about the training of the voice. No, it is something far less definite than that, although the existence and possession of such secrets is a claim often set up by charlatans who profess to teach 'by the old Italian method.' In America they are to be counted by the score. Sometimes they are clever and unscrupulous young Italians who have picked up a little English to follow over here the business of accompanatori to English and American students. It is their task, at from one to two francs per hour, to play over the operas for such students and assist them to learn a repertoire. In that way they get a knowledge of points, style, etc., and without knowing anything thorough about the voice, they set up in English and American cities as *maestri di canto*! . . . There are perhaps worse evils. Of all people, beware of the man who demonstrates to you from anatomical charts and from a human larynx pickled in a bottle of spirits, that when you attack the middle C your arytenoid cartilages must pull a little toward the southeast! None of that nonsense is heard in Italy. . . . From time immemorial Italy seems to have produced voices free and pure, unobstructed in their natural manner of emission. . . . The best Italian teachers have been so saturated with the right things in voice production, that they cannot allow their students to do the wrong things. . . . In Italy the rule is the use of the good, old-fashioned, everyday, well-wearing article—common sense! . . . Then there is the business of expense. I pay here in one month for daily lessons exactly what in New York I should give for five lessons, and I live here and go to the opera freely for what would pay there about half the bare cost of living alone."

Mr. Walker's book, in spite of the blemishes noted, is well worthy of the attention of all interested in singing; it is full of valuable suggestions to those thinking of studying in Europe. Florence is not the only city in the world; Mr. Cortesi is not the only teacher in the world; but this book will indeed act as a stimulus, possibly as a corrective.

PHILIP HALE

MR. ROTOLI'S MASS.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli's impressive mass, given at St. James Church, Harrison Avenue, met with such favor Easter, when the church was crowded with members of the French-Italian opera company and local musicians and lovers of music, that it will be repeated this morning. The solemn service will begin at 10 o'clock. Mr. Clifford will again come on from New York to sing the baritone part. They that wish good seats should go early. Repeated hearings only confirm the impression made last Christmas that the mass shows in most admirable light the rare technical skill as well as the warm musical temperament of the talented composer.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of the Symphony Concert is on another page.

Scolara, the well-known bass singer, died lately at Saint Petersburg.

Mrs. Mary-Howe-Lavin sang at the 40th anniversary of Marchesi's School in Paris.

Mascagni's "L'Ami Fritz" was coolly received at its first performance in Madrid.

Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett will sing at Norfolk Hall, Dorchester, Monday evening.

Leoncavallo's new opera, "Chatterton," is in rehearsal at the opera house in Saint Petersburg.

"Zrynl," a new opera, music by de Vleeshouwen, met with only respectful attention in Antwerp.

Lola Beeth, soprano, has left the Vienna Opera Company. She proposes in future to be a playactress.

Mr. Guzman left 50,000 francs to the city

of Paris to pay for musical entertainments for the sick poor in hospitals and asylums.

"Die Schelm von Bergen," opera in three acts, music by Emil Sahlender, met with success at its production in Heidelberg March 17.

Eduard Zeldencrust is the name of a young Dutch pianist who is said to have made a stir in Paris. He will visit this country next season.

Thomas Breton used folk-songs of Aragon and Andalusia with marked effect in his new opera, "La Dolores," produced in Madrid March 16.

The composer of "Tarass Bulba" is Berutti, from the Argentine Republic. The opera, founded on Gogol's tale, was produced at Turin.

"Die Karlsschülerin," a new operetta, text by Wittmann, music by Weinberger, was produced in Vienna March 21 with extraordinary success.

"La Jacquerie," the opera unfinished by Lalo and completed by Coquard, was first performed at Monte Carlo, March 8, to a very applauseful audience.

The Khedive Abbas-pacha gave Martha Reinert a white horse, worth at least \$1200, because he liked her piano playing in Cairo. All jokes on red hair are barred.

"A. Van der Meer," op. 10, no. 1, is a new music by the late Benjamin Godard, was applauded at its first performance at the Opera Comique, Paris, April 1.

They propose to give in July at Mayers Hall the "Hercules" and "Deborah." The chorus will be 100 and the orchestra 100. Here in Boston we hear "The Messiah" twice a year.

The Signale says that Mr. Geriecke has asked the Society of Friends of Music in Vienna to be exempted from the duties of conductor of the Society concerts after the expiration of this season.

You have to go to Paris to learn Boston musical news. The Ménéstrel of the 7th says that Miss Carlotta Desvignes, contralto, met with overwhelming success here lately in concert. Just when and where did she sing?

Gilmore's Band will play here Sunday, May 5, at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Victor Herbert is preparing an interesting program. The soloists will be Mrs. Louise Nottol, Frieda Simonson, Addis J. Gery, and Mr. Herbert.

Miss Marguerite Hall sang a group of songs by Mr. Clayton Johns at the last of Mr. Powers's "musical mornings" in New York, the 13th. She was accompanied by the composer. Miss Lillian Chandler played the violin at the same concert.

The last Cecilia concert in the series for wage-earners for this season will be given in Music Hall on Wednesday evening, May 1. The club will sing part songs by Weinzierl, Battistini, Benedetti, Stewart, and others. Miss Harriet S. Whittier and Miss S. Louise Truce will sing duets; and Max Heinrich will also sing.

The Boston Athletic Association Glee Club will give a concert in Association Hall, Friday, at 8 P. M. The following will assist: Miss Gertrude Franklin, Messrs. T. E. Johnson, Ivan Morawski, Heinrich Schuecker, and the members of the Boston Instrumental Club, of which Mr. W. W. Swornsboutne is the conductor.

The Musical Courier thus speaks of Mr. Arthur Beresford of this city, who sang in the performance of the Bach Passion Music (Matthew) in New York the 13th: "Mr. Beresford is a capable and intelligent singer and acquitted himself satisfactorily, though he was at times a trifle throaty. He is evidently at home on oratorio ground, and sings with ease and judgment."

Paderewski was not praised unanimously in Paris. The Ménéstrel that always accuses him of playing to the ladies and of "affected languor" spoke thus of his Fantasia polonaise: "It will only live as long as Paderewski plays it, for it contains too many formulas and too few interesting ideas for it to stand alone. The instrumentation shows at times in a cruel manner the inexperience of the composer."

Mascagni's "Silvano," produced at the Scala, Milan, the 25th, was a dismal failure. One journal says, "The libretto is crazy stuff, the music is poor, the fruit of hurried labor." The text is a weak imitation of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Two men, Silvano and Renzo, love the same maiden, Silvano, who is beloved by Mathilde, is a smuggler and is banished. During his absence Renzo seduces Mathilde. Silvano returns, and is without suspicion for a time. Learning the truth, he shoots Renzo. De Lucia, they say, was wholly admirable in his part.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a review of the Philharmonic Society concert, April 3, thus speaks of the latest work of a devotee to the fetish of national music: "Two little orchestral pieces of quite unexpected poverty by Sir A. MacKenzie, were performed for the first time; they are based, it seems, upon old Scottish airs, and they sounded more like circus music—with the pauses for jumps included—than the compositions of a really sincere musician. When will Sir A. MacKenzie forget this painful and unremunerative attraction for 'National' music? We expect nothing from him until he does forget it."

A recital will be given by Mr. C. L. Staats, clarinetist, in Wesleyan Hall, Tuesday, at 2.30. He will be assisted by Miss Jessie Downer, Miss Jennie Corea, Messrs. Fisher, Fries, Van Santvoord and Muller. The program will include Kalliwoda's Trio op. 48, on airs from "Zampa," for violin, clarinet and cello; a romance and polacca, for clarinet and piano, by Julien Edwards (written for and dedicated to Mr. Staats); Saint Saens's Caprice op. 73, for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano. Miss Corea will sing airs by Bach and Kucken.

A benefit concert by pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music will be given in Association Hall, Monday, the 29th, at 3 o'clock. The program will contain the Symphony in G major by Haydn and other numbers performed by the Orchestral Class, and vocal and instrumental solos by advanced students of the institution. The proceeds are to be used to enable talented pupils to continue their studies next fall who would otherwise not be able to do so. Tickets may be obtained from Oliver Litson Company, Washington Street, at the New England Conservatory, at Association Hall, from R. H. Dana, 906 Exchange Building.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday will be as follows: Passacaglia, Bach; Symphony No. 3 (Eroica), Beethoven; overture "Melusine," Mendelssohn; "Menuet des Feu-Follets" and "Valse des Sylphes," Berlioz; overture "Tannhäuser," Wagner. This will be the last concert of the fourteenth season.

Miss Julie Geyer will give a piano recital in Union Hall Thursday evening, May 2. The program will include Grieg's concerto (of which the orchestral score arranged for a second piano will be played by Anthony Stankowitch) and pieces by Mendelssohn, Grieg, Rubinstein, Chopin, Foote and Liszt. Miss Geyer, who is known to the musical people of Boston, sails for Europe May 8 to pursue her studies and play in concerts. She will appear in London in Queen's Hall May 22, 29 and June 5.

Mr. Freyer has received a telegram from Mr. Paderewski, and arrangements for the American tour are now confirmed. Mr. Paderewski will appear in Boston in Music Hall, the week of Nov. 11. The feature of the first program will be his "Polish Fantasia" for piano and orchestra.

Mrs. Herman P. Chelius will give a piano recital in the music rooms of the Boston Conservatory of Music, Thursday, at 8 P. M. She will play pieces by Rubinstein, Chopin, Kullak, Schubert, Raff, Liszt, Schumann, Dupont.

A concert will be given this evening at the Academy of Music, Chelsea, by the Bostonian Concert Company. The following will appear: Miss Mary Tracy, violinist; Miss Gertrude Lovering, reader, Mr. Lon E. Brine, baritone; Mr. Wulf Fries, cellist; Mr. E. E. Nickerson, cornetist, and Mr. James T. Whelan, pianist.

The last concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, will be given Tuesday evening. The program will include a quartet by Hans Koessler, Beethoven's quartet, E flat major, op. 47; Schumann's quartet, A major, op. 41, No. 3.

"Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!"

It seems that Charity as well as Art must have patrons and patronesses even in Boston.

There is a portrait of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley that looks as though he were sitting for a gargoye.

Early in the day as it is, the Paderewski boom has been started anew. First, his "favorite, or only pupil" appears in concert. Then the faithful and familiar manager descends among us. He is in hourly communication with the eminent pianist, who wishes before he dies to play once more with the greatest orchestra in the world, and in the most musical city in the entire solar system. When Mr. Paderewski said a fearful good-by to this Western shore, he announced his intention of never playing again in public, but devoting his life to composition. Now there is talk of 80 concerts in 80 days, and the cable is hot with propositions and replies. The fever will break out in November. Even now you hear the name "Paddyroosky" fall from nervous lips in street cars. Classes should be at once formed for exercises in pronunciation.

Our old friend, "Max Eliot," tells the people of Boston: "Of Mr. Adamowski, I find there is surprisingly little known by most of the English musical critics." Why surprisingly? Mr. Adamowski's reputation is largely parochial. It surely is not international.

"Max" adds, "Mr. Adamowski has one friend, however, who will soon give all the London critics to understand that the idol of the Boston Symphony rehearsals has had a career of considerable brilliancy—that friend is Mme. Melba." Max, Max, is this a sentence of malice or good nature?

Let us again refresh ourselves with the thought of famous men and women. This is the anniversary of the birth of Henry Fielding and Immanuel Kant; without paying vain tributes to these immortals, let us ponder the life of Belinda Crauford, who, born April 22, 1697, lived to the age of 115. She could read and see without spectacles to the last hour; she looked as youthful as a girl of 18 years; "had a blooming complexion, her eyes animated and lively, and walked occasionally the distance of two miles to prayers. When she was 104 she was asked in marriage by two gentlemen of considerable property, whom she refused, contrary to the wishes of her friends." She was, perhaps, the noblest product of Galway county.

And this is the anniversary of the baptismal day (1629) of John Bigg, the Denton Hermit. A man, who had known fortune and was a good scholar, he was seized by melancholy and lived in a cave. He begged leather, which he immediately nailed to his clothes. Three bottles hung to his girdle; for strong and small beer, and milk. One of his shoes is in the Bodleian Museum at Oxford. It is made up of about 500 patches of leather. Mr. Bigg was 97 when he died.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Mr. Bernard Shaw finds this great practical advantage in the display of living pictures: "Many of the younger and poorer girls in the audience must have gone away with a greater respect for their own persons, a greater regard for the virtues of the bath, and a quickened sense of the repulsiveness of that personal slovenliness and gluttony which are the real indecencies of popular life, in addition to the valuable recreation of an escape for a moment into the enchanted land to which naiads and peris belong." Mr. Shaw speaks as a sanitarian as well as an art critic.

The dramatic critic of the New York Times speaks these brave words. In fact, this speech is the summit of personal heroism: "Tribby" by Du Maurier will soon be forgotten, and then "Tribby" by Potter will be the shadow of a shade."

To T. T. A.: You write to the Journal that the word "buccaneer" "is usually derived from 'boucan,' said to be Caribee for smoked meat." "Boucan," or more properly "bucan" is a Tupi or allied Brazilian word, conveyed by Europeans in the 16th century to Guiana and the West Indies, and hence often set down as Carib, Haitian, etc. It was a name for a wooden framework or hurdle on which meat was roasted or smoked over a fire. Now the first meaning of buccaneer was one who dries and smokes flesh on a buccan after

the manner of the Indians. Then, from the habits which these buccaneers subsequently assumed, it was a name given to piratical rovers who formerly infested the Spanish coasts in America. Then, by extension, it meant a sea-rover who makes hostile incursions upon the coast; a filibuster. "Boucanier" in French was originally "one who hunts wild oxen." A "buccaneering piece" was a long musket used in hunting wild oxen." "Buccaneers or Hunting Frenchmen" occurs in English as early as 1661. As synonymous with West Indian pirates, it is found in the "Dictionary of the Canting Crew," 1690.

T. T. A. says, "In the 'History of the Cinque Ports,' by Monagu Burrows, there is an account of the battle of St. Mahé, fought in the 14th century, in which occurs the word 'baucan'—'a streamer of red sandal, the emblem of mortal war and death without quarter.' This would give the buccaneers an earlier origin than is generally ascribed."

"The London Sisterhood of Advanced Women" in their Commentaries on Genesis (just published), congratulate their sex on the fact that Eve was tempted with an offer of knowledge, "man being of such a lethargic, groveling nature, that a similar lofty ambition never entered his mind." By the way, do they say anything about Adam's first wife Lilith, described so minutely by the early Rabbins?

Brother Moody's prayer must have been one of uncommon fervency.

It is to be noticed that as Miss Leiter went down the aisle, the choir sang "O Perfection." Miss Leiter came from Chicago.

Mr. John L. Sullivan's latest scars are honorable to him.

Gov. Evans in speaking of "the Quirks, Gammons and Snaps" showed that he was not unacquainted with polite literature. By the way does anybody read in these days Warren's once famous novel?

The base ball season is really begun. An umpire has fined a manager \$125 and there are indignant protests in the newspapers.

The statement of a contemporary that "invitations to the electrocution will probably be sent out tomorrow" should have appeared in the "Social Gossip."

A Hamburg steamer has brought to New York "an unusually large consignment of wild animals." They are four-legged and unacquainted with anarchistic chemistry.

Here is an insight into the Heliogabalian luxury of life among the 400 in New York. Mr. W. E. D. Stokes thought he heard a burglar in the house. He at once armed himself for the fray. If a Bostonian should so jump from his bed, he would instinctively clutch a boot, a poker, or a volume of Browning. Mr. Stokes, reaching for the nearest missile, grabbed two bottles of champagne, not Great Western, but of foreign brand. In his excitement he banged them together and broke one. Did he stop to consider the expense, or to dry himself? Not a bit of it. He pursued the invader with the other bottle raised high in air.

This is St. George's Day. It is to be regretted that the late Edward Gibbon thought poorly of England's patron saint. He spoke of George as a parasite and a promoter, who made money by securing a contract for supplying the army with bacon. "His employment was mean; he rendered it infamous. . . . The odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George Cappadocia has been transformed into a renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry and of the garter."

If you dread shattered illusions, take to yourself a poultice by reading the Rev. J. Milner's "Inquiry Into the Existence and Character of Saint George" (1792). But remember the saint is not peculiarly an English Institution, like pale ale or the cricket bat or Queen Victoria. He is the guardian saint of Sicily, Arragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malta, Barcelona. Knightly Orders in his honor are Venetian, Spanish, Austrian, Genoese, Roman, Bavarian, Russian, Hanoverian.

When on St. George rye will hide a crow, a good harvest may be expected, was an old English saw. And on this day Englishmen of fashion once donned blue coats.

This is the birthday of William Shakespeare, who according to some learned antiquarians and cipher-guessers, wrote Bacon's essays, the "Novum Organum," and "Natural and Experimental History," although he pretended to be nothing but a playwright. He should not be confounded with Roger Bacon, who also had a pretty knowledge of the "ographies" and the "ologies."

Apropos of Shakspeare, what does Mr. Stuart Robson mean when he refers to "a worthy old gentleman in Boston, who poses as a dramatic censor and Shaksperian critic, who asserts that all the good actors—save one—have passed away?" Mr. Robson, should not give to the world the appearance of such modesty. The one actor named by the "W. O. G." is named Jefferson, not Robson.

Paul Cooper, who died in Albany, at the age of 70, was a son of the novelist, but he had other claims to recognition. He was a lawyer of ability, a man of nimble wit and biting sarcasm. For some years he was very deaf. At a meeting of the Bar, called to honor a Judge who was about to leave the Bench, Mr. Cooper saw the Judge—call him Hogeboom—speaking with a show of great emotion, and the lawyers listening with bowed heads. "What did he say?" asked Cooper in tones that rang through the court room. "The Judge was telling the gentlemen that he would meet them in a better world." "He was, was he," remarked Cooper, "well, Hogeboom 'always was a sanguine fellow."

Mrs. Clio Huneker, who is to receive \$10,000 for her statue of Fremont, is the wife of Mr. James G. Huneker, the brilliant "Raconteur" of the Musical Courier, and the music critic of the New York Recorder. Mr. Huneker is also a generous contributor to the column signed "The Prompter" in the last mentioned newspaper.

T. T. of Boston asked the New York Sun: "How can you say wabble? Why not say wobble?" To which the Sun replied, "Because, O learned Athenian, the Aryan root of wabble is kwap and not kwop." The Sun is right. We regret that the question was put to it by a Bostonian. It is not necessary, however, to go back to the Aryan, although the Sun preferred a long distance derivation. "To wabble" is to totter as a top almost spent in spinning, or to wriggle as an arrow flying, and the German "wackeln" and the Dutch "waggelen" are spelled with an "a" not an "o." Neither can "T. T." extract an "o" from the Welsh "gwibiaw." "Wabble," said Mr. Noah Webster, in the first edition of his "American Dictionary of the English Language," is neither low nor barbarous, and its place cannot be supplied by any other word in the language."

April 24-95

Mr. C. W. Ernst, a valued correspondent, writes to the Journal, as follows: "In causing the temporary resurrection of the dead on Boston Common, it is not necessary to try the resurrection of the old fable that Julienne soup was invented by, or named after, Julien, the Frenchman, whose restaurant used to be at the corner of Milk and Congress Streets, about a hundred years ago. Recipes for soup 'à la julienne' are given in a French cook-book of 1722, entitled 'Cuisinier royal et bourgeois.' The term was introduced, with the dish, by our French allies in the Revolution, and not by Julien, the French restaurant keeper in Boston, who belongs to a later age. Julienne soup was known all over Europe before it reached New England. Boston is famous for brown bread, fish balls and other dishes; we have nothing to boast of in the soup business."

This Julienne fable was revived the other day by a contemporary, Mr. Drake, in "Landmarks of Boston," says "M. Jean Baptiste Julien was the inventor of that agreeable potage which bears his name." But Mr. Ernst is undoubtedly correct in his views, and our contemporary and Mr. Drake are in the Julienne. The Century Dictionary, by the way, refers to the fable and does not contradict it.

Do you remember "Memorials of Gorman-dising" by Thackeray? In that delightful essay he objects to the conduct of a friend who when he dined with him in Paris at the Café Foy insisted on inserting purée into the julienne. "If this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your julienne by itself."

Cooks show genius in giving a name to a new creation. Did not Alcide Mirobolant when he was wooing Miss Amory offer up at her shrine an "Ambrosie de Calypso à la Souveraine de mon Coeur?"

Mr. Ernst is also right in saying that Bostonians "have nothing to boast of in the soup business." The daily institution of soup at dinner is in New England a thing of comparatively modern invention. Many sturdy citizens of Boston 50 years ago regarded soup as a foreign kick-shaw, and "soup-eaters" was a term of reproach. Bailey over a century ago defined soup as a "strong-broth"; but the ordinary soup at a Boston restaurant today has not even the recommendation of strength. And there are people now living—estimable possibly and surely misgilded—who agree with Cobbett that "to pour regularly, every day, a pint or two of warm liquid matter down the throat, whether under the name of tea

coffee, soup, frog, or whatever else, is greatly injurious to health." Cobbett, of all men in the world! Cobbett, who boasted that he had not during his life "spent more than thirty-fives minutes a-day at a table, including all the meals of the day."

Now the quality of soup and the respect shown soup are the surest symptoms of genuine civilization.

A well-known painter in this city has sent us the following communication: "The ceiling of the General Delivery room in the Public Library Building is of natural wood. Exposed in its nude beauty, it was one of the most striking ornaments of the building. Since the arrival of Mr. Abbey and his mural decorations, which have been described aptly as 'mere illustrations,' this ceiling has been painted a dull leaden color, to enhance, no doubt, the effect of Mr. Abbey's work. And who took the measurements for these decorations? For they proved to be incorrect. Mr. Abbey has been obliged to cut down and enlarge and paint anew."

"Two thousand tailors on the East Side of New York have struck." This statement is not as formidable as it seems. According to tradition, there are only 222 2-9 men out of employment.

Mr. Campanari, formerly of this town, sang in the performance of "Die Meistersinger" (in Italian) at the Metropolitan Opera House Monday night. The Sun in its review says that he "deserves special mention and praise for his beautiful singing as Kothner, a small part which he lifts into prominence by his fine vocal methods and clear enunciation."

In view of the fact that the Prince of Wales may visit the United States this summer, Walsingham's generosity in telling palpitating citizens how to behave in the presence of royalty cannot be too highly praised. "As a rule, the Prince is addressed as 'Sir.'" It is no longer considered good form to use the expression "Your Royal Jags" or "Your Royal Nibs," and "Yes, sirree," is flippant. To Walsingham, of course, and some of the English beauties, the Prince is "Bertie," just plain "Bertie." His Highness does not care for beer, but relishes keenly dry champagne and brandy and soda. It is always courteous to invite him to such liquid refreshment, but he should be allowed the choice.

The filthy condition of the wind-swept streets in the Back Bay is a disgrace to the town and a menace to health.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, late Professor at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and the best-known of our Canadian poets, has resigned his chair and intends to make his home in the States.—The Bookman.

The latter part of this statement is not true. Mr. Roberts is only here on a visit. He has no intention of taking up his abode in the land of Uncle Sam, although he would be very welcome.

April 25-95

No wonder that when 30 or 40 feet of the river wall of a Lowell mill sunk in the Merrimack there was instantaneous thought of the Pemberton disaster, although there is in the present instance no charge of faulty construction. What a wild and indignant cry went up all over this land in January, 1860, at the greed of builders and the rapacity of owners! Look over the columns of Vanity Fair. Bellev drew the signing of the contract between Death and the owner; skeletons are the hodcarriers; truly, a ghastly picture. Then there were poems of brutal frankness, as,

"A curse on ye, ye millionaires,
Who sit at home in your easy chairs,
And crack your nuts and sip your wine
While I wait over this son of mine!"

Longfellow's poem was parodied in a grim spirit:

"There is a builder, whose name is Death,
A fearful one I ween;
He builds the frail walls with a breath,
And blood's the cement between.
"Can I not make them look strong?" saith he,
'And save the owners gold;
While the dividend fat will be sweet to me,
Whether paid by the young or the old."

When the National Federation of Labor considered in one day the cases of the National Musicians' Union and the Brewers, there was at least an apparently logical sequence.

It appears that men who blow out the gas are not confined to the comic weeklies.

This is St. Mark's Day, a festival once kept with fear and trembling. It is perhaps even now the custom in some English villages for people to sit and watch in the church porch on St. Mark's eve from 11 at night till 1 in the morning. The third year they see the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year pass by into the church. Blessings were "implored upon the corn" this day.

Sir William Vaughan told this story in his "Golden Grove" (1698), and such simple faith is almost to be envied. "In the year of our Lord 1589, I being as then but a boy,

do remember that an ale-wife, making no exception of days, would needs brew upon Saint Mark's Day; but lo, the marvelous work of God! while she was thus laboring, the top of the chimney took fire; and before it could be quenched, her house was quite burnt. Surely, a gentle warning to them that violate and profane forbidden days."

Du Maurier, of course, knows whether he fashioned Trilby after Madam Anna Bishop, but his statement that he never even heard of the once famous singer seems incredible. And yet there may be people in the United States—mountain dwellers or Southern crackers, or in solitary confinement—who never heard of Trilby.

Mr. John Lane, the publisher, believes that poetry pays—in limited editions.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, we fear, is not always serious. He was not serious—or stay, perhaps he was profoundly in earnest—when he signed his head of Mantegna "Philip Broughton" and "From a Pastel," "Albert Foschter." They appeared in vol. III. of the Yellow Book, and the critics who cursed the art of Beardsley praised fulsomely the art of Broughton. And yet was this such a victory of mockery as the artist thinks when he hugs himself in gleeful recollection? Is not the art of Broughton superior to that of Beardsley, amazingly clever as it often is?

Mr. Beardsley does not fully appreciate his critics. "They alone," he says, in a fine burst of aesthetic indignation, "have discovered the unmentionable. The critic de-

sires to produce not criticism but copy, and abuse trips glibly off his pen." And then Mr. Beardsley made the remarkable statement that his "Mysterious Rose Garden" (Yellow Book) is really an "Annunciation." He also announced his intention of illustrating with sympathy the Book of Leviticus. It looks as though "the modern Hogarth" were a-guying us! He should think better of his critics. For they have advertised him largely.

F. M. G. writes to the Journal about the beri-beri. He says that if the word is Cingalese it has long been known along the coast of Brazil. The Brazilians believe that the disease comes from drinking certain country waters. Inlanders to avoid it, or to seek a remedy, rush to the coast; but it seems to be also a coast disease. The beri-beri is occasionally exported from Bahia along with sugar, cotton, coffee, horns, tobacco, cocoa nuts, rum, rose and other woods.

Yesterday there was talk of soup. When Alfred Bunn, the theatre manager and librettist, was in Boston in 1853 he was so amazed by the bill of fare of the Revere House and of Taft's Hotel, West Roxbury, that he published them in "Old England and New England." At Taft's there were 19 kinds of game, two puddings, four pies, diversified "dessert" and ice creams and jellies; but there was no soup. At the Revere House there were six boiled meats, 14 side dishes, eight roasted meats; there was just one soup, and this soup was "chowder."

A contemporary states that "hasty pudding is called 'mush' in those corn-fed regions of the great West where it is an almost daily article of diet." Truly a wonderful discovery, worthy of the consideration of the Dialect Society at a special session. John Pickering as long ago as 1816 noted the fact that "mush" was used in some of the Southern States for the same thing that in the Northern States is called hasty pudding. We have heard "mush" thus used in the Western part of Massachusetts, although hasty pudding was the more common word.

April 26-95

We have received the following communication which is signed "Endicott Street:" "Five Trustees are the lawful keepers of the palace in Copley Square. Invitations from the palace would properly come from those Trustees, who are now in a state of transition. But the good people of Boston must not resent a New York invitation for a night view of their own property. When the cook and the coachman invite you to their ball, it is not graceful to speak harshly of their masters. The inscription, 'Open to all,' may not be visible in the night; and we must draw the line somewhere. * * * But let us, not disturb the affair. The Back Bay has a local flavor of which it should not be deprived. What is Boston without Back Bay manners? Let us smile; let us forgive."

It is said that the architects of the Public Library will not indulge themselves thus officially again in a petite soirée—with or without a leg of mutton—until the inauguration of the McKim bust. The date of this pleasing ceremony is not yet absolutely determined.

For Mr. McKim is to have a bust. An evening contemporary speaks for posterity and thus pays a genteel compliment to the architect and itself.

In this connection the following letter is of contemporaneous interest. It is from me to question the worth of the art of Mr. Abbey or Mr. Sargent; but should a library building be an art museum or a safe and commodious building for storing books and delivering them impartially to the public? You may say, 'It should be ornamental as well as useful; but you would surely add that the utility of the building is the all-important thing.' Is it true, so much money has been spent on mural decorations, lions, zodiacal signs, etc., that wooden stacks instead of steel stacks were built for the books? Is it true that there is not at present money enough to buy useful and improving books as they are published? I hope you will be able to contradict the reports that I have heard.' We regret that we cannot give X. X. X. the desired information. It does not seem possible, however, that the Library is crippled in the very purpose of its existence. A superb Library Building that is without books of immediate use and necessity may be "a noble inheritance," but has not the present generation some rights in the matter?

Another stoker, "made insane by the intense heat of the fire-room," jumped overboard. There is much talk about the marvelous improvements in the construction of steamers, but the condition of the wretched trimmers and stokers has not apparently been bettered.

The Empress Eugénie has nearly finished her memoirs. Will she tell the true story of Dr. Evans, who was as skillful in speculation as in filling teeth and compounding tooth powder?

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that the American Dialect Society is in danger of confounding dialect with slang.

Mr. James G. Iluneker, speaking of Mr. Lackaye as Svengali, says in the Musical Courier, "I cannot truthfully aver that his laugh was as shuddersome as expected from the Boston press accounts. But as Boston only smiles, any laugh must shock its cultured midriff."

Was there thunder yesterday? Thunderstorm in April is the end of hoar-frost. Or, like Mr. Wegg, to drop into poetry: "When April blows his horn, It's good for hay and corn."

Mr. Croker runs to alliteration. He is a County Cork Croker from Clonakilty.

Street-car poetry has degenerated.

R. T. writes from Bethlehem, N. H., to the Journal: "The old saying when I was a boy was, it don't amount to Hannah Cook's dinner. I remember when I was 9 or 10 years old"—B. T. was born in New Bedford 53 years ago—"being at my grandfather's in Dartmouth, four miles from New Bedford. It was in haying time; a man named Borden, an oldish man, in speaking about a saythe made the remark: 'It don't amount to Hannah Cook's dinner.' A few minutes after, being a boy who always wanted to know, I asked him who she was. He said: 'An old woman that lived down on the Cape, and all she had for dinner was a herring bone and a potato peel.' * * * When I came here 19 years ago, I think that expression was new to this town among the hills."

R. T. adds: "There used to be, and I suppose there is now, a word peculiar to Nantucket, and that is the word which I should spell to pronounce 'Kouff.' It is for a stranger who comes there, and when they see one, they call him or her a 'Kouff,' the name is something like coot, a bird (wild one)."

It seems that the farm owned by B. T.'s grandfather had been in the family since 1660. "My father was the 5th generation that lived there." In these days it is uncommon for a man to die in the house that saw him born.

In the reviews of Nordau's "Degeneration," you see, nine cases out of ten, a knowing allusion to Dryden's couplet, beginning "Great wits are sure to madness near allied." Seneca anticipated Dryden as well as Nordau and Lombroso when he wrote: "There is no mighty genius without a mixture of insanity."

It was Miss Anna Fuller, author of "A Literary Courtship," who said, "Eternal love? Yes, I believe in it; but then the object changes!" Ten to one, you'll find this jest in any large collection of French epigrams.

Mesdames Eames and Melba are not on speaking terms, indeed some go so far as to say confidently that the singers even smile on each other—on, not at. It will be remembered in this connection that Melba is not to be a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company next season. Emma can now afford to be good-natured.

If Melba really goes on a concert tour, appearing in "Scenes from favorite operas," will she not make a grave mistake? No doubt, she will reap a handsome pecuniary reward, but why imitate Patti before age compels? Melba has made such unmistakable progress in dramatic art, it seems a pity that she should just now contemplate leaving the stage.

They say that Mr. Timothy Adamowski will conduct the orchestra in these Melba concerts. Will he leave the Symphony Orchestra? Perish the thought! It is true that he will not be the conductor of the Popular concerts this season, for he is to go to London to fiddle for Mr. Nikisch and possibly the Queen. To him is Melba indeed a guardian angel.

And who will be conductor of the Popular concerts? There are good conductors to be had. The story goes that Mr. Antonio de Novellis will be the man. A conductor of large experience, an excellent musician, his election would be a guarantee of success.

To "Senex" "El Mayor Imposible" is absolutely without reference to politics. It means "The utterly impossible" and it is the title of a new comic opera founded on Lope de Vega's play of the same title.

According to an old English calendar this is the day that the bell-shaped squill flowers.

If the United States can afford to mix itself up in the Japan affair, why should it be coy toward Nicaragua?

Mrs. Parnell shows family pluck.

That was a sad, a heart-rending sight in Montreal. Mr. W. C. MacDonald, the proprietor of a tobacco factory that was burned, "rushed about like a madman bewailing." Did he bewail the fact that his building was of four stories, with iron-barred windows, no fire escapes and only two stairways, and that in consequence of such criminal negligence many of his employees were injured severely? Oh, no. He was regretting that his insurance had run out.

A clinic on "Combination Fillings" preceded the dinner of the Harvard Odontological Society. The clinic might more appropriately have followed the dinner.

Major Follett is now, according to French courtesy, le feu-Follet.

The question now is, Will Justice Jackson be strong enough May 6 to sit down on the income tax, or will he avoid the points?

There is no doubt but that the majority of children are too heavily clothed.

Bob Cook has sailed for home. Did he hear the Macedonian cry?

It appears from sundry communications to the Boston press that horses with natural tails cry aloud in their agony, "Come, dock us, that we, too, may be happy."

It was on the 27th of April, 1546, that Mr. William Foxley, pot maker for the Mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, and so continued sleeping. They pinched him, they cramped him, they burnt him, but he slept peacefully for 14 days and 15 nights. "The cause of his thus sleeping could not be known, although the same were diligently searched after by the King's physicians and other learned men: yea, and the King himself examined the same William Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking to be as if he had slept but one night; and he lived more than forty years after in the Tower."

This is the anniversary of the death of James Bruce who after incredible adventures in Abyssinia, Nubia and Ethiopia, met his fate in his own house when handling a lady to her carriage. For his foot slipped on the stair and he fell on his head.

The attention of those who insist that chiromancy has always been held in repute is invited respectfully to the following passage from Dr. Ferrand's "Love's Melancholy" (1640): "This art of chiromancy hath been so strangely infected with superstition, deceit, cheating, and (if durst say so) with magic also, that the canonists, and of late years Pope Sixtus Quintus, have been constrained utterly to condemn it. So that now no man professeth publicly this cheating art, but thieves, rogues and beggarly rascals; which are now everywhere known by the name of Bohemians, Egyptians and Camararas, and first came into these parts of Europe about the year 1417."

What in the world does Stephen Crane mean by this:

"In a lonely place
I encountered a sage
Who sat, all still,
Regarding a newspaper.
He accosted me:
'Sir, what is this?'
'Then I saw that I was greater,
Aye, greater than this sage.
I answered him at once.
'Old, old man, it is the wisdom of the age.'
The sage looked upon me with admiration."

The Ferenczy Comic Opera Company, from the Karl Schulze Theatre, in Hamburg, which will play a summer engagement at Terrace Garden, New York, commencing on Monday, May 13, comprises the following artists: Carola Engländer, Eveline Breit, Therese Delmar and Ida Wilhelm, prima donnas; Frieda Felsner, Marie Prinz and Mathilde Otto, soubrettes; Max Monti, Ferdinand Schuetz and Albert Bernetti, tenors; Siegmund Lieban and Emil Litt, baritones; Martin Siegmann and Emil Sondermann, comedians. Herr Otto Finkelstein will be musical director. The season will open with "Der Oberstelger," by Carl Zeller.

FINAL SYMPHONY.

Tannhauser Overture Winds Up the Season.

Now for the Pops, With De Novellis as Conductor.

Concert Notes and All the Gossip of the Musicians.

The program of the 24th Symphony Concert was as follows:

Passacaglia for Organ.....Bach
(Arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Escher)
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Overture to "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn
Minuet of "Will-o'-the-Wisps".....Berlioz
Waltz of Sylphs.....Berlioz
From "The Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Mr. Paur may well plume himself on the success of the last Symphony Concert of the season. In previous concerts he has given ample proofs of his abilities as a disciplinarian. Last evening he revealed the higher characteristics of the great conductor: fire, poetic feeling, enthusiasm that never ran to extravagance, and yet was contagious; in a word, he exposed fully the artistic temperament. The program was well chosen. It was logical from beginning to end. And in spite of the position of the symphony there was no anti-climax. A very large audience, applause at the start, waxed steadily more and more enthusiastic. With sound sense Mr. Paur refused a repetition of the "Waltz of Sylphs." After the "Tannhauser" overture there was a storm of applause, and Mr. Paur was recalled again and again.

This enthusiasm was a just tribute to orchestra and conductor. Any review of the concert must be written largely in the superlative vein.

Orchestral arrangements of pieces written by Bach for solo instruments are not unwisely regarded as a rule with suspicion. There is Raff's arrangement of the 12 minor chorales, and the hearer is obliged constantly to think of Raff. There is Abert's arrangement of the famous organ fugue, prefaced by a prelude and an interpolated chorale. There is Esser's arrangement of the great organ toccata. No one of these pieces seems so full of the spirit of Bach as this arrangement of the Passacaglia, written for the organ during Bach's second stay in Weimar. It is true that some question whether Bach ever intended this piece for the organ; whether it was not composed for a clavichord with two keyboards and pedals. The theme was a wandering melody, older than Bach; for it appears in the "Livre d'Orgue" of André Raison, who was organist at St. Genevieve, Paris, in 1687. Organists in Germany quarrel concerning the proper registration of the Passacaglia.

Some believe that there should be a gradual crescendo until the fugue is played with full organ. Others, and they are undoubtedly correct, see variations that demand contrasts of treatment. Now, Esser has arranged these variations with the same sense of color and dynamics that is displayed by several of the great organists of Europe. It would be a pleasing task to speak of the skill shown throughout by the arranger, but time and space forbid. Yet I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that Bach's music here tells of the great influence of Buxtehude, an organist who was far in advance of his time, a mighty contrapuntist with a romantic soul. The Passacaglia was read admirably. The tempo, a little faster than the old fashioned minuet, was observed steadily throughout. There was no trickery of rubato; there was no impertinent sentimentalism.

The other selections are familiar, and yet it seemed last evening as though there were passages of beauty and grandeur that had hitherto escaped the attention. Most impressive was the performance of the Funeral March, and the variations in the finale of the Symphony were admirably given. The wood-wind was most excellent in the overture by Mendelssohn, where the clarinets and flutes have a thankful task. The brilliant minuet by Berlioz was a triumph of orchestral playing, and Mr. Paur was very fortunate in the tempo chosen for the vaporous, dreamy waltz. Some might question the advantage of the effect gained in the first delivery of the Pilgrim chorus in the "Tannhauser" overture by a slight retard and sudden diminuendo, as inconsistent with the flow of the rhythm, but there was no doubt of the effect itself. The rest of the overture was given with unusual largeness, sweep and passion.

The first concert of the fifteenth season will be given Oct. 19.

PHILIP HALE

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The closing concert of the 14th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be closely followed by the opening night of the 10th series of the Music Hall Promenade Concerts, which is appointed for Saturday, May 11. These entertainments will be conducted on the same plan which has made them so successful in past seasons. The position of conductor will be filled by Mr. Antonio De Novellis, a musician eminently qualified to direct the splendid orchestra which will be placed in his charge. Mr. De Novellis earned a brilliant reputation as an orchestral conductor during his eight years association with Max Strakosch, in the production of grand opera in Italian and English. He came to this country from Naples in 1876, and inaugurated a series of operatic performances at Philadelphia, during the Centennial Exhibition.

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After the Philadelphia performances followed a tour of the principal cities of the country with a company which included Papeahelm, Marie Roze, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Brighenti, Tom Karl and George Conly. Mr. De Novellis's most noteworthy achievement in Boston was the direction of the season of grand opera in Italian at the Mechanics' Building a few years ago, with a notable company, headed by Gerster and Campanini. The financial failure of this enterprise led Mr. De Novellis to forsake the grand opera for the more lucrative position offered him as conductor of light opera by Mr. John McCaull, with whom he remained for six years. Then followed a notable production of the charming opera "Dorothy," by Mr. Huff.

After this Mr. De Novellis joined Francis Wilson, and for five years had the musical direction of the successful comic opera productions of this favorite comedian. At the beginning of the present season, after most satisfactory evidence of his ability in the preparation of the "Fencing Master" and the "Algerians," Mr. De Novellis selected Mr. De Novellis to take the musical direction of "Rob Roy." The new conductor of the promenade concerts will have ample opportunity to display his sterling qualities as a musician, and will, without doubt, receive a warm welcome from the patrons of these delightful entertainments.

NOTES.

The feuilleton and other notes are on page 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur will sail for Europe in about two weeks.

It is reported that Wilhelm, the great violinist, has been recently married to a pianist, Fraulein Marsch.

Mrs. Helen Bolce-Hunsicker, a dramatic soprano, who is highly spoken of by the newspapers of New York and Pennsylvania, will give a concert in Association Hall May 12. Mrs. Hunsicker is a pupil of Mrs. Ziska, Paris, and Mr. Shakespeare, London.

Miss Julie Geyer will give a piano recital in Union Hall, Thursday evening. She will play pieces by Mendelssohn, Grieg, Rubinstein, Foote and Liszt. With the assistance of Mr. Stankowitch (second piano), she will play Grieg's concerto. Miss Geyer sails soon for Europe, where she will pursue her studies and appear in concert.

The Boston City Band, composed of 25 pieces, Mr. Frank M. Collins, director, assisted by Miss Lizzie Trinder, soprano; Miss Vera Burpee, reader; Mr. Karl Marshall White, impersonator, and the original "Old Homestead" Quartet, will give a concert in Berkeley Temple Tuesday evening. This will positively be the last concert given in this auditorium this season.

The Boston Women's Orchestra will give a concert in Bumstead Hall Tuesday evening. The program will include Schubert's overture, "Rosamunde"; MacDowell's "In October" (first time in Boston); "Vision," Hofmann; and the Vorspiel to "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck (first time in Boston). Miss Chandler will play Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Mr. Phippen will play his piano concerto (first time in Boston).

Miss Villa W. White will give "An Evening of German Folk Songs" at the Hotel Vendome Monday evening in aid of the Tallitha Cumi Home. The entertainment consists of a series of twenty folk songs, from the fifteenth century to the present day, arranged by Heinrich Reimann of Berlin, and includes songs by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms; and

Miss White gives a running explanation and comment which adds much to their interest. Tickets are for sale at the Vendome, Stelner's piano rooms, and Miles & Thompson's music store.

A concert in aid of worthy students of the N. E. Conservatory of Music will be given in Association Hall Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock by the orchestral class and advanced students of the Conservatory. The orchestral class will play Haydn's G major symphony, No. 13, Elfenberg's "The Sandman" and Friedemann's march. Songs, piano pieces and violin pieces will be given by Miss Rennyson, Miss Reese, Miss Stovall, and Messrs. Frank, Strong, Kennedy, and Oakman. A prelude and double fugue by Mr. C. P. Lamar and a song by Miss Lucinda Jewell of the composition class will be heard at the concert. The proceeds are to be used to enable talented pupils to continue their studies next fall who would otherwise not be able to do so.

The Etude relates that a French matron once wrote to the editor of a Paris educational journal asking him if he would be kind enough to enlighten her as to the exact place which the piano should occupy in the education of young girls. The editor referred the question to Gounod. The composer replied as follows:

Dear Sir—You ask my advice on the part which the study of the piano should play in the education of young girls. The reply seems to me the simplest thing in the world. The least time possible for those who are not to make it a profession. This is my unremitted sentiment about the matter. I give it to you.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

The only appearance of Gilmore's Band in Boston this season will be at the concert announced for next Sunday evening at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Victor Herbert will make his first appearance as band master of the famous organization. Mr. Herbert has arranged a program which includes pieces by Wagner, Lang-vy, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Grieg, Scharwenka, Servais, Bemberg, and Kontz, as well as some special arrangements from his own comic opera, "Prince Ananias." The soloists appearing with the band are Mrs. Louise Natalis, the prima donna soprano, formerly with the American National Opera Companies; Frieda Simonson, the young pianist; Mr. Aldis J. Gery, a alto-harp player, Messrs. Herbert L. and Ernest H. Clarke, cornet and trombone soloists, and Mr. Victor Herbert. A special feature of the program will be the first performance here of Mr. Victor Herbert's grand American fantasy.

The Emperor of Russia has allowed the widow of Rubinstein a pension of 3000 rubles annually. As the ruble fluctuates in value the widow will have the joy of speculation.

The San Carlo in Naples has been opened again, and with Massenet's "Werther." This, by the way, is only one of many modern operas that is unknown in Boston, the centre of musical culture.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Review of the 14th Season of Symphony Concerts.

Comments on the Soloists and Programs and Conductors.

Foreign and Domestic News About Singers and Players.

Last evening Mr. Paur conducted the closing concert of the 14th season of the Symphony concerts in Music Hall. It was the final concert of his second year as conductor. It is therefore not impertinent to speak of the character of the programs and the performances.

The soloist—although some protest earnestly against the word—is demanded by the general audience; for personality appeals more strongly to the majority than does absolute music played by an orchestra led by an untheatrical conductor. The manager of any orchestra knows this fact full well, and as bills must be paid, and as there is always hope of gain, the soloist has undue prominence in so-called classical concerts.

Now the singers at the Symphony concerts of the last season were, in order of appearance, Mrs. Juch, Mrs. Eaton, Miss Franklin, Mr. Schott, Mrs. Melba, Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Clarke. The violinists were Messrs. Ysaye, Loeffler, Thomson, Kneisel and Schnitzler. The pianists were Mr. Baermann, Mrs. Lent, Mr. Huss, Mrs. Beach, Miss Szumowska. The other soloists were Mr. Molé, the flute player, and Mr. Schroeder, the cellist. Of the nineteen soloists, five are members of the orchestra.

It may be said that this list, as a whole, may well excite comment. No one will quarrel with the choice of violinists, and Messrs. Molé and Schroeder have an indisputable right to a hearing. But the list of singers as well as the list of pianists is not distinguished. There was a time when an appearance at a Symphony concert was regarded as a great honor. The ability to say, "I sang," or, "I played the piano at a Symphony concert" was formerly the strongest recommendation an artist could give, so far as this section of the United States is concerned. It must be confessed that Mr. Paur did not always show keen judgment in his choice. There were soloists—it is not necessary to name them—who were not worthy of an appearance in the concerts. For neither in technical proficiency nor in display of temperament were they equal to the appointed task. To appear at a Symphony concert should be regarded as the goal of ambition, as a prize awarded to the most fit. Permission should not be granted as a gift of charity or as a token of friendship.

Mr. Paur is not a skillful maker of programs. Several concerts were yawn-provoking, simply because he blundered in selection or in arrangement. True, the art of making a program is not learned by every one. When Mr. Gericke was here, complaints concerning the character of the programs were loud and frequent.

It is true that Mr. Paur evidently tried to show a catholic spirit in selection. Perhaps he looked too favorably on Leipzig, but the list of novelties, as well as the list of familiar pieces, is a proof that he was not parochial in his choice. Among the most important new works produced last season were Chabrier's Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline," Chadwick's 3d Symphony, Sgambati's 1st Symphony, Benoit's Symphonie poem for flute and orchestra, Goldmark's overture "Sappho," Tschalkowsky's 6th Symphony, a piano concerto by Huss, Dvorak's "Carnaval" overture, Loeffler's Divertimento for violin and orchestra, Straube's overture to "The Maid of Orleans," a serenade by Mozart for wind instruments and Parker's "Cahál Mohr."

If the reader, however, should look over the list of novelties played last season by the leading orchestras of Europe, he would find that many pieces which excited attention and were reviewed favorably were ignored utterly by Mr. Paur. In Boston our novelties come late, in orchestral music as well as in opera.

"Schön Karin" is the title of a new one-act opera by Thekla Griebel, a Dane. Produced at Breslau, the wretched libretto hurried the way to failure.

Marcella Sembrich is now in Dresden. Her success lately in St. Petersburg was almost fabulous. She will sing in this country next season.

A string-quartet by Max Puchat, op. 25, was played lately in the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, with overwhelming success. The work was brought out originally at the last Tonkünstler-Versammlung, at Weimar.

Mr. Paur has been blamed by some for introducing "dance music" and playing light overtures, as those by Auber. There is dance music that is worthy of performance in any concert of serious purpose. Mr. Paur is to be praised for his open acknowledgment of this fact. It is to be regretted that his choice of overtures by Auber, the great master of opéra-comique, the composer of several delightful overtures that are triumphs of graceful instrumentation, was singularly unfortunate.

In one respect at least Mr. Paur has shown good sense in his program making. He did not think it necessary to give all the symphonies of Beethoven or Schumann during the season. This, indeed, was a blessed relief. For there is nothing more unendurable, nothing more prejudicial to true musical cultivation than perfunctory familiarity with masterpieces. A season devoted exclusively to "great works" leads inevitably to weariness and consequent scepticism. No thoughtful reader wishes constantly to commune with the giants of literature.

The performances have shown high technical proficiency. The ensemble has almost always been wholly admirable. The new first clarinet and the new first bassoon have strengthened materially the wood-wind, which is now most excellent. The virility of the strings is not as brutal as it was under the reign of the Romantic Hungarian; and yet no one can complain justly of any loss of force and power. No longer do the dealers in brass crack their cheeks and split the ceiling in response to a leader's imperious demand. In a word, the orchestra is a noble musical body of well-drilled musicians under a discipline that does not suggest the martinet. Its performance is seldom rigid; it is almost always free and elastic.

There will always be dispute concerning the readings of a conductor, whether his name be Mottl, Weingartner, Lamoureux, Paur, or Thomas. Such dispute is inevitable. It is good for the musical public. It is good for the conductor. All this, provided of course that the discussion be fair and conducted with intelligence. Perhaps Mr. Paur is inclined a little too much toward conservatism; and yet he has led works of the romantic school with freedom, if not with heaven-illuminating brilliancy. He very seldom errs hopelessly in the choice of a tempo, and his treatment of the detail is not often so pedantic or finicky that the effect of the whole is frittered away.

Mr. Paur is not a révolutionnaire. He is not even a "brilliant" conductor. He is an earnest, sincere, industrious man, who believes that he has a duty to perform, according to the best of his ability. A good musician, an excellent drill-master, he performs his duties in simple, modest, manly manner. It is a marked tribute to his worth that the organization, which is an honor to the city, is now known as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, not "Paur's Orchestra."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Mozart Monument at Vienna will be dedicated Oct. 4.

Mr. Peter R. Neff has resigned the Presidency of the Cincinnati College of Music.

The review of the Symphony concert is on another page.

Mr. Slivinski has been playing the piano

in Russia with more success than that which attended him in this country.

Mrs. Moran-Olden has been singing in opera at Mayence with success.

Bruch's oratorio, "Moses," is published by Simrock.

Josef Hofmann, who is now 17, is making a triumphal tour through Germany.

The new conductor of the Glasgow Orchestra is W. Kes of Amsterdam.

Tamagno will sing at the Liederkrantz (N. Y.) concert this evening Schubert's "Allmacht," the Liszt arrangement, in German.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn will sail on the steamer Trave, Tuesday, for a three months' tour in Germany.

Rubinstein's sacred opera, "Christus," will be produced with great pomp and ceremony at Bremen May 25.

The new dramatic soprano at Hamburg is Miss Mizzi Seiffert, who has been singing at Düsseldorf.

A club has been formed in Pesth for the performance of works written for harp, violin and cello.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Richard Strauss, Felix Weingarten, and Felix Mottl, made a sensation in Vienna.

The Munich people have tried in vain to secure the privilege of giving "Parsifal" in the Opera House.

Léon Richault, the well-known music publisher of Paris, died the 12th. Many Americans who have known his kindness will learn this news with regret.

The Children's Operetta Company of the Zarzuela Theatre, Madrid, will make a tour this spring through Italy and Germany. The average age of the comedians is 11.

Mrs. Brackett and Miss Luce were heartily applauded for their singing in Norfolk Hall the 22d. Miss Luce sang Concone's "Judith" and Mrs. Brackett sang "Nobil donna."

The "7 Children's Songs" by Grieg, op. 61, published by Forberg, are rather for grown up children than for those of tender years.

Paul Kautsch has been with the Tannhäuser and John of Leyden in Cologne. He must have improved nightly since he was in Boston but, say, Cologne is a German city.

Mathilde Mallinger, the once famous soprano at the Berlin Opera House, who has been teaching at the Prague Conservatory, will teach next autumn at the Elcheberg Conservatory, Berlin.

Signor Fabiani "M. A. A. M. P." Harpist from the courts of Europe and the Paris Conservatoire, "teacher of the most rapid, refined Italian method of vocal and instrumental culture," is now in Boston. He proposes to teach.

"Iolanthe," opera in one act, founded on King René's Daughter, music by Tschalkowsky, was given in Leipzig the 28th. It was received coldly. Operas on the same subject have been written by Rud. Fischer (1890), and Julian Edwards (1893).

Siegfried Wagner directed the orchestra at a concert in Rome the 2d. Why do not the victims of Wagneritis persuade him to come over here, that they may gaze upon him, fall at his feet, crown him with laurel, and in other ways find surcease of longing?

Bretkopf and Härtel have withdrawn from their list of publications the translation into German of Praeger's "Wagner, as I Knew Him." The reason given is that Houston Chamberlain, in his book, exposed the malice and untruthfulness of Praeger.

The conductor, Campanini, brother of the tenor, gave a Wagner concert lately in Madrid. The audience was enthusiastic. Mrs. Tetraxini (Campanini's wife) and Mr. Menotti were the solo singers. Mr. Manrique de Lara read a "Dithyramb," in which he compared Wagner to Lohengrin.

The Royal Opera of Berlin will give performances at the end of May in Kroll's Theatre, as the Opera House will be rebuilt. This change is sadly needed. As it stands, the Opera House is one of the most uncomfortable buildings and worst ventilated in Europe.

Dvorak's latest composition, "The American Flag," text by Drake, will be sung for the first time at a concert of the New York Musical Society, Mr. Dossert, conductor, May 4. There will be a chorus of 200 voices, full orchestra and these solo singers: Miss Clary, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. George W. Ferguson.

This will be the program of the music at Elliot Church, Newton, this evening at 7.30 o'clock: Organ prelude, Dubois; Anthem, "He Shall Come Down Like the Rain," Buck; Duet, "Wherefore Is Thy Soul Cast Down," from "Eli," Costa; Quartet, "Hear Us, Lord," Rossini; Anthem, "Hear Me When I Call," King Hall; Organ postlude, Mendelssohn.

The last Cecilia concert in the series for wage-earners this season will be given in Music Hall, Wednesday evening. The club will sing part songs by Weinzierl, Battishill, Benedict, Stewart and others. Miss Harriet S. Whittier and Miss S. L. Bruce will sing duets. Mr. Max Heinrich will also sing. The Misses Rose and Ottilie Sutro will play in ensemble pieces by Mozart, Chopin and Brahms.

E. Bernsdorf thus speaks of the efforts of certain Americans at the 10th "Hauptprüfung" of the Leipzig Conservatory: Emil Winkler, from Fort Smith, played in masterly fashion his own "Theme and Variations" for piano; an overture in F major by Richard Kieselring of Cincinnati showed evidence of talent, but it was laboriously constructed, unpolished, and noisy in instrumentation.

Joachim Andersen has composed three pieces for flute and piano, op. 57. Enrico Bossi has composed an adagio for violin and organ, op. 84, as well as a romance for 'cello (or viola) and piano. Hugo Becker has composed "Liebesleben," op. 7, a little suite for 'cello and piano. "Three salon-pieces," by Schlemmiller, op. 2, for 'cello and piano, are published by Zschocher. Other new pieces for 'cello and piano are Souvenir and Nocturne, by Charles Marx-Markus, op. 38, Nos. 1 and 2.

There will be a new opera company in New York. Operas will be sung in English, beginning Monday night, at the Star Theatre. Mr. W. H. Rosenbach is the manager. Miss Marcella Lindh, Miss Helen Bertram, Miss Marie Maurer, Miss Marie Matfield, Messrs. Victor Clodio, and Conrad Behrens are in the company. The repertoire will include "Faust," "Der Freischütz," "Fra Diavolo," "Rigoletto," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Traviata," and "Il Trovatore."

The concert to be given by the Orient Heights Association in Music Hall, East Boston, Monday evening, April 25, promises to be a fine one and a large audience is assured. Mrs. Alice May Bates Rice, soprano; Miss Edith MacGregor, contralto; Mr. Oscar Bucknam, flutist; Mr. Frank A. Kennedy, violinist; Mrs. C. F. Chamberlayne, pianist; Mr. Jerome F. Henshew, tenor; Mr. W. W. Walker, baritone; Aitch-Jay-lee, humorist, and Miss Marion Fowler, child reader, will appear. The association has tried to make this the best concert of the season.

Professor Claudius Deslouis is now at 326 Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, where he will give lessons in the art of singing. Mr. Deslouis is a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire. For about 25 years he sang leading baritone operatic roles in France and Belgium. He has taught in towns of Switzerland and in Sydney, Australia, where he was most highly esteemed. In February of this year he was tendered a farewell concert by prominent members of the musical societies of Sydney. Professor Deslouis is the author of a "Dissertation on the Art of Singing and its Teaching." He is also the author of Marcel Deslouis, who took this year the second prize for poetry at the Grand Concours held in Paris, when there were 562 competitors.

Did you ever read the works of William Carleton—"Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Fardorougha" and other novels? Even Blackwood praised them, and Thackeray and Dickens were ardent admirers. Carleton's daughters, the elder being 74, are poor and neglected. "For a long time past the sisters have eked out a bare subsistence by needlework. Latterly, owing to advancing years, even this means of support has failed them, and actual want is threatening their eventful life." Subscriptions may be sent to T. P. O'Connor, Weekly Sun, Tudor Street, London, E. C., and they will be duly acknowledged.

Boston can probably supply more "patronesses" in proportion to its population than any city in the world. There were 81 at the Loan Collection of Portraits of Women, and there are 70 at an exhibition for the benefit of a charity.

The mental condition of Old Chimes again excites the uneasiness of his many friends. It was only last week that he said at the Porphyry Club, "No wonder that play 'The Husband' was shelved. Was it not a Mantell-piece?" This sad attempt at pleasantry reminded the bystanders of that choice bit of dog-Latin dear to school-boys: "Homo dic pax."

There are without doubt in this town some weak and foolish people who regret bitterly the absence of a grandfather. Not that they were without a grandfather in the strict sense of the phrase; not that he followed Nature's law and died; but that they have no grandfather to whom they think they can point with pride. Nobody says of these people, "Oh, yes, an excellent family; let's see, his grandfather used to live in Winthrop Place." The old gentleman was honored in the little village where he lived, but his calling was only a respectable one, and his fame was parochial. Now these degenerate descendants had a fine opportunity last week to win family distinction. Why did they not have the presence of mind to hang about the excavation in the Common and watch for unclaimed bodies? The sight of bones exhumed would have led to a shudder, the drawing out of a handkerchief, the cry, "This is indeed sacrilege. Poor grandfather Eliphalet" (or Amos, or Artemas, as the fancy of the mourner might have dictated), "you never thought you would be thus ruthlessly disturbed." Sympathetic crowd. A second funeral. Newspaper notices. Letters of remonstrance against the subway would appear in an evening contemporary. But the mourner could go about like Sir John D'Urberville in Hardy's story, saying, "There's not a man in the county that's got grander and nobler skellingtons in his family than I."

"To subsist in lasting monuments was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums." But an abiding burial place is no more certain than life. The Arabians spoke of five things known to God alone; and one of them was where any person shall die. The angel of death passing once in a visible shape by Solomon, and looking at one who was sitting with him, the man asked who he was, and, upon Solomon's acquainting him that it was the angel of death, said, He seems to want me; wherefore order the wind to carry me from hence into India; which being accordingly done, the angel said to Solomon, I looked so earnestly at the man out of wonder; because I was commanded to take his soul in India and found him with thee in Palestine. The time may yet come when Macaulay's New Zealander will run tunnels through Mount Auburn.

It was stated in this column Saturday that "Mesdames Eames and Melba are not on speaking terms." The sentence was written "Mesdames Eames and Melba are now on speaking terms." For were we not all told that Victor Maurel gave a dinner in New York; that Melba sat at his right and Eames at his left; that the announcement was made that "all past differences were ended." Yet to the observer who has kept run of operatic gossip never was there such cause for feminine fury as at that very dinner.

Melba, by the way, had a beautiful time at the matinée in the Metropolitan last Saturday. She was recalled 10 times; flowers rained on the stage; Melba picked them up and pelted the audience with them; and she leaned forward and shook hands with the women nearest the stage. All this led the New York Times man to say: "As Alfred Jingle remarked when he rushed in and out of the wine shop and wrote the poem, it was 'a glorious time.'" And why should Mr. Henderson put poison in Melba's cup of joy by adding that she "was altogether out of condition, and was frequently off the pitch." Probably because such was the case. Audiences are

apt to wax enthusiastic over false intonation, if the singer is loud and persistent.

Mr. Harold Frederic writes from London: "Reports from Paris give rather mixed impressions of the first of Puvis de Chavanne's panels for the Boston Library, which is exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon. It is described as full of nobility and sweetness and grace of flowing line, but as also ridiculously drawn and wishy-washy in color." But from whom do these reports come?

How long is it anyway since John Bull hit a fellow of his own size?

Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken will be the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. He has signed a contract for six years at \$7000 a year (Oct. 1 to May 1). It is to be hoped that he will be luckier than Theodore Thomas, who, they say, resigned his position and left Cincinnati because he would not beat time with a ham.

It seems that there are "Trilby pies." So there is a Melba tooth-wash. Thus these heroines are in the mouths of men.

Walsingham speaks very kindly of the Princess of Wales, who "is above all convenient." This does not mean that she is capable of being convened; it is merely a stately way of saying that she is a proper person.

April 30-95

The courteous conductor of an electric car is in the habit of addressing a female passenger as "Lady." When he puts his hand on her back to steady her as she seeks a seat, or when he answers questions concerning the weather, the character of a public building, or any topic of contemporaneous interest, he seldom says "Ma'am" or "Mrs." To him no passenger is a woman. All females are "ladies," even when they try sordidly his patience. But conductors of Back Bay horse cars are still more gallant. They delight in the phrase "Mrs. Lady." Horse cars travel slowly; they admit of such redundancy in courteousness.

Alas, alack, the blow has fallen! Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed! Hung be the heavens with black! For Mr. Timothée Adamowski has resigned his position in the Symphony Orchestra.

Will the Friday Public Rehearsals be abandoned next season? Will they draw in the absence of the lode-stone? There is no use in trying to disguise the fact that the rehearsal-girl did not palpitate on account of the music or the skill shown by Mr. Paur; she was moved by the sight of Mr. Adamowski. And who can take his place—as lode-stone, not as violinist? Mr. Kneisel is too much occupied with his music. Mr. Loeffler is thinking of new effects in instrumentation. And there are in fact no professional beauties among the violinists, first or second. The kettle-drum man excites admiration by his military precision and wealth of gesture, but his duties compel him to remain in the rear. Then, unlike Italy, he has not the fatal gift of beauty. The most romantic face in the orchestra is that of the first clarinet player, a most excellent artist. He has the color, the hair, the eyes of the dweller in the Midi. The melancholy yet caressing tones of his instrument make their way to every sentimental heart. If the orchestra were only a military band, he would sit in a commanding position, and by his very presence inspire febrile, feminine agitation. As it is, he is buried in the ranks. Alas, alas! The problem is a difficult one, and the future welfare of the orchestra depends on the solution.

And what will Mr. Paur do without Mr. Adamowski? How can he endure the thought of separation from such a zealous and intelligent supporter?

How about the legality of the contract of Messrs. Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher with a kinesiograph company to fight six rounds before the camera? O science! science! how many crimes are committed in thy name!

It appears that John Boyd Thacher is up the Nile. It was believed currently that the river's name was Salt.

This discussion about smoking on summer street cars is a bigger nuisance than the smoking itself.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "It is certain that America has a formidable rival in the cattle export trade if it is true that fat cattle from Argentina can be sold in London at £12 a head with profit. Notwithstanding the fact that the Argentine cattle sent to this country are not so fat as the American cattle, the price is 50 per cent. below the American."

The Marquis de Castellane, the father of Miss Gould's husband, sized up the United States in 15 days, and he has published his impressions in the Revue de Paris. "What is, properly speaking, society in the United States, it is impossible to say. The word 'society' is an expression which has no raison d'être in America. . . . He who would undertake to portray American society would waste his time." This will be pleasant reading for the New York connections of the Marquis. Is it possible that he met no one of the 400?

The Marquis saw very few carriages in New York. It appears from him that everybody rides on the elevated railway, and the railway was built because "without exception, the people had no time for drives." It was Mr. Henry Fielding who said, in the preface to "A Voyage to Lisbon," "What motive a man can have to sit down, and to draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of knowing more than other men is, perhaps, beside hunger,

the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing at all. Why, then, should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself?"

This is the anniversary of the death of the Chevalier Bayard, Von Tilly, Farquhar, and James Montgomery, but let us rather consider for a moment Alexander Naughtley, a clergyman whose income was only \$14 a year. He cooked his victuals, and his bed was of straw. And yet he composed a treatise on Algebra, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, written on 60 loose sheets, tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread. He was rejected by a woman whom he loved. He grew prodigiously fat, and died 139 years ago today. Are there not as many "lessons to be learned" from his life as from that of Tilly or Farquhar?

Mr. H. T. Parker of New York speaks brave and true words about Mr. Mancel-nell, who conducted "Die Meistersinger," "with a thorough understanding, a spirited appreciation, and an unflinching care, alike of details and of whole effects, that, had he been fortunate enough to be born in Germany, or Austria, or Hungary, would have brought him even more abundant applause, within and without the theatre. The perverse notion is deeply seated in New York that Germans or Austrians or Hungarians have some sort of divine right to serve as conductors, and that it is blasphemous to mention the despised children of the Latin races beside them, or to suggest that at times they are capable of doing as good or better work."

Mr. Parker's words apply to Boston. There is the same "perverse notion" here, just as there is in the strange belief that music is a peculiarly German institution. That Mr. Ellis has turned his back on the superstitious and chosen an Italian, Mr. de Novellis, as conductor of the "Pops" is a matter of congratulation.

Concert Given in Aid of Worthy Students by the Orchestral Class and Advanced Students of the New England Conservatory.

A good-sized and appreciative audience heard the concert given in aid of worthy students of the New England Conservatory of Music in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 13, was well played by the orchestral class, assisted by members of the Fadette Ladies' Orchestra. The quality of the strings was particularly noticeable, and the bowing showed the thoroughness of the training. The other orchestral numbers were Ellenberg's "Sandman" and a march by Friedemann. A prelude and double fugue, written by Mr. C. P. Lamar for the piano, was played by Mr. William D. Strong. It is a scholarly work, although unpretentious in its scheme. Mr. A. R. Frank sang "Sorge in fausta," from Handel's "Orlando," with effect. Miss Gertrude Rennyson and Miss Maude L. Reese gave much pleasure by their songs, as did Miss Stovall, who played piano pieces by Liszt. A pleasant feature of the concert was a duo for two violins, by Danela, played by Messrs. Kennedy and Oakman.

May 1 -

Concert by the Boston Women's Orchestra in Bumstead Hall—A Musical Entertainment at Berkeley Temple Institute.

The Boston Women's Orchestra, Mr. Arthur W. Thayer, director, gave a concert last evening in Bumstead Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Rosaunde".....Schubert
Concerto for violin.....Mendelssohn
Miss Lillian Chandler.
"Im October," from Suite for Orchestra, MacDowell

(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for piano and orchestra.....J. Phippen
Mr. Phippen.
(First time in Boston.)

ViolonHofmann
(First time in Boston.)
Vorspiel, "Haensel und Gretel".....Humperdinck
First time in Boston.

This orchestra is thus constituted: 14 first violins, 14 second violins, 5 violas, 5 cellos, 4 double basses (one of them a man), 1 flute, 2 clarinets, 1 trumpet and a kettle drum girl. Last evening the help of man was invoked, and 1 male flute player, as well as 2 oboists, 2 bassoonists, 4 hornists and 1 trombonist assisted. Without any disrespect to Mr. Thayer, who is a musician of parts, the hearer last night might well have wondered if no woman in town were competent to be conductor. For the time must surely come when a woman's orchestra will be entirely independent in woodwind, brass, percussion and conductor of the other sex.

The concert gave much pleasure. To say that the playing was ideal would be nonsense and an insult to the intelligence of the young musicians. The strings were excellent, and there is material for a good concert in Miss Lane, who needs now to consider the great importance of tone. The attack was generally precise, and there was a genuine appreciation of the character of the music.

Hofmann's "Violon" is poor stuff, but the movement from Mr. MacDowell's suite is fresh and delightful music, full of the spirit of out-door life as breathed in October air far from the smelly town. It was a delight to get some idea, even an imperfect one, of the prelude to Humperdinck's popular opera. Why in the world did not Mr. Phippen produce it at a symphony concert? It rarely had excited enough attention in Germany and England to warrant importation. The range of it under the circumstances was played badly, but it is our impression that it is a full modern orchestra, and the strength of Humperdinck lies in his own music.

Mr. Phippen's concerto for piano won the prize offered by a conservatory of music, and it is dedicated to Mr. Dvorak. It was hard to gain last evening a full, satisfactory impression of its merits, for orchestra and piano were huddled together in a small room, and it was hardly possible to hear with advantage. The concerto seems to be carefully made, but the themes have little or no distinction and the treatment of them is dry. The impression made by the instrumentation was not a pleasing one. Miss Chandler played the concerto with skill and taste and proved herself in the orchestral numbers to be a leader of authority and intelligence.

The hall was well filled with an applause audience.

BOSTON CITY BAND.

The Boston City Band, 25 pieces, Mr. Frank L. Collins, conductor, gave a concert last evening in Berkeley Temple Institute. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Among the pieces played by the band with success and credit were Sousa's "Liberty Bell" march, Suppe's overture "Banditen Strelche," Steiner's "Fleur d'Alsace," Reitzel's galop "Almacks," and Carter's "Boston Commandery" march. The concert was pleasantly varied by the appearance of Miss Trinder, soprano, Miss Vera Burpee, reader, and Mr. Karl M. White, impersonator.

Once there were May rites and observances even in New England, although pilgrims looked on sourly. Even now there are school children who, like Corinna, go a-Maying. They search for flowers, and they too often bring back pneumonia. Our climate does not always smile on the reminder of pagan festivities.

And so there is no rising here very early in the morning, no walking to the nearest wood, no breaking down of branches. There are no garlands, bagpipes, fiddles, rural sacrifices to preserve horses and sheep, incantations of fishermen, hanging in the entries of white-thorn that witches may be frightened. No May-pole, heathenish idol, stands in Boston Common. There are no Morris Dances. Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Little John, Maid Marian are now seen only on the stage. It is true the hobby-horse is not forgotten, but he is ridden only in figurative sense, and he prances chiefly in communications published in the newspapers.

And yet there was one May day custom that might well be preserved, for climate cannot chill its pleasure. It can be practised in palace or cottage. It requires no machinery, no gorgeous trappings. For when Bulstrode Whitelocke was Ambassador to Sweden (1653) he taught Queen Christina English May day habits. At the May day collation, "The Queen, among other frolics, commanded Whitelocke to teach her ladies the English salutation, which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke most readily."

They say that marriages in May turn out unluckily. And here again we have borrowed from the ancients. Plutarch asks why Roman lovers shunned this month, and he gives sundry reasons. "Is it for that it cometh between April and June? whereof the one is consecrated unto Venus, and the other to Juno, who are both of them the goddesses which have the care and charge of wedding and marriages, and therefore think it good either to go somewhat before or else to stay a while after. * * * Or what and if we say, it is because many of the Latin nations offered oblations unto the dead in this month. But may it not be rather, for that as some do say, this month taketh that name of Majores, that is to say, ancients; like as June is termed so of Juniores, that is to say Yonkers. Now this is certain that youth is much meetier for to contract marriage than old age; like as Euripides saith very well:

'As for old age it Venus bids farewell,
And with old folk, Venus is not pleas'd well.'"

Do you seek comfort in weather lore today? You will rather be as one distracted. Thus suppose it rains. Here is one saw: If it rains on Philip's and Jacob's Day, a fertile year may be expected. And yet

"A May wet
Was never kind yet."

But the Spaniards say "To be hoped for, like rain in May, and in West Shropshire they believe that

"A wet May
Makes a big load of hay."

You will find a proverb for every wish.

Music and no license? What would the "Pops" be without beer?

Here is a singular instance of modern civilization. The spectacle of a rich man "coining millions" by sending up the price of wheat excites admiration, not detestation.

That the title "Trilby" was not originated, invented or written by Du Maurier is an ingenious claim of the defendant in an injunction suit. Certainly, chronology is a witness for the defendant.

You often see the sign "Quick Lunch." Is such a lunch, like quicklime, unslacked?

What shall we do with our boys? The

editor of an English journal for youth was asked the other day, in all seriousness, whether he could recommend the profession of a hangman. The editor replied, "While the hanging trade is by no means overcrowded, a remarkable fact, in these days of fierce competition, still it is not as lucrative as many other much more agreeable callings. It is, in truth, one of the precarious pursuits, the returns depending altogether upon piece work, orders being plentiful at some seasons and desperately scarce at others."

On the housekeeper the moth-miller is more terrible than the gypsy moth. She might well demand government aid and protection. Already is the pest at work, rejoicing in the rich harvest that will follow his quiet, spectral labor. The ancients were not so defenceless. Take the case of the Neapolitans. Virgil once set up a brazen fly on one of the gates of their city; it remained there eight years and did not permit a fly to enter the town. And why did the defender disappear at the end of eight years? Was he tired, or was he smashed into pieces by some envious Roman or Tuscan? These old stories are singularly incomplete.

It is Mr. G. R. Shaw's opinion that in theatrical matters the public despises nothing so much as an attempt to please it. "Torment is its natural element; it is only the saint who has any capacity for happiness. * * * The artist's rule must be Cromwell's: 'Not what they want, but what is good for them.' That rule, carried out in a kindly and sociable way, is the secret to success in the long run at the theatre as elsewhere." Whatever you may think of Mr. Shaw's paradoxes and whimsicalities, you read him with delight. The style of the man, his absolute boldness, the splendor of his irony, the egotism that no more offends than does the egotism of Montaigne or Pepys, the inexorable judgment! No wonder that the Saturday Review gives him eagerly full license.

Mrs. Devlo testified in New York that for putting the final touches on little trousers for small boys, and by working from 5.30 in the morning until 12 o'clock at night, she could earn \$2.50 a week. She is only one of hundreds in New York. Was Egyptian bondage crueller?

It seems that there was "a heavy veil of mystery" thrown about ex-Mayor Grant's wedding. This being interpreted means that Mr. Grant and his bride regarded the ceremony as of particular interest to themselves, and did not attempt to convert private joy into a public splurge.

May 2

Mr. Howard Walker's article on "The Boston Public Library" is a careful study of the building as a work of art. But the real question is not one concerning monumental or unmonumental staircase lions, nor is it about grilles, architraves, keys of color, harmonious entablatures, friezes and "slch." The question is this: Is the building as it now stands eminently suitable for the purposes of a public library?

Various explanations of the stench that comes from the Public Garden are given. Is not the smell that old, familiar, disheartening one of river mud; just plain, every day river mud?

There is a melancholy interest to the brain specialist in watching the decay of intellect. Perhaps it is the progress of the subway that has changed Old Chimes materially the last fortnight, for Chimes is very conservative—indeed, he has never boarded an electric car, nor has he been persuaded to read "Trilby." He dozed a few minutes yesterday in the Porphyry, but of course no one noticed the infringement of the rules. Awakened by a fierce discussion of the Nicaragua trouble, he smiled on the group and said, "Gentlemen, conceit is a hard enough thing to be patient with, but when postage stamps get stuck on themselves—" The behavior of the hearers was eminently worthy of the reputation of the club. There was not even a look of reproach.

In the Chap-Book for May 1, Mr. Bliss Carman tells his wish to the "Lord of the vasty tent of heaven," and it is such a modest, tiny wish. All he wants is: "A thousand loves in a thousand days And one great love for a thousand years."

Then the Chap-Book publishes a remarkable picture, "Joaquin Miller at Home." Mr. Miller is clad in an immense black hat, a speckled necktie about four feet wide, a pair of ink-black boots, and a hoe that reaches into the margin of the page. He also wears considerable hair.

The young man that writes the "Notes" for the Chap-Book has just discovered George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man," and the one youth objects to the other. But this discovery comes so late. The quotations already have a musty flavor. The censure seems as old-fashioned as a cameo brooch.

And the young man of the Chap-Book does not mention the fact that in his little note on Mallarmé he borrows—let us be courteous—from the Englishing by the said Moore, of one of Mallarmé's prose-poems.

On the other hand, "Nuts" is a collection of Maurice Thompson, a variety of the earlier Chap-books. All lovers of Montaigne will delight in it.

A carper says that Shakespeare's play this week should have been entitled "Two Cents & Oshkosh."

Let's go and live in Madagascar. Beef here is worth only a cent a pound.

At the farewell performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Miss Bauermeister received a diamond studded watch, Edouard de Reszke a silver fish-knife, etc., etc. A golden pitch-pipe might have been given appropriately to one or two of the stars of the first magnitude.

The Journal commented editorially Tuesday on Mr. Kingsbury's article in which he claims that the Ulster dialect in the Galway girl's mouth is, historically speaking, our purest English. The claim is not new. Richard Grant White, in discussing the question whether the letter A should be pronounced in Irish fashion "ah" or in Scotch fashion "awe," remarked ("Every Day English" p. 10) "there is little room for doubt, if any, that the Irish pronunciation, in this respect as in so many others, represents the original English sound." See also White's chapter, in the same book, on "Irish Pronunciation."

Apropos of the awful revelations in New York, do you remember in "Alton Locke" the description of the sweater's den? And yet it now seems a pale, inadequate sketch.

Sandow should drink today to the memory of his predecessors; for this is the anniversary of the birth (1675) of Richard Joy, the Strong Man of Kent, otherwise known as the English Samson. His reputation was such in 1699—he was 67 when he died—that his portrait was engraved, together with a representation of several of his amazing performances, among which are his pulling against a strong horse, breaking a rope capable of holding 35 hundredweight, and lifting to the amount of 2200 pounds.

Spain is "Me too" to Russia.

As long ago as 1849 Herman Melville said, "Why, my lord, the stump of a cigarret is an abomination; an two of them crossed are more of a memento-mori, than a brace of thigh-bones at right-angles."

Julie Geyer Plays the Piano in Union Hall—The Last Concert of the Cecilia in Music Hall.

Miss Julie Geyer gave a piano recital in Union Hall last evening. Assisted by Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, second piano, she played Grieg's concerto. The other numbers of the program were as follows:

Prelude in E minor Mendelssohn
"Poème Erotique" Grieg
"Little Birds" Grieg
"To the Springtime" Grieg
Sonata in D minor Rubinstein
Mazurka Brillante Liszt
Polonaise in E major Liszt
"Without Haste, Without Rest" Foote
Spinning Song ("Flying Dutchman") Wagner-Liszt

Etude in C sharp minor Chopin
Andante Spianato et Polonaise Chopin

Although she is young, Miss Geyer is already more than a pianist of promise. Her technique is well developed. Her tone is full and agreeable. Her running passages and arpeggios are clear and even. She knows the meaning of the word legato. She still has something to learn in the use of the damper pedal, which she is at times inclined to abuse. Her strength is never coarse, her pianissimo carries.

More than all this, she has undoubtedly the artistic temperament. She does not play in parrot fashion; she has ideas of her own. How charmingly, with what artistic simplicity and purity she read the piece by Mendelssohn! If she did not fully grasp the meaning of Grieg's "Poème erotique," if the opening of the polonaise by Liszt was not pompous enough, she nevertheless gave so many evidences of breadth, intellectual grasp, poetic spirit and fine feeling, that to dwell upon her trifling omissions would be almost impertinent. In the first movement of the concerto she took the second theme at too slow a pace, but here she followed in the footsteps of more celebrated pianists. A concerto in which the orchestra is represented by a second piano is at the best a sorry thing, yet as played by Miss Geyer it gave an opportunity of admiring her strength, her authority, and her genuine feeling.

Miss Geyer has now reached that stage of development when she should listen to music and indulge in self-examination. She may learn from piano teachers, but her complete salvation rests chiefly with herself. The program announced that she is "on the eve of her departure for Europe, where she goes to further perfect herself in her art, and where she is to appear in concerts." May her visit be of benefit to her. If she resists the flattery of friends and does not hurt herself by overwork, her future will, without doubt, be brilliant. For she has the stuff of which famous pianists are made.

Mr. Stankowitch played with precision the second piano part in the concerto. The audience was large and appreciative.

PHILIP HALE.

THE CECILIA.

No new and important work was performed by The Cecilia at its fourth and last concert of the season in Music Hall last evening, but the program was thoroughly interesting. There were but few severe demands made upon the capacity of the ensemble.

The concert began with a vocal solo, which ended with the singing was so good that it went beyond reproach, the effect was to add shade were excellently made, and the chorus, as a rule, seemed on very harmonious and agreeable terms with the international pitch. Interspersing the vocal selections of the program, Miss Rose and Miss Otilie Sutro appeared as ensemble pianists. These young artists were for five years pupils of the famous Barth in Berlin. Their ensemble playing is indeed extraordinary. Their selections last evening included a fugue by Mozart, rondo by Chopin, theme and variations by Brahms, and, in response to an encore, a scherzetto by Chaminade. The sympathy existing between the two artists was very impressive; nor does it seem too much to add that it was simply perfect. Each pianist seemed as if playing from the other's heart and thinking from the other's mind, and giving expression to the thought and feeling of the other with a beauty of touch and refinement, delicacy and breadth of style that were thoroughly charming. There was no rough treatment of the keyboard, but the fingers caressed it and there came forth a cantabile such as one seldom experiences from the pianoforte. Fine intelligence and artistic feeling were displayed in the playing, and, as has been intimated, the ensemble effects were superbly well made. The concert was otherwise varied by two groups of songs by Mackenzie, Sieveking, Horrocks, D'Albert and Clay, which were sung by Mr. Max Heinrich, and his own unique and delightful art seemed never more welcome. Duos by Vogrich, Caracciolo and Mendelssohn were admirably sung by Miss H. S. Whittier and Miss S. Louise Bruce. The concert came to an end with a selection from "Barber of Bagdad," by Peter Cornelius. Mr. Lang, as usual, conducted, and Mr. F. H. Lewis was the accompanist.

C. L. CAPEN.

F. C. D. writes to the Journal as follows: "I went to the Public Library the other day to consult two books. I filled out the slips in proper form, put them in the appointed receptacle, and waited. And I waited. And I waited. There were few readers in Bates Hall. But half an hour passed and the books were not brought to me. I was obliged to leave the building without seeing them. Was this delay due to the position of the stacks, the working of the machinery, or the sluggishness of the boys? I understand that the attendants are chosen by rigid examination. Perhaps the boys know all about yttrium, zirconium and neodymium; perhaps they are familiar with the date of the battle of Marathon; but would it not be well to submit the boy applicants to the test of a foot race, say on the Common? Of course the architects saw to it that the stacks were suitably placed and that the machinery was of the best; so it must have been the fault of the little boys who stagger under the weight of the books finally captured by them after long and arduous pursuit."

Yale needs coaches in debate, and needs them badly. Why does she not call Dr. Depew to New Haven?

Mr. Richard Croker is on terms of intimacy with all the sports. This news has a familiar ring.

The Old Exchange Hotel at Worcester closed because the landlord could not get a liquor license. But is there not a saying, almost as old as the Exchange, there's no rum like that sold at a temperance tavern?

The Socialist celebration in London was indeed a miserable failure. A contemporary spoke of Morris, the poet, who addressed the crowd, as Norris.

A man down South killed his wife this week because the soup was not to his taste. Men will be irritable at meals, if the jaded palate finds no joy. Housekeepers today think to appease their lords by meat-offerings, as lamb. There is a hideous uniformity about the preparation that wears the master of the table. It is true William Cobbett had during some weeks nothing but legs of mutton: "First day, leg of mutton boiled or roasted; second, cold; third, hashed; then leg of mutton boiled; and so on." But Cobbett ate as the barbarian. It's a wonder that he waited to have meat cooked. Now here is a recipe for leg of lamb farci. Is it merely fantastic, phantasmal, impossible? Try it, perplexed and tear-stained wife, thou who hast been led by husband's brutality to associate lamb

with a rhyming monosyllable. The recipe deserves a separate paragraph:

"Remove from the trig little joint all the meat without defacing its shapely outer covering of skin and of fat. Mince it fine, in company with marrow, half a pound of beef suet, three or four oysters, an anchovy, an onion, some sweet herbs, a shred of lemon peel, a touch of mace and nutmeg. With this exquisite stuffing fill the shrunken leg until it has regained all its shapeliness. A light covering of beaten egg yolks and flour will not be out of order. Then roast for an hour, basting deftly with butter. And now for the sequel. A decoration must be wrought with loin steaks, seasoned with pepper, salt, nutmeg, lemon peel, and sweet herbs, and fried in fresh butter; and delicious sauce must be brewed of white wine and strong gravy, in which spice has been boiled, of oysters and their liquor to the extent of half a pint, of mushrooms and butter rolled in flour, and the yolk of an egg beat. O joy! O rapture! When served, slices of lemon may be laid here and there, as a tribute to the eye that vies with the palate in exacting fastidiousness. From most unassuming of lambs may thus be evolved a bewildering triumph."

A destroyer of tradition has discovered to his own satisfaction at least, that Charles Martel was not so called because he was a hammer to the Saracens. It seems his real second name was Mareil. And so to future generations the awe that surrounds the name Smythe may be dispelled, and the word be traced to Smith. This reminds us of a story sent to the Journal the other day by F. H. M., who saw in a Southern city the sign, "Smith T. and Jones." He asked why the initial was after-justed of before the name, and he was assured that the surname was Smith T. The owner tired of Smith—just plain Smith—and he prevailed on the Legislature to allow him to be known as John Smith T.

It is known that the right and left sides of the body are governed respectively by the opposite hemispheres of the brain; that an injury in youth to the right side of the head may cause imperfect growth the whole way down the left side of the body, and that some beings have thus a dual mental existence. Here is a strange case cited in Brain. The patient is alternately a Welshman and an Englishman. When speaking English he is right-handed, and more or less intelligent; whenever he speaks Welsh he is left-handed and obscure. In each phase he has no recollection of the ideas or occurrences pertaining to the other. The report of this interesting case is incomplete. Does the patient at one time eat nothing but Welsh rarebits, and at another nothing but roast beef?

E. W. T. writes the Journal that there is a similar observance of May day in Pawtucket. Beginning at sundown, April 30, and continuing intermittently to the following sundown is there a blowing of fish horns by the youth of both sexes, "with all the vim and snap pertaining to the pastime on the 4th of July. All the explanation I can get is that 'It's the 1st of May.' It will do to go along with the futile efforts of the small boy here about 1st of March to fly kites in a high wind, and I never met a parallel to it, except in Savannah, Ga., on Christmas eve, when the whole populace seemed abroad with fish horns." So in Pawtucket is there a survival of an old English custom taken from the pagans.

may 4 95

It was on the 4th of May, 1801, that fishermen captured on the coast of Dorsetshire a monstrous nondescript, justly called the "Wonder of the Deep." According to the account preserved—the singular thing was exhibited two years after in a pretty high condition at the Pantheon, London—it far surpassed the glories of the Plesiosaurus dolichodeirus, the Pterodactylus crassirostris of the air, or the gigantic, carnivorous and terrestrial Megalosaurus of the later part of the Jurassic period. Indeed, it would compare favorably with the Marblehead sea serpent or the Swampscott whale.

For this Dorsetshire fish was 23 feet in length, about 20 feet in girth, with a dorsal fin that measured a perpendicular of five feet, tapering toward the top from a base of about three feet wide; without a jaw bone and with about 4000 teeth arranged in nine rows placed at the extreme rein of the mouth; with eyes near the extremity of the nose; with a snout for seeking food. And this extraordinary inhabitant of the deep, in addition to two fins, had two feet placed in the centre of the body, feet of solid flesh, feet five feet long, feet provided with a fang or claw, strong webbed. And he had a tall eight feet long. His gills were like a brown comb, and in his whole body there was only one bone, which ran from the nose to the tip of the tail. And his liver produced four hogsheds of oil. And he is supposed to have fed on seaweeds. It took 17 balls from the Greyhound Cutter to kill him. Seven horses and several men helped the fishermen to drag it on shore. It was long in dying on the sea-beach near Abbotsbury, where it "justly lay as an object of surprise and astonishment to all the beholders." Rude, or gentle reader, this is not a lie; for the monster "attracted the notice of several considerable and respectable personages."

And yet some sneering, disagreeable person may say, "But what has this sea-story to do with the life and the talk of today?" It was only 94 years ago that this gigantic freak was seen by men, and what are 94 years? Only as yesterday. Such stories are valuable to the young. They encourage bravery and research. No doubt such sea beasts are now not far from the New England coast. To see the sea-serpent is not given to everyone. Mr. Sam Rhodes, Mr. Willie Seymour, are fortunate, for they have the eyes of faith, and some wave-tossed mariner occasionally catches glimpses of the blue mane, the uplifted head, and he hears the hissing. Such memorable dates as May 4, 1801, are as important as that of the death of Epaminondas or that of the building of the first block house in New England.

Poor Maurel! Walsingham admits sorrowfully that his pleaded shirt-front "took away the savor of his artistic vocalism." Neither could the chapples in the Vaudeville Club forgive the great singing-actor the commission of this "péché mignon," as Walsingham so daintily characterizes the hideous offence.

No doubt these same critics of dress would elect as Perpetual President of the Vaudeville Club the French duke mentioned by Edmond de Goncourt in his Journal. This duke owns 23 mannikins, modeled after him, so that his suits of clothes may never lose shape. And it is this same duke who, dressed every morning by two valets, says to one of them, "Now put gold in one of my vest pockets."

Is not the State Attorney in Connecticut a little too much infatuated with his calling, is he not eaten up by zeal? Not content with trying a man twice for his life, he accuses a jury that disapproves of listening to bribers.

Several persons have said during the last 30 years "Miss Kate Field was rather tart" without having been suspected of insanity.

Why should Mr. Joseph Jefferson scold the Yale students for playing in farce comedies? Would he have them essay "Hamlet," or even "Rip Van Winkle?"

You have heard of Louis XIII., Dr. Isaac Barrow, Tippoo Sahib, who was killed at Seringapatam? This is the anniversary of their death, and yet the memory of Mr. John Underwood of Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire, who also died this day (1733), is fraught with richer, more precious lessons. His coffin was painted green. The six gentlemen that followed it to the grave sang the last stanza of the 20th ode of the second book of Horace. Mr. Underwood, with all his clothes on, was inside the coffin. Sanadon's Horace was under his head, Bentley's Milton at his feet; a Greek Testament in his right hand, and in his left hand a small Horace; and Bentley's Horace was under him. There was no tolling of bell, and no relative walked to the cemetery. After the funeral ceremony, the six gentlemen ate a cold supper provided by Mr. Underwood's sister; the cloth removed, they sang the 31st ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass and went home. They each received 10 guineas. By consenting to these rites and ceremonies, Miss Underwood received by will, 6000 guineas.

The Boston Camera Club, "representing a gentleman of high standing in matters pertaining to aerial navigation," offers these prizes for instantaneous photographs of large soaring birds: A prize of one hundred dollars (\$100) for the best instantaneous photograph of a large bird in the act of soaring; an additional prize of fifty dollars (\$50) for the greatest number of instantaneous photographs, offered by one photographer, of large birds in the act of soaring. By "soaring" is meant the attitude of the bird in the air when no wing motion is apparent. This offer will remain open until Oct. 1, 1896. Photographers throughout the world are invited to compete. For precise information concerning conditions of competition address Samuel Cabot, Boston Camera Club, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Can anyone explain the origin of the word "Kouff" used in Nantucket to describe a stranger to the island? We take the spelling as given by "B. T." some days ago. Is it possible that the word was originally the same as "gnoff" or "gnof," as old as Chaucer, and meaning "a bumpkin, churl, simpleton?" For your true Nantucketer looks down on people who are so unfortunate as to live on "the continent." "Gnof" also meant, as some say, miser, and they derive it from the Anglo-Saxon "gnafan," but it is, more likely, a form of "gonof" or "gonoph," meaning a thief, specifically a pickpocket and especially an adept. And this comes from the Hebrew. Dickens used "gonoph" and so did Henry Mayhew. One ingenious speculator thinks "gonnof" to be a corruption of "gone-off," he is undoubtedly a sad guy.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Serious Composers Have Now
a Golden Opportunity.

They Can Be Very Frivolous,
and Without Detection.

Words Written in London Are of
Sound Application Here.

I have received the following communication from the J. B. Millet Company of this city:

"Under the general title of 'The Anonymous Series' the J. B. Millet Company announces a novel undertaking in music. All the music in the series is to be written by composers of recognized standing, whose names are familiar and attached to compositions known all over the world, but all

names will be withheld so that the composers may write without reserve and indulge in any fancies that occur to them. In other words, it gives every one an opportunity to write in as light and irresponsible a vein as they choose, and the result will be comic songs, waltzes, gavottes, etc., written to please the popular taste. Naturally a composer whose name is connected with symphonies, part-songs and serious music generally cannot very well write 'The Bicycle Girl,' a light waltz or a popular march, but in his private moments he would sometimes rather like to do so, and this 'Anonymous Series' gives him the chance. The first in the series is a song 'The Bicycle Girl,' by a Bicycle Boy, and it is already announced."

This is indeed a capital idea. Brahms can now write a topical-song, and it has long been rumored that he is consumed with such an ambition. Professor Paine can unload, with impunity, without fear of President Eliot, his portfolio of quick-steps and galops. Mr. Emil Paur can without lowering his dignity see the appearance of his gavotte "Sounds From Jamaica Pond." Strains by Messrs. Chadwick, Foote, Phippen, Bullard, Norris will no doubt quicken the twinkling feet of "cycloic dancers" in variety shows. And profits will accrue.

On the other hand why should there be any odious distinction? Why should not composers of light music be thus allowed to publish anonymously grave and important works?

Mr. Dave Braham's symphonic poem, "Mulligan in Harlem," might thus find its way to a Symphony concert. Several of the authors of "Sweet Marie" would be able to show to the world their rare contrapuntal facility by their "second toccata and fugue for piano," as yet unpublished.

And public performances of these anonymous works would be a delight to the audience and a snare to the critic. After the applause or the groaning in concert-room and in newspaper, the names of the respective authors should be announced, and thus general hilarity and good-nature would be promoted. There would then be less confusion. Serious works could be positively recognized. There could be no mistake concerning the frivolity of a composition.

There are lovers of music who claim that reviews of concerts should always be "kindly and appreciative," and they mean by this that the reviewers should be blind even to gross faults in reading or technical performance. Some even go so far as to say that in London the reviewers order these things better. The attention of these lovers of rose-leaves and molasses is invited respectfully to the following extracts from a review of the Bach Festival, which was published in the Saturday Review of April 20th: "Bach needs no advertisement, though there are Bach lovers enough who need Bach. But—if reverence and artistic probity are out of the question—at least he should be set before us neatly and with politeness; for when he is shot into the midst of the audience, just as a lady used to be shot from the cannon's mouth at the Aquarium, what can one do except pick up the damaged Capellmeister, dust his clothes, clap on his hat, soothe his injured feelings, and go swiftly home to write in wrath and in sorrow to the Bach choir, begging them never again to repeat the desecration."

"The first chorus reminded one of a rabble of newspaper boys crying all the winners. . . . In 'O Ewigkeit' Miss Marion MacKenzie's strenuous efforts to be dramatically blended rather ill with Mr. Shakspeare's smooth apologetic vocalization, so that one thought of a squabble between a strong-minded lady and a meek 'bus conductor as to whether the fare is a penny or two-pence from Oxford Circus to the Bank; but just in the nick of time Mr. Bispham came once more to the rescue, and would undoubtedly have saved the cantata altogether by the unspeakable pathos he threw into 'Selig sind die Todten' had not the effect of the 'Voice from Heaven' been weakened by his being placed in the organ-loft—a silly trick which produced no illusion, but merely made us look to see where Mr. Bispham had climbed to. Had he stayed on the platform, we should have forgotten him altogether, so perfect is his art."

"Sir Walter Parratt's playing of an organ toccata, far from being comic, had singularly depressing results. We learn that he can get through a fugue and a game of chess simultaneously; and allowing that under such conditions the fugue is passable, we reckon that on this occasion Sir Walter must have had not less than ten games on hand."

"Mr. Bispham's solo, 'Et Inspiratum Sanctum,' was spoiled by the solo instruments being allowed to flop about as they best could while Mr. Stanford gazed at the ceiling or winked at his friends in the audience."

"The Bach Festival is already in the rush of London life, a thing of the past; and regarding it calmly, without feeling, we declare that such musical orgies will do nothing for Bach, and nothing for 'musical progress in this country.' As we have said, the plain man who thinks that the Bach Festival Bach is the real Bach will hence-

forth with good reason give Bach a wide berth; and to drive people away from Bach is not the best way of attaining musical progress."

"If this critic really wants 'progress,' in the best sense, he had better try to persuade the Bach choir to disband and start anew. Should they be disposed to do so, we suggest the following rules: First, 'performing members' shall retire compulsorily at the age of 102 years, and the conductor shall use moral suasion to induce them to retire at 60 years; second, the conductor shall remember, at least twice during every concert, such matters as expression and balance of tone; third, the conductor shall on no account adjust his tempi with reference to the Railway Time-tables; last, the conductor shall, under no circumstances (not even in the most solemn pieces), wink or grin at his friends in the audience. But the true Bach will remain unknown until his works are regularly sung as he meant them to be sung."

Men and brethren, these words from the Saturday Review concerning the quality of a chorus and the necessity of expression and balance of tone may well be pondered by the officers of the Handel and Haydn. Bach is slaughtered in Boston before the people every year. Not even the absurd attempt at congregational singing can draw away the attention from the cruelty of the sacrifice upon the stage.

To give a serious work by Bach with a chorus of such great size is in itself an absurdity and an outrage. It is true that the volume of tone produced by the Handel

and Haydn is less than the volume that comes from the Cecilia, an admirable body of singers who, under more favorable conditions and led with greater intelligence, would no doubt triumph gloriously in the works of Bach. But if there is not the tumultuous roar of unrestrained mediocrity at a Handel and Haydn concert, there are too often the hesitation, the fuzziness of tone, the defiance of expression that characterize—and no doubt inevitably—the performance by singers in bulk of a work by Bach. Better a small and most carefully chosen choir when the Matthew Passion music is put upon the conductor's rack.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mrs. E. M. de Angelis will leave for Paris July 17.

Mrs. Julie Wyman will sail for Europe June 1.

The tenor de Lucia has been singing at the San Carlo, Naples.

Marie Roze has a school for operatic and concert singing in Paris.

Mrs. Antonia Sawyer, contralto, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Thursday.

Gounod's "Saint Cecilia" mass was sung in six churches in Paris Easter.

"Le Roi Frelon," an operetta by Barré, failed lately at the Folies-Dramatiques.

Miss Lafargue made her debut at the Paris opera, April 19, as Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello."

A new operetta, music by Ruggeri, produced at Milan, is entitled "The Ninth Commandment."

At Dinant, Belgium, Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" was played by a band composed exclusively of clarinets to the number of 27.

The Richard Wagner Society of Bologna gave a grand Wagner concert the 21st ult. Martucci was the conductor and the chief singer was Mrs. Adini.

These new operas will be produced in Milan this spring at Sonzogno's International Opera House: "Fortunio," "Claudia," "The Festival of Valaputa."

Although Aloys Kunc, the editor of "Musica Sacra," died recently at Toulouse, the review will not be suspended. His son, Pierre Kunc, will be the new editor.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker will sing in May at Lynn, Melrose, Woburn, Indianapolis, Peacedale, Williamsport, Norwich, and in June at Ithaca and Lewiston.

Mr. Brucks, an opera baritone in Berlin, has finished a three-act opera, "Duke Reginald." The composer was formerly a horn player.

Some new songs by Hans Hermann are praised loudly in Germany. A short time ago, according to Mr. Floersheim, Hermann was a poor, ill-paid double bass in a Dresden orchestra.

Mr. Ovide Fanien, Mayor of Lillers, left by will to the town all his music and musical instruments and 300,000 francs to support the local musical society of which he was President.

Mr. Emil Fischer, the well-known bass, has met with a severe loss in the death of his wife at New York. A tragedian in Germany, she retired from the stage about 10 years ago.

The grand medal of gold given to Patti by the Philharmonic Society of London had also been awarded by the society to Grisi, Clara Schumann, Jennie Lind, Rubinstein and Gounod.

These novelties will be produced at the Paris Opera during the season of '95-'96: Massenet's "La Navarraise," Duvernoy's "Helle," an opera in two acts by Lenepveu, and the "Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz in operatic form.

At Alicante in the fury of conducting an operetta, Mr. Moncayo became separated from his baton, which hit the soprano, Mrs. Medina, in the eye. She fainted, and there was a lull in the performance.

Mr. B. L. Whepley will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall, Saturday, at 3.30. He will play Beethoven's Sonata, F sharp, op. 78; Godard's fantasia, op. 143; Arensky's Scherzo, op. 8, and pieces by Brahms, Dvorak and Chopin.

Ricordi of Milan claims \$4000 forfeit from Leoncavallo because an opera libretto was not delivered according to the contract. Leoncavallo answers the libretto was delivered within the specified time limit. Experts will decide.

Gladstone admits that he is passionately fond of backgammon, and knows of no game to take its place. The rattle of the dice revives joyous memories in the broadcasts of retired sports; the shaking develops the forearm; there is need of a quick eye; a taste for the higher mathematics is encouraged. An admirable game for undergraduates! There should be a yearly intercollegiate tournament, and to each President of the college the honor of the first throw.

May 7 - 95

They think in Chicago that "people's songs" are made to order and for a prize. But a folk-song is not to be built as an apartment house according to rigid contract and ingenious plans.

Miraculous, and, indeed, past all admiration are the never-failing wonders of the Animal Kingdom. Saturday we recalled to the delighted memory the strange sea monster captured, or rather killed, 94 years ago on the coast of Dorsetshire. It was only 85 years ago yesterday that record was made of a chicken hatched at Hayberry Mill, parish of Ruthwell, Dumfries. Its head neck and back, wings and legs were all of conventional architecture; but instead of a breast nature had substituted another back with other wings, and legs equally perfect of their kind, "so that, had it not been for the manner in which the head was placed, it would have appeared a matter of perfect indifference which of the backs had been uppermost, and which set of wings the animal might have used."

May 5 is indeed a day of wonders, for on that month-day, 1817, is also found the record of a rat caught by two laborers under Somerset House. This fine specimen was 3 feet 3 inches long; it measured 24 inches in circumference around the body; it weighed 10 pounds and three-quarters. The tail was 16 inches long and 3 inches round, and at the end was a tuft of white hair. The teeth of the beast stood out like those of a beaver.

Other celebrities of the Animal Kingdom associated with May 5 are the Emperor Justinian, Cabanis, Leslie (Charles Robert, not Frank), and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Today does not carry so precious a freight of association. After all there is no today; there can be no talk of today; the talk of the moment is of the events and the regrets of the past, and the illusions and hopes for the future.

The melancholy exuding from these thoughts is not dispelled by Mr. Henderson's remark in the New York Times, apropos of Mr. Adamowski and his leaving the Symphony Orchestra: "This is a good time and good place to predict that the violinist will live to regret his movement."

Mr. Henderson pays our old friend, Miss Bauermeister, a graceful and deserved tribute. He tells of the presentation to her of the "diamond-studded watch" and the basket of roses, and he then adds: "The lesson of that scene, when the little woman, shaken with emotion, stood in the centre of the stage and received from the great audience, her managers, and the world's master singers such a tribute of applause as rarely greets an artist, ought not to be lost on those earnest, conscientious, hard-working artists who do not strive to replace talent by wire-pulling, influence, and newspaper notoriety. * * * She has never tried to bamboozle the public. She has been content to let her honest endeavor, her study, her trustworthiness, her fidelity to her own limitations speak for themselves. For years there has been a feeling that in this modest, secondary personage there was a character to be respected. That feeling came to a focus when the members of the Vaudeville Club, with a manly spirit that commands respect, decided that they, as regular patrons of the opera, would show that they knew a conscientious artist when they saw one. The keynote which they struck set the overtones of human sympathy vibrating among the audience, and, behold! Bauermeister in the centre of the stage, with the De Reszkes, Eames, and the rest in the background, and the house ringing with cheers. And for once all the men and women in the house were absolutely sure that they had applauded at the right time."

GILMORE'S BAND CONCERT.

The coming of Gilmore's Band to the Boston Theatre Sunday evening was sufficient to draw a large audience. This was the first concert by the band in this city since the direction of the organization was assumed by Mr. Victor Herbert.

The soloists were Mme. Louise Natall, soprano, Miss Frieda Simonson, pianist; Mr. Alvis J. Gery, auto-harp soloist, and Mr. Victor Herbert, cellist. The selections by the band included the familiar Wagner overture from Tannhauser; Spanish serenade, "Lolita," Langey; Grand Fantasia, "I Medley" (new opera), Leoncavallo; overture from "Prince Ananias" and march from the same work, Victor Herbert; suite "Peer Gynt," Grieg; and Grand American Fantasia, Victor Herbert. Mr. Herbert at all times held his men under excellent control.

Mme. Louise Natall received a great welcome. She sang Verdi's aria, "Ah fors e lui," from Traviata, and Berger's waltz, "Nymphs et Sylphs," responding to entreaties.

Miss Simonson is a pianist of great ability. Her interpretations of Chopin's "Allegro Brillante," opus 79, and the Schubert-Liszt "Wohin?" were excellent, and in assisting Mr. Herbert in Chopin's introduction and polka for piano and cello, she did good work. Mr. Herbert is a cellist of some note. In the duet with Miss Simonson and in Berlioz' "Fantasia" he did finely, and won deserved applause. Mr. Gery gave a fine performance on the auto-harp. His selection was Scharwenka's "Mnuec" (new.)

"THE BEGGAR STUDENT."

The summer season of the Castle Square Theatre opened last evening with a performance of Milbeker's melodious operetta, "The Beggar Student." This operetta is the first of a series that Mr. Rose proposes to put on the stage. There will be a weekly change, and many popular works may thus be seen in comfort and at a reasonable price. Such amusements are indeed a boon to those who remain in town during the warm weather and would otherwise be at their wits' end for distraction.

The theatre last evening was decorated handsomely with flowers and potted plants, and the temperature was delightfully cool. There was a very large audience, which gave frequent manifestations of pleasure. Many of the numbers were repeated, and after the second act there was an imperative curtain call. Mr. Max Hirschfeld conducted with animation, and the orchestra did excellent work. The chorus showed the results of skillful training and the operetta was handsomely mounted. Attention was paid to the detail and a brass band appeared on the stage in the second act.

Mr. John E. McWade, a singer with a strong and agreeable voice, was the Beggar Student, and the part of his friend, Janitsky, was taken by Mr. Edgar F. Seamans. Mr. William Wolff, who is well known in this city, was Gen. Ollendorf, a part eminently fitted to his stentorian voice and robust merry-making. Mr. Wolff's topical song was received with favor, although his memory once failed him with amusing results. Mr. Beaumont Smith made a hit as the Jailor. The Countess was played by Miss Alice Gaillard. Miss Louise Elsing and Miss Marie Mülle Bell, as the daughters of the haughty and impoverished Countess, were favorably received. The friends of Miss Rosalind Rissi (Lieut. Poppenburg), regretted that she did not have a greater opportunity to display her voice.

The performance was, with trifling exceptions, a smooth one. There were many first-nighters in the audience, and Mayor Curtis was in a box. Mr. Rose has the best wishes of all lovers of comic opera for a continuance of the success of last evening.

There is an estimable man in this town who is inclined favorably of a Saturday night to a friendly game of poker. His good wife reasoned with him the other day, and said: "Why do you persist in frittering away your time and risking the loss of your money?" Her spouse answered kindly, "But, my dear, it takes my mind off my business, and, as for the expense, the limit is never over five cents." "Yes, George," said the faithful woman, "but why, oh why should there be any limit at all?"

The accounts of the sumptuous costumes and the glittering gewgaws of the officers of Gov. Morton's staff remind one of the eulogy pronounced by one of Chicago's most cultivated citizens on his wife. She was radiant in the full glory of ball dress. "Look at her, Sir," said the citizen to an Eastern visitor, who was dazzled by necklace, tiara, bracelets and rings, "Look at her. Just as she stands, she's worth \$175,000."

A contemporary noticing the guides to mural decorations in the Public Library Building remarks, "Eventually there should be a complete Baedeker to the whole building." Baedeker is the proper spelling, by the way; but let us not quarrel about such a trifling matter. There should, indeed, be a Baedeker, with full directions concerning the best method of consulting books, the relative speed of the attendants, and also a recommendation of the advisability of patience.

Many heard with regret of the death of Mr. Charles W. Fish, the famous circus rider, who by his intrepid performances riveted the eyes and quickened the blood of thousands. The middle-aged man remembering the glories of the circus—there was then only a single ring—recalls the names of Fish and Robinson, de Berg and Stickney with a sigh; he remembers gratefully the Levantine Brothers, the Shakspearian clowns, the tumblers, "the grand entry of Amazons;" and he shakes his head. But when the circus is again in town, he will again smell the old familiar smell, he will crack peanuts, all for the sake of his children, of course. For the love of the circus is natural to a healthy man, and in the pleasure of his boys he masks his own furtive joy.

Do you remember the jokes and rhymes that appeared long ago in the Burlington Hawkeye? There was one "Epitaph" that should not be allowed to perish, and yet it is not preserved in the anthologies. This is the way it runs:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
The brave young man that rode the brindle mule.
He learned when meek Asinus burst the girth,
Too late, the lesson of life's harshest school.
Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of brain,
Thought that has drank at the Pierian spring;
Grand depth and height of culture he must gain
Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring."

The name of Lord Selborne, who died Saturday, is no doubt unknown to many who yet are familiar with "The Book of Praise," compiled when Selborne was Roundell Palmer. The compilation showed fine taste and catholic spirit in selection. How disappointing are many collections of hymns! In some cases the poet's lines are mutilated or recklessly changed to suit a sectarian whim. In other cases selection seems to be governed exclusively by doctrinal bias. No wonder that hymnals are so often the subject of harsh criticism and serve as stirrers-up of strife.

The Emperor William, just at present, is not composing part songs for male choruses. He dreams of a popular history of the war of 1870, and, in fact, has commissioned a Professor at Halle—Prof. Lindner—to write it. The learned man is 52 years old; old enough, it would seem, to have definite ideas. But the Emperor does not trust him. "He has traced the plan for the author to pursue." Why does not the Emperor take his pen in hand? Napoleon the III. wrote a life of Caesar; that is to say, his name appeared on the title page, although Merimée is said to have done the work. Did anybody ever read the book through?

And yet William is not averse to junketing. Lately he went a-shooting in Weimar and the Grand Duke entertained him, feeding him with mediaeval dishes. Here is the bill of fare for a Sunday:

Soup of the sap of Adam's apple; a young salmon with spices thereto; a mighty piece of ox boiled and roasted; grouse, sparrow-grass, pineapple, Holland cheese, and a ple "representing the Knight Tannhäuser as he returned from Rome."

The Pall Mall Gazette notices the spread of buck-dancing in the London music halls, and it says "Buck dancing is imported from America, and we confess that we do not know at present precisely what the name implies." The "Original Kentucky Piccaninnies" are at the Empire, and the "Original Alabama Piccaninnies" are at the Oxford. "Their buck-dancing—also described as Crack-a-Jack—is really amazing in its rapidity and agility." The English still take their pleasures sadly. Why do they not enjoy the dance without this wild etymological thirst? It will be remembered that the first English edition of Artemus Ward was enriched with explanatory notes, and the notes were even funnier than the text.

May 8 - 95

It seems unkind to deprive so many gentlemen of leisure of the joys of the Subway Pleasance.

The photographs of pianists, fiddlers, and other celebrated people exhibited in shop-windows should be redressed to suit the season. Now with overcoats heavily trimmed with fur, the celebrities look uncomfortable; and the passer-by is led easily to doubt their pre-eminence.

A woman climbing Beacon Street near the Somerset Club thought she smelt a bonfire, and she rejoiced thereat. She looked over the Common, and did not see flame or smoke; yet the scent grew nearer and more pungent. A man in the street stopped his horse, jumped from the wagon, and cried, "Madam, your hat is on fire;" and about the same time other gallant fellows ran to the rescue. Now while the hat did not resemble closely a hanging garden of Babylon, it was of goodly dimensions, and carried flowers, fruits, birds, and, in fact, choice specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so there was surface and material for the flames, which, however, were extinguished finally without loss of life. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

Oh sceptical reader, this story is not a lie, and even now sworn affidavits are before us. You naturally ask, "How did the hat catch fire?" We understand that the wearer was not smoking at the time. Dazzling eyes burn hearts, not hats. It is not likely that the hat resembled the late Mr. Krook and was a victim of spontaneous combustion. Some one threw a lighted match or a cigarette from a window, just as you may have done, are doing, or may do unless this moving tale teaches you caution.

In spite of the preaching done by the lovers of the beautiful in town as well as country, the street is still the receptacle of all waste matter. They order these things better in European cities. True, at times they err in zeal. In Berlin, for instance, the woman with the blazing hat would undoubtedly have been arrested, just as in Paris it's the man that's run over and not the reckless Jehu who suffers fine. Here in Boston everything is dropped into the street except water from the watering carts.

Yet would our free and independent citizens take kindly to such regulations as the one in large European towns requiring those with bundles so large that they might annoy a pedestrian, to walk in the gutter?

If on the 8th of May it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men say.

The other day we published with fear and trembling an extraordinary story about a rat, confident that correspondents would protest, deride the measurements, and remind us of the irregular decease of Ananias. Nevertheless such is our devotion to science that we braved possible scorn and contumely. And now "F. H. M." is reminded of "a very rare specimen" that his cook killed in the pantry. "It was a rat in every detail except its tail, and that was like the gray squirrel's. The explanation probably lay in the fact that my grounds were alive with these beautiful and amusing little creatures, but I have never heard of such a cross before or since."

With the approach of hot weather comes the fear of hydrophobia, and even now in Florida there is an alleged epidemic. If the phrase may be allowed. And yet it is so easy to find out whether Towser is mad. The ancients knew the experiment, as they knew everything else. Paulus Aeginata recorded it, and it is within reach of the humblest. "Pound walnuts carefully and apply them to the wound, and next day take and present them for food to a cock or hen. At first he (she) will not touch them, but if he is compelled by hunger to eat of them, observe, for if the dog that inflicted the bite was not mad, then the fowl will live, but if mad he will die next day, and then you must hasten to open the wound, and after a few days repeat the same experiment; and when the fowl does not die you may bring the wound to cicatrization, inasmuch as the patient is then freed from danger."

New documents for the forthcoming Dictionary of English Dialect have been published. It seems that in Newcastle "skeddaddie" was used before our Civil War. The dropping of the coal from a bucket was called "skeddadding," just as in Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire milkmaids are heard to say, "Mind, you are skeddadding all your milk."

What an admirable phrase is "liffing-and-offing," used in S. E. Worcestershire to denote "in a state of indecision."

And in one of these compilations we find the familiar phrase, known to some timid people as slang, "A face that would stop a clock."

Will no one explain the origin of "Kouff," the Nantucket word? A. M., a Nantucketer, says that it means a Cape-Codder. Another correspondent writes that in his youth he heard the word in the country as a call to cows. No one, by the way, has offered any satisfactory explanation of "lingen" and "linger." "An old Bostonian" writes: "The first time I ever heard the word 'gormy' used was in the army in the years '63, '64, '65, and only by men from Pennsylvania or Ohio; it was used to express greed or selfishness, say hoggliness, and again when one was not skillful in carving or cutting, but who hacked, so to speak; for instance, 'He's a gormy feller' and 'you'r the gormiest feller I ever saw.'"

"An old Bostonian" asks the name of the author of this sentence: "Spring is the time when the grass begins to grow and the birds begin to choose their mates and build their nests." "This sentence was so common in compositions at the Mayhew School in my day that the teacher gave out word that no credits would be given for a composition that contained it."

The jail at Salem is so crowded that prisoners are obliged to sleep on cots on the floor. Mr. George Kennan should turn at once his attention and stereopticon to this jail. Not even a serious crime deserves such punishment as is often inflicted by the landlord of a summer hotel.

SPIRIDON'S COLLECTION.

Notable Paintings Collected by Mr. L. de B. Spiridon of Rome, and to Be Sold This Week at Leonard & Co.'s Auction Rooms.

Lovers of pictures, and there are many in Boston, should not fail to see the Spiridon collection, now on exhibition at the auction rooms of Messrs. Leonard & Co., where they will be sold to the highest bidder Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons of this week.

Mr. Spiridon is a son of the celebrated artist and expert, George Spiridon, who was connected for a number of years with the Vatican Museum, and consulted frequently by the leading amateurs of Europe when there were important sales. His brother, I. de B. Spiridon, a pupil of the Academy of Rome, painted the celebrated pictures, "Lais," "Sappho." He received honorable mention at the Salon, 1880, and medals at Turin, Milan and Rome. Mr. L. de B. Spiridon is himself a painter, a pupil of his father and brother, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Rome.

Among the names of the artists represented in this collection made with great care are Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré, Courbet, Melissonier, De Neuville, Detaille, Ziem, Ribot, Jacque, Roybet, Frappa, Fortuny, Domingo, Guineá, Rossi, Constable, Landseer, Jackson, Teniers, Waterloo, Van der Velde, Boucher, Greuze. There are, in all, paintings by over 90 masters, including the brothers Spiridon, and nearly all modern schools are included.

Among the pictures especially worthy of notice are (26) "Sheep in Stall," by Charles Emile Jacque, a pleasing study in monochrome; (111) "A Comical Song," by Eugene Benjamin Fichel, with fresh coloring and finish in detail; (117) "Episode of the Franco-Prussian War," by Alphonse Maria de Neuville, the famous battle painter; (123) "Midsummer," by Charles François Daubigny, full of the sombre thoughtfulness and poetic spirit that characterize this master; (124) "Battle of Tetuan," by Mariano Fortuny, displaying free action, dash and enthusiasm; (134) "Morning," by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, a fine specimen; (145) "The Eagle," by Delacroix, a powerful example of the romanticism and broad style of the man that won the enthusiastic praise of Baudelaire; (151) "The Artists' Ideal," by Monticelli of Venice.

There are three Melissoniers: (92), "Marshal Ney," a pencil drawing; "Captain Massena" (130) painted about 1870, from the collections of Lafayette Gosseling and Thomas F. Warner; "General Frossard" (141) from the same collections. Rossi's "Reception at the Doge's Palace" (143) represents the main staircase of the palace; guests in brilliant costumes ascend the stairs; a striking feature is the reproduction of the ceiling painted in the original palace by Tiepolo. This picture was awarded a gold medal at the Exposition at Venice and a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition.

This collection shows to advantage the tendencies of the Spanish school, as it is rich in paintings by the leading Spaniards. Mr. Spiridon parts with his treasures on account of a bereavement in his family which necessitates his immediate return to Europe. The sales will begin at 3 o'clock each afternoon.

may 9 - 95

Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, formerly of Boston, and now of New York, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. She sang Saint-Saëns' "Amour vltens alder," Bemberg's "Chant Hindou," and songs by Mrs. Beach, Miss Chaminade, Massenet, Harris, Foote and Collins. These songs were sung with marked earnestness and sincerity. Mr. Timotheé Adamowski played Wilhelm's arrangement of the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and dances by Sarasate. In spite of the heat, the hall was filled by an appreciative audience.

Mr. Jean François Raffaelli must henceforth rank among the great discoverers. He found large quantities of "esprit" in Chicago.

Mr. Raffaelli is, indeed, most courteous. When the name of Mr. Jimmy Whistler was mentioned he contented himself with saying, "Oh, he's a very extraordinary man." The friends, that is to say, those who are still afraid of Mr. Whistler, might easily construe this sentence as a compliment.

A contemporary discusses suicide in a fine analytical spirit, and comes to the conclusion that Stevenson's story "The Suicide Club"—which it calls an "essay"—"must have produced an unhealthy effect." Why? Is the description of the wretched beings who watched nervously the dealing of the cards so alluring that it leads to soothing dreams and thoughts of self-destruction? It might be well to interview a self-destroyer or two; to ask them "Were you persuaded to your rash action by Stevenson's famous story?" But we forget; dead men are about the only ones that refuse positively to give information to a reporter.

Now, suicide, strange as it may seem, is a fascinating subject to many. It always has been. From the early days to the time of "L'Anti-Hegestas;" from the appearance of that strange book, to Léon Sarty's "Le Suicide" and Ingersoll's article, arguments pro et con have been thick and passionate. And you will find in all centuries the same causes alleged, reasonable or infantile. The Roman gentleman that killed himself because he was tired of doing the same things would have found a theoretical colleague in Jules Laforgue, who cried out, "Oh, how daily this life is!"

In Germany alone there are 10,000 suicides a year, and this spring has already seen there one week that has beaten the record. Bismarck once said, "Did I not believe in immortality, I would cast this life away as a soiled shirt." Materialism is the fashion among students and army officers, and without Bismarck's hope, they choose gladly his alternative.

The Modern Woman, eager to vote and assume all many functions, will find comfort in the theory of Magnier that dolls were invented by man, who played with them long before little girls were allowed to pet them.

Respect for Mr. Justice Jackson's ability and sympathy with his low physical condition cannot choke the regret that "after luncheon he returned to the bench with a toothpick between his lips." There is, however, one ray of light in the dark picture: the toothpick may have been a quill.

England, Germany and France are compelling "shrewd" Japan and themselves; but China, just at present, says nothing.

May Harvard find Yale's interference as of little importance as that of Prof. Norton.

There were glants in those days! What great discovery of modern times was not known to those deep thinkers whose names, alas, are almost forgotten. There was Alsharavius, for instance, who directed that when a morsel of food sticks to the oesophagus, the person should be struck on the back, "which will facilitate the descent of it."

Apropos of hydrophobia, it was the practice of certain ancient physicians to feed to the patient the liver of the dog that inflicted the bite. Had this habit anything to do with the origin of the phrase, "Take a hair of the dog that bit you?"

Mrs. Amelia Barr said to some Boston girls the other day that 'they could not expect to write a successful book while they were young, that they must have experience in their lives, love, joy, sorrow, before they could do that.' This reminds us of a strange experience told by Mr. John Lane, the publisher of "The Yellow Book," when he was here. He received the manuscript of a novel of unusual strength, but of such realism mingled with unorthodox theories that he saw at once it would be impossible for him to publish it. Yet he was so impressed by the vigor of style that he wrote the author asking him to dine with him in London and talk the matter over. A telegram came, saying, "Impossible." Mr. Lane went to the town, called on the author, and found—a young and blushing girl. In answer to another invitation, she replied timidly, "I must ask mother." And this was the author who dealt with unconventional subjects in an unconventional manner. An excerpt from this same novel appeared in vol. IV. of "The Yellow Book." It is entitled "Theodora," and is signed "Victoria Cross."

Publishers may pass as rapidly as revolutions in Central America; editors may change as the moon; salaries may be regular or intermittent, chronic or sporadic; but the hatred of the Saturday Review for all things of, in, and connected with the United States is adamant and eternal. The last specimen of this peculiar malignity assumes the concrete form of an editorial article, which is labeled, "The Monroe Doctrine." And these are the opening lines: "For some reason or other, the English people have never developed any marked and permanent curiosity about the affairs of the United States. Upon special occasions, of course, as when a President is elected or shot, or the price of petroleum is forced up to ten shillings a barrel, a sharp spasm of interest in American news seizes upon us." Note the good taste, the kindness of allusion.

It must be confessed, however, that the Saturday Review refuses to recognize all London geese as swans. In an amusing, yet highly appreciative article on Mr. August Manns, the talented orchestra leader, is found this paragraph: "Later, Mr. Squire gave us a 'Hungarian Rhapsody' by the eminent Popper, which, with our own Sullivan and Cowen to boast of, we dare not affirm to be the worst piece of music ever manufactured for the market, though it certainly cannot be far from the vulgarst."

The Vie Parisienne of the 27th ult. reproduced a caricature by Bush that appeared some time ago in a New York newspaper. The sketch is entitled "A box at ye opera." The Vie Parisienne adds these comments: "Since the American high society Europeanizes itself more and more—stay, perhaps French high society Americanizes itself each day—look at this singular caricature of New York life." The picture, by the way, represents silly looking people, with their backs to the stage, gabbling at the top of their lungs. "I do not know whether some of the sitters in the box belong to that '400' which has inspired a literature apart (because the exasperated snobbishness of young democracies is unknown among us), but I see that they are singularly like us in their imitation of our fashions."

may 10 - 95

Listen again to Walsingham, our old friend Walsingham, who is now investigating the Byzantine elegance and corruption of high life in New York. "And yet the cruel city never seemed more serenely effluent than during these fine days in May." "Effluent" is, like "accommodated," very good; "a good phrase;" and as Justice Snallow wisely remarked, "good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable."

"Effluent" has been used by masters of style. As an adjective, it is to be found in an old Blackwood: "the pure, hot effluent gravy of your steak;" and in January, 1880, the Daily News spoke of "an effluent drain into the Thames." Then there is "effluent" the noun, which means the outflow from a sewage tank; but surely the elegant Walsingham would disdain such use.

For Walsingham is French in his fastidiousness, even when he supplements or reverses the judgment of his colleagues on things musical and dramatic. And so we find in his last article such phrases as "New Yorkers par sang," "Speculation à l'outrance." But what would be affectation in another is the natural, yea, the inevitable expression of such a man as Walsingham, who is in constant communion with gentlemen "who begin the day with champagne cocktails" instead of coffee; who is on speaking terms with the "daughters of stock-brokers," who never walk, and whose daily program includes "a Turkish bath, a visit to the florists, and a call at the dressmaker's or milliner's."

It is not at all improbable that such words as "svengali" and "to svengalize" will be found in good and regular standing in the dictionaries of 1900. There are precedents. Boycott and gerry-mander are examples.

An invention that is well calculated to preserve peace at breakfast, that crucial test of domestic affection, is the "toast crisper." This ingenious machine is a combination of toast rack, napkin and chafing dish. Put into a covered pan, "the toast is kept crisp by a lighted lamp." This description is perhaps a little vague, but the results are said to be most satisfactory. Any invention that serves to mitigate the natural irascibility of the male animal at breakfast is welcomed by the slaves of the household.

Oakey Hall contributes a sketch of John Van Ruren to the May number of "the Green Bag." This reads like ancient history. "Hall—Hall—" didn't he have something to do with the Tweed ring?

And Corbett will give Jackson his heart's desire.

It was observed that neither Justice Jackson nor Justice Field laughed or smiled while Mr. Choate was arguing. In other words, they realized the dignity of their position and the importance of the occasion.

A reviewer of Mrs. De Koven's sassiety novel, "A Sawdust Doll," after he has described the scented characters that move languidly through the chapters, remarks: "It is a pity, though, that people so well bred should say 'who' for 'whom.'"

The following story, told about Jack Wilson's tomb in the Little Cloisters at Westminster, might well be applied to the subway explorations in the Common: Wilson was probably Shakspeare's tenor. He was, then, the first to sing "Sigh No More, Ladies," and he died in 1673. The inscription on his tomb at the Abbey was much obliterated, and, under the direction of an antiquary, a man was employed to recut the letters. The antiquary stood looking over him, so that he should make no mistake, and, to make the time go pleasantly, he expatiated to the workman upon the grandeur and merits of the deceased. The man stopped his work, and, looking up at the antiquary, said: "I wish, sir, we had known that he was such a swell before we cut that there drain pipe through him."

Roberts Brothers have published another drama by Echegaray, Englished by Mr. Graham, and yet there are no symptoms of an approaching fad. Perhaps it's too late, or rather too early in the season. Nor does this weather encourage rigging an altar, feeding on everlasting fire, and dancing in solemn ecstasy. Then, too, Echegaray is unfortunately a punster, and as Mr. Graham says in a foot-note, "It is to be regretted that a man who shows an undeniable sense of humor through much of his work should lower himself to this most witless of all methods of arousing laughter."

This is the same Mr. Graham, who, according to Bernard Shaw, has translated the plays of the Spanish dramatist "into a language of his own, consisting of words

taken from the English dictionary and placed, for the most part, in an intelligible grammatical relation to one another."

It appears that in addition to her well-known charms Mrs. Mary Lease is a hypnotist. No wonder that she has exerted a marked influence in Kansas.

And what did Mr. Eustis do that Figaro should praise him so loudly? He spoke right out in meeting, like a man.

The bitter words of the Contemporary Review concerning the character of music hall songs are true of nine-tenths of the stuff sung in variety shows, farce comedies and burlesque operas in this country. "What is most striking is the utter poverty and monotony of their topics, the sordidness of their view of life, the baseness of their ideals, the inferiority of their enthusiasms, the total absence of healthy passion or indignation, and even of genuine, unforced gaiety or sentiment. The humor is that of the mock valentine, their pathos that of the pavement artist. They pass from praises of debauchery and paeans of rowdiness to grimy caricatures of the sordidness of lower middle-class life, inept jocosities on love and marriage, birth and death, and patently insincere criticisms on public events. Their philosophy is a mean and shallow knowingness, their patriotism is cheap and empty bluster."

May 11 - 95
Tomorrow is a famous witch-festival. In the morning of May 12 the witches may be seen brushing the dew off lawns and milking cows. By night they fly, they fly by night to the meeting places. And there they say such things, and they do such things, in the Bowery of the Sky. Oh, the wildness of the dancing, as wild as that of the Persian girl at the sacrifice. These dances are to the sound of a tambourine, a flute, a violin, or of another instrument which is struck with a stick. All witches assert that there are in the world no concerts so well executed, and they prefer as a conductor Satan to even Mr. Paur.

This reminds us that the temptation to pick up things in the street is well-nigh irresistible, especially when the streets are so full of rubbish of all kinds. But refrain from picking up rubbish, string or cloth of these colors: Black, which portends vexation, discontent, trouble; orange, which leads to misfortune; silver, which insures disquiet, passion, pain. Scarlet will bring to you the best luck.

A hot May makes a fat churchyard.

Would that the French saying were true: "St. Mamertius, St. Pancras and St. Gervais" (May 11, 12, 13), "do not pass without a frost."

It looks as though Mr. Creelman's report of "horrors at Port Arthur" was for lecture and stereopticon purposes only.

"There is a great deal of excitement in the political circles of Buda-Pesth." But why should there be? Is not Mr. Nikisch away on a vacation?

Even when Mr. Dana is addressing religious bodies, he holds up the hands of the newspaper business manager.

Do the advanced and Modern Women who are victims of Wagneritis remember what Wagner said about Ortrud? "Ortrud is a woman who knows nothing about love. In a word, she belonged to politics, to voting and law making. If a man politician is disagreeable, a woman is repugnant. We know nothing in history more horribly cruel than a woman politician."

T. T. A. writes to the Journal an interesting letter, in which he suggests the derivation of the word "buccaneer" from "baucan, a red flag in use in Europe before the discovery of America in 1492." But Meyrick—"Ancient Armor"—says that "baucens, or baucant," was a black and white banner.

Miss Currie Duke, the pretty girl who fiddled here some time ago, has been discussing the fiddle, fiddling and general fiddle-de-dee with a New Orleans reporter. Miss Duke finally came to the conclusion that "the greatest women have never even approximated, either physically or intellectually, to the strength of the greatest men." Of course such opinions will endear Miss Duke to every deep-thinking male, but would it not be as well for her to practice her scales and talk chiefly with her fingers, so that she may prove to be the long-looked-for exception? There are too many half-baked musicians who insist on leaving the oven and joining the world's tea-party.

Japan is not only polite; she is the cause of politeness in others. Witness the bowing and the scraping of Russia and Germany. "How do you do, and how do you do, And how do you again?"

Such is the reckless speed of electric cars and bicycles in frequented streets that the only safety for pedestrians who wish to use a crossing at night will be a bridge or a subway. Drivers and riders have for some time regarded with contempt men and women that walk; they are now beginning to show active hostility.

A local contemporary refutes gravely and laboriously the statement made by somebody to the effect that President Cleveland might take a Republican nomination on a sound money platform. Has it, then, no sense of humor? "Let me examine your bumps," as Charles Lamb cried out on a memorable occasion.

"Philadelphia is abolishing sweating." Then the authorities have a secret pull with the Weather Clerk.

The Rev. Mabel McCoy said in convention: "It is the old, old story—the woman inspires, and the man executes." True; and this is the explanation of many a crime, although the Rev. Mrs. McCoy had special reference to the W. C. T. U.

An international congress will be held in Chicago this month, "to the end that demonstrated truth and wholeness may be universally realized." Pray, what is "demonstrated wholeness," and is it really best for the Republic that it should be realized?

"The strange disappearance of Independence Morris, 17 years ago, is still an unsolved mystery." Mr. Morris, beyond all peradventure, wished to live up to his Christian name.

Ducks' heads eaten give thee eater strength, they say. Now, when Hercules once swooned, his companion Iolaus held a quail to his nose and brought him to. But Hercules suffered from epilepsy, for which disease the brain of the quail was thought to be a specific.

To A. B.: You ask the derivation of the word "callithumpian," used in connection with band or music. Such bands heard in mock serenades and rag-tag processions are sometimes improvised to celebrate an unpopular wedding, just as the "skimmington-riding" in Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" was accompanied with the din of cleavers, kites, crowds, humstrums, serpents and rams' horns. Some believe that "callithumpians" was a name assumed at various times by bands of rowdies, especially in Baltimore; and it was founded upon "calliope" and "to thump."

FIRST "POP."

Brilliant Opening of the Promenade Concerts.

Great Success of Mr. de Novellis, the Conductor.

Mr. B. L. Whelpley Gives a Piano Concert in Chickering Hall.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience last evening in Music Hall. The hot weather apparently had no terrors, and, indeed, the temperature of the hall was comfortable, all circumstances taken into consideration. The program was as follows:

March, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
Waltz, "Amour et Printemps".....Waldteufel
(First time.)
Selection, "Falka".....Chassaigne
Prelude to Act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 2.....Bizet
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Grubenlichter".....Zeller
(First time.)
Gavotte, "La Coquette".....Sudessl
(First time.)
March, "Tabasco".....Chadwick

Mr. Antonio de Novellis, the conductor this season, was most warmly welcomed, and with just reason; for his abilities as a musician and conductor, and his fine personal qualities are well known to the music-lovers of this city. During his American career he has had varied adventures and vicissitudes. He conducted admirably Italian opera when it was in its glory. He showed his skill and tact in performances of operetta. Last evening he proved himself an excellent leader and program-maker of orchestral concerts. It was a pleasure to see that he is held here in such high esteem; for audiences, like republics, are too often fickle and ungrateful; they are apt to toss their hats in air in honor of the new man, forgetting him who has served them in the past faithfully and well. Mr. de Novellis may well be proud of his success, which was every whit deserved.

Mr. de Novellis conducted with taste, force and intelligence. There was no vain personal display, no posing in the sight of the people, for the man is the personification of modesty. His thoughts were of the orchestra and the pieces played, not of the audience and what it might think or say. Without extravagance of gesture, without mirror-studied grace, he led simply and effectively. Mr. Ellis is to be congratulated on his choice of a conductor.

The program was well made. The tastes of all were consulted. If anyone was foolish enough to sniff at the overture to "William Tell," he was able to console himself with the thought of the extract from "Lohengrin" that preceded it. By the way, this same overture of Rossini, played with infinite spirit, was most vociferously applauded, and the famous "galop" was repeated. For the overture wears well, oh victim of Wagneritis; and in its day it was a great wonder as the Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger" seems now to the more infuriated Wagnerite. Even the severe-minded Rheinberger loves this overture. And it is, indeed, an ironical circumstance that Schopenhauer, who influenced Wagner mightily, adored the music of Rossini.

But I digress; and yet is not digression in keeping with the informality of these concerts? Away, and keep your distance, ye pedagogues, fifth-hunters, and serious minded who insist on parsing each musical sentence. In the smoke, while glasses clink, let there be no thought of the "Solemnchoities" of music. It would be easy, for instance, to inquire what Mr. Schuecker was doing with his harp in the first performance of Mascagni's famous Intermezzo; but what would be the use? Mr. Schuecker is a most accomplished harper, and possibly he was trying some experiment that next season in a Symphony concert may excite gaping wonder. Besides the harp sounded normally in the repetition.

Waldteufel's waltz, with its haunting first theme, was redemanded, and there was applause galore throughout the evening. And the band played an old familiar melody—known as "Loin du Bal." Were there cries "Take it away. We know it by heart?" On the contrary, applause was tumultuous; and the solo cellist, Mr. Schulz, looking more than ever like the young Beethoven, began again the well-worn strain.

So there was honest enjoyment, thanks to conductor and orchestra. There was no trying to like a thing, because somebody had previously said that it was great, or because it was stamped with the portentous seal of some eminent, deep-chested and long haired Leipziger Professor or Berlin Music Doctor. There was rhythm in plenty, and there were tunes that set feet in motion and eyes to sparkling.

So should promenade concerts be. And so they will surely be this season, thanks to Mr. Ellis, Mr. de Novellis and the admirable orchestra.

PHILIP HALE

have been told. But why the Salvationist? Surely millions and millions of the fellow-creatures of both are acquainted with and stand upon this common ground? Why drag in the Salvationist?

"If we allow, then—the point need not be developed—that Bach had, in common with many other Christians, a certain religious point of view, we ask what is the relevance of such an admission, or of such an accusation? We are not concerned with Bach's Christianity, but with his art. After all, it is not supposed that Bach's mere religious sentiment was of so overwhelming a character that this quality alone made him a burning or a shining light before the world. We speak in humble ignorance. But we have no reason to think that he was a better Christian than either his wife or the Chief Magistrate of Leipzig. But he happened to be an artist, and his was the artistic method.

"Is it impossible, then, to produce Bach in his fullness in these incredulous and un-Christian times? Certainly, in his artistic fullness, and that is all one cares about with any seriousness. It must be remembered that there may be, attached to any composition, a superstitious glamour outside the realms of art altogether. A play by Eschylus may have had, apart from its own poetical merits, considerable effect upon certain minds at the time of its production, by reason of the religious intention which invested it with a peculiar sacredness. With the disappearance of that religious purpose, such work must stand or fall by its artistic value. But is the work in any way changed? Assuredly not; if its appeal was truly artistic, it lives because an artist wrote it, not because subsequent generations modify their religious views.

"It is so with Bach. He composed, we are told, for a particular audience. That audience has fallen into dust and ashes. His work, therefore, can never be what it was. Was there ever so strange an argument? Did the audience, then, participate in the composition of the 'Matthew Passion'? And does any tittle or jot of the merit of the 'Matthew Passion' depend upon the congregation of the Leipzig Cathedral of a hundred and fifty years ago? What can it matter to us if that congregation was moved by other motives than those by which we are moved. How can you maintain, then, that Bach's work, in its fullness, can never enter our minds? Bach's work is simply this—a work of art, no more. We do not care whether he looked to posterity or the Leipzig burghers when he wrote. We only know that he produced a work of consummate merit; and that, so far as that merit is concerned, we are as capable of appreciating it to its full as well as any German worshiper of five generations ago. Bach had only one method—that of art: in face of that, Salvationists and minnesingers, and fabulists, and creed-mongers, and mechanical librettists, and many another human nonentity, dislign and fade away, leaving Bach and Mozart and Handel and Beethoven and Palestrina standing together, triumphing, by their method, over every changing fashion and belief."

The musical column of the Saturday Review is a constant delight. How admirably, for instance, does the reviewer in the number for April 27 state his opinions concerning the artistic worth of Saint-Saëns's music.

"Now Saint-Saëns is a wonder working fellow, a spouting volcano of new forms, new effects, each more bizarre, less expected, than the last. He writes for orchestra as if it alone had been his lifelong study, for organ, or piano, or violin, or 'cello, as we have hitherto supposed they could only be written for by specialist virtuosos. Apparently he is acquainted with and master over the oldest and newest devices in the mechanism of composition, and he certainly knows well how to mix every shade of orchestral color used on the modern music painter's palette. He works marvels—yet one cannot resist the suspicion that his artistic personality is wholly factitious. This is not merely because extraordinary facility, accomplishment without effort, always arouses suspicion. However favorable a first impression of his music may be, its charm soon wears shabby; we soon feel that it is entirely without depth, is more uniformly shallow than any music of the century except, perhaps, Meyerbeer's, and we resent having been cheated by a composer who never writes an original or sincere bar, and never a bar that is not a miraculously clever imitation of real music. What sincerity, indeed, beyond the sincerity of the shopkeeper, may one expect of an artist who in his maturer years writes a 'Samson et Dalila,' and by the side of fugues written after Bach at his austere lays on gorgeous splashes of the voluptuous coloring of Wagner in his most royal mood. Saint-Saëns is always for the moment some one else, he lacks the high sincerity that keeps the artist true to himself."

And here, from the same article, are golden words of wisdom about orchestral conductors, words that may be pondered with personal benefit by young composers and old pianists who itch to swing a stick: "Many people reckon playing the orchestra a very easy matter. The instrument is made up of highly trained executants who play no wrong notes, and it seems so stupendously simple to take a bit of stick and beat one, two, three, four, in a bar,

that respectable part of the orchestra, Stanford and Parry, who would expect and deserve to be called charlatans if they came before the public as flautist players, undertake with a light heart to play the orchestra in public and do not expect to be called charlatans. It would be unfair, indeed, to call them by that ugly name, for they no more deserve than they expect it. They do not know, though they should know, that the difficulties of piano-playing fade into mere shadows of difficulties beside those of orchestra-playing. Very different and less obvious qualities are needed. Supple fingers, a wrist strong and flexible as steel, a resplendent head of hair, will do little for you; instead of these, the highest musicianly gifts, a rare magnetic personality, something of the actor's trick of eloquent gesture, infinite patience, tact and self-control, are absolutely essential."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Clementine de Vere-Sapio is now a dramatic soprano!

Von Suppé is still very sick. He was 75 years old April 18.

Mrs. Clara Poole, now in England, has been very sick with peritonitis.

There is a strong probability that Josef Hofmann will not visit us next season.

Mrs. Lucille Jocelyn pleased the congregation of Dr. Parkhurst's church, New York.

Many will be glad to know that Melba comes of "a strict Scotch Presbyterian family."

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, now in London, will sing at the Gloucester Festival in September.

Mr. Arthur Beresford sang at the concert of the Mendelssohn Society in Toronto the 2d with marked success.

Sembrich, Calvé, and Marconi, Battistini, Cotogni and Nannetti are engaged for the winter operatic season at St. Petersburg.

Miss Esther Palliser, who sang here in "The Gondoliers"—or "Gone-Dollars"—is organizing a concert at which the music will be exclusively by female composers.

Mr. C. L. Staats, the clarinet virtuoso, will pass the summer abroad, sailing from New York the 18th and returning Oct. 1. He will spend the month of June in London and the balance of the summer in Paris and Germany.

At the Indianapolis Music Festival the 13th, 14th, 15th 16th these present or past Bostonians will sing: Nordica, Julie Wyman, Jennie Patrick Walker, Rose Stewart, Max Heinrich and W. H. Clarke. The orchestra will be the Boston Festival.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham, organist, assisted by Mrs. Marie Gallison, alto, and Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, will give a concert at the Shawmut Church the 16th. Mr. Dunham will play pieces by Merkel, Thiele, Dubois, Claussmann and Gullmant.

The Musical Courier thus speaks of Mrs. Julie Wyman: "Few can sing these French songs like her. She is not so felicitous with an English text, her pronunciation, by strange contrast to the liquid roundness of her French, being crude and thin."

Thursday, May 16, at 8, at the remaining concert this week, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Clarence Ashenden, Miss Aagons Lunde and Mr. Ashenden will sing, and the boy choir of the Messiah will assist with two symphonies, played with 20 illustrative instruments, and violins, cello, drums and cornet.

When Miss Pospischel sang at the Prague opera, the critical and representative audience indulged itself in manifestations of displeasure. Arrests were made, and doctors, lawyers, students were sentenced to prison for terms varying from one to three days. A loud whistler was confined five days.

The first of the two concerts at the Newton Clubhouse for the Church of the Messiah organ fund, last Tuesday, was a brilliant success. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Chelfus, Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Spofford, Mr. Ashenden and Mr. Carl Pierce were enthusiastically received, and although the evening was warm the concert went with a spirit and dash that was refreshing.

They say that when De Lucia, the tenor, sang last winter at the Scala, he received three lire for each note in his role. In Mascagni's Silvano there are 610 notes in his role, which gave him 1830 lire or \$366 per evening. This spring he asked Sonzogno five lire a note, and the publisher-manager would not pay it. This is probably all a lie.

Mrs. Helen Bolce-Hunsicker, soprano, assisted by Master Arthur M. Hartmann, violinist, will give concerts in Copley Hall Tuesday and Friday evenings. Mrs. Hunsicker's singing has been most warmly praised in Philadelphia and other towns in Pennsylvania. Master Hartmann has the friendship and esteem of Saint-Saëns, Gullmant, Richter, Sir Charles Hallé and Paderewski.

The Musical Courier publishes a story in which the keeper of the theatre restaurant claims to be the true connoisseur. To him "L'Africaine" is one of the best operas. "The public staring constantly at the scenery of tropical countries, is beset by a sharp thirst. I must say that I have experienced 'Götterdämmerung' and 'Huguenot' representations, when we had to cut six hams, 400 sausages and five Swiss cheeses, with these 90, if you please, six barrels of beers and uncousted selters. Yes; this is what I call operas!"

The annual operatic musicale given by pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams will take place in Union Hall Tuesday evening, the 21st. The program will include the Garden Scene from "Faust," scene and duet from the second act and duet from the fourth act of "The Huguenots," the second act of Mozart's "Figaro." Mr. Adams will sing the great duet from "The Huguenots" with Mrs. Helen Haynes. Among those who will take part are Miss Adelaide Schirmer, Miss Mary L. Gilkey, Miss Maude Francis, Miss Gertrude Gardner, Miss Phila May, Miss Bradford and Messrs. Faunce, Parks, Bruce, Mull, Bennett and Brothers.

The New York Times thus speaks of Dvorak's new cantata, "The American Flag," first produced the 4th, at a concert given by the New York Musical Society: "It must be admitted that the cantata will not add anything to Dr. Dvorak's fame. It is a cold, uninspired, and uninspiring work, manufactured with a musician's skill, but without any feeling. That which is good in it is bodily lifted from the pages of Richard Wagner, and it makes one regret that the doctor had not set the whole poem to music by the composer of 'Parsifal.' The work was well sung, but it will probably not be heard very often."

Mr. Whelpley gave a concert in Chelsea Hall. Criticized by some.

Taking this into consideration, a more important sonata than the sterile op. 78 of Beethoven should have been chosen. Even such admirers of Beethoven as Marx, Lenz and Eitner have all condemned the work as trivial as "mere tone-play"—to quote Marx. Mr. Whelpley's phrasing of the work was peculiar and inaccurate. There was neither legato nor cantabile when he presented what little melody there is in the introduction, and the allegro which follows. The finale was fluently, but quite nervously, played. In brief, Mr. Whelpley's playing at this concert was so seldom satisfactory that it would seem superfluous to bestow upon it any lengthy consideration. Possibly his fingers perspired, and the keyboard was wet. It sounded very much that way.

C. L. CAPEN.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Have Bach's Sacred Works Lost Their Full Meaning?

Short and Brilliant Description of Camille Saint-Saëns.

Foreign and Domestic News About Singers and Players.

There has been much discussion of late in this country and in England concerning the advisability of producing the greater works of Bach, and the possibility of an adequate performance in case the advisability is assumed without question. In this connection the carefully considered article published in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette, and entitled "Bach and His Method," is of interest to all serious lovers of the highest examples of musical art.

"It is very seldom that we are inclined to measure swords with a fellow-critic. Each critic is so reasonably permitted to have his own opinion upon any particular subject that, as a general rule, it is not just or right to question an opinion that is reasonably conceived and responsibly uttered. But when it comes to this, that one has a genuine respect for and interest in the opinions of a particular critic, it becomes upon an exceptional occasion, both reasonable and permissible to argue against some of those opinions from which one so profoundly dissents that some of the very truths of art seem to be in peril from the contentions which they involve.

"In his well considered and—so far as criticism of the performances was concerned—admirably true judgment upon the recent doings of the Bach Choir, the critic of the Saturday Review ventured to deny that Bach's 'Matthew Passion' could ever at the present day have quite the effect which it had upon the occasion of its first production. Part of its art had vanished, he asserted, with the disappearance of the Christian sentiment. After all, he claimed, Bach's point of view was only the point of view of the Salvationist, who, crying at the corner of the street, strives to impart to his hearers a sympathy with the physical sufferings, the five wounds, the crown of thorns, the scourging, the bloody sweat, of Christ in the passages of His passion.

"Thus, he went on to conclude, with the disappearance of our sympathy with the personal sufferings of Christ there has disappeared much of the effectiveness also of Bach's artistic appeal. Bach, after all, wrote for his provincial cathedral, for his contemporary Christian coterie; these things have vanished, and Bach can never be now quite the Bach he was. There is no such a thing, he practically contended, as immortal art; art is surrounded by conditions, and (although he never verbally and actually wandered to this necessary position) the natural conclusion is this, that a work of art might vanish altogether, if all such conditions were removed.

"Now, from a certain unquenchable respect for the memory of Bach, which we cannot dismiss from our consciousness, we are constrained to protest against a view which really says good-by to half the merits (or more) of all the great art works of the world that are more than a generation old 'Bach's method is the method of the Salvationist.' And why? Because Bach's subject is the physical suffering of Christ; and the Salvationist's subject is also the physical suffering of Christ. And the result? Aye, there's the rub. What common ground, after all, have these two—Bach and the Salvationist? We

The annual benefit concert in aid of the funds of the Carney Hospital is to occur at the Boston Theatre Sunday evening, the 25th inst. The hospital has been of assistance to a far larger number of patients during the last year than at any time in its history, and the demand upon the treasury of the institution has been proportionately increased. It is hoped that the friends of the hospital will make an unusual effort to see that the concert announced is made a source of large returns to the treasury. A large and select orchestra under the direction of Mr. A. de Novellis, of the promenade concerts, will be a leading feature, and the committee has the assurance of assistance from prominent vocal and instrumental soloists. The sale of seats will be duly announced and all orders forwarded to the committee will be filled in the order of reception.

Mr. Emil Liebling, speaking in Music, of new works for the piano, says justly: "In Germany mostly cheap trash by the groundlings, or imitations of Brahms by writers like D'Albert; very little natural or spontaneous music; once in a while an oasis like the four pieces opus 52 by Reinhold of Vienna, who is not ashamed to write music which any one can enjoy. Bach's works will soon have as many commentaries as the Bible. I see that both Klindworth and Busoni have lately published editions of the Well-Tempered Clavier. Are we not drifting into an affection on the subject of Bach? Sauer is about five-fourths correct when in a London interview he says that Bach's works are not fit for public performance and should only be used in private. The uses of Bach study are strictly defined and limited; it will help to accomplish only certain points and there it stops. The graded edition of

Bach, eliminating all useless and obsolete material, is as yet to make its appearance."

The Chicago Tribune believes that the New York female opera-goer outdid all her sisters in her scramble for De Reszke. Our contemporary says: "In Chicago they are worshipped at respectful distance through a mist of tears. In New York it is becoming a matter not alone of ingenuity but of absolute difficulty to find means of saving themselves from adulatory aggressiveness and personal seizure by the victims of the craze. Of course, this foolishness does not attack all women, but the number is growing larger, and it is not always the young and giggling sort that are attacked, for several grown-up and matured women have displayed manifestations of billowy grief and overwhelming attraction. The disease has reached such a pitch that the level-headed, sensible women who are managing questions of feminine reform and preparing the way for the coming woman should take it into consideration and see if they cannot discover what ails these creatures and how they may be cured. This is due not alone to the victims of this strange disease, but also to the objects of their assault. If something be not done it will soon become dangerous for certain artists to appear at all."

"THE CURSE OF INTELLECT."

"The Curse of Intellect" is the title of a well-printed little book, published in Edinburgh by Blackwood and Sons, and in Boston by Roberts Brothers. The name of the author is not given; but it is not likely that it will be the Great Anonymous; for the book is a disappointment. There was some talk about it before its yellow, baleful light shone in shop windows of this town. The novel was described as "daring." There was a lively hope of a new shudder. The greater, then, the disappointment. For that which is bold is tritely bold. As for the new shudder, the most timorous maiden may read "The Curse of Intellect" at dead of night, in an uninhabited house, by a flickering candle, and never turn her head over her shoulder, gasp, or hear strange footsteps on the stairs.

The story in a nutshell is this: Mr. Reuben Power, a man of extraordinary intellect and gloomy disposition, wishes the judgment of an impartial observer on the worth of an intellectual man. He trains a monkey so that he can talk; he flogs intellect into him, and makes him his companion. The monkey gains his first ideas concerning the human race from books; he delights in his own intellectuality; but his illusions are dispelled; he soon realizes the inherent meanness of man; he fears that his soul will be lost because he is no longer the innocent beast that chattered in trees and threw nuts at the heads of passers; his breast is invaded by rage and despair; so he kills Mr. Power and shoots himself, having previously written memoirs that were mainly an indictment of the human race. Other characters are introduced, most of them contemptible, to point the moral and to be caricatured. Then there is a woman, "Poor Mary," a shadowy, excellent creature, with a marked tendency to preach, she loves Reuben and is regarded kindly by the monkey.

As a story, the book is of little moment; the story serves only as a stalking horse behind which the author shoots the poisoned arrows of his satire. And the satire, alas, seems sophomoric. To be sure, there are some passages agreeable in frank brutality. Here is an instance: "He had married the daughter of an Earl, but his father, who was a shopkeeper, and so

become an English gentleman." Here is another, a description of opera; for the monkey went to the opera house, from which he was practically ejected by a virtuous and well-bred mob; and, by the way, the monkey afterward gave receptions which were ultra-fashionable: "The Italian opera in England always strikes me as a close representation of English society. First comes the leading soprano or tenor, enormously paid, often a brilliant charlatan, seldom a true artist, a natural aristocrat, a Titjens, Marlo or Faure. Then, after a wide interval, come the smugly respectable, fairly paid middle class, the second sopranos, altos, tenors and basses, conventional in voice, movement, and expression. And last of all, the poorly paid populace, the chorus and orchestra. Only now and again is true genius seen, and then but in a swamp of conventionalism."

As a rule the satire is heavy and dull. The monkey cannot understand why the lives of men belie their written words. The world should be made up of Don Quixotes, Colonel Newcomes, Uncle Tobies; there should be no room even for one Steyne, Becky Sharpe, or Shylock. The wickedest monkey in a state of nature—and yet the author claims that there are no wicked monkeys—is better than the average man. Intellect and sin are synonymous. Better would we all be and happier likewise, were we to swing by our tails from limbs of tropical trees, rejoicing in the sun, cracking nuts for natural not philosophic kernels. Education is misery, learning is mental and moral destruction; let us strip ourselves of clothes and away to the forest. Of course some would perish from exposure; but there would be a survival of the fittest and final arboreal salvation.

But these are the gloomy thoughts of men of all ages. A writer by the name of Swift did this thing much better. His story was not as cumbersome, not even as absurd. And he wrote an immortal book. His irony was splendid; by its "diabolical magnificence" it exalted him to the point whence he surveyed all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory or valinglory of them. The satire of "The Cure of Intellect" is the satire of a monkey, an educated monkey who views the world with the superficiality of his kind, and who is funniest in grotesque and tiresome fashion when he is most serious.

THE POPS AGAIN.

Now that the Pops—or the Promenade concerts—are no longer a thing of anticipation, it is well to inquire into the possible benefit to be gained by constant attendance. This is a restless, nervous age, as some deep thinker has remarked, and even pleasure, real or alleged, must be submitted to test-tube and litmus-paper.

It must be admitted frankly that here in Boston the Pop was an acquired taste. Did not the Sun, which takes a keen and abiding interest in men and things in Boston; did not the censor and the incensor of all things terrestrial, and President Cleveland in particular, once point the finger of scorn, not at the concerts, but at the audiences and their display of polar enjoyment? The Boston people, said the Sun, "want music that is grand, gloomy and peculiar, above all, instructive, and the cheery, devil-may-care tunes that make the best minstrelsy of summer are an abomination to their eyes." Was it not the Sun that likened Boston applause unto "the crackling of twigs on a frosty morning?" Four years ago were these deadly arrows shot from the twanging bow, and they still stick.

And yet the people of Boston, by hard, untiring labor, by toiling after it as some toil after virtue, have learned appreciation of a popular concert. They realize that music has other purposes than to agitate and control; it should, in proper season, "cheer up the countenance, expel austerity, bring in hilarity, mitigate anger," or, as Athenaeus well remarks, "produce a sort of gentlemanlike joy." Some of the more hardened wink the eye at the sound of even the name of Offenbach, and as for Strauss, they say to the visiting foreigner, "Oh, you know Strauss is a classic; Brahms thinks highly of him."

Or what is there now lacking in Music Hall to the heart's delight? There is an inclosure, not a pen, as certain disagreeable persons have insisted, for the purpose of preserving class distinctions, but for exhibiting, as in a microcosm, the true democratic feeling that exists in Boston; it exists quietly; it is just a little shy; but it

exists. In this pen—if you will have it so, oh Thersites—Columbus Avenue and Marlboro Street are in elbow-jostling proximity. Entrance to it is obtained by purchase, not by an affidavit concerning the validity of a grandfather. Mr. Newbury, in his choicest Bostonese, asks Mr. Cove if he will be good enough to let him look at a program a minute, and Mr. Cove replies, "Why, cert'ly," and the feet of them tap time to the strains of the waltz.

Is it possible that some, stern-faced, may object to synchronous deglutition of food and music? Perish the thought! There should be food served at Symphony concerts. The system fortified by a boiled New England dinner would withstand the colossal works of Brahms. Nourished judiciously, a Saturday evening audience would no longer seem at departure an anaemic, etiolated race. So with light music, there are very properly "light refreshments;" and let them be light, without ironic twist or turn. "Truly, now," said Michael Mail, "there's a friendly tie of some sort between music and eating."

Michael is right. Were not the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe in the feasts of the Hebrews? There was music at the banquet where Tamburlaine the Great drank Koumise, hydromel and wine. Did not Walpole flirt with Mrs. de Boufflers as they ate to the sound of horn and hautboy? But why appeal to history. There are thoughtful philosophers who would confine music to table use.

The benefits are not so much in future as in the unrestrained enjoyment of the present. Listen to the music and delight in rhythm and melody; learn that such pleasure is to be shared in common with citizens and citizenesses; you may never have been introduced, oh Mr. Cabotsworth, and yet they are happy without an intimate knowledge of your mental accomplishments and private views; but, for once, smile pleasantly on the crowd and without thought of incredible social complications. Eat and drink together decently and in moderation. That girl with fish-pool eyes is pretty, even if she is not a patroness of art. That old gentleman has an honest, kindly face, even if he is not a member of your club. One word of caution. When you eat, choose the occasion of a slow movement, as led by Mr. de Novellis. If you devour an ice during a waltz or a galop, sympathy will lead to haste and indigestion. Above all, dismiss thought of business. There is but one golden thought at a Popular concert: "I loafe and invite my soul."

may 13-95
"They who bathe in May
Will soon be laid in clay;
They who bathe in June
Will sing a merry tune."

Is not the Mikado insatiable? Now he wants Goff.

Policeman Williamson of New York was murdered, while off duty, "within sight of hundreds," and yet the three murderers escaped. What is the matter with the "finest?"

Here is excellent advice from a mother to her daughter just before the wedding day: "It won't do for you to complain. Never complain of anything. On the other hand, never encourage anything or anybody. Boomerangs are the rule and not the exception, in married life. Thus: Do not praise the woman John most admires; that is insincerity. Do not blame her, that is jealousy. Do not ignore her, that is temper. Above all, never talk earnestly upon the necessary details of everyday life, that is making a scene!"

Two Slavins, Jack and Bill, were knocked out the same evening. Par nobile fratrums!

Old Chimes was very low yesterday. He had heard of the second advance of 2 cents on whisky.

"Kidney discovered" is a startling headline. Many have lost one, and seek for it, with tears, in vain.

Commonwealth Avenue has at last been watered, but from Nature's cart.

M. L. E. sends the Journal the following explanation of "Kouff," the Nantucket word for stranger, or as some say a Cape Codder. He spells it "coof," and says: "This was the exact pronunciation of the term applied to off-islanders by the Nantucket people when I was a boy. It may have been derived from Capt. Paul Cuff or Cuffee of Westport, Mass., an enterprising young negro, who was one of the earliest traders with the island. His name is generally pronounced Cuff, in one syllable. He carried farm products to the island and frequently encountered refugee pirates in Buzzard's Bay, who sometimes captured

It is not unlikely that the more sound of the words May 13th does not move you, and that they are without peculiar association. And yet it was on May 13, 1694, that one Samuel Clinton of Tinsbury, near Bath, a likely youth, high 25, of a robust habit of body, not fat but fleshy, and with dark brown hair, took a nap; and he would not be roused by threat, entreaty, or blow, till after a month's time, so deep was his sleep.

And it was on May 13, 1748, that William York, a 10-year-old boy, murdered Susan Mayhew, a child of 5; killed her with great deliberation; concealed the deed cunningly. When asked why he indulged himself in such a fit of temper, he answered that she was sulky, and he did not like her anyway.

The Savannah News says that water-melons are "good all-round food for hogs." They are, indeed, for two-legged as well as four-legged.

Miss May Yohe has been forbidden to sing. This will not lead, however, to international complications. The forbidding was a doctor, not an infuriated London audience.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus trifles with a subject that is sacred to thousands of Americans: "Soon we are to have Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Trilby! We are curious about Trilby. She has, as you will remember, to be a huge person, exactly like the Venus of Milo. It is a great responsibility."

Perhaps you are fond of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. You will then palpitate at the melody of this verse from his latest poem, "The Mother Lodge."

"There was Bola Nath, accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Anir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholic!"

It was Max Nordau who objected to Catulle Mendès and recommended to him hellebore and a strait-jacket because he once wrote a poem, "Récapitulation," which began:

"Rose, Emmeline,
Margueridette
Odette,
Alix, Aline!"

and thus gave a poetical address-book. Has Mr. Nordau no inclination to examine Mr. Kipling's bumps and see whether his occipital foramen is normal or irregular?

A society has been formed in London as well as in Paris, and its members are known in French as velophobistes, and in English as anti-scorchers. The object of the society is to oppose an immovable obstacle to an irresistible impact. "Come what may," writes an "anti-scorcher" to a French paper, "we will not get out of the way of the velocipede. We make no parley, and we ask no terms. We pay no attention to horn, bell, or rattle. We plant ourselves firmly on our legs, and we wait for the accursed thing to vanish from before our face. Never have I been seen to stagger in the street and many a bicyclist have I upset with a backward blow of my hand. Members must be strong and sturdy on their legs."

May 14-

"BOCCACCIO" AT CASTLE SQUARE.

Suppé's melodious operetta, "Boccaccio," was relished keenly last evening by a large audience at the Castle Square. And, indeed, it is always a pleasure to hear this tuneful, well-constructed work, which has a coherent plot and legitimate and inherent humorous situations. The operetta was mounted handsomely, and great pains had evidently been taken in the production. Miss Eissing was the Boccaccio. Truly a shapely figure! There was no suggestion of the woman awkward in male attire, but it seemed as though Miss Eissing had been accustomed to the dress from her youth up, and would masquerade were she to don the conventional dress of her sex. As the country booby in the second act, she excited constant laughter. Miss Rissl was applauded for her singing, as were Miss Muller-Belle, the Flametta, and Miss Gallardi, the Peronella. The part of Isabella was taken by Miss Annie Fordling, who, with more experience, will undoubtedly be a useful and pleasing operetta singer. Mr. McVade as Pietro was not as sympathetic a character as the Beggar Student played by him last week, but his unflinching good nature and agreeable voice at once won the favor of the audience. The three mischief-makers, Lotterighi, Lambertuccio, and Scialza, were played by Messrs. Smith, Wolff and Ranny. The honors were borne away perhaps by Mr. Smith. It must be confessed, however, that the merry making was conventional and primitive. There was neither subtlety, nor originality, nor novelty. Yet in view of the fact that the audience laughed heartily, the labors of the comedians were repaid, and it would seem hypercritical to raise objections. These operettas should not be taken too seriously. The audience expects to be amused. If it laughs heartily and persistently, there is nothing to be said, particularly in a summer season. The orchestra was held well in hand by Mr. Hirschfeld, and the choruses were sung with effect.

There is a story told of a man who was asked to perform at a party. He was told that a new operetta would be produced on every Monday evening. Next Monday, the 10th, "Dorothy" will be given.

"Criticism in advance" seems to be the motto of an esteemed contemporary, so far as dramatic and musical performances are concerned. For instance, Réjane appeared last evening at the Tremont. You would naturally look for a review of the actress and the play in this morning's paper; but such a delay would seem lethargy to our contemporary, and so it published two reviews yesterday morning, several hours before the curtain rose. This is indeed journalism. That neither one of the reviews was written by the thoroughly equipped dramatic critic of the paper makes the feat the more remarkable.

It is the more, then, to be regretted that one of these reviews was lamentably incomplete. "The very day I left Europe," says the talented writer, "on the steamship Paris, the famous comedienne and her comrades sailed for New York also." But an excited public longs to know whether the play actress, her comrades and her eulogist were on the same steamer; and it demands imperiously the date of "the very day." Events of such importance should be accurately recorded in the almanac of the world.

Of course, our old friend Walsingham went into detail and into keen dissection, while his colleague was far more modest in his prognostications of the future. As ever, Walsingham shows his intimate acquaintance with foreign tongues and customs, as when he speaks of Réjane's "maestria," converted unfortunately by the linotype man into "maestra." Walsingham is almost as accomplished a linguist as Maj. Muldoon. "When I was with Sir Arthur on the peninsular," said the gallant Major, "I became acquainted with a Condesa, which is Spanish for Countess."

According to the same authority—Walsingham, not Maj. Muldoon—"Our New Yorkers of wealth and leisure are making their headquarters in Newport, Lenox, along the Hudson, and in New Jersey, regarding their town house as simply a pied-à-terre." The spectacle of a New Jerseyite's confusion when asked by a visitor to show him to the "pied-à-terre" would be worthy the attention of an historical painter.

"Richard Croker finds maintaining a racing stable in England not at all cheap." There's no Tammany there to keep his pockets full.

Those helping at a barn raising in Pennsylvania were poisoned by ice cream. These are indeed degenerate days. In olden times rum served as food and drink at such ceremonies, and there was no consequent summoning of physicians.

Mr. Paur will soon be in Germany enjoying his vacation. He is a man of energy, and, after the enforced inaction on the steamship, he will undoubtedly exercise his mind as well as his body. It would be of benefit to himself and the audiences at the Symphony concerts, if he were to go into a music shop, say twice a week, and look over orchestral works composed, published and performed during the last five years. The exercise would be light, and great might be his joy at finding a real novelty for next season.

In other spare hours he might play at the amusing game of program-making. Thus he might try a series of concerts with composers arranged alphabetically: (1) Works by Adam, Auber, Abert, Agrell and Ancot. (2) B would be an easier one: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz. Or, taking the names of 40 composers, he might experiment with them according to the rules of permutation and combination. Anything, anything is to be recommended by which he may gain facility in this difficult art.

Much has been said of late by Dr. Edison and others about the awful apparition of the nagging woman. Dr. Edison asks women to examine themselves, to see "whether the danger of becoming real naggers is not confronting them; whether they are willing to look forward to a time when they will be detested by every one, and to one when their husbands and children will rejoice over their deaths." But are there no nagging men? Men that growl needlessly at breakfast embitter the reflections of the wife left at home during the day, and after they return at night, find fault with everything except themselves, until sleep brings relief to the victim? By the way, nag looks more aggressive when it is spelled knagge.

How did the Mayflower Tea taste?

And Lady Chesterfield further said to her daughter just before the wedding day: "Say your best things at breakfast, that he may retail them at dinner. Don't let your laugh at the fiftieth repetition of his worst story grow too flat. Be the best and most attentive of mothers. Don't neglect your husband for your children. Do not go to the dances to which he objects. Do not stop at home and mope. Dress exceptionally well. Have no dressmaker's

bills. Do not go with Capt. Chaw. Be seen about, amuse yourself like other women. Never mention the words 'rent,' 'tax,' 'tallor,' 'butcher.' Put all summonses silently on his desk. Do not laugh. A married woman should be serious. Do not cry. Other women never cry. And never frown. The frown of one day will make John forget the 364 upon which you have smiled."

This is the way the police in Denmark deal with the drunkards found helpless in the streets. They drive the patient in a cab to the station, where he sobers off; then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the police doctor makes his, the agents make their claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last glass that did the business. No wonder that certain landlords protest, saying that proofs are insufficient and some alleged victims sham intoxication to get the landlord into trouble.

The Deep Thinker, contemplating long the exuberances of female dress, at last wrote to his favorite newspaper, "as regards the ever-growing amplitudes of skirt and sleeve, the vocabularies of wonderment and criticism alike have been fairly well exhausted. Pelion has already been piled upon Ossa, plait upon plait, fold upon fold; and now at last, so accustomed are we to the stiff prettiness which turns woman into an isosceles triangle from feet to waist, and an irregular oblate spheroid, flanked by twin globes of almost equal magnitude from waist to throat, that a revulsion making for any of the fearless old fashions would come with a shock of surprise, an atmosphere of the unfamiliar."

May 15, 95

Mrs. Hunsicker's Concert in Copley Hall—Alexander Salvini in "Friend Fritz" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Hollis.

Mrs. Helen Boice Hunsicker, soprano, assisted by Master Arthur M. Hartmann, violinist, and Miss Cathrine Hall, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Copley Hall. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. Mrs. Hunsicker sang songs by Von Stutzmann, Goepp, Bemberg, Foote, Goring Thomas, Darley, Hoffmann, Meyer-Helmund, Liebe, Van der Stucken, Miss Lang, Virginia Gabriel, Hatton, Cowen and Gilchrist. Master Hartmann played Saint-Saens's 2d concerto and pieces by Corelli and himself.

Mrs. Hunsicker, who, I understand, is a Philadelphian, has a sympathetic stage presence that at once wins an audience. She is evidently of a musical nature, and in singing she seems to enjoy and appreciate; there is no thought of a perfunctory task. Her gifts are natural, rather than acquired. Her voice is agreeable and flexible, and in simple, pleasing ballads of the Darley and Virginia Gabriel order she sings with taste and feeling. This simplicity of nature, added to her personal grace, will inevitably provoke applause wherever she may sing. The pedagogue might justly criticize her vocal art. For her breathing is faulty, she is at times given to unmeaning explosions, her treatment of successive phrases reminds you occasionally of a see-saw. But Mrs. Hunsicker is not unduly ambitious, nor does she make loud pretensions. Her voice and temperament are such as to lead one to wish that she would consider more seriously the dry, technical side of the art of singing.

Master Hartmann has been very well taught, and his technique is surprising. This is an age of technique, however, and if a boy is caught young, much can be made of him. He played with ease, and perhaps with too much appreciation of his own abilities; for the charm of hoysish unconsciousness was not there. Very sensibly in the slow movement of the concerto he stopped, for his violin needed tuning sadly. To ask for a display of passion from one so young would be absurd; but he often gave proofs of taste and musical instinct. There is no doubt that with earnest work he will be a shining light, if in the mean time he is not spoiled by injudicious friends, and handicapped by foolish puffery. He already has a technique that many an older violinist of repute might envy.

Miss Hall proved to be an excellent accompanist of undoubted musical instinct.

Mrs. Hunsicker and Master Hartmann will give another recital in Copley Hall, Friday evening.

PHILIP HALE.

In the middle of May comes the fall of the winter

Cold May enriches no one.

Have the new orders concerning "The Insulation of Poles" anything to do with the retirement of the two Adamowskis from the Symphony Orchestra?

The "more beautiful Boston" seems chiefly talk.

And, after all, what is beauty? The latest writer on aesthetics is Mario Pilo, who believes in the democratic definition of the beautiful: "That which pleases me, and, before all and above all, my senses." Here again it is the question of the subjective.

Thus Baudelaire declares that the landscape is in the eye of the observer, and Walt Whitman chants:

"All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it;
or the lines of the arches and cornices?"

Therefore, oh passionate painter, do not scowl at Mrs. De Gushe when she says, "Of course I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." She is unwittingly a disciple of Signor Pilo.

Sat. afternoon had seen New York who had seemed to appear in tableaux vivants for the sake of charity, have now withdrawn from the entertainment because it was advertised as "living pictures."

Striking all this difference should be twice Twisted and Twisted.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa declared that Mr. Labaree here was "a liar and a scoundrel." And why not "horse-thief" as well? Mr. Rossa no longer displays his old-time energy and indomitable spirit.

Herodotus and Xenophon give valuable information concerning brick-making among the ancients. The Babylonian bricks were from 12 to 13 inches square, and 3½ inches thick. Semiramis, most versatile of women, overlaid towers with enameled bricks bearing elaborate designs, or else Diodorus is so gentleman. The Egyptian taskmasters encouraged the brickmakers with a stick. But is there in early history, sacred or profane, any record of the gold brick swindle, which seems now to be a fashionable amusement down East?

It was judicious to change the title of the periodical "The Modern Cemetery" to "Park and Cemetery." But do not contributors to this magazine feel that their articles are buried hopelessly? And yet some cemetery articles are published in the picture magazines, probably because they will not distract attention from the advertisements.

Here is another blow to long-standing conviction. For years, yes, centuries, it has been held that honest, patient, body-tiring industry would finally be rewarded by a competency. Yet it is noised about that Mr. George Dixon of Boston is in a state of financial stagnation.

Whales are getting to be a drug in the market.

Alas for Richard Mansfield! His theatre will no longer be "the home of the high order of the drama," but it will see the production of "Thrillby," a burlesque of a novel that has excited some little attention in the United States. Mr. Mansfield deserved a better fate; did he not banish brass instruments from his orchestra?

Is "The Lark," the new 5-cent magazine published in San Francisco, in jest or earnest? Here is a specimen of its poetry, written in explanation of a remarkable full-page design:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you anyhow;
I'd rather see than be one."

They that laugh at death by spontaneous combustion and poke fun at Dickens and Capt. Marryat for their "fantastic" descriptions should ponder thoughtfully the experiment made lately by an ingenious Frenchman. He procured the body of an authenticated dipsomaniac, bored a hole in the skull and applied thereto the flame of a candle. Wild was his joy, so that he leaped nimbly in the air when the gas from the brain caught fire immediately and burned balefully for some time with a bluish light.

Have you noticed the kindly, pleased, appreciative, intelligent smile of Antonio de Novelli's? It is not supercilious, as much as to say, "Why, you really like this stuff!" It is not smug, a facial translation of "I'm the man. Are you not glad I am here?" It is a smile that is contagious, that is a delightful announcement, "Come, now, let us all listen to the music and have a good time."

One of the most haffling questions of today is "How could Mr. Corbett insult the National Sporting Club of London?"

It looks as though Barras would after these many years again embarrass Josephine.

This revival of gossip, this throwing into communication the boudoir and the charnel-house brings to mind the haunting refrain of Clairette's song in "La Fille de Madame Angot":

"Barras is King, and Lange his Queen,
But this, do you see now, is that which I mean,
It scarcely doth seem worth while as yet,
The Government to thus upset."

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the graceful, tripping Englishing by H. I. Byron of the librettists' text; one Englishman undid in a jiffy the work of three clever Frenchmen.

Do you remember Alice Oates as Clairette? Would that she were now alive, exulting in her audacious youth! Would that she were now here, bacchanalizing in operetta by Offenbach or Lecocq!

Ah, the boldness and the inventiveness of Mr. William A. Brady in matters of speech. He, too, is among the decadents. And how does he describe the members of the National Sporting Club of London? They are not only "leeches and parasites," they are "bluffers." A less courageous man would have said "bluffers," or "they are bluffing." To thus transform the thing into the person is a stroke of genius. No wonder that such a scholarly theatrical manager as Mr. A. M. Palmer delights in close communion with Mr. Brady.

The headline "Tragabazzanda at Gloucester" suggests the attempt by a victim of alcoholism to pronounce the name of our charming and exotic friend Trixie Friganza.

The Academy of London is loud in its praise of "Meditations in Motley," by Mr. Walter B. Harte of this town. It speaks of the originality and the "good style." It is reminded of Montaigne, and this is the supreme earthly eulogy for the essayist; and after this the remark, "Its suggestive ideas linger in the mind and it will bear re-reading," sounds like an anti-climax.

Is not an esteemed contemporary just a little late in answering Mr. Stuart Robinson's delicately worded attack on Mr. H. A. Clapp?

Mr. Percival Lowell is indefatigable in observing Mars, and he has ordered a new telescope that the slightest gesture or facial movement may not escape him. There can be no flirtation now between Mars and Venus or Mars and Rhea; the fiery, outrageous god had better tend strictly to his canals and system of irrigation. It would be interesting to know the origin of the devotion of Mr. Lowell to this particular planet. Did the eminent scientist see the star of strength beckoning to him with his mailed hand? Was it the sentimental and trite poem of Longfellow that inspired him?

All interested in betting should keep this day with solemn ceremony, for on May 16, 1805, it was recorded that Mr. Reed, Jr., of West Dean, near Chichester, engaged for a wager of £50 to find out, from a flock of 200 ewes, the lamb which belonged to each. "The lambs were kept in a separate place from the ewes. Mr. Reed completely succeeded, to the satisfaction of all present, in finding the mother of each lamb. Other considerable bets were depending on the event of this curious undertaking."

And this is the death-day (1760) of Mr. Cornelius McGarthy, who measured 7 feet 8 inches without his shoes. In 1752 Cornelius, then about 16 years of age, was followed about and pointed at in Cork; for he then measured 6 feet 8¼ inches. Growing pains racked him, but salt water gave him relief. His hand was then as large as a middling shoulder of mutton, and the last for his shoes measured 15 inches.

Voices from Western Massachusetts cry out against the poems of Mr. Stephen Crane. And yet do not the vociferators recognize in their inmost heart the passionate beauty and the rapturous melody of these lines:

"Three little birds in a row
Sat musing.
A man passed near that place.
Then did the little birds nudge each other.
They said, 'He thinks he can sing.'
They threw back their heads to laugh.
With quaint countenances
They regarded him.
They were very curious,
Those three little birds in a row."

Col. William G. Rice of Albany, the new Civil Service Commissioner, is a man of extreme amiability. In the days before he entered politics he was noted for his easy manners and his winning smile. He then studied the theory of the civil service, sitting at the feet of that stern old Roman, the Hon. David B. Hill.

Enoch Arden has turned up again, this time in Massachusetts. In that grim book, "Tales of Mean Streets," there is a story of a similar episode in domestic life. The first husband appears in the absence of the joint wife, and offers to sell the rights and good will to the second husband, but names too stiff a price. He then asks how his successor has been treated, and when he hears of the hardships endured, such as washing windows and wearing clothes that showed wifely devotion rather than sartorial skill, he is affected, and steadily lowers the sum of redemption. Suddenly the wife is heard approaching, the two husbands look at each other sympathetically, and, without a word, they run for their lives. The wife enters, doubly a widow.

The great college game would be that between Holy Cross and Amherst. Harvard and Yale would surely enjoy it.

Does the Cordage Company want more rope?

Another instance of Cunard luck.

Read this expression of slavish, cringing, snobbish English loyalty to the royal family. It is an extract from an article by the art critic of the London Times: "Then, too, we shall have to speak of other things besides pictures; of the books and the toys, and even, if we may venture to touch upon so august a subject, of the gilt cradle—lent by the Queen—in which two generations of English royal children have been rocked to sleep."

It is with pleasure that we hear the announcement of a new book, to be entitled "The Weak Jests of Celebrated Men." The

work will include jokes by college professors and all others in authority. There will be a complete collection of plays on the words "gnolss" and "quartz." The chapter devoted to Gubernatorial humor will be unusually rich. Among the most valued contributors are Dr. Depew and Mark Twain.

Mr. Walter Damrosch now admits that Mrs. Sucher was a great singer, and he puts the accent on "was."

America knows not the crowning glory of the asparagus, often called sparrow-grass. When the jaded reveler in Berlin, his head still throbbing at the thought of the discussions of the night and big with things that seem to whirl and whiz or chase each other round about inside, stooping to put on his shoes, discovers a strange dull pain at the base of the brain and a rustiness in his neck-hinge, then does he hie to the nearest bar, where he drinks copiously of hot asparagus water. Thus the asparagus of Berlin is the clam of Boston.

It is not at all unlikely that the ancients used asparagus water as a corrective of excessive old Falernian. We know that they prescribed it for jaundice and nephritis, and Celsus recommended it as a pickle for affections of the spleen.

From May 17, 1725, till June 16 of the same year, Jedediah Buxton, son of William Buxton, schoolmaster, and grandson of John Buxton, vicar of Elmeton in Derbyshire, was drunk. Shake not your head, fastidious reader, nor protest against the resurrection of such a bestial episode in the life of a worthy man. Mr. Jedediah Buxton, we repeat, was drunk, "to make use of his own expression, with reckoning by his memory, and never attempted so much reckoning again for fear of falling into the same dilemma." And here is the problem that so intoxicated him that he was incapable of business: "In 202,650,000,360 miles, and each mile reckoned to be cubical, how many barley corns, vetches, peas, wheat, oats, rye, beans, lentils, and how many hairs, each an inch long, would fill that space, reckoning 48 hairs in breadth to an inch on the flat, as he found them to be so?" Here is an interesting problem for fine, manly little fellows to work at long summer evenings. We offer no prize, however, for the solution. The glory of success should be honor enough.

M. F. A. of Millbury writes the Journal that he has heard "Kouff," the alleged Nantucket word, used on farms in Massachusetts "when the family would go out at night, and call the cows from the pasture to the barn."

Our correspondent mentions "tewing around" as an old fashioned expression, "meaning pottering about." English writers say this term is an Americanism, but it is found in various forms in English counties. Thus, in Northamptonshire, "a medical gentleman inquired of an old asthmatic patient how he was, when he replied: 'Oh! sir, I go tewing and tewing along.' The Wiclif Bible uses this form: 'Blhilde ze lilyes of ye feeld, how yel waxen, ye tuellyn not.' In Craven dialect 'tewed' means 'tired,' as 'It's parflyt teughed to death,' or 'tossed, restless,' as applied to a sick person. 'He's done nout but teugh'd about au neet.' 'Tew,' the dictionary verb, is equivalent to 'work.'

M. F. A. mentions this oath of an old farmer: "By the Holland Purchase."

And here is more sage advice from Lady Chesterfield to her daughter on the eve of the wedding day: "Do not be too much with your husband. However much you may crave for his society, tear yourself from it. Don't sicken him straight off with your personality. Don't tell him too much. Don't let out on your honeymoon the amount of sentiment which should, if properly managed, spread over four or five years. No. Treat him as you would a table d'hôte acquaintance with regard to your real self and feelings. Later on he will ask you to slacken your hold on society and to devote yourself to him and to the house. Do not do either. He would never thank you. Then you will have to entertain all his friends, and none of your own. For if you single out one of your friends for companionship, you pickle a rod for your own back. Better retain all than one. Your house must be well managed, your dinners perfect, your servants underpaid—that he may boast of your cleverness. And you must not mind how many nights he may pass at his club, for 'home' is merely a necessary relaxation from too much comfort. You will never really know John, because, after you are once married, he will tell you nothing of himself; and you will find out that all he has already confided to you was about an idealized John. No; he may occasionally retail to you choice bits of scandal about his friends, but he won't say much of himself. If you do not know his life, his thoughts, his ambitions by intuition you will always remain in ignorance of them. Take the little information he is prepared to give you, and never ask questions. He will think that marriage completed your education; don't disturb that idea."

May 18-95

Mrs. Helen Boice Hunsicker, Assisted by Master Arthur M. Hartmann, Gives a Concert in Copley Hall.

The second of Mrs. Hunsicker's concerts was given last evening in Copley Hall. There was a good sized and favorably disposed audience. Mrs. Hunsicker sang the air of Balkis from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba;" the great scene and air of Agatha from "Der Freischütz," and songs by Streizki, Zechwer, Massenet, Thomas, Glichrst, Mohr, Lassen, Alabieff, Smith, Foote, Downs, Liebe, Remberg and Goepp.

I said Wednesday morning in the Journal that Mrs. Hunsicker was not unduly ambitious and that she made no loud pretensions. Mrs. Hunsicker contradicted this statement last evening by singing two operatic airs that are far beyond her ability. The air by Gounod, as sung by her, was without breadth, dignity or passion, and in the trying air by Weber the singer was lamentably inadequate. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Hunsicker added these numbers to her program, for they showed, as in a strong light, her vocal deficiencies, her lack of true dramatic instinct, and an unreasoning confidence in herself that otherwise might not have been suspected.

Nor in lighter drawing room pieces did she give any proofs of vocal skill that were potent enough to set aside the unfavorable judgment published in the Journal after her first concert. The fact is that Mrs. Hunsicker is no doubt an agreeable singer in a small room, when she is singing simply and for the pleasure of her friends. As has been stated here before, she has an interesting personality and an attractive manner of singing arch, coquettish compositions without depth. Her temperament and her intelligence in this path may often lead her to the goal, social success. But she has not yet mastered certain rudiments of her art that are absolutely indispensable to the truly accomplished singer.

Master Hartmann in the concerto by Mendelssohn again displayed unusual technical proficiency, and Miss Cathrine Hall again proved herself to be an excellent accompanist.

PHILIP HALE.

Everything that pertains to Japan is still of interest, and some may even read the new book about that country by Henry Theophilus Finck, Esq., the well-known victim of chronic Wagneritis.

We hear constantly about the ineffable courtesy of the Japanese in moments of sunshine or when stormy clouds enwrap the serene soul. Here is a remarkable instance of this Oriental politeness, and in our own land. The following letter, now published for the first time, was written by a Japanese student serving as waiter at the club room of the Bar Association of a Western city.

And thus it reads: "Mr. President—The spirit of pride and the esteem of honor which characterize our countrymen oblige me to write a few words to you regardless of the penalty for the obtrusive intrusion upon your precious attention. Today I went at the club to get my wages and met with the steward, Mr. John, at the entrance. He stepped back a few paces and checking my way, ordered me to leave there with many repetitions of abominable oaths which a man of some honor can't restrain his passion from revolt on such a violent shower of curse. Anger was beyond my control and involuntarily I returned my share of compliments; upon which he snatched the potato-masher and was brutal enough to give me two severe blows on my person and inflicting quite painful injury. Through all this affair I was never offensive; when I went there to demand the money to which I am entitled he unjustly enjoined me to get out; that is an unreasonable movement and cannot fail to hurt a man's feelings. What? Without being satisfied with that insult made my blood boil and the veins burst with successive onslaught of ignominious swear. My returning was completely excusable, for to be indifferent to such an ignoble treatment denotes the one is a stranger to the sense of honor, and so he ought to have relished it with abashed submission. And what again? The tongue, the countenance was not capable enough to wreak his savage fury and then resorted to the final step of violence as though I was a mass of clay insensible to disgrace and pain. I could not reconcile myself to forgive him for such a cruel assault and would have avenged the injury with the same weapon he wielded to my full gratification, if otherwise a bystander meddled in and forced my highly strung nerves down to ordinary coolness. However I have no thought to let his brutality hide from the eye of the right and just and so I have taken some trouble to write these lines and ask you to glance over it at once."

Mr. de Koven in his new operetta, "The Tzigane," goes to Russia for his melodies. This is the only country he has not already exhausted.

It is indeed delightful to find Dr. Miner, Mr. Edward Atkinson and Joseph Cook laboring together in the interest of Universal Peace.

They say that Secretary Gresham's illness is the result of excessive smoking, and stories are told of public men who loved

or disliked the weed. Edward Cook once made an enemy for life by his ostentatious, arrogant abhorrence of tobacco, and we do not remember to have seen this anecdote in print. There was a political dinner once at Rochester, and one of Conkling's slavish henchmen was expected to bring by train a most important letter. The bearer had met with all manner of unpleasant delays, and had solaced himself on the way by smoking many cigars of the country. Finally, toward the end of the dinner, he was announced, and, perspiring profusely, he rushed toward Mr. Conkling. That eminent gentleman, instead of thanking him for the extended letter, sniffed disdainfully, and exclaimed, "Away, sir, away; you reek with tobacco."

How thoughts of the mighty departed rush into the memory this day! For this is the anniversary of the death (1620) of Mrs. Robert Honeywood of Charing, England, whose maiden name was Mary Waters. And why does her name blaze in the roof of the world? She left behind her 367 lawful descendants. At her decease, though she had born unto her only 16 children, there were 114 grandchildren, 223 in the third generation, and nine in the fourth. "Her long life (she was 93) and health were in a great measure accounted for by the even and Christian temper of her life, not being reckoned a restless or censorious fanatic, but a truly pious, resigned, and charitable Christian." Reader, her picture is now before us. Believe us, she's a sight!

And it was on May 18, 1763, that workmen digging under the Charter House discovered a perfect human skeleton, of a surprising length. The thigh bone measured 2 feet 2 inches, and the other bones in proportion.

It seems that there is a dispute about the proper pronunciation of the name of the new steamship St. Louis. This reminds us that the Common Council of Joliet in solemn conclave announced to the world by ordinance No. 1312 that "the only official, correct, and proper pronunciation and spelling of the name of this city shall be Jo-lee-et, the accent on the first syllable, with the 'o' in such first syllable pronounced in its long sound, as in the words 'so,' 'no,' and 'foe,' and that any other pronunciation be disowned and discouraged as interfering with the desired uniformity in respect to the proper pronunciation of the name of our city. Moreover the public school teachers are instructed to train the youth in this path of pronunciation. By the way, what is the proper pronunciation of "Boston?"

Richard Bock, the sculptor, says: "I find the sizes of Chicago girls' feet range about the same as in the East, and they are just as suitable for 'Trilby' models." The explanation of this statement is that Mr. Bock lives in Chicago, and values his life. By the way, what is the origin of the term "guffens?"

The New York Sun says "Mancinelli always declared that he preferred to lead 'Die Meistersinger' to any other opera in his repertory." When Mr. Mancinelli was in Boston he told a friend that the two operas he preferred to lead were "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro." They say that this most admirable conductor will not return to the United States next season. If he is not engaged, Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau will make a fatal blunder. One Mancinelli is worth a dozen Seldis.

Let us not ignore woman, lovely, adorable woman. And what is the latest word to her? "Given, then, that you have a beautiful figure for basls, is it art to hide it up, to muffle it in clothes, to sacrifice it to the ostentation of fabrics, however fine and decorative? No, rather, as we conceive, the art of dress should be to clothe the beautiful figure in accordance with its contours. Wherever this rule has been neglected the result has been a lapse in the art of dress. The woman under Elizabeth or Henri Quatre, when fully dressed for conquest, was human only from her ruffs upward. Below she was a very spacious structure of hoops and iron, on which rich brocades were set forth, as nowadays they might be in a shop window. They did not belong to her; they belonged to the case; and she was good enough to carry it about with her, walking as in a cage, for the benefit, no doubt, of some fashionable dress-maker."

May 9. 95

ABOUT MUSIC.

Overgrown Choral Societies
Are a Crying, Noisy Evil.

Some Sound Words of Warning
From the Saturday Review.

Notes and Comments on New Music and Sundry Musicians.

More than once in the columns of the Journal I have called attention to the disadvantages of unwieldy choruses. Bulk is considered rather than quality, and the performance is almost inevitably, to use Ruskin's words, "the roar of multitudinous mediocrity."

Some have said in answer, "But look at England; there they have had for years large choruses, and nowhere is oratorio better given, except of course in Boston."

The Saturday Review of May 4 contains an article of interest to all students and lovers of music. For this question of bulk is here considered by an Englishman with particular reference to performances of oratorio by Englishmen in England. So clear, so true are these words, which apply directly to the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, that they are worthy of quotation in full:

"England will never produce great conductors, or great musicians of any sort, until those sources of national pride and glory, our overgrown choral societies, are suppressed by act of Parliament or otherwise. It is a pity they cannot be dispersed under the existing Riot Act. To regard them as proofs of our being a musical people is to fall strangely into error; they prove only that we are a superbly practical people. At one time we shared with the rest of the world the conviction that two and two, always and under all circumstances, made four; but when we discovered that in chorus singing two and two generally made five, and sometimes even six or seven, instead of staying to demonstrate, in the true German manner, that as theory was right practice must be wrong, we at once began to build up large and ever larger choral societies; the movement which continues to this day. We take a couple of hundred young men and maidens, old men and matrons, and though there may not be a genuine voice in the lot, or half a dozen who could by themselves get through the roudades in the 'Hosanna' of the B minor mass, we boldly throw the whole 200 in orderly heaps on a concert platform, call them (say) the Bach Choir, and set them to sing not only the 'Hosanna,' but all the B minor mass. The odd and utterly unscientific thing is, that the 200, singing together, do somehow get through in a fashion. It is more than a century since some such triumphant justification of our faith in practice rather than theory brought death into the English musical world and all our woe. If 200 recruits need months of drill before they can walk upright and accurately in step, how can we hope that 200 amateurs without that drill will ever do more than sing in step? That they cannot do more, that beauty of phrasing and refinement of expression are out of the question, has long been recognized. The national musical ideal is to sing strictly in time and avoid jogging your neighbor. Yorkshire folk can do this to perfection, and we call them the finest chorus singers of the day; and it must be admitted that the Leeds Festival Choir does indeed sing everything it undertakes with punctuality and dispatch. Sir Joseph Barnby's Royal Choral Society trots through the 'Messiah' with a regularity of pulse that would do credit to the most heartless of metronomes, and the daily Press speaks of our supremacy in choral music. That supremacy is the idlest fiction; we merely do what other nations are wise enough to refrain from doing. No nation in the world gives less artistic performances of the great oratorios, and certainly no other nation would think of calling such performances anything else than brutal outrages. But we dream sweetly on in our fool's paradise, so firmly convinced of the immeasurable superiority of the dead-level style of singing over all other styles, that the Press denounces an unwonted nuance in a familiar chorus as an unwarranted and inartistic innovation. Of course not even patriotic conceit could keep us long in our paradise had not our musical instincts been stultified by a long course of singing divine phrases mechanically and inexpressively. What music we hear in England is for the most part robbed of its emotional purport and beauty—the beauty and emotion are filtered out as it passes through our gigantic choruses; and we may listen to it until doomsday without moving an inch in the direction of appreciating music rightly, which is the only musical 'progress' worth thinking about. After a century of choral societies we are where we are. Our audiences have become so vulgarly philistine that at those musical debauches, our boasted provincial festivals, Richter and Sullivan—the reverent artist and the circus-tumbler—are received with equal favor. Owing to the Wagnerian influence, artistic singers are at last beginning to supersede the Santleys and Pattis of the past generation; our pianists have absorbed German musical culture, and may, many of them at least, forget all about 'English traditions' and develop into fine artists. But our church organists carry on the 'traditions' with such relentless vigor that a musical service is an artistic purgatory; and of all our would-be conductors, Sir A. C. Mackenzie is the only one who knows what to do with the conductor's baton when he has

picked it up. Even one conductor is a matter for fervent gratitude; for a conductor, like any other executive artist, must have an instrument to practise upon, and the only instrument we have in England, the chorus, fails to pieces immediately the conductor tries to play with expression. No flexibility of time is possible, no light and shade the sole duty of the conductor is to keep the chorus in step; and he inevitably ends in becoming the merest drillmaster, or, if you like, a middle-class edition of the man who turns the handle of the street piano with smoothness and regularity."

Just exception, however, may be taken to the sentence: "Owing to the Wagnerian influence, artistic singers are at last beginning to supersede the Santleys and Pattis of the past generation"; for the sneer is unfounded. First of all, the meaning of the word "artistic" is to be defined. Then, would the reviewer seriously prefer a Bremi, who sings false and screeches and explodes to a Patey in her prime; or a young German baritone "of the school of Wagner" to a Santley with fresh voice? But, in other respects, the article is so overwhelmingly true, that to add to it would only diminish its effect.

And now is the time of pupils' concerts. The teachers "of course do not desire criticism," but they are put out if the reviewers do not award warm praise to all that sing. Leave the free advertising out of the question. Does such indiscriminating, injudicious flattery make for musical righteousness? Is Miss Smith really a singer of "remarkable promise"? Should the friends of Mr Jones at once release his coat-tails that he may rush upon the lyric stage? Moderation, men and women, moderation. Not every one is a heaven inspired genius, not even in Boston.

They have these amateur shows in London; and this is the way the Pall Mall Gazette treated the concert given by the Guildhall School of Music:

"When an amateur society, directed by it matters not whom, undertakes to invite the public to an operatic performance, that society owes it to its own dignity to see that its performance shall be carried

through punctually, smoothly, and without unnecessary delays. Yesterday, at Drury Lane, the Guildhall School of Music gave a performance of 'Romeo and Juliet,' advertised to begin at 2. It did not begin at 2; and it was not over till nearly 6. If the performance had in any way justified such tediousness we should have made no complaint; naturally it did nothing of the kind. Mr. Lloyd-Chandos, under the circumstances, made quite a decent Romeo, but his accomplishment in the conventional art of the common operatic actor struck us as simply appalling in an amateur. The dive of the head before every plunge into your mistress's arms, the outstretched hands brought in a slow clasp to the breast, the emotional moment of body drawn up, heels set close together, and gesture made wildly to the sky, the broken note quasi parlando—Mr. Lloyd-Chandos has studied them all with a persistence and a capacity for imitation that were no less than horrifying. Miss Jessie Hudleston's Juliet, when it was in tune, was rather charming; and of Miss Hyem's Stephano much the same may be said, save that Miss Hyem trembled on the brink of tune more continuously. We must not criticize the rest seriously. We suppose that the proper thing to say is that the students showed great promise, and that for many the future certainly holds bright prospects. We regret the impossibility of saying the thing from any standpoint of knowledge or of sincerity. But we are quite prepared to say it if it be the polite, decorous and appropriate thing to say."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Saint-Saëns is still on his travels. Leoncavallo has finished "Aminta." There are ten theatres open in Madrid. Guilmant's 5th organ sonata has been published.

Humperdinck has nearly finished a third fairy opera.

Our old friend Reichmann will sing in Berlin this month.

They say the Czar is passionately addicted to the operas of Wagner.

Félix Godefroid and his daughter give "harp 5 o'clocks" in Paris.

"Ruit Hora" a new opera by Ettore Rucci, pleased the people of Pisa.

Paul Vidal's new opera "Guernica" is in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique.

Johann Meshaert made a successful debut as Rocco in "Fidelio" in Amsterdam.

Ysaye has been in San Francisco. He will sail for Europe from New York June 8.

Johannes Wolff fiddled at the last Guilmant concerts at the Trocadéro, Paris.

The original manuscript of the score of Tannhäuser has been sold in Dresden for \$200.

Alfred Grünfeld has been playing the piano in Russian towns. They like him over there.

The "Noces de Jeannette" has been given for the one thousandth time at the Opéra-Comique.

The Masters Ravogli sang the solos in Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, Holy Week, in Florence.

J. P. E. Hartmann of Copenhagen, the mentor of European composers, was 90 years old the 14th.

The five piano pieces op. 52 by César Cui are highly praised by the music reviewers of Germany.

"Tato-Toto," a vaudeville operetta by Antoine Banès, met with great success at Lepsic April 21.

Teresina Tua-Valetta played with orchestra a short time ago in Rome a violin suite by André Bloch.

Audran's "Le Grand Mogol" and Offenbach's "La chanson de Fortunio" were revived lately in Paris.

The tenor Mierzewski is in Paris, "having some defects of his voice removed." Isn't it a little late in the day?

The Bohemian String Quartet has been giving concerts with extraordinary success in Milan, Venice and Turin.

Van Westerhout's opera, "Fortunio," was produced for the first time the 16th in Milan. It met with great favor.

Emile Berard has resigned his position as organist of Notre-Dame des Champs, Paris. His successor is Camille André.

Enli Götz has been singing in opera in Cologne, and Bianca Bianchi has been as "guest" at the Berlin Opera House.

"Nos Artistes" is a new book by Jules Martin, containing much agreeable gossip about singers, orchestra leaders, etc.

Mr. H. Gittus Lonsdale will give an English ballad recital at the Copley Square Hotel, Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Joachim is to fiddle soon in Rome for the first time. He is to be accompanied by the cellist Hensel, a nephew of Mendelssohn.

The new opera by Humperdinck, "The Snowfairy," produced at Darmstadt, is said to be inferior to "Hänsel and Gretel."

The 20th volume (1894) of "Annales du théâtre et de la musique" by Noël and Stoullig has been published. This is an invaluable work.

Calvé as Carmen did not please the people of Madrid, while Eva Tetrazzini sang 49 times to enthusiastic audiences during the late season.

Zoltan Dömc, the tenor who until lately was a baritone, will make his debut at the Paris Opéra next winter in "Lohengrin" and "Aida."

Mascagni's "Cigarette" will be produced next fall. He is at work on a new opera, "Berdoa," the subject of which is furnished by a German.

Miss Stella Brazzi, the young contralto from Brattleboro, has signed an agreement with Sir Augustus Harris to appear at Covent Garden this season.

A new book full of interest to violinists is Otto Migge's "Das Geheimnis der berühmten Italienischen Geigenbauer," published by Staudt, Frankfurt.

Carl Scheidenantel, the famous baritone of the Dresden opera house, was greeted with enthusiastic applause at concerts in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

A new opera in four acts "Die Inkasöhne," text and music by Willem de Haan, was produced at Darmstadt April 15. It met with an enthusiastic reception.

New operas that have met with favor are "Attila," by Gunkel (Dresden April 27); "Der Wilderer," by Wernicke (Coblenz); "Die Schwestern," by Kessel (Trier).

The Stadttheatre in Hamburg revived with much success Schenk's "Dorfbarbier" (1796) and Offenbach's "Chanson de Fortunio" (1861) and "Les Bavards" (1863).

The prices for the first performances at Bremen of Rubenstein's sacred opera "Christus"—May 25, June 9—range from proscenium loge \$20, to gallery 12½ cents.

"Donna Diana," a comic opera by Reznicek, was produced with success at Carlsruhe April 15. An opera with the same title by Hofmann was produced in Berlin in 1886.

Mrs. Amalie Joachim was praised extravagantly by Otto Lessman when she sang in Berlin, April 28. In Berlin they do not mind the wandering continually from the pitch.

Widor played his new organ piece, "Symphonie gothique," the last Sunday in April at Saint-Ouen, Rouen. It has four movements: prelude, andante, fugue and finale on "Puer natus."

The seventh centenary of the birth of St.

Antonio will be celebrated at Padua in June. And how? By one performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Theatre Verdi. The performance will cost about \$4000.

The Corriere Teatrale announces the publication of a book entitled "I Nostri Artisti," a kind of biographical dictionary of all Italian artists, and a cyclopedia of whatever touches Italian theatrical doings.

These are new works produced with great success at a concert of the Société d'Art, Paris: Pieces for strings and a ballabile for two pianos by Edmond Laurens; a trio for flute, horn and harp by A. Viné.

The list of eminent musicians buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, includes Vestris, Tietjens, John Braham, Balfe, Wallace, Benedict, Costa, George Smart, Hutton, Hullah, Horsley, C. E. Stephens.

Eduard Lassen, celebrated at Weimar, April 20, his 50th artistic jubilee. He was honored with the promotion to "General Musik Director." Emperor William gave him the gold medal for "Kunst und Wissenschaft."

"The municipal band of Rome testimonialized Siegfried Wagner with a concert on the Pincio, the program, as a matter of course, arranged from transcriptions from his father's operas." "Testimonialized"! What a word!

Miss Elfrida Andrée, a Swede, took the first prize, a gold medal, over 76 competitors, offered at Brussels, for a symphony. Miss Andrée is an organist at Gothenburg, who has already received prizes for a string quintet and an organ piece.

Moszkowski has written a ballet, "Laurin," for the Berlin Opera House. As the ballet cannot be given before October, three extracts, Sarabande, Elfen-waltz and March of Dwarfs, were played at Dresden by Schuch's Orchestra with unusual success.

Mr. William Gericke was applauded enthusiastically at his last appearance in Vienna as the conductor of the Gesellschafts concerts. The program included a five-voiced motet by di Lasso, the "Credo" from the "Missa Papae Marcelli," the "Entrance into Jerusalem" from Liszt's "Christus" and Schumann's "Manfred."

Demetrio Alata, a telegraph official at Milan, well known to special and foreign correspondents there, has sent in to his Ministry a project for the transmission of music by telegraph. It is no doubt an application of the Théatrophone, and it flourishes already in the United States." Where in the United States?

The result of the competition of the "Society of Friends of Music in Lepsic," has been published, and it shows that 162 pianoforte pieces and 304 songs were sent in; two prizes have been awarded, one to G. B. Pollerl for a pianoforte capriccio, the second to Adolphe Wallnöfer for a song, "Der Zauber des Kusses."

A concert in aid of the Baldwin Place Diet Kitchen will be given in Copley Hall, Tuesday evening, at 8.15 o'clock. Miss Little, Mr. Perabo, and the Beethoven String Quartet will take part in it. The program will include selections from the chamber music of Rubinstein, Dvorak, Boccherini and Goldmark; piano pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Chopin, Heller, and songs by Wagner, Godard, Nevin, Brahms and Sechi.

Here is the repertoire of the Vienna Opera House from April 21st to April 23rd: Verdi's "Traviata"; Wagner's "Siegfried"; Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" and Delibes' "Coppelia"; Meyerbeer's "Huguenots"; Verdi's "Aida"; Marschner's "Hans Heuting"; Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine"; Smetana's "Das Geheimnis." At Dresden the management has been imprudent enough to give operas by Auber and Donizetti! And this in Germany! Poor Mr. Flück!

Julien Tiersot has found in the library of the Paris Conservatory in a piece—the "Resurrexit of a Mass"—sent by Berlioz from Rome, the famous fanfare of the "Tuba Mirum" of his Requiem. Now the Requiem bears the date of 1837, and Berlioz says in his Memoirs that he sent from Rome a fragment of a grand mass, his first work, written more than 15 years before, when he entered as pupil the Conservatory. It will be seen then that Berlioz had for a long time been haunted by this idea, "the dominating idea of his youth, if not his whole life."

They invited Verdi to write the music for a hymn to be sung at the 25th anniversary of the deliverance of Rome. He replied as follows: "I should not, even in my youth, have been capable of writing a musical composition, poem, hymn or other work for a special occasion. I never did this, with the exception of a cantata composed in '61 or '62, for the London Exhibition, and I then did wrong. Now my pen is weary, and it would be impossible for me to write anything worthy of so grand an occasion, and of the surely brilliant poetry of Carducci." But did not Verdi, on entreaty of Mazzini, write a patriotic hymn in '48 or '49?

The annual operatic musicale given by pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams will take place in Union Hall Tuesday evening. The program will include the Garden Scene from "Faust" scene and duet from the second act, and duet from the fourth act of "The Huguenots," the second act of Mozart's "Figaro." Mr. Adams will sing the great duet from "The Huguenots" with Mrs. Helen Haynes. Among those who will take part are Miss Adelaide Schirmer, Miss Mary L. Gilkey, Miss Maude Francis, Miss Gertrude Gardiner, Miss Phila May, Miss Bradford, and Messrs. Faince, Parks, Bruce, Mull, Bennett and Broders.

A story that Angelo Giocati-Buonaventini, a 56-year-old ship carpenter of Genoa, who served as a model for the painter Michael Vallet, is a son of Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult was published in the Vienna "Montagsrevue." The "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" of May 3 seems to refute the story. Liszt had three children by the Countess: Blandine, who died in 1861, the wife of the French Minister Emile Ollivier; Cosima, who ran away from Von Bülow, married Wagner, and is now doing all sorts of extraordinary things in Bayreuth; and Daniel, born in Rome, who died, a young lawyer, in Berlin. Why should the parents have so neglected a fourth, or how could his birth have been concealed until now?

The annual benefit concert in aid of the funds of the Carney Hospital is to occur at the Boston Theatre Sunday evening, the 26th inst. The hospital has bene of assistance to a far larger number of patients during the last year than at any time in its history, and the demand upon the treasury of the institution has been proportionately increased. It is hoped that the friends of the hospital will make an unusual effort to see that the concert announced is made a source of large returns to the treasury. A large and select orchestra under the direction of Mr. A. de Novellis, of the promenade concerts, will be a leading feature, and the committee has the assurance of assistance from prominent vocal and instrumental soloists. All orders forwarded to the committee will be filled in the order of reception.

If you saw Sardou's "Cleopatra," you remember probably the incidental music to it written by Xavier Leroux. A new work by him was produced this month at the Châtelet, Paris. It is entitled "William Ratcliff," and it is a grand scene for two male singers and orchestra. Routelle describes it as planned according to the theories of the modern school: "an orchestral development of themes which have a determined function, a subordination of musical form to the logical development of the French phrase, a preponderance of the orchestra in the expression. The fine and vigorous melody breaks forth at times tumultuously; and the orchestra, which forms a powerful structure, is treated rather by masses than subdivided in Wagner's manner."

Mr. Walter Damrosch says, apropos of his season of German opera: "I was thoroughly convinced on my trip that the possibilities are very great in the various large cities for a company artistically managed and made up of the best artists. Our success was greatest in Boston and Chicago. In both of these cities people were particularly kind, because it was found that any season gave just exactly what it promised. We kept faith with the public in every particular, and the operas were sung as they were announced. Our success in the smaller cities, such as Pittsburg, Kansas City and St. Louis, was enormous. Nobody here can realize the anxiety of people out there to hear good opera, and their willingness to pay any price for it. In Pittsburg and Kansas City we charged \$5 a seat, and the houses were jammed. I received \$11,000 in

...the city for the first time. It was known that the managers of the undertaking had made some where between \$1,000 and \$2,000 as their share of the undertaking. Our success in Chicago was astonishing to the proprietors of the Auditorium with whom we played on sharing terms. They had no idea that our houses would amount to anything like the results that we actually accomplished. The most curious thing about our season was that wherever we went the houses were about the same in size for every opera. It was never the case of a vacant house one night and a crush the next, but there was invariably a sane desire to hear each opera presented, and the variation of our receipts was very slight. In Louisville we played two performances in one day, "Tannhäuser" in the afternoon and "Die Walküre" at night, which was doing pretty well for a town that had never had any German opera before.

A NEEDED COMMITTEE.

No social club is long without intestine strife. The spasms may be only suspicions. The pains may be acute. The yearly election is thought to bring relief; for in the house and election committees is the health of the organization. And yet this view is superficial.

To fully understand the meaning of this last sentence, let us consider for a moment the conduct of a young clubman, young in the club, not necessarily in years. After febrile agitation is quieted by news of election, the new member, proudly shy, vents his joy by writing letters on club paper. He writes to Uncle George, who has been in the habit of looking at him askew; he writes to a college-classmate, whom he suspects of having prevented his admission to a secret society; he writes to all the women of his acquaintance; he incidentally lets his tailor know the new address. In the street, at the office, he says, "I heard a good thing last night at the club;" and if there was no good thing, he tries to invent one. He throws the females of his family into a state of mingled happiness and anxiety by announcing his intention to dine weekly with "the men." As in a respectable club of 400 or 500 there are inevitably certain persons of local reputation, although he may not know them personally, he takes pride in quoting them familiarly as though he had just left them at the street corner. He hears such brilliant conversation, the atmosphere is so surcharged with genius, that, lost in wonder, love and praise, he can hardly credit his own election. This happy condition of mind lasts six months, possibly a year. Then he discovers that the darling surgeon is an egotistic bore, the poet of graceful lines is absurdly greedy of praise, the eminent financier is a white-cravated pirate, the jolly dog with tales galore is one to be shunned as the destruction that wasteth at noonday. He forgets that his disillusion is as interperate as his former illusion. He grows more and more intolerant. He sniffs at the admission of a new member, "An unfit man, Sir; a disgrace to the club. Sir, the club is not what it was."

Now as a possible corrective of such evils, as a true balancer of advantages and disadvantages, there should be in each club a Committee of Ejection with full powers. A member of the club should be allowed to bring charges against any fellow member. These charges may be specific as, "I call your attention to the fact that old Mr. Augur quoted 'from Tribby' last Thursday evening, at 11 P. M., in the Stranger's room." Or they may be general and sweeping, as, "Mr. Heavysage fatigues me." The committee at once calls the alleged offender before it. It investigates impartially the hour, surroundings, temptation; it examines thoroughly the views of the defendant; it then has the right to eject him from the club, suspend him for a stated term, or, acquitting him, expel the complainer. In the absence of any complaints, it should, nevertheless, be the duty of the said committee to call before it at least once in two years each member of the club and ask him to state any good reason for the extension of his membership. Much of course will then depend on the natural characteristics and the tact of each individual. This committee should be elected by the Australian ballot. It should be made up of three men, no one of whom should be chosen ex-officio. The term of office should not be less than 10 years.

It may be said in objection that at the end of a year after the election of such a committee, there would be no members of the club except those forming the tribunal. If this should prove to be the case, it were far better then that the club should be thus disbanded, than that it should continue as a menagerie where animals pace about uneasily, glare at each other, and often growl, roar or hiss.

"THE FEMALE OFFENDER."

Prof. Cesare Lombroso is known to the world as a singularly painstaking and inventive student of criminology, or criminal sociology. A fearless investigator, he knows not the words "tradition" or "prudery." It was to him that Max Nordau, the brilliant and erratic observer of degeneration, dedicated his much-talked-of book. Anything that Lombroso writes has interest, and the reader is bound to respect the honesty of the man, even if he cannot always see or accept his conclusions.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have published lately a translation of that portion of Lombroso's "La Donna Delinquente," which deals with the female criminal. It is entitled "The Female Offender," and there is an introduction to it by Mr. Morrison, of "Her Majesty's Prison," Wandsworth. There are illustrations which seem to be very poor reproductions; and when the text states "Contrarily to criminals, these women (Russian unfortunates) are relatively, if not generally, beautiful," the reader may well be excused if he rubs his eyes in wonder.

This book is a laborious collection of statistics; more than this, to all amateurs of criminology there are pages that are fascinating reading. For many years Lombroso has measured, weighed, anatomized, cranologized criminals of many countries. He has devoted his life to the examination of anthropological anomalies. Now, criminal anthropology is "an inquiry on scientific principles into the physical, mental and pathological characteristics of the criminal population." The habitual criminal is a special type; he or she stands between the lunatic and the savage.

There are measurements on measurements, from sole of foot to crown of head; there are statistics so numerous that they confuse the brain; there are comparisons of normal women and criminals as to facial angles, hair, height, weight, girth at various parts, deformities, abnormalities; there are tables that apparently conflict. And what is the result? Lombroso admits that these accumulated figures "do not amount to much." Some of his conclusions seem truisms. Some of the results are due to natural causes. But the purpose of all these statistics is to prove that "abnormalities of brain and feature occur more frequently among the criminal and the immoral than among the normal," and that "criminality tends among women to go hand in hand with marked virility of expression and structure." The sociologist might here be tempted to inquire whether the assumption of many duties by women would in the course of a few generations increase the average criminality of the sex.

The believers in "equal rights" will not welcome the charge of Lombroso that

women are inferior to men because in their crimes they exhibit less originality and fewer abnormalities than men. Woman in fact at times baffles the learned Professor. He seems to hardly understand why she is often deliberate in vengeance when she is so quick in prejudice or offence. He is bothered by the paradox that she often murders a man because she loves him. And so he occasionally sneers at the sweet sex whom he finds ready to lie and cheat in friendly games of chance or skill.

The criminal type, which exhibits four or more symptoms of degeneration, as receding forehead, sunken eyes, small head and so on, is only found in about 14 to 18 per cent. of female criminals, while in males it is found in about 31 per cent. Atavism is the alleged cause of this; for "the primitive type of a species, being more clearly represented in the female, owing to her sedentary life and freedom from change, becomes more rigidly fixed than in the male, and is less subject to transformation." Sexual selection is another factor in the matter.

Perhaps, after all, the most interesting chapters to the general reader are those that treat of occasional criminals, the large majority of female delinquents, "in whom perversity and vice are of a milder form, and there is no want of the higher virtues of the sex, such as chastity and maternal love." Thus Lombroso treats of crimes due to suggestion to the bad results of "the higher education conceded to females, but of which they can make no use by earning their bread in offices or professions;" to excessive temptations, as the dishonesty of shoppers, so admirably treated by Zola in "Au Bonheur des Dames." Equally interesting is the chapter on "Hysterical Offend-

ers, in which, by the way there is no mention of the remarkable treatise by Dr. I. and The chapter on "Crimes of Passion" includes the statement of Marro that jealousy is the cause of madness in 17 per cent. of women, as against 1.5 per cent. of men.

The conclusion of the whole matter is vague and unsatisfactory. Is crime to be lessened or checked because we know the frontal or buccal anomalies of a female criminal or the fact that she is a biological abnormality? Meanwhile crime is increasing. According to Gen. Brinkerhoff's statement, the ratio of criminals to the population of the United States in 1850 was 1 in 3442, and in 1890 it was 1 in 757.

May 20-95

There is a great demand for Nordau's "Degeneration;" yet how superficial are many of his conclusions, how false are some of his premises. Perhaps the most outrageous thing in the bulky book is the utterly false reference to Walt Whitman's morals. But when a clever man like Nordau runs-a-muck, he slashes the just as well as the unjust. One trouble with Nordau is this: he has no imagination in matters of poetry and too much in matters of fact.

How many Bostonians, male or female, who now talk ecstatically about Réjane, are able to understand four consecutive sentences of any play in which she appears? Grant that it is possible to appreciate grace of gesture or mobility of face per se, how many are able to associate intimately the pantomime with the spoken word?

Perhaps they are more honest in Paris; they are certainly less self-conscious. When Augustin Daly took his company to that city, the readers of the Temps were eager to read what Mr. Francisque Sarcey had to say about the performances by the darling invaders. And Mr. Sarcey wrote something like this: "I did not go to see the Daly Company, because I do not understand English well enough to judge of the merits of play and players." A pitiable confession of weakness, was it not? It's a wonder that the manager of the Temps did not discharge the eminent Sarcey the next day.

But we forget Walsingham. Of course he understands Réjane as no one else does; and no doubt he could correct her French. For in his own delicious articles he finds English an inadequate vehicle of thought, and so calls in the aid of Gallicisms.

This reminds us that "Anxious Inquirer" asks, "How is it possible for Walsingham to see Réjane nightly at the Tremont Theatre and at the same time write letters dated 'New York;' and who is Walsingham, anyway?"

These are, indeed, hard questions. It is possible that Walsingham has an astral body. We know of no good reason why he should not be so fortunate. It is more likely that he is a clairvoyant. This theory would account for the peculiar, unerring insight that characterizes his opinions and judgments, and enables him to see many fine points and delicate nuances which escape the grosser vision of his fellow-laborers in the journalistic vineyard.

The second question provokes heated discussion. We have already contradicted the report that Walsingham is Dan Mulligan's friend, Walsingham McSweeney. The friends of Mr. McSweeney were even violent in their denial. Nor is it to be allowed easily that Walsingham is a descendant of Thomas Walsingham, or Walsinghamus, a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Alban's. Our own theory, which we advance modestly, is this: He is in lineal descent from Sir Francis Walsingham, or Walsyngham, one of the chief pillars of the throne of Elizabeth and of the Protestant cause. The fact that "Arcana Aulica, or Walsingham's Manual of Prudential Maxims for the Statesman and Courtier," is ascribed to him strengthens us in this opinion. It will be remembered, too, that Macaulay spoke of "the dexterous Walsingham." If there is anything in atavism, here is the line of true descent.

Mr. Brown hopes that at the People's service at King's Chapel he will be successful in obliterating social distinctions. May he prosper in his Herculean task!

It is to be regretted that Mr. George Dixon of Boston, who has so often upheld the honor and glory of this town in the blood stained arena, should, in a moment of racial and civic rapture, tintured with alcohol, tarnish the blazon of the citizen and the city. For the name of one of Boston's most prominent inhabitants is now preserved in a New York police blotter, and against it is this terse description: "Drunk and disorderly."

Arthur Warren, who is again passing the hat for the Tennyson memorial, is cocksure that John Hay is the author of "Jeanne d'Arc" in Harper's. "This is not a guess, but a statement of fact." There's no use in trying to baffle Warren. Harper's might as well acknowledge the authorship.

Did anyone remember yesterday, as he sat in quiet and meditation, or walked exulting in the fair weather, the brilliant deed of a hero, whose name unfortunately has not come ringing down the ages? For it was on May 19, 1788, that a young man, about 19, an apprentice to Mr. Turner, watchmaker, in Aldersgate Street, ate a leg of pork, of 6 pounds weight, and a pence-pudding weighing in proportion, at a public house in Islington, for a trifling wager, in less than three-quarters of an hour; after which he drank a pint of brandy off at two draughts, and went away, seemingly in perfect health.

And it was 130 years ago today that Samuel Baldwin, Esq., was immersed without the Needles in Scratchall Bay, sans ceremony, as Walsingham would say. It was his wish, expressed shortly before dissolution. Why did he thus court a watery grave? Was he enamored of the sea? Had he been fisherman, diver, or sailor? "No motive of erring superstition—no whim of bewildered reason, but a determination to disappoint the intention of an affectionate wife, who had repeatedly assured him in their domestic quarrels, which were very frequent, that if Providence permitted her to survive him, she would avenge her conjugal sufferings by occasionally dancing on the turf that covered his remains."

And it was on the 20th of May, 1698, that the Rev. Edward Stokes, rector of Blaby, Leicestershire, then a boy of 9 years, was blinded by the discharge of a pistol held by his brother. The life of this unfortunate was a long one (93 years), and very happy. He spent a handsome income on the poor of his parish; he was always cheerful, and often in high spirits. Even before his death such was his activity that no stranger would have imagined he was old or blind. Indeed, the rector hunted briskly; a person always accompanied him, and, when a leap was to be taken, rang a bell.

Mr. W. J. Henderson thus moralizes sagely, apropos of the new operetta "The Tzlgane," which seems to be a failure in spite of its gorgeous mounting: "There is only one way to make a successful operetta book for the American market, and that is to weave the story around the comic personages. The person in whom the interest of the audience centres must be an amusing person. If it is a woman, she must be a bright, vivacious, intelligent comedienne. One who can only wear fine garments and sing agreeably will not do. Whenever Miss Russell appears, we are informed, either by herself or some other person in the operetta, that she is beautiful, and that she can sing. The story has to make capital of these facts. The result is a romantic plot, designed to glorify the physical and vocal attributes of the prima donna. The comic personages become mere appendages to the story, and their doings, nine times out of ten, are merely stop gaps between songs."

Letters are written constantly to the newspapers protesting against the throwing of paper into the streets of this city. An evening contemporary in the excitement of approval published a violent communication and referred to it editorially as "a trumpet blast." It is safe to say that one-half of the hearers of the said blast would not hesitate to throw the newspaper into the street rather than carry it about with them when they had read it through. Of course this is all wrong, and the streets should be kept clean. But these protests are nothing new and they are without avail.

May 21 - '95

It was about 40 years ago that Fitz-James O'Brien's poem, "The Prize Fight," was published. It was suggested, if we are not mistaken, by the mill between Morrissey and Heenan. And in the poem are these lines:

"Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin;
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are 'the Fancy,' gentle sir."

But O'Brien and Morrissey and Heenan are dead, and we have changed all this. Today a Texan syndicate offers a purse of \$40,000 for a friendly trial of athletic skill between Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons. The proposition is "plain business," to boom real estate in Dallas, and educate "the representatives of every section of the country," who will be in Dallas at the fair, "the night of the drummers' day."

Mrs. Frank Leslie is very generous to her ex-husband, Willie Wilde. "Willie is only a wayward boy," she says. This description would serve admirably as the refrain of a serio-comic song.

Dr. Hale said on Boston Common: "We all expect to see and hear God. But are we not in communication with God when we see yonder leaf shake and tremble in the breeze? God made that leaf and

caused it to shake and wave so prettily, and in that do we not see the living God?" And thus he recalled the verses of Whitman, full of Oriental mysticism:

"Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass;
I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that others will punctually come forever and ever."

By the way, was Walt Whitman guilty of poetical license when, in telling "the tale of a jet black sunrise," he sang "I tell not the fall of Alamo, not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo?" For now an old interpreter of Indian tongues claims that he and Senora Candelaria and Mrs. Cannon were in the fort that fearful Sunday morning.

What's this? Bob Cook is unable to run over to New Haven and look at the crew. "on account of business duties?" This report has an ominous sound to Harvard men.

Perhaps nothing shows more clearly the universal business depression than the reduced price of caul, which are quoted at \$10 to \$15, according to condition. David Copperfield's caul was advertised for sale "at the low price of 15 guineas." In 1779 the price was generally 20 guineas. In 1813 a caul was offered in the Times newspaper for £12. In 1801 thirty guineas was not considered high. To be sure, there is a difference in cauls. One that is reddish in color betokens everything that is good; but if the color is leaden, the child, as well as the buyer, will have a dismal life. Do lawyers now bid eagerly for these charms that they may win their suits? Do any superstitious beings now practise amnionancy? It will be remembered that the mariner in Hood's "Sea-Spell" was a victim of misplaced confidence. Though "the ink-black sky told every eye a storm was soon to be," the jolly sailor

"Took in no reef at all,
For in his pouch, confidently,
He wore a baby's caul."

And what was the result?

"The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall,
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his caul."

For further information on this interesting subject, apply to Mr. William Seymour of the Tremont Theatre, who is undoubtedly the greatest living authority on cauls.

They are again suggesting that Mr. Leander Richardson should spell his Christian name "Meander."

Mark Twain is right for once, when he asks "Did it ever occur to you to notice how discourteous we are as a people in our cities? In common life, I mean." He is right in the observation, and in the proposed remedy, which is "kick at petty discourtesy, petty imposition, petty contumely, in the streets, stores, hotels, theatres, street cars and railroad trains; and make the kick at headquarters, because there it tells." But we are a timid people; easily imposed upon; ready to say "It's a trifle, let it go."

Mr. Henri Rochefort has bobbed up as an art critic. He told a reporter of Figaro that modern art gives no evidence of progress; that the general color of modern French canvases is "dull, gray and almost depressing;" and that it will not be long before the Scandinavians and the Americans eclipse his countrymen. But Rochefort was always inclined to take a gloomy view—he even went so far as to disapprove of Napoleon III.

The loiterer in Temple Place of a fine afternoon is so assailed by strong perfumes worn by those shopping that even the pavement seems odorous to him, and the buildings like unto the mosque called Iparle in Kara Amed, the capital of Diabekr; so called because the builders mingled with the mortar 70 juk of musk.

The Pall Mall Gazette, we regret to say, is inclined to treat flippantly the meeting of the W. W. C. T. U. "The W. W. C. T. U. promises Londoners a show at the Albert Hall on June 15, which is distinctly plagiarized from the familiar patriotic ballets of Leicester Square. Listen to this: 'As each national contingent enters the hall it will be preceded by a large flag of its own nation, each woman carrying a small national flag, and the national anthem of the nation in question being played.' We are not told, however, who is going to design the coryphees' dresses. The petition is, of course, directed against the sale of alcohol or opium in any civilized country, an idea about equally original."

May 22 - '95

Pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams Appear in Scenes From "Faust," "The Huguenots" and "The Marriage of Figaro" in the Union Hall.

It has been the habit of Mr. Adams to give annually a concert in which his pupils display their voices, give an account of the results of their training, and show whether they have dramatic instinct and temperament. Many remember, for instance, the appearance of Emma James at one of his concerts, when she not only pleased her

friends, but also inspired some general confidence in the wisdom of her choice of a calling. It is true that the most of the singers, who have sung in these excerpts, have been obliged to content themselves with a local and much more modest reputation, and very few now twinkle as stars of little magnitude in the operatic firmament. Even if such concerts as these destroy the illusions of participants and friends, and prove conclusively that the singer is not of dramatic stuff or blessed with a voice suitable to opera, they are of benefit to pupils and community; for an opportunity, at least, has been presented to the ambitious. These concerts, then, are welcome and valuable, whether they encourage or disappoint the singers.

It is Mr. Adams's earnest wish that pupils of any teacher, who have the voice and the ambition, should take part in future in these concerts; that the teacher's name should appear on the program; that the exhibition of a private school may be thus broadened into a congress of all operative aspirants. And it is from such and like beginnings that the future established opera of Boston will develop, if the time ever comes when the public will ask "What is the opera tonight?" and not first, "Who are going to sing?"

The program last evening was as follows:

"Faust," Third Act (Garden Scene).

Margherita	Miss Adelaide Schirmer
Marta	Mrs. Cora F. Pike
Siebel	Miss Mary L. Gilkey
Faust	Alton Faunce
Mephisto	Manfred C. Parks
"Gli Ugonotti" (Scena and Duo), Second Act.	
Margherita de Valois	Miss Maude Francis
Raoul de Nangy	Meriam Bruce
"Le Nozze di Figaro," Second Act.	
Countess Almaviva	Miss Gertrude Gardiner
Susanna	Miss Phila May
Cherubino	Miss Edith Bradford
Count Almaviva	George W. Mull
Figaro	Charles H. Bennett
Antonio	Edward Broders
"Gli Ugonotti" (Grand Duo), Fourth Act.	
Valentina	Mrs. Helen Haynes
Raoul	Charles R. Adams

The most conspicuous for their merit were Mrs. Helen Haynes, Miss Maude Francis, and Miss Gertrude Gardiner. Miss Francis has a delightfully clear and agreeable voice; she sings without effort, and her florid passages last evening were given for the most part with precision and brilliancy. She also had an intelligent conception of the character. In her opening aria her intonation was not always pure, but this fault was doubtless due to nervousness, as it was not noticeable later. Mrs. Haynes has a commanding presence and a strong dramatic voice. Miss Gardiner was a pleasure to the eye, and she sang with much taste. Messrs. Bennett and Parks have good voices.

Mr. Adams sang with his customary intelligence and dramatic vim. Mr. John C. Mallaly led an orchestra of excellent players, and by his experience, musical knowledge and feeling more than once checked approaching disaster. There was a large and applauding audience.

There are valuable contributions to Flistiana this week. In the first place, gross injustice was done Mr. John L. Sullivan by a reporter of the proceedings at the Suffolk Athletic Club. "He (the eminent playactor) was uproariously applauded, and made his usual speech." This would imply that Mr. Sullivan employed only certain fixed formulas of expression in returning thanks; but every lover of the drama on the stage or in the arena knows that Mr. Sullivan is a speaker of large vocabulary and oriental metaphor. He is full of rhetorical surprises. In his choice of words he is closer to the giant dramatists of the Elizabethan age than to such too fastidious stylists as Pater and Flaubert.

A correspondent asks if these verses were written with reference to Mr. Sullivan:

"My form is wasted with my woe,
Flistiana.
There is no fame for me below,
Flistiana.
My fame has gone like melted snow,
Though I can hit a heavy blow,
Flistiana.
Alone I wander to and fro,
Flistiana."

"Once my fame was widely growing,
Flistiana.
Day and night my friends were crowing,
Flistiana;
I was blowing, wine was flowing,
When I was to battle going,
Flistiana,
But, alas! 'Twas nought but blowing,
Flistiana."

The suspicion is cruelly unjust to Mr. Sullivan. The verses quoted are from George Arnold's parody of Tennyson's "Orana," and they were published April 14, 1860, in Vanity Fair. They were inspired undoubtedly by the fight between Heenan and Sayers, which took place three days after the publication.

It was in the same number of Vanity Fair that a proposition to intrust the reports of prize fights to the chess editor was published. The idea was to adapt pugilism to the boudoir, as "the accounts of prize fights are couched in such vulgar and brutal slang as to render them inadmissible to our hearths and homes." Here is an extract from

GAME NO. I.

A lively skirmish between Herr von Heenan and M. de Sayers, played at the English Pug. Club.

(TWO KNIGHTS OPENING.)

White (von Heenan). 1. Black (de Sayers).
1. Maul to B. nob. 1. Guard from right.
2. Fib from left shoulder. 2. One for W. peeper.

(This constitutes the Two Knights opening—a very brilliant defence, but is pronounced in Hyer's Handbüch not sound.)

4. Crozier for B. man. 5. Crozier for W. man. 6. Faint right and left. 7. Tap. 8. W. man. (Beautifully played by Black. 9. White reply 5. One for his r.b., then Black plays 5. Dodge to the right, followed by Two for his knowledge-box, etc., obtaining a fine position.)

Although hissing has—and most unfortunately—disappeared from the local theatres, it is still practised at the "athletic clubs." Mr. McCoy, it seems, was hissed repeatedly "for dodging, side-stepping and generally avoiding the onslaughts" of Mr. O'Brien. But Mr. McCoy was in a sad predicament. To use the impassioned language of the reporter, if he "had stood up like a hitching post to be knocked down" he would have escaped hissing, but he would have been "stigmatized as a 'stiff'" by "the estimated number of over 2000 gentlemen from all walks of life." "Liberal-minded men left the arena well pleased with the exhibition," while those who went to see "a rip snorter of a fight went away dissatisfied."

The same evening at the Sea Beach Palace, Concy Island, Mr. Peter Maher went at Mr. Bob Marshall "like a steam engine, knocked him down four times in rapid succession and finished him in 45 seconds." The comment of the reporter is a model of gentlemanly laconicism: "Mr. Marshall had been sadly misrepresented to the club."

And it was Mr. H. D. Ward who exclaimed, "If 12 apostles can convert the world, surely 50 or 75 people can preserve the Common." Mr. Ward's enthusiasm is more to be commended than his logic.

In an interesting sketch of Louisa Pyne, which was published lately, there is no allusion to the fact that was her crowning glory, endearing her to all English hearts: She was thought to resemble Queen Victoria in her personal appearance.

Louisa Pyne made her first appearance here in opera in 1854, at the Boston Theatre. The Handel and Haydn did not secure her for the performances of "Elijah" in December, as the society preferred—to quote Mr. J. S. Dwight—"the economic fledglings from their own solo school." This season, '64-'65, first saw Mr. Carl Zerrahn conductor of the Handel and Haydn; and he was then paid \$25 for each public performance. Harrison Millard, whose daughter will sing in "The Sphinx" next Monday night at the Tremont, then made his first appearance at these concerts. Later in the season came Grisi and Mario.

While Louisa Pyne was in this country she sang in such operas as "Cinderella," "Maritana," "Crown Diamonds," "Fra Diavolo," "Guy Mannering," "The Bohemian Girl," and John Gay's "Beggars' Opera." Would the public of today enjoy Gay's "satire on politicians and courtiers, under the vices of highwaymen," with its 61 tunes?

may 23, 95

Here is the record of a pitiable case. A few weeks ago there was an explosion of dynamite at or near Melrose. One of the workmen was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where both arms were amputated. No one in the hospital could communicate with him, for he spoke no language known to doctor or nurse. By a singular chain of circumstances, a prominent member of the Symphony Orchestra found out that the patient was from Ozalj in Croatia, where the musician had attended school. Mr. Svecenski went to the hospital, and when the poor, helpless man heard his own language, he stared as though he saw a vision, and he wept big tears of joy.

And poor Basar told to the musician this story: Over there in Croatia they were all very poor. His father was a cripple; his mother was old, and foolish in her mind, and the young man said to himself: "I'll not live here like a brute; I'll go to America, where there is a better chance." He had been here a few weeks. The dynamite exploded. He is now armless and ignorant of all languages, save that of his birthplace. Is it any wonder that he told Mr. Svecenski he should jump into the water as soon as he left the hospital?

Now what is to be done? Here, surely, is an opportunity for charity. Here is no room for doubt or suspicion. This man is not said to be suffering thousands of miles away. He is within our gates. Mr. A. Donner, 70 State Street, will receive gratefully any sums of money, large or small, that may be sent to him for the assistance of Basar.

The rage for abbreviation has reached the street-car conductors. Already the passenger in Huntington Avenue hears the wild cry "West Newt." Soon some of our most approved streets will be known to visitors as "Wash," "Boyl," "Trem," "Brom," and it is not impossible that a hundred years from now these curtailments will be the proper forms recognized by the city authorities.

When Judge Fessenden was asked to consider "family respectability" in sentencing a criminal, he replied that this consideration should have appealed to the defendant when he was committing his crime. It is a pleasure to hear such words in these days of false sentiment and general confusion of meum and tuum.

And now the august Marquis of Queensberry and his noble son, Lord Douglas of Hawick, furnish the most valuable contributions of the week to Flatland. These are no theoretical essays, no commentaries on the ancestral Rules of the Ring; they are practical illustrations of flogging and countering as understood by the British aristocracy. It is to be regretted, however, that Lord Douglas of Hawick was so easily rattled by the paternal blows; the mistake of striking a Bobby "violently on the mouth" was aggravated by the fact that the blow was unintentional. The Marquis not only showed himself to be a dead game sport by blacking his son's eye in a most scientific fashion; he also proved himself the Roman father, one of Plutarch's men.

We cannot, however, approve of the Marquis as a humorist. It was well enough for him to chuckle at the sight of a picture of an Iguanodon as he saw its resemblance to Mr. Wilde, but it was hardly "a good-natured joke" to send the picture, indorsed with a statement of the resemblance, to Lord Douglas's wife. And yet the Marquis is not utterly without sense of humor. "I feel more kindly disposed toward my son than I have been for some years past," says the father, who even now is possibly painting his son's eye or administering raw beef to it.

Why can not the Texan syndicate engage this aristocratic couple to meet in a friendly trial of skill in Dallas, the "drummers' night of the fair?" Especially as the Marquis admits that he is willing to fight his son "anywhere or at any time" for \$10,000.

Apropos of fighting, do you remember Thackeray's Roundabout paper "On some late great Victories?" He denies the report published in some newspaper that at the Heenan-Sayers mill he was present, "in the very polite society of 'poets, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament,'" and then he adds: "I mean that that one-handed fight of Sayers is one of the most spirit-stirring little stories ever told; and, with every love and respect for Morality—my spirit says to her, 'Do for goodness' sake, my dear madame, keep your true, and pure, and womanly, and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a little aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men.'"

It is a singular fact that in the authentic news concerning the operatic season of '95-'96, under Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, nothing is said about the re-engagement of Emma Eames. Alas, it appears that Mr. Mancinelli, the greatest operatic conductor who has visited us for many years, will not probably be with the company next season.

All lovers of sturdy, quaint, heroic, picturesque English will rejoice in the fact that the next volumes of "Tudor Translations" will be North's "Plutarch" and Holland's "Suetonius" and "Livy." Perhaps, however, you are a slave to the fetich of literal translations. Here is a sentence or two from the Bohn version of Livy: "They were heated with wine; 'Come on, then,' say all. They immediately galloped to Rome, where they arrived in the dusk of the evening." Now listen to Philemon Holland: "They had all taken their drinke well, and were prettily heat wth wine: Marry, content say they all, and to horse they go, and away they gallop on the spur to Rome. Thithier were they come by the shutting in of the evening when it grew to be darke."

may 24, 95

"The Lost Cause" is just now being found too frequently.

Mr. H. E. Holt of Boston is reported to have said in New York, in defining the difference between "classical" music and "cheap music": "Classical music moves from one key to another in a greater variety of changes, by modulation." Did you really say this, Mr. Holt? Take Mozart's "Vedrai Carino," for instance. How many modulations are there in this famous air? Is it not as simple in harmonic construction as any variety theatre song? And yet you would not call it "cheap."

If bicycles are to have a right of way through the Public Garden and the Common they should be confined strictly within a certain path. At crossings it would be well to have a flagman and gates. At night there should be danger signals of all kinds, from red lanterns to chromatic whistles. There is no longer any safety for a pedestrian in the public streets. Let there be, at least, one stretch of ground where he will not be obliged to walk in fear and dread:

"Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

Look at the temptation for any young man in New York to join Tammany. Here is ex-Mayor Gilroy, for instance. "He has a fine library; his home contains splendid evidences of wealth; his wife wears finer diamonds than any woman in New York." My darling, what wouldst thou have more! And "all of this fortune was made out of Tammany."

It is surprising that no one of the critics has applied to Réjane the well-worn line of Mr. Burke: "Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Here is an example of a good journal, clipped from a New York edition. "M. Théodore Adamow ki (taut) for Southampton last week with Miss Melba. He went strictly incog., even his nearest friends failing to recognize in the portly individual, with green glasses and a Falstaffian ulster, the willowy form of Boston's favorite fiddler."

A contemporary is lost in wonder, love and praise, and all on account of Alphonse Daudet's "Fromont Junior and Risler Senior," which it evidently regards as a new book. It was this same contemporary that spoke some months ago an encouraging word to the young and promising author, Fredrika Bremer.

"There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pig-tail wore
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him."

And now all Chinamen remaining in Japanese acquired territory must cut off their pig-tails, and they will not even have the melancholy pleasure of the sage. After all, why should not a man wear his hair as he pleases, in pig-tail, dead-rabbit cut, or so long that he is suspected by the common people of being a musician. Will the Japanese also insist that Chinese men of learning shall no longer allow the nails of their little fingers to grow to the length of three inches, "for the sole purpose of giving ocular demonstration of the impossibility of their being employed in any sort of manual labor?"

Let all physicians, from Dean of the Faculty to the Indian Root Doctor, observe solemnly this day; for it is the anniversary of the death (1715) of Sir William Read, who, originally a tailor or a cobbler, became a mountebank, then a physician. He practised exclusively "by the light of nature," and so, though he could not read, "he rode in his own chariot and dispensed good punch from golden bowls." The height of his brazen effrontery was his proclamation of his merits as an oculist. He cared for the royal eyes of Anne and George I., and, indeed, the former knighted him.

It was Aunt Lavinia who said the other day: "I believe that no woman under 40, undisfigured by manual labor, no woman, I say, has the moral right to look irrecoverably plain. No woman is plain, rightly considered; and those who submit basely and hopelessly to such a fate should be punished for doing so. I would have them arrested—in church, in the street, at tea parties, wherever I met with them—and haled before a judge of good and appropriate dressing. Their punishment should be solitary confinement, at the pleasure of the court, in a room with a mirror—with long mirrors. * * * In the merciful scheme of nature there are no plain women. There are women who dress oadly, women who are dull natured, women who take too much medicine, women who take too little food. But, given fresh air, exercise and the sane, contented mind which follows—given enough looking-glasses—above all, large looking-glasses—and the most rudimentary instruction in form and color—"

may 25-95

A TELLER OF TALES.

Between 35 and 40 years ago a young Irishman who worshiped the lurid genius of Matilda Heron followed her from New York to this city, where she appeared in "Camille" and "Geraldine." His biographer tells us that this young enthusiast considerably astonished some of the quiet literary circles of this staid and decorous region "by his utter and unaffected irreverence for various camphorated figureheads which were then an incubus upon American letters." It would be interesting to stop and inquire of Mr. William Winter just how a camphorated figurehead can be an incubus upon letters of any country.

This breaker of idols was Fitz-James O'Brien, poet, story teller, essayist, who died at Cumberland, Va., in 1862, from the results of a wound received in a cavalry skirmish. He wrote for newspapers and magazines in New York; he was a valued and frequent contributor to the Harper publications. But it was in the Atlantic that those extraordinary stories, "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wondersmith," appeared.

And why now revive his memory? Because in these days, when there is such an effort to create a new shudder and at the same time display a style, the weary reader turns with delight to the poems and tales of this talented Irishman so well-nigh forgotten. There is not even a complete edition of his works. The collection, edited with loving pains by Mr. Winter and published in Boston, is out of print and already rare. To be sure, there is a pamphlet edition of some of his stories, but this cheap book reveals only in part the talents of the man. With many he is confounded with Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; with others he is only ranked in the memory with Wilkins and Wood and Clapp, who all once met together in the famous cellar of Pfaff.

Among the latest would-be shudder creators are "The Great God Pan," "The Curse of Intellect," and "The King in Yellow." The first of these books is surely extraordinary in horrible, inhuman, diabolical suggestion, and it is strange that it has not excited more attention in this country. The second is spoiled by the heaviness of the satire, and the repulsive improbability of the scheme. The third, by an American, contains admirable pages. But to find tales equal to "The Diamond Lens," "The Lost Room," and "What Was It?" by O'Brien, we must turn back to stories of like nature by Hoffmann, Poe and Hawthorne.

Take "The Lost Room," for instance. The loser of his room is a-walking in the garden in the black night, when the unknown "of a pale, weird countenance, immersed in a background of long, wild hair," holds the uncanny conversation with him that is as a prelude to the fantastic wager between the strange, invading inmates of the room and the alleged owner. "I stretched forth my hand," says O'Brien, "in the direction of the speaker and made a blind clutch. The tips of my fingers seemed to touch a surface as smooth as glass, that glided away suddenly from under them." No explanation is made. The thing disappears in the darkness and from the story. But such intense vagueness of horror is hardly paralleled. In these stories is found singularly enough, as in Poe, the analytical spirit, together with flight of poetic thought. It seems incredible that O'Brien should have written both "The Diamond Lens," with its science applied to fantasy, and that short poem, "The Wharf Rat," beginning:

"The wharf is silent and black, and motionless lie the ships;
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos Isles is the burden of his song."

And why was O'Brien so quickly forgotten? Perhaps, as Stephen Fiske suggested, "the war interposes between his fame and the present generation like a new deluge. To recall him and his works is like discovering a genius who lived before the flood, and was overwhelmed by the waves upon which the dumb beasts that voyaged with Noah rode safely to Mount Ararat and celebrity." But O'Brien deserved a better fate. In his own day his stories were epoch-making in the history of the magazine. Read even now, and the lapse of 30 years means much, they compel personal regard as well as hearty admiration. There are not so many American writers of short stories who have genuine claims to long remembrance that the name of O'Brien can be spared from the list without injury or regret.

This is the feast day of Aldhelm, founder of the abbey of Malmesbury, and the first Englishman that cultivated Latin and English or Saxon poetry. He had other accomplishments. Once in Rome the servant neglected to take his put off vestment; whereupon Aldhelm hung the garment on a sunbeam, "to the wonderful admiration of the beholders."

This reminds us. Is the hat-tree fading away as an institution? There was a time, and not so long ago, when hats—stove-pipe, slouch, Derby—were to be caught in every hall of a forest of black-walnut; there were mirror ponds; deer with branching antlers looked inquiringly at men, as much as to say, "Where did you get that hat?"

And who, pray, was the man that first brought into New England the germs of the black walnut pestilence, which even now is set to rage in villages far from the railway? Rooms uniform in black walnut, books uniformly bound in half-calf; these were symptoms of the real dark years of New England history. Chromos also made their appearance, and by many intelligent people were preferred to originals.

Hatracks suggest hats. How long will the Derby reign? Truly a hideous pattern, only rivaled by the species known as the stovepipeensis, and the gibus. Hand-cuffs were called "Derby's bands," as far back as 1576, and darbies today are known to every thief. There is reason, then, in calling a tight, close, thought-stifling head-cuff a Derby, although of course one attributes the name to an eminently respectable British statesman. The gibus is known to the French as the "accordéon." How much to be desired at the theatre is a noiseless gibus! As it is, the explosion in the operation of crushing is ostentatious; it creates class distinctions; it is undemocratic.

By the way, the author of a "chatty" article in Cassell's Saturday Journal gives intensely interesting information concerning the wardrobe of the Prince of Wales. At Sandringham there is a hat room with a man "whose chief duty it is to keep the Prince's tles in a high condition of polish." There are probably 365 pegs, all numbered, on which plugs are suspended, with a corresponding tag; and there's an extra peg for the crown, which is at present in Victoria's top bureau drawer. What would happen if His Royal Highness should put on today, through the gross carelessness of the attendant, the hat consecrated with special reference to Oct. 14? If we are not mistaken, the father of the Prince invented a hat that excited considerable attention in its day, and was reviewed at length in Punch. George IV. invented a shoe-buckle, and he, too, was very "keen"—as our English friend would say—in the matter of hats, for at his first appearance at a court ball, he wore a hat "ornamented with two rows of steel beads, 5000 in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style." But how far we are away from Cassell's Journal and the "chatty" article.

It appears that the Prince on such state occasions as Newmarket often wears a "ditto" suit. Now a "ditto" suit is more properly "dittoes," which, oh inquiring friend, does not mean that the suit of '95 is like that of '94 and '93, but that it is a complete suit of clothes of the same material, what the French call "un complet,"—is this right, Walsingham? You will find the word in literature: James Payn in "Thicker than Water" says: "His attire, though quite as faultless and more equable—he was never seen in dittos (sic) even in September—was not so splendid as of some members of the Aglaia." Now the Prince never wears one of these suits more than two or three times, "and his stock of them is tremendous."

It also appears that the Prince "consumes a large number of frock coats during the London season." This contradicts conclusively the report that he sustains life chiefly by birds and bottles and B's and S's. He must, however, envy the "old man clothed all in leather," for leather is more nutritious than cloth, as any shipwrecked mariner, or Arctic explorer who loses him-

self that he may be hunted for, will tell you.

And here you may protest and cry out that what has all this farrago to do with talk of the day. Go to! or do something yourself that may excite talk. Happy are the countries without a history, and if those days are happy that excite no "news," then is the Golden Age again on earth. Pray, what would you talk about? The price of wheat? How long "Old Anse" and his Colts will maintain their proud position? Or whether Senator Stewart is right and ex-Congressman Sibley of Pennsylvania is "really too big for the Presidency; his mental calibre is too large, too capacious for the White House?" But the Prince of Wales has at least a dozen dress suits, and ex-Congressman Sibley undoubtedly has only one, or at the utmost—two—one for Washington and one for stubbling around in at home. Nor should the Prince be despised because he is a Prince. He, at least, has never challenged one of his sons to fight with him for £10,000 anywhere and at any time. Besides,

"Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

And what new book was demanded first of all in New York between March 1 and April 1? Nordau's "Degeneration." Here in Boston, the people were still faithful to "Tribby," and Nordau's book was sixth in the line. In Chicago Chatfield-Taylor's "Two Women and a Fool" led easily. This fact destroys forever Chicago's claim to literary supremacy.

By the way, it is an ominous fact that in Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul and Toledo "Coin's Financial School" was the book most greedily read.

It is Mr. Huneker who remarks: "Wagner loving parents now give their babies Nibelungen rings to teethe on."

"Of course everyone likes that song," said a musician the first night of De Koven's "The Tzizane," when the sleighing song was finished. "They liked it before they came to the opera."

In some of the obituary notices of the late Mr. Marlave, it was stated that he was "a son of gay Paris, a child of Bercy, the heart of the French capital," and the great wine depot of the country." Now Bercy is by no means "the heart of the French capital." It is an outlying district within the fortifications, but it was not incorporated with the city until 1861. It is on the right of the Seine in the extreme southeastern quarter of Paris.

It was on May 24, 1802, that the following advertisement appeared in the Reading Mercury: "Miss in her Teens—let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies, marriageable, to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. With tears in my eyes, I must tell you that sound reason commends me to give

you but one month's notice before I part with my chance of an Infant Baronet for ever; for you may readily hear that three widows and old maids, all aged above 50, near my door, are now pulling caps for me. Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewel and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary; and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my 300,000 pounds and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. By your ladyship's directing a favorable line to me, Sir John Dinely, Baronet, at my house, in Windsor Castle, your attorney will satisfy you, that if I live but a month £11,000 a year will be your ladyship's for ever." There's nothing like this in these degenerate days, not even in Wedding Bells.

The indefatigable Lombroso has published the result of his studies in graphology. And so the public is now acquainted with the fact that hypocrites write an illegible scrawl, and with other such information or misinformation, as you please. According to Lombroso, "Emile Zola's autograph indicates vivacity and lucidity in the Z, force and penetration in the E; to make a long tail to a G indicates imagination; Mr. H. M. Stanley reveals a strong will in the down stroke of his H; Edmond de Goncourt shows his artistic intuition by writing every letter separately." Meanwhile Mr. Burchell cries out "Fudge!"

May 26, 1895
EDUCATION IN BULK.

Great universities, with their swarms of students, excite the admiration of the public at large; and yet there are graduates of these same universities that have increased and multiplied greatly since they were on the rolls who believe that the very numbers war against the sane and nutritious influences of college life. They say that there cannot be the close attrition between students that makes for individuality; that there cannot be a desirable relationship between teacher and pupil, which develops all that is latent and good in the young man ready and longing for encouragement and sage advice. Some go so far as to declare that Harvard and Yale believe thoroughly in the system of non-interference, and that the result is selfish indifference. They claim that individuality is not watched and cultivated, that men graduating are of a pattern, ashamed of originality in thought or expression.

Two eminent Frenchmen have proclaimed lately their opinions concerning universities. The first is Zola, a close observer of everything that pertains to man. It is he that says, "Whoever has breathed the air of such a school remains infected by it as long as he lives. The stale and sickly odor of dead and useless learning clings to his very brain, and in spite of all his efforts he goes through life itching with petty jealousies and a pedagogue's love of the rod, and embittered with all the hatred and envy of the old bachelor who had never had courage enough to claim the woman he loved. When such a fellow happens to be quick and bold by nature, an innovator with new ideas, which is not often the case, he spends such time and labor in giving his thought an academic and conventional air that we pass his discovery by as an antiquated formula. He cannot be original if he would; he has lived too long in the world; his being has taken the shape imposed upon it."

Now the second of these Frenchmen is the witty, polished, brilliant Jules Lemaitre. He does not agree fully with Zola; and yet are his views any more flattering to the believers in bulk and numbers as synonyms of cultivation? Lemaitre finds in the university of today an "affection of amused cynicism in attitude of mind as in conversation . . . a disposition to prompt and easy contempt, and above all a certain irreverence and love of irony and paradox." Might not these words be applied to our own great American universities? Is it not true that this "prompt and easy contempt" is eminently characteristic of Harvard, and possibly of Yale? And if there is such an atmosphere, it must choke irretrievably any originality; it must dampen any burning desire to shine for oneself.

Is it true that in the great universities the diploma is regarded chiefly as the hallmark of gentility? Do rich men send their sons to college in the same spirit that prompts them to provide their offspring with repeating watches and unlimited credit if they propose a European trip? These are, indeed, awkward questions, just as the wisdom of free, unrestricted elective courses is an open question.

Thirty, yes, even 20 years ago, a student came in direct contact with a professor. He became acquainted with his views of life and the entitles; he either thought lightly of the instructor or he revered him. And so there are college graduates today who admit thankfully that they were formed by a Peabody, a Hopkins, a Hitchcock, or a Porter. The student was prepared to be influenced; he expected it; he welcomed it. The teacher delighted in developing the originality of the student which sometimes was concealed under a mask of sluggishness or indifference. The classes were comparatively small. The teacher felt himself to be a parent. The fine qualities and the foibles of youth were exposed as under a strong light. The students themselves were nearer to each other. That which was mean was quickly known; endearing, lovable qualities were as quickly detected.

Now is this close relationship already merely a college tradition? Is such relationship impossible in the great universities? These are questions more easily asked than answered. The graduate of 20 years' standing is apt to regard his college today with tender, almost blinded eyes of affection and respect, but he must surely recognize the fact that the conditions of college life as they now exist are not those under which he came to man's estate. Athletic pre-eminence, stately buildings, an imposing roll of students—these do not make the great university. The chief end of an institution of learning should be to bring out and guide in the right direction the individuality of a student. And can this be done when students are so numerous that there is no time or opportunity for diligent inquiry into the character or needs of each one?

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gossip About Franz Von Suppe, Operetta Writer.

How He Once Breakfasted All Day Long With Albert Lortzing.

Notes and Comments on New Music and Sundry Musicians.

Let us consider for a moment the life of Franz von Suppé, a composer who has given legitimate pleasure to thousands of lovers of operetta.

Von Suppé was born April 18, 1820, at Spalato in Dalmatia. The family was of Belgian origin. As a child he loved music, and when he was 9 years old he composed a serenade, with a flute solo, which he himself played for his father's birthday festival. His father did not look kindly on this passionate devotion to music, especially as the boy's school lessons suffered in consequence of his persisting in flute practice. Franz kept writing songs, without any knowledge or idea of the rules of harmony; in spite of the fact that his father broke the flute and tore up the manuscripts, the boy persevered, and finally, at the mother's wish, he was allowed to take lessons, first of Ferrari, a bandmaster of the town.



FRANZ VON SUPPE.

Near the bandmaster of the town, at Zadar, was Johann Cigalla, and Franz assisted him in the service with his flute or by singing in the choir. Thus he gained a practical knowledge of writing for voices, and at the age of 13 he composed a mass, which was performed at the Church of Saint Francis and met with great favor. The title page of this mass (1833) reads: "Missa Dalmatica quam terna virili voce pulsanibus organis concinendam composuit et Dalmatiae patriae, suae dedicavit Franz von Suppé." About the same time he wrote the first act of a five-act opera, "Der Apfel," and he and his young friends rehearsed it.

The father died in 1833. The mother, Viennese by birth, decided to live in her beloved birthplace. There the relatives looked askew at the musical madness of the boy, and they decided that he should be a physician. The opera house, however, was dearer to him than the clinic, and after a severe struggle, he had his way and entered the Vienna Conservatory. He studied harmony under Salzmann, and his further studies were directed by Sechter and Seyfried. A psalm and a mass, written for chorus and orchestra, were warmly praised by his teachers on account of the contrapuntal skill displayed therein. Without a teacher, he studied the piano, and, to earn his living, he gave lessons in singing and on the flute.

It was in 1839 that Suppé wrote an opera "Virginia," which he afterward showed to Donizetti, who was in Vienna, making arrangements about his "Linda di Chamounix" (brought out in Vienna in 1842). Donizetti encouraged him in every way and took a warm interest in him. In 1841 Suppé returned from Padua, whither he had accompanied Donizetti; he was made vice director and professor of the Harmony School and was engaged as conductor at the Josephstädter Theatre. When he was 21 he wrote the music to a vaudeville "Die Folgen der Erziehung," which led to his engagement as conductor at the theatre in Pressburg. There he tarried three years and then returned to Vienna as conductor at the theatre "An der Wien," where he quickly and surely laid the foundations of his popularity as a composer of operetta.

When he wrote the music for a farce soon after he was at the "An der Wien," there was a Tyrolean song with the jodel "dulie, dulie" to set. Now Suppé to the time of his death spoke German with a strong Italian accent, and in his youth his knowledge of German was limited. Some of the people at the theatre told him, by way of a joke, that "dulie" meant "farewell forever," and so Suppé set this refrain to a most mournful melody. The night of the performance the jesters were all ready to witness the fiasco. But the air was so beautiful in its melancholy that the audience applauded wildly, and the air was redemanded again and again.

Among the favorite pieces written for farces, spectacles or vaudevilles are the Gervinus polka (1849), the Pech polka (1852), and the overture to "Dichter und Bauer" ("poet and peasant"), which dates back as far as 1846.

The first of Suppé's operettas produced in public was "Das Mädchen vom Lande," 1847. The dates of his operettas best known in this country are as follows: "Fatinitza," 1876; "Boccaccio," 1879; "Donna Julitta," 1880; "Africarelse," 1883; "Bellmann," 1887.

Lortzing was at the "An der Wien" in 1846. He and Suppé were thick friends, and it was their amiable habit to meet, when they had a free day, at the "Two White Lions," where they would breakfast and discuss the affairs of the nation. As all this took time, they were at the restaurant from 10 A. M. to the rising of the theatre curtain. Their money went surprisingly fast, and so they agreed one day to be "good," and shun temptation. The restaurant saw them not for 24 hours, but on the second morning after, Lortzing woke Suppé up at 7.30 and said: "Old man, yesterday we did nobly; we did ourselves great credit. Now tonight there's nothing going on for us, and why shouldn't we repay ourselves now by a little breakfast." "All right," said

Suppé, "but we must surely go home at 11 and work all the afternoon." At 9 o'clock they were at the "Two White Lions." Noon struck without their knowing it. At evening they remembered they had nothing to do at the theatre, and there was no rehearsal in the morning, so they sat there all night, and the next day until—the curtain rose in the theatre. That little breakfast lasted 30 hours.

This story is not told, Miss Eustacia, for encouraging the emulation of the young, but merely as an historical fact.

'Twas in the fifties that Suppé won the friendship and the respect of Meyerbeer by preparing and conducting the latter's "Vielka," and yet he wrote the music for the parody of "Dinorah." (1865.)

And it was in the fifties that he fell passionately in love with the beautiful singer, Miss von Mara.

In 1862 Suppé became conductor at the Qual theatre, and after this theatre was destroyed by fire, at the Carl theatre, where "Fatinitza" and "Boccaccio" were produced.

Suppé was an imposing-looking man, with singularly short arms and little hands; yet were they big enough, as his biogra-

pher, Brak, tells, to lift the heaviest of his lips and empty it until broad daylight. "He was therefore the terror of all managers for whom he conducted as 'guest,' because after the work came the pleasure, and that meant late sitting-up and heavy notations."

Yet let no one think that Suppé was dissolute or idler. It would have been impossible for a mere toad-pot or malt worm to have accomplished his tasks. Unlike some other composers of light opera, he himself wrote out the instrumentation. There is not one note in the original manuscripts that was not written by him.

He built himself a stately pleasure house at Gars, near Eggenburg, and there he lived all summer and there he died. It was named "Sophienheim." On the grounds were the "Flametta-Boccaccio Arbor," the "Fatinitza Summer-house," the "Kantschukoff Grotto," the "Beautifull Galathia Grove," the "Flotten Burschen bowling alley," all named after titles or characters of his operettas.

As a boy Suppé was unaccustomed to heated rooms. The winter in Vienna is often cold. What did Suppé do? He put on over his house dress five or six thick waistcoats, an extra warm night-gown, warm shoes of felt, and over his feet a thick foot-warmer, on his head a fur cap and ear-caps; and thus he would work four or five weeks at a time, sometimes not leaving the house until the operetta was finished.

His 40th jubilee as composer was celebrated March 3, 1881, with pomp and rejoicing. Already decorated with Wurtembergian and Saxon orders, he received from his Emperor the cross of Franz Joseph.

The libretto of "Fatinitza" was rejected by Strauss, or rather by Jetty, the wife of Strauss, who threw it aside and said that there was nothing in it for a composer, at least not for her "Sehni." Suppé was delighted with it and promised to set it at once to music. A month went by and the manager could not get a note from him. At last he called and found Suppé at work—translating an Italian cook-book. And so it was with "Boccaccio." He took the libretto in the summer of '78 and promised to have the music ready before fall. But he worked in his garden, planted roses, looked after the asparagus beds; and when he returned to Vienna and was asked to play some of the music, he, dallying, put the question by. But Feb. 1, 1879, "Boccaccio" was on the stage.

Note the fecundity of the man. He wrote music for about 200 vaudevilles, spectacles and farces; 30 operettas; three masses, one a requiem, and much church music of smaller proportions; six overtures, one fantasia and one symphony for orchestra; marches, dances, potpourris; pieces for the flute; and a duo for violins; many songs for solo voices and for four voices.

Operettas have their day and are buried; and if they are exhumed, the corpse is still a corpse, for very seldom does any skillful application lend fictitious life so that the careless audience is deceived.

"Fatinitza" and "Boccaccio" are still welcome, although as comic operas go, they are surely middle-aged, if not white-haired; and the reason of their life is not hard to find. For Suppé combined Italian melody and French appreciation of rhythm with what is known, in the absence of a better phrase, as German thoughtfulness. He had not the diabolical genius of Offenbach; on the other hand, he was a man of more ponderous education and was more careful in the finishing of the detail. Nor was he so thoroughly national that his music can only be enjoyed fully by his townsmen. His music was international, and the tripping tunes and often skillfully built concerted pieces give pleasure to the Italian, the Englishman or the American, as well as to the Viennese. By hearing much that passes today as comic opera and then listening again to works by Von Suppé, you will at once realize the more than respectable merits of the man who died last week.

PHILIP HALL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Buonamici, the celebrated pianist, has been giving concerts in Italy.

F. W. Sering's new "Organ School" is published by Bull in Strasburg.

Lady Hallé is a-going to fiddle in South Africa before she visits the United States.

Pupils of Mrs. Charles W. Duncan will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday evening.

Victor Harris will be the assistant conductor of Seldi's Orchestra this summer at Brighton Beach.

The orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre has been sunk three feet and a half below the level of the seats.

Mr. George H. Wilson, formerly of this city, is contributing articles on music to the *Elite*, published in Chicago.

"Hochzeitsmorgen," a one-act opera, by Carl von Kaskel, met with success at its first performance in Mannheim.

Charlotte Huhn said good-by to the Cologne opera by singing in Gluck's "Orpheus." She is now a member of the Dresden company.

The Italian novelist Ugo Ojetti has furnished Mascagni a libretto from Zola's "Nana." This, it is said, will be the title of his next opera.

Edith Walker, the American contralto, who is at present in Dresden, has been engaged by the Director of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna.

Sigrid Arnoldson is engaged to sing at the Royal Opera House, Budapest, in "Barber of Seville," "Traviata," "Carmen," "Lakmé" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Franz Musil, organist at Brunn, has written a Stabat Mater for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. It was produced successfully at Brunn April 21. It shows the influence of the "classicalists."

An opera, "Der Apotheker," composed by Haydn in 1768, will be produced for the very first time at Dresden in June. It is in one act, and the German translation from the Italian is by Dr. Hirschfeld of Vienna.

And Aunt Lavinia thus delivered herself concerning bonnets. She spoke at length and perhaps too passionately; but the subject is of vital importance to every woman who reads the Journal, and therefore, to every man. "The right bonnet or the right hat is a thing very nearly as rare as the right woman, and I am not perfectly sure that the one does not, to a great extent, depend upon the other. For observe the essentials implied. The right head covering to be worn under the conditions of a town life should be dainty, fresh, distinguished in outline, adapted with utmost care to the wearer's age, size, complexion, and social position; above all things, the ideal hat is simple, in construction and in shape. Let the material be as costly as you please—no properly understood hat or bonnet can afford to be anything but simple and single-minded in the impression it produces. Overabundance is the abomination of desolation;

And, certainly, the most beautiful of all the... warrant of unity... consider, the object of its existence... surmount, to crown and frame a human countenance. And if that face be beautiful already, what possible collection of beads, straw, fur, moss, plover's eggs, pluk roses and plumage is likely to draw closer attention to the lovely and delicate lines beneath? And if the face be irregular in shape, faded or muddy in color, unfortunate in length or size or breadth, what concatenation of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms is calculated to lead away the critical eye to some happier point in the wearer's anatomy? A woman's head-gear must be simple in outline and simple in effect. It must appear the result of a decorative impulse, not the madness of a natural history museum. And it must—it must be personal. The properly trained woman would no more accept a bonnet which she had neither devised, suggested, nor selected, than she would accept a husband because that was the style of man people were marrying this spring."

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"The Sphinx" Produced at the Tremont Theatre.

The summer season of operetta at the Tremont Theatre, under the management of Mr. Harry Askin, opened last evening with the first presentation on any stage of a new comic opera in three acts, entitled "The Sphinx," text by Mr. William M. Browne and music by Mr. Lewis S. Thompson. The conductor was Mr. Maurice Gould. The theatre was cool, comfortable and attractive in its summer dress. There was a large and very friendly audience, eager to applaud.

There were many encores; there were curtain calls, and calls for the librettist, composer, and Mr. William Seymour, the stage manager; there was a very short speech from Mr. Browne; there were "oral tributes;" there were, in short, all the characteristics of an eminently successful first night.

The cast was as follows:
Prof. P. Papyrus.....Edwin Stevens
Nerker.....Walter Allen
Nerker.....J. Aldrich Libbey
Nerker.....A. L. Kingsley
Nerker.....Carl Harberg
Nerker.....Talmadge Baldwin
Nerker.....Mrs. Laura Joyce-Bell
Nerker.....Miss Christie McDonald
Nerker.....Miss Nanette Morse
Nerker.....Miss Marie Millard

It was in 1892 that the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard produced "The Sphinx," text by Mr. David Gray and music by Mr. Thompson. The libretto of the present "Sphinx" is entirely new, and some of the music written by Mr. Thompson for the Pudding has been retained.

The Sphinx! But not the monster of strange pedigree and strange family connections who troubled the people of Thebes. She has not appealed to opera makers. Over a century ago Le Froide de Mereaux wrote the opera "Oedipus at Thebes," but in it the Sphinx played no part. Offenbach, with his diabolical wit, rejoicing in the burlesque of old religions, spared her. And yet what music he could have written for the scene of the guessing of the riddle, and what an inspiring subject for his reckless librettists.

Mr. Browne's Sphinx is our old friend, the Ethiopian woman of stone, the rural deity with time-battered face and haunting, baffling, inscrutable, eternal smile: the Sphinx of vast bigness, as Jeremy Collier calls her. Or rather it is the spirit of the Sphinx, incarnated in a maiden of palpable and palpitating flesh and blood.

Mr. Brown's libretto is admirable in many ways. The choice of locality was fortunate, for it admits of striking scenery and gorgeous costumes. There is at once the impression of something exotic, something remote, and this is much in operetta.

There is a well-defined, coherent plot, which is exposed adroitly and ingeniously developed. The wisdom, however, of putting the action in three acts is always doubtful. Ah, the fatal third act! How many operettas go to pieces, how many audiences are bored by it! And the action drags, then the manager thinks at once of his comedians and dancing girls; he dreams of success wrested from the jaws of defeat by Amazonian marches, jugglers, and "turns" of supposed popularity. You can put Mr. Browne's plot in a nut-shell. Mr. Alfred Jingle could tell it while drinking a pint.

Girls' boarding school near Cairo; girls dressed in bewitching costumes that would not find favor at Mount Holyoke or even Smith College; Bedouins appear and propose to marry the whole school; villain loves teacher, but has mortgaged family mummies to the Sphinx; American stranger, with a dumb valet, who carries a riddle book; dumb valet disposed of temporarily by villain; Sphinx is a pretty girl; if a man proposes marriage he must guess a riddle propounded by her after a minute's consideration or she will become dust; disadvantages of a stop-watch; Bedouins and girls all go to the Sphinx to answer riddles; American stranger falls in love with the Sphinx; absence of valet causes excusable anxiety; valet finally comes back, but the villain has his riddle book; stranger proposes to Sphinx; guesses by accident the riddle; scene of general rejoicing; curtain.

Now the plot is suggested pleasantly in the first act; is developed agreeably and forcibly in the second; it lingers in the third. Remember, however, that the story is new, of reasonably romantic interest, and admitting of character drawing.

The lyrics are fluent, and if they are not of striking poetical worth in sentimental scenes, they are sane and never mawkish.

They are well in the... are far above the ordinary... is too often called in these days comic opera.

The dialogue is almost always entertaining, often droll, often humorous, and at times of marked and original wit. Whether some of the lines are not too refined, too subtle to cross immediately the footlights and assail the hearer's risibilities, is another question.

The libretto is evidently a most praiseworthy attempt at comedy for music. I do not believe, for instance, that the author ever intended the part of the teacher to be played as Mrs. Bell plays it. Pteecha is a dignified, polished, self-possessed, middle-aged society woman. Nor do I believe that the Prof. Papyrus of Mr. Stevens is the Papyrus imagined by Mr. Browne. I like to think of him rather as a diffident, nervous, alert gentleman, cater-cousin to the Private Secretary.

But as the operetta was produced last evening Mr. Browne may well be contented with his work. He has written a libretto that furnishes genuine entertainment without any Macedonian cry to the athletic comedian or the gagger of gags. He has written lines that are worthy of a clever writer of comedy. He has shown himself capable of most admirable work in a field that is so often clumsily tilted, and in which the harvest is so often nothing but yawn-provoking weeds or coarse plants that compel sardonic laughter.

Mr. Thompson's music is almost always tuneful and graceful. It appeals to the heart and the ear. It is, however, so reminiscent that it does not call for extended comment. From beginning to end there is not one characteristic phrase, there is not one peculiarly individual musical thought.

It is music that has pleased and will please. The hearer says: "Why, this is nice, and somehow it seems familiar;" and with the pleasure of the immediate scene and with the pleasure of past associations, he is in amiable mood, and would fain hear to speak of the attempts at local color in the Bedouin chorus; of the weakness of the finales; of the inevitable waltz. The music, agreeable as it may be, is without personal flavor or distinction.

The operetta was most handsomely mounted. The scenery was striking and unusual, the costumes were most tasteful. The groupings were effective, and there were abundant evidences of the skillful direction of Mr. Seymour and the generosity of Mr. Askin.

The performance was a smooth one. The chorus, which plays a very important part in Mr. Browne's libretto, was made up of girls that were a constant delight to the eye, and men with fresh and vigorous voices. It is a chorus of a character that is seldom seen or heard in operetta.

The orchestra was not to be so heartily praised. Perhaps Mr. Gould was nervous at the thought of his responsibility, but he did not have his men under control. His beat was at times rigidly undecisive, and at times incongruously inflexible.

Miss Millard made a very agreeable impression. In dialogue her voice is winning, with just a dash of pathos in it. She sang with marked taste and with more than ordinary skill. As she has not been long on the stage, there were occasionally evidences of inexperience, but she was always graceful, and the charm of her personality was felt in repose as well as in action. She is, indeed, a welcome apparition.

Miss McDonald was a sprightly, delightful school-girl, and Miss Morse displayed to full advantage her opulent beauty. Mrs. Bell was the familiar Mrs. Bell, whose long established conservatism in burlesque does not yield easily to decadent influences or the ideas of an author that lie concealed in fires.

Mr. Baldwin was excellent as the valet, and Mr. Allen played the part of the villain magician with genuine appreciation and a sense of distinction. Mr. Stevens was applauded heartily by the audience, and yet he was the Mr. Stevens of other comic operas, masquerading under another name. The walk, the gestures, the vocal inflections—all the tools of his humor were not forged expressly for use in "The Sphinx."

Mr. Libbey, I understand, first struck the roof of the world by his impassioned singing of "After the Ball." The music of the first act, last evening, was not within the working section of his voice. In the other acts he was heard to greater advantage.

But, all in all, the operetta went with spirit, and to the evident delight of the audience. Whether it will continue to give such great pleasure remains to be seen. It has many and undoubted elements of success. The popularity of the music, the physical magnetism of the female chorus, the sweet personality of Miss Millard, the every-day cut and dried and not too original humor of Mr. Stevens, the sumptuousness of scenery and costumes, the attractiveness of the theatre—here, surely, is ample food for summer amusement.

I believe that the operetta would be much improved if the second act and the third were thrown into one and condensed. As it is, the third act seems comparatively empty of action and too full of music.

PHILIP HALE.

This story from Troy, Ky., sounds like an echo of the glorious past. Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Riley filled each other with lead to supreme personal disadvantage. The statement is in itself prosaic and does not call for an exuberant gloss, however much the accuracy of the marksmanship may be admired. But note the old-time courtesy of the shooting match. The two chevaliers did not interrupt the church service or disturb in any manner the congregation, which is "cultured and aristocratic." They joined in the hymns, bowed their heads in prayer, listened politely to the pastor, and possibly contributed to the collection. It was not till after the benediction and when they were on the church steps in the open that they drew their guns from their Sunday trousers. And what could have been more chivalrous, more simply noble than Mr. Montgomery's speech, after firing the last shot: "Gentlemen, I hated to do this, but

my... pleasant feature was the... behavior of the... They faintly. This shows the effect of corrupting influences from the North. The pity that there should have been this one rift in the lute.

Weeks have hurried by and strong men have died unmissed since we first asked the derivation of "linger" and "lingua." Is this etymological question of close kin to those with which Tiberius in his cruelest moments perplexed the grammarians? Or is F. H. M. correct in affirming that "linger" and "lingen" are mere corruptions of "licker" and "licking?"

Does anybody know of children who today use a language apart in the communication of their thoughts, a language that puzzles linguists, and yet is understood thoroughly by the youngsters? There was a remarkable case some years ago in Albany, N. Y. Two boys of a well-known family, the father was a celebrated politician, whenever they talked together used invariably, that is, in the presence of other members of the family, a language that was not to be discovered among pagan or Christian people. The boys never gave an explanation after they reached the age of 15 or 16; up to that age they chattered with volubility in this singular tongue. Here is an instance that points toward the sanity of the theory advanced by Charles Godfrey Leland in "Gypsy Sorcery." "I believe that a company of children left entirely to themselves would form and grow up with a language which in a very few years would be spoken fluently."

Bismarck, the good old man, sir, will be talking, but he has not lost his wits. His advice to build cruisers rather than a large number of iron-clad warships looks as though he was imbued thoroughly with American naval theories.

In a time when thoughtful diplomats welcome arbitration as the solution of international difficulties, it is Mr. Joseph Parker, a minister of the gospel of peace, who is shouting savagely for war, immediate and bloody war.

They are again accusing the late Lawrence Sterne of plagiarism. Yes, but how well he stole.

To "Old Sport," who asks about the "old timer," Barney Aaron: There are two Barney Aarons known to the prize ring. The first was born in 1800, and died in 1859. He beat Stockman, Lenny, Redmond (thrice), Warren, Hares, Bateman, Raines, and he was beaten by Matthewson, Harry Jones and Tom Smith. Young Barney Aaron, who will spar with Mr. Billy Edwards at Mr. Jack Dempsey's benefit in June, beat Evans at New Orleans in 1857, Monaghan in Canada in 1857. He was beaten by S. Collier, whom he afterward defeated in 68 rounds at Aquila Creek, Va. Edwards, by the way, is the name of many pugilists. There was Ed, who beat Bishop in 1822, "to settle a lawsuit;" Stephen, otherwise known as "The Berkshire Butcher;" Fred, whose nickname was "Sam Sop;" Ned, alias "Catty;" then there were Ben, James, Harry, Frank, John, Tom, Arthur; in fact, there is a glorious list. Perhaps the most famous was Jem of Cheltenham, who, after many desperate battles, in which he was victor, fought Mr. Hall in 1856, when the minions of the law seized the gallant fellow. There was a trial, and Jem was actually imprisoned for seven days. This outrageous treatment so shocked his proud spirit that he died the following year.

A recent episode in London literary life reminds one of a sentence of De Quincey. Speaking of George III., the Opium Eater says, "he revered the moral feelings of his country, which are in all points of domestic morals severe and high-toned (I say it in defiance of writers, such as Lord Byron, Mr. Hazlitt, etc., who hated alike the just and the unjust pretensions of England) in a degree absolutely incomprehensible to Southern Europe."

It is rumored that Mr. Abbey has engaged Miss Helen Bertram to "replace" Emma Eames in his Grand Opera Company next season. If Calvé does not come will Mr. Abbey engage Miss Della Fox?

It is the fashion for New Englanders to complain of the absence here of that institution known to almanac makers, poets and provision dealers as Spring; and the complainers are always envying the English, who, they say, are not cheated out of a season. But Horace Walpole wrote long ago in springtime to Mason, "Every year we give ourselves airs of being disappointed, though it is so very seldom we have any fine weather. I believe if we did not read Virgil at school, we should never have invented names for the seasons."

Dr. Tanner is the man, who, not having the fear of Royalty before his eyes, asked in the House of Commons whether it was true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-chief of the British Army. The Daily Chronicle tells us that the next day he received this telegram: "In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols.—J. Jones, Major." Dr. Tanner immediately sent the following reply: "Yours received. Will meet you tomorrow evening at Constantinople. Torpedoes preferred. Water-tube boilers excluded. Advertising strictly prohibited.—Tanner."

Here is a story of contemporaneous dramatic interest that comes from London. "Sir Augustus Harris has been heard to say that the quarrels of rival warlike nations will always be of secondary interest to him so long as there are two prime donne left in the world. But the manager who controls a company of photographic beauties has his share of diplomatic difficulties. There is fearful trouble at one of the leading houses of light entertainment. Two young ladies in the very front row of their profession are on stabbing terms. One of them is believed by many of the best critics to have the finest figure in London. The other is, according to the newest school of opinion, the neatest, and nattiest, and brightest little actress who never spoke a line. They both command the best and most influential support. The other night it came to a scratching and crying match. The one with the figure says the other deliberately placed herself in the direct line between the audience and her left ankle at the moment of her most artistic and taking pose. So she retorted by addressing disconcerting words to her rival whenever the rival attempted to produce her brightest and most bewitching smile. Then they took to pinching one another surreptitiously, and subsequently cried all over the theatre. The manager saw that he had to be stern, and in the most solemn manner he threatened them both with the same dreadful threat—that if they did not make up their differences at once he would make them wear girls' costumes instead of boys'. They are not good friends now, but the threat appalled them into disguising their hatred."

May 29, 1905

A cynic remarked yesterday: "Have you noticed the curiosities of criticism as revealed by 'The Sphinx'? The musicians all praise the libretto; the literary men think highly of the music."

Stories about smart children are generally irritating or yawn-provoking, and recall the toast of Charles Lamb to the memory of the good King Herod. We hasten to add that it is a valued correspondent who sends the following to the Journal: "A little girl was asked the other day who the Apostles were. 'Oh,' she said, 'they followed the Saviour, and when He died they landed at Plymouth.'"

Prof. William James sums up admirably Nordau's "Degeneration": "An exhibition in minute detail of an individual's temperamental restrictions in the way of enjoying art."

A Frenchman, Laubat, has just revealed what was said at the "Female International" at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. Here is one aphorism modestly proposed by a delegate: "The nature of woman is in closer relation to the Infinite than is the masculine mind, and there was not a dissenting voice when the proposition was put to the vote. And how do you suppose the delegates avoided that abhorred and abhorrent word trousers? By a masterpiece of ingenuity. 'Lastly, it is decreed that the women here in congress assembled shall use all their efforts to establish the doctrine that women's clothing shall hereafter be molded on the 'principle of dualism.' But will Laubat ever dare to visit this country?"

Is it possible that Pasteur is so chauvinistic, or childish—which is the same thing—as to refuse a decoration from the Emperor William because there was a war between France and Germany a quarter of a century ago? He should remember that peace, too, has its victories.

"Reminiscent music in a new operetta has been defined as music that another thinks he has heard and would fain have written." This definition by a composer who was slated by the critics is unfortunately another instance of thievish proclivities. It is merely a variation of the old definition of a chestnut: "A joke that you would have told if you had not been anticipated."

They are now selling "Boxes of Optical Illusions." Three of these illusions are "The Bicycle Wheels, The Misleading Railway Track, and Yorick's Skull." But there was neither bicycle wheel nor railway track when Yorick met his death.

A machine for "home hair-cutting" has been invented. It is a combined comb and scissors. What do they do without a bowl?

English newspapers are regarded as heavy; indeed, the word stupid has been used to characterize them. Here, however, is a report of an incident of police court life in London that would do credit to American journalism: "A man may not marry his mother-in-law, and Robert Hynes had no intention of doing so. Still, they all lived together in the same house down Camberwell way, and, as might have been expected, Robert had occasion, as he told Mr. Hopkins yesterday, to tell his father-in-law that he had not married the family. But there are more ways than one of conveying a fact, and Robert chose the concrete form of an assault on the old lady. It was convincing, no doubt; married peo-

ple never do for each other in Arcadian Camberwell. A mother-in-law is in any case fair game, and Robert does not appear to have been charged with that. Unfortunately he bethought him that the family also comprised the old man and the back windows. So he struck the one in the chest, and heaved an assortment of bricks and flints through the other. Mr. Hopkins, no doubt, thought that he had sufficiently convinced Mr. Appleford and his wife and the six panes of glass that they were none of them his lawfully wedded mates. But he also thought Robert might as well pay forty-five shillings or take fourteen days, just to keep it green in his own memory."

The fifth Annual Festival of the Choir Guild begins tonight at the Church of the Advent, when seven choirs will take part. These festivals are of large interest to all lovers of church music, which is by no means in as truly flourishing condition in Boston as is secular music, vocal and instrumental. It is to be wished that the managers of these festivals would pay greater attention to the masterpieces of English cathedral music of the two centuries immediately preceding this.

Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the danger of idealism in art is the case of Spinelio, a painter who was born at Arezzo in the 14th century. When he was over 70 years old he painted Lucifer in the form of a monstrous beast, and took great care to make it extremely frightful and horrible. Some time after, as he was asleep, he thought he saw the Devil in the hideous figure he had painted him, who demanded of him, where ever he had seen him so deformed, and why he had represented him in so hideous a manner; at the fright of which he immediately awaked, with a strange trembling all over his body, the horror which had seized him being so great, that he had like to have died of it; and from that time he always retained a wild, frightened look, and a weak head, and lived not long after.

The Nouveau Temps of St. Petersburg received lately the following offer from a gentleman whose card bore the distinguished name, Comte de Clerico de St. Germain: "Seeing that the chivalrous husband is scarce, scarcer still when he is titled, and scarcest of all when chivalrous, titled and rich, I propose to put myself up for a lottery. The first two qualifications I already possess, the lottery will supply the third. Any young unmarried woman may take a single ticket in this lottery whereof I am the prize. A million tickets will be issued at one rouble each. This will produce 4,000,000 francs, which I shall distribute in the following way: One million to the Count—myself; 1,000,000 to the new Countess—my second self; 1,000,000 to the newspaper which aids my project, and 1,000,000 to the poor."

May 30, 1905

"Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living!
Sweet are the musical voices sounding!
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead, with their silent eyes.
Dearest comrades! all now is over;
But love is not over—and what love, O comrades!
Perfume from battlefields rising—up from foetor arising.
Perfume therefore my chant, O love! immortal Love!
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers."
"Reconciliation, word over all, beautiful as the sky!
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time be utterly lost;
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;
—For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead;
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin—I draw near;
I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin."

A Bostonian complains because he lately made application at the Public Library for a copy of "Pope's 'Raven,'" and after losing an hour and 15 minutes, had to come away without it. He should not be so unreasonable. Pope's "Raven" is an exceedingly rare book. The poem is not in the complete works of Pope, and it is doubtful whether it can be found even in the British Museum. Now, if the complainant had asked for Poe's "Essay on Man" or the "Dunclad," he would probably have obtained it by waiting only an hour. But Pope's "Raven," 'tis indeed rara avis.

It appears that out of 6000 books in the Public Library which are accessible to the public, only 47 are not now to be accounted for. This reflects credit on the honesty of our fellow-townsmen. For there is no thief like the biblioklept, unblushing or veiled as a bibliokleptomaniac. Catherine de Medici had no scruples about stealing any book that struck her fancy. There have been famous booksellers who stole right and left even when there were copies of the filched book on their own shelves. It should not be forgotten that the biblioklept is either direct or indirect. The latter is the borrower, who takes such care of a treasured volume that he never returns it.

An esteemed contemporary has evidently been giving its days and nights to the study of Burke's Peerage. Each day it has a masterly editorial article treating of barons, baronady, baronage, baronesses, baronets, baronetage, baronetcy, baronetesses, baronethood, baronetships, baronism, baronists, baronettes, barony, baronship and barony. Its knowledge in definition and distinction, its mastery of the subject in broad historical sweep and cunning detail would have made Sir Henry Spelman turn green with envy, and now puts the compilers of Court Almanacs and the editors of Society Gossip to confusion. It's a pity that all this information is wasted in an unthankful, unappreciative republic.

And yet the day may not be far distant when the Queen, or the Prince then reigning in her stead (absit omen!) may knight leading authors, playwrights, and politicians of our own country. Has not Mr. Beer-bohm Tree given glad assurances to his landmen that 'the smart society of the United States is very similar to smart society of England? Indeed they seem to base their social ideas on our aristocracy, with whom, of course, so many of the New York Four Hundred are connected by marriage.' Once that Mr. Alfred Morris Bagbee and some of the intrepid coachmen of the metropolis are knighted, the followers of art and literature will not wait long. Our children will undoubtedly see Sir Richard Mansfield in old men's parts, and will read, with hair on end and shuddering goose flesh, the daring adventures of Sir Richard Harding Davis in Terre Haute or Pulaski. Such royal recognition would compensate in a degree for the absence here of an Academy. Of course Mr. Richard Croker has spoiled his chances, but the line of politicians is a long one.

After all, London is the omphalos of the musical world. The experience of Miss Margaret Macintyre is one of many proofs of this statement. She sang at La Scala for two years; then went to South Africa. Returning to London, where she was already a favorite, she appeared at a concert this month, and sang an opera aria. "It was not, however," says a London authority, "till she was encoired and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' with exquisite, heartfelt feeling that her full progress could be marked. Then the consummate artist was revealed."

It is a singular coincidence that on the day the House of Commons refused to adjourn to see the Derby, the House here in Boston refused to adjourn to see a base ball match.

And yet who blames harshly the legislators for their desire to escape to the open where they may tingle with excitement and cheer the winner. No doubt the law givers of the ancients flapped their togas at the finish of the race or boxing match. In Déheque's translation of Lycophron's "Cassandra" you will find a catalogue of the names of famous Greek and Roman horses. And there you will find the epitaph of the racer, Euthydicus: "Monument of marble, whose tomb are you?"—"Of a fleet racer."—"What is his name?"—"Euthydicus."—"His renown?"—"He was victor in the race."—"How often was he crowned?"—"Many times."—"Who was his rider?"—"Coeranus."—"O glory greater than that of demi-gods!"

In Crete, now as in Homer's time, they believe that horses foresee the fates of riders who are doomed, and express their prescience by weeping in a human fashion. Would that the horses on the New England turf could thus foretell the future of a race! Perhaps they can, but keep back their tears, thus revenging the curb, the check, the docking tools, and other inhumanities of man.

May 31, 1905

Several bicycles were seen in town yesterday. Little by little the sport is making its way, and there is a possibility of its becoming a fashionable amusement in a year or two.

An "Old and Constant Reader" writes to the Journal as follows, apropos of the question concerning a particular language used by children: "Fifty years ago the boys of the Adams School on Mason Street had a mysterious language of their own, which none of the uninitiated could understand; friends of mine say the school boys and girls have it today. In Foster's Life of Dickens, 1st vol., p. 78, it is stated that Dickens in his school days invented a lingo of his own, which his schoolmaster used for the boisterous and mystification of people on the streets."

So there's to be "a West End tie-up" on the 5th of July. Don't mistake the day, oh, motorists and conductors, and thus put a damper on the Fourth.

The many friends of the Kneisel Quartet will regret the serious illness of Mr. Schroeder, the 'cello player, now detained in New York on account of an operation for appendicitis. The concerts that were to be given in London early in June will necessarily be postponed, for if another 'cellist were engaged, the quartet would not be the Kneisel Quartet. These London

were to have been an American, the nation, and Mr. Howard was to have identified them. To be sure, the matter is made up of foreigners, who have not taken out naturalization papers, nevertheless it was to have been called an American club. It is to be hoped that Mr. Schroeder, who is an accomplished violinist and an amiable man, will soon be able to play his instrument. There is a ghastly irony in the thought of a cellist suffering from appendicitis.

Miss Marguerite Maidhof has invented, she says, the ideal car fender. Her description of the machine is a little vague. "I took the distance from the inside of the track to the top of the pavements with my umbrella, marked it with my finger, and then measured it." This sounds as though Mr. Holiday were a-talking to Rollo. It is said that Miss Maidhof's fender picks up obstructions on the track easily. Nearly all the present fenders do this. What is really needed is a fender that will allow of identification of the victim, and Miss Maidhof's machine may supply this long-felt want.

"W. D. Howells' essays on his 'Literary Passions' will soon be published in book form. But it is hard to imagine Mr. Howells passionate in anything, except possibly his admiration for Mr. Howells.

The following sentences from Mr. George Moore's new book, "Celibates," will cause many Bostonians to rub their eyes: "She was introduced to Morton Mitchell. His shaggy small head was higher by some inches than any other, bright eyes, and white teeth showing through a red moustache, and a note of defiance in his open-hearted voice made him attractive." It appears that there are two Morton Mitchells in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Halsey finds it surprising and deplorable that a Japanese husband can "for a trivial cause, as for talking too much, divorce his wife by a bill of his own writing." Was it not the Hebrew moralist that exclaimed: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin?" The Japanese are a wonderful people.

The members of the New England Woman Suffrage Association rejoice because they are 26½ years nearer to victory. Far be it from us to begrudge them rejoicing; at the same time the cause of it is so very remote. Twenty-six and one-half years is over a third of the natural life of man, and it is only a moment, an infinitesimal flash in eternity.

Much newspaper and magazine copy is now furnished by a revival of the inquiry into the "Identity of Junius." We look forward to succeeding articles on The Man with the Iron Mask, Caspar Hauser, The Morgan Mystery, and the Nathan Murder.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will go to Italy this summer to study singing. May he follow his honored father with not unequal footsteps.

Many a wife could learn a useful lesson from the mother of Thomas Walker, the author of "The Original." It was her habit to set up for her son when he attended a dinner party. At his return there was not a word of reproach—not a question. "When a man throws himself into a chair after the fatigues of the day, he generally feels for a period a strong propensity to silence, any interruption of which has rather a tendency to irritate. I observed that my mother had always great tact in discovering the first symptoms of revival, till which she would quietly go on with her own occupation, and then inquire if I had had an agreeable party, and put such questions as showed a gratifying interest, equally removed from worrying curiosity and disheartening indifference."

June 1-1905

A good leak in June
Sets all in tune.

May it be fair tomorrow, for the old saw has it:

Whitsunday bright and clear
Will bring a fertile year.

And there was an old superstition—perhaps it is still observed in some English village far from railway—that whatsoever one did ask of God upon Whitsunday morning at the instant when the sun arose and played, God would grant it him.

Yes, Harold, there is a greater incongruity in costume than the combination of russet shoes and plug hat, and that is an outfit of evening dress and straw hat, as it is revealed on a street corner waiting for a car, before sundown.

Judge Holmes evidently believes in foot ball of the gory, smashing kind.

Almost everything finally comes to America. Rudyard Kipling lives in Brattleboro, and they say that Private Mulvaney is now in San Francisco.

Prof. Tarchanoff knows that music makes dogs perspire. It affects pianists in the same manner.

May Cornell by her prowess at Henley forestall the rhyming and disparaging couplet that has been shouted before this at intercollegiate regattas!

Why should Malden people object to the table manners of horses, even in the street? Horses are clean in their eating; they do not swallow a knife; or cool soup by blowing on it; or spill things on their vest; or flaunt publicly a wooden toothpick.

A contemporary cries out: "It is a shame that a Christian woman, who is a mistress of a house, should compel her servants to receive their gentleman friends in the street." Some might say, it is a shame that a contemporary should use such a hideous phrase, as "gentleman friends;" but let this pass. The cry of indignation is well-founded. But how shall the problem be solved? The "Christian woman" and her husband are often obliged to use their parlor of an evening. In winter the roof accommodations are not everything to be desired, and even the policeman who is fond of female society has been heard to complain of such exposed and often tumultuous privacy. The kitchen may retain the odors of the day. If the maid and her "gentleman friend" should sit in the hall or passageway they might be disturbed by the voices of the master, mistress and guests. It, therefore, might be well for architects to plan, even in comparatively modest apartment houses, a "servants' drawing room." This room should be furnished comfortably. There should be a piano, card table, sofa, easy chairs and a small sideboard for crackers, potted meats, sardines, and things to drink. No servant would then be "thrown to the mercy of circumstances and likely to form many undesirable acquaintances."

A. H. T. F. of Lawrence writes to the Journal as follows: "In your 'Talk of the Day' column, May 28, you ask, 'Does anyone know of children who today use a language apart,' etc., etc. The question vividly brought back my own childhood, several years of which were spent with my brother and sisters on a large New Hampshire farm, the nearest neighbors being at least half a mile away. Being so isolated, we children were thrown pretty much on our own resources for 'development' (as a modern writer would call it, though we called it simply 'fun'), and one result was that, in addition to the ordinary, every-day words which all children possess, we soon had quite a little vocabulary that was all our own. The reason was very simple. Whenever we felt the need of a new word we found it less trouble to invent one than to ask our parents. In a few years, however, we removed to the city, and there, being brought into contact with other children, we very soon gave up this semi-barbaric speech. Another thing I remember, which may possibly interest some of your readers. We children, thus isolated, discovered the analogy between sounds and colors. One of our amusements was the making of all sorts of sounds, musical or otherwise, and asking each other what color they were. What was still more curious, we nearly always agreed in the answer, thus one color was yellow, another green, another purple, and so on."

Mr. Justice Shiras might reply to fault-finders in the words of Jules Janin: "Do you know why I have lasted 20 years? Because I changed my opinions every fortnight. Now if I always said the same thing, my feuilleton would not excite curiosity. Everybody would know me by heart before they read what I wrote."

Chicago thinks highly of Sardou and pronounces glowing tributes. "Probably his annual income exceeds the aggregate paid William Shakespeare for all his immortal plays, while there is little doubt that his fortune is greater by considerable than the joint property of all the dramatists of the Elizabethan period." There's no deceiving a Chicagoan. He can tell at a glance the true worth of a playwright.

There are words of De Quincey that may be applied fitly to the memoirs, journals, letters of and concerning conspicuous men, particularly Napoleon Bonaparte, which are published now-a-day and are devoured eagerly by a public greedy of gossip: "We

infer the increasing barbarism of the Roman mind from the quality of the personal notices and portraits exhibited throughout these biographical records. The whole may be described by one word—Anecdote. It is impossible to conceive the dignity of History more degraded than by the petty nature of the communications which compose the bulk of the communications about every Caesar. . . . So again, with respect to the meals of Caesar,—what dishes, what condiments, what fruits, what confection prevailed at each course; what wines he preferred; how many glasses (cyathos) he usually drank; whether he drank more when he was angry; whether he diluted his wine with water; half and half, or how? Did he get drunk often? How many times a week? What did he generally do when he was drunk? How many chemises did he allow to his wife? How were they fringed? At what cost per chemise?"

Mr. Beerbohm Tree remarked in a moment of bland expansion to a London reporter, "When one looks at oneself in a glass every day, one is apt to think that one is known to the world." Is this the speech of a vain, or a modest man?

June 2, 1905

ABOUT MUSIC.

Tamagno Applauded to the Skies in London Town.

Strong Words in Behalf of the Melodramatic Meyerbeer.

Notes and Comments on New Music and Sundry Musicians.

It is interesting to note how our English cousins regard the operas and the singers that were heard lately in our own town. Here, for instance, is Tamagno. The delicate woman and the mincing men who sat in the boxes of the Metropolitan in New York protested against him; they called him a howler, a barbarian. Here in Boston the press was of one mind in praise of his extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten performance of Otello.

Now, in London, Tamagno's success as the Moor was so overwhelming that we find the cynical reviewer on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette exclaiming: "Hells that rare combination, a dramatic vocalist. . . . In the second act he achieved heights which, to understand, implied the temporary loss of all critical faculty." He speaks of Tamagno's tragic sense of reminiscence which was merely overwhelming.

And so the Saturday Review man says: "Tamagno is so prodigiously fine an actor in the part of Otello that the ordinary occupant of the gallery may readily credit the effect he produces to the composer, which is a little unfair."

Tamagno sang also in "The Prophet," and the Pall Mall Gazette man wrote as follows, the 16th ult.: "Tamagno, as Jean de Leyden, last night, nearly sang the roof down, and was magnificently energetic. The war song was encored after the fall of the curtain amid a scene of enormous enthusiasm; he is, in fact, the ideal hero of melodrama."

But, although the press of Boston was unanimous, the fashionable opera-goers did not take to this heroic tenor. They had been told by somebody that Mr. Jean de Reszke is the only living tenor, and, as they are impressionable in singular and unexpected ways, they still cling firmly to this belief. As long as Mr. de Reszke sings, even though he reach the age of 70, this touching loyalty will be displayed in Boston. And yet Mr. de Reszke has already reached the age when he has one fortunate evening in two, or say three, weeks.

So it is not likely that Tamagno will ever return to the United States. It is not likely that any tenor who may in a tactless manner irritate Mr. de Reszke by success will be engaged by Mr. Grau.

The ceremony of opening an Italian opera season in London is thus described by the Saturday Review: "At 8 o'clock (or thereabout) the curtain rose, disclosing not the first scene of 'Otello,' but a bust of Her Majesty the Queen, with the lime light full upon it and the chorus grouped around in attitudes expressive of grateful reverence. Then the band struck up, the chorus joined in, and after some moments' noise I realized that Costa's disarrangement of the melody known to foreign chorus singers as 'Gott seff ze Kwen' was being sung in broken English. Of course, it is right that after the trebles have protested their loyalty in B flat the altos should hiss theirs in F; and the din in the final verse, which permits every one to sing what he or she likes, and in whatever key, is just the thing to put an English audience in a good humor. But it is shocking bad art for all that, and the performance places you in an unpleasant predicament. If you keep your seat you are disloyal; if you rise you acquiesce in an insult to your esthetic sense; and, on the whole, perhaps, you may be forgiven if you go out and pray that this characteristic remnant of Costa's vulgarity may speedily go after Costa. If the English national anthem is indispensable as a prelude to Italian opera, at least let us have it in true Penny-Reading fashion. To join in Costa's version is to flout the occupants of the royal box, a proceeding which every really loyal person will deplore."

And the Saturday Review protests against the reign of Italian operatic traditions in London in 1895: "This particular bit of Costa-mongery seems a small matter to make a fuss about, but it is significant of much that still haunts Italian opera, despite the herculean efforts of Sir Augustus Harris to purge that entertainment of its imbecilities and banalities. At Covent Garden the orchestra, dresses and stage-mounting generally proclaim the year 1895 and the reign of Sir Augustus Harris, while the singers, both soloists and chorus, the conduct-

...and the works performed, mostly belonging to 1850, and reminding one irresistibly of the reign of Costa. Why should the chorus jerk about the stage as if it were a badly worked marionette, and be incapable of any gradation of tone between a fortissimo and a piano? Why should the conductor annoy every one in the theatre by beating time so frequently on his desk? Why should the bell ring so loudly and the voice of the chorus-master be heard behind the scenes? These, too, are apparently trifles, but a very small absurdity may spoil even a great performance, and I believe Sir Augustus can remedy them at once without trouble or expense.

"As for the singers, at any rate he might make it a rule that no bows shall be made before the end of a scene, and that is about all that anyone can do while Italian singers are Italian singers; for to the Italian singer of today, as to his forbear a couple of centuries ago, the opera is an opportunity of singing certain songs in certain costumes and with certain—much too certain, indeed, quite inevitable—gestures. So long as that conception prevails, so long will the lady-like tenor confide his most delicate secrets to the gallery, turning his back on his beloved for the purpose; so long will his beloved grin through her death-song, and rise from her dying couch to thank the audience for their approval of her realistic acting and consumptive voice. I am afraid that this sort of thing will only disappear when we get rid of Italian opera altogether; and this brings me to my main point. How is it that in an England given over to Wagnerism, in a London where Wagner is supposed to be generally triumphant, where only Wagner concerts are profitable, we cannot get the 'Niebelung's Ring' nor the 'Meistersingers' put into their repertory? The answer is simply that in so far as we are a musical people at all we are a concert-going, not an opera-going, people, and that opera is kept alive, or, if you like, galvanized, chiefly by people who regard it as a social affair, and to a very small extent by those who wish to hear music for its own sake. The Covent Garden subscribers happen to like Mascagni and Auber better than Wagner, and they are willing to pay for what they like; while we, who like Wagner, wish to be provided with what we like at the expense of Sir Augustus Harris. Only a few of the early operas, such as 'Lohengrin,' draw big houses, and the only plan of making 'Tristan' pay its way is that of putting a 'big' singer like Jean de Reszke into it."

It is the fashion to abuse Meyerbeer like a pick-pocket. "Insincere, vulgar, bombastic, thirsty for cheap applause"—these are the mildest words of many excited and perspiring objectors to the composer of "The Huguenots." Singing teachers are warned solemnly against the unworthiness of their conduct in giving to a pupil an aria by Meyerbeer. And yet whenever "The Huguenots" is given, great is the audience and untimely the enthusiasm. How do you account for it?

The fairest summing up of the case of

Wagner vs. Meyerbeer is that published in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette: "One of the greatest occasional achievements of the versatile Richard Wagner was the creation of the great Meyerbeer tradition, in the shadows of which we, be we musicians, musical critics, or ignorant amateurs, cannot choose but live. It was indeed an extraordinary achievement, if you come to think of it. Here was Meyerbeer, the confessed head of his own operatic school—the wealthy, popular, influential monarch of a far-reaching musical ring, with the probabilities that his fame, however acquired, would outlast, say the century, at least, with its lustre undimmed; and here was Wagner, struggling, striving, scorned by the ring, a revolutionary, a dreamer of dreams, passionate, unpopular, and unsuccessful; yet this man in an astonishingly brief time not only destroyed the great Jew's artistic reputation utterly, and without hope of any immediate recovery, but also undermined the very foundations upon which any such reputation could have been built. His method of doing this was sublimely simple. He merely took, one by one, each of the essential qualities by which Meyerbeer had become so widely admired, and he labeled it with the word 'impotence,' and all was over. And now we, all of us, from G. B. S. down to Mr. Fuller Maitland, write as if it were a personal and individual discovery of our own, that Meyerbeer was a brilliant impostor who forced his worthless fare down the throats of the populace by meretricious devices, like bad food ingeniously disguised by sauces. Really there is nothing left to say about the poor man; but of this we are quite sure, that had it not been for Wagner's magnificent feat we should now still be discussing Meyerbeer with no ill-feeling, if perhaps with a little scorn, but with a good many of the common epithets of admiration still clinging to our sentences. For the man was a writer of splendid melodrama, and if you are going to keep musical melodrama as at least a second-rate art, you must still retain somewhere some rays of admiration for the greatest writer of melodramatic music that has ever been known."

"For melodrama has its own conditions, and precisely these conditions surrounding

it to which Meyerbeer faithfully conformed. Nobody wants purity of literature or real delicacy of sentiment in melodrama. The forces which move it are the big, brutal, conventional principles by which the sentimentally good and evil deeds of the world are supposed to be wrought out. You look for rodomontade in melodrama, as by right; and the more brilliantly direct the rodomontade is given out and composed, the more brutally effective the momentary phrase, the better the melodrama is. It was upon these lines that Meyerbeer faithfully worked. Why call him an impostor? Take the Coronation March from 'Le Prophète.' You will say, and rightly say, that there is not one phrase in it from beginning to end for which you can have a genuine musical admiration. But it was not Meyerbeer's design to give you such phrases. He built his music for his melodrama; and the effective vulgarity of his Coronation March is all the more effective because it does not distract you by any beauty of its own, but merely arouses a coarse kind of enthusiasm for the reason that it is so perfectly appropriate to the scene, the cathedral, the procession, the crowning of the prophet, to all the accessories, in a word, without which melodrama would be impossible."

Franz Ondricek, the illustrious violinist, who will give 50 concerts in the United States next season, was born at Prague, April 29, 1859. His father was a violinist; he gave the boy his first lessons, and had him play in his orchestra for dancing. When Franz was 14 he entered the Conservatory at Prague. Three years later he was regarded as an accomplished virtuoso. A merchant gave him the money to study in Paris under Massart, and at the end of two years Ondricek left the Paris Conservatory, bearing with him the first prize. Since then he has been a wandering virtuoso.

Mr. Ondricek has a brother who is one of the first violinists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PHILIP HALE

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Lola Beeth is singing at the Paris Opera House.

Antoinette Sterling will make a tour of the United States.

There will be a great Musical Festival at Munich in October.

Ernesto Consolo, an Italian pianist, made a sensation in Milan.

De Lucia, the tenor, is writing a three-act opera, "O Bella Napoli."

Clementina de Vere-Sapio will sing in the United States next season.

Rosenthal will probably play the piano in this country next season.

De Pachmann will give three recitals in London toward the end of June.

Paderewski will play at a Nikisch Orchestral Concert in London June 29.

Felix Mottl, the conductor, has been decorated by the Grand Duke of Baden.

Georgine von Januschowsky will sing for a short season in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel will visit the United States in the spring of '96.

Sylvio Lazzari has completed an opera "Amor," founded on a tale of Brittany.

The birth centenary of Heinrich Marschner will be celebrated at Hanover Aug. 16.

Grétry's "L'Epreuve Villageoise" (1784) was revised lately at Graz with great success.

Henri Marteau, the young violinist, has returned to France to undergo his military service.

Julius Klengel of Leipzig, the cello virtuoso, has been decorated by the Duke of Anhalt.

Lucien Fontagne's unpublished one-act opera, "Damaganti," met with success at Marseilles.

Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth" will be produced at the Vienna Opera House in October.

The Pi Eta burlesque opera "The Buccaneer" is published by the White-Smith Company of this city.

Mrs. Henry Ives, the widow of the "young Napoleon of finance," is studying singing with Marchesi.

Mr. E. A. McDowell, who has sailed for Europe, will spend the summer near Vevey. He is at work on a symphony.

Nevada, resting in Paris before going to Spain, sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Then she started for Madrid.

Miss Carolyn Elliott of Boston and Miss Marie Donovan of Boston sang lately in Paris at a pupils' concert of the Marchesi School.

Joseph Wieniawski played the piano in Paris the 21st and 28th ult. At the second he played with Remy his own sonata for violin and piano.

De Greef, the famous Belgian pianist, will give three concerts in London in July. He is principal Professor of the pianoforte at the Brussels Conservatory.

If Miss MacIntyre makes a hit at Covent Garden she will undoubtedly be engaged by Mr. Grau to take Emma Eames's place next season.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk was presented by Lady Randolph Churchill with a piece of antique silver for her table in recognition of her singing at her mother's funeral some time ago.

Clarence Eddy, the Chicago organist, sailed from New York yesterday. He will give concerts in England, Germany, Austria, Russia, France and Italy. He will be away for a year and a half.

During the last season of the Monnaie at Brussels thirty works were produced in 30 representations. "La Navarraise" was given 31 times; "Samson et Dalila" 21; "Faust" 19; "Le Portrait de Manon" 17.

Mr. C. A. Ellis has resigned his position

as manager of Boston Music Hall and will hereafter devote himself to the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the tours of Madame Melba. Mr. L. H. Mudgett has been appointed manager of Music Hall.

There is an opera, "La Tzigane," by Bizet (Paris 1895). And when Strauss's "Fledermaus" was produced in Paris (1877) with additional music from Strauss's "Cagliostro," it was called "La Tzigane." Then there's a ballet "La Tzigane," by Stoumon (Brussels 1885).

Robert Kahn has given a concert of his own works in Berlin, assisted by such men as Joachim, Wirth, Hausmann, Felix Schmidt. Among the works were piano quartet op. 14, and piano trio op. 19; songs for three-voiced female chorus with piano accompaniment and songs for solo voice.

A Japanese sage, Shohé Tanaka, now living in Berlin, has invented a machine by which a pianist can play with utmost ease the clarinet. The left hand will hold the clarinet, the right will play as on a small piano. The Prussian Government has given him money to further his invention.

No wonder that the price of opera tickets in Germany are reasonable. At Mayence the mothers of the youngsters who sing boy's parts in "Carmen" and "The Trumpeter of Saekkingen," complained to a reporter that for 13 performances each boy received 5 cents, and the management does not furnish the costumes!

Mr. Floersheim telegraphed the Musical Courier from Bremen, the 26th ult., concerning Rubinstein's "Christus" as follows: "Despite the many beauties of the score, the fine hook and the many impressive stage pictures, 'Christus' only achieved a moderate success. Rubinstein's idea of sacred opera is a chimera after all."

Mr. W. C. Carl produced Guilmant's sonata for organ, C minor, No. 5, for the first time in New York (and in this country?) the 17th ult. The sonata is described as a masterpiece. The scherzo is "not graceful and lightsome, but fiery, dramatic, and in novel and stirring treatment of form, broken in upon by episodes of impassioned rush and tranquil softness, which produce a most potent contrast."

The Daily News of Chicago thus speaks of Miss Marie Barnard, who appeared in that city at a Sousa Band concert: "Miss Marie Barnard is a vocalist of broad but elegant method, bright personality and exceptional vocal range. Her trill and floriture are admirable, and she sings with pleasant ease and heartiness. Miss Barnard has absolutely a 'people's voice,' a voice of heroic and independent timbre and steady, soulful earnestness. She is the sort of woman and the sort of singer who could intone national hymns with ardor and inspiration, and must be delightful in oratorio and the heavier, nobler harmonies. She is fair and comely and dresses in exquisite taste."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News says: "A well-informed correspondent informs us that a large party of American musicians will visit London during the third week of July. What good impression they will carry away of music in England we fail to foresee. With the season practically on its last legs we can offer them but scant entertainment, and unless they choose to revel in the back numbers of our musical records, they must return strongly imbued with the Continental opinion that we are not a musical nation. But can it be that music is the pretext and the joys of London the object? If so, they are wise in their generation, and include not a few musical critics in their ranks whose potent voices have not been raised in vain."

"An item of news that will be especially welcome to lovers of the lighter form of musical art is the probability of a more amiable understanding taking place between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The recent disagreement was mainly occasioned through the unwillingness of Mr. Gilbert to permit the revival of certain of the Savoy operas, as he stoutly maintained his right to exercise any veto he might choose so far as the librettos were concerned. This policy he has now thought fit to modify, and consequently we may expect to see some welcome revivals, possibly not this year, but certainly in the year to come." Next Sunday will undoubtedly bring a contradiction of this. Gilbert and Sullivan are at constant see-saw.

The coming of Sousa and his peerless Concert Band to Boston always arouses great enthusiasm. Sousa draws his admirers from all classes in whom the love of music finds a lodgment. To the classical mind Sousa is admired because he interprets in a masterly way and with fidelity of purpose the works of the masters. To the mind of the casual music lover Sousa is an object of regard because he appeals to the general intelligence and to the popular mind. Two young and talented artists are associated with Mr. Sousa on the present concert tour, which includes this city. They include Miss Currie Duke, the gifted violinist, and Miss Marie Barnard, the soprano, whose fresh, beautiful voice and fine method of singing have won for her the highest praises. The last concert of the season in Boston will be given on Monday evening, June 10, in the Boston Theatre.

A STUDY OF CADS.

The illustrated quarterly entitled "The Yellow Book" has suffered from absurd praise and equally absurd blame. Some enthusiasts have declared that its apparition was epoch-making; some sour-minded critics have condemned letter-press and illustrations with savage impartiality. It is not our purpose to review the five volumes that have appeared. Yet it may be said that the freedom allowed the contributors in choice of subject and manner of treatment, as well as the complete separation of illustrations from text, are already of undoubted influence on the magazines and general literature of the day. Publishers of repute are not as squeamish or as prudish or as afraid of the public as they were even a year ago. Perhaps the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of license. Formerly the

...of the ... writer who ... If life is ... it is our duty to make it pleasant in fiction. Now there seems to be a desire to read only stories of low, sordid, debased, contemptible men and women. The characters may be drawn from life in drawing rooms or in the slums; but in the character drawing there is only the difference in locality, the mental squalor, the moral degradation is the same.

Thackeray complained in a famous preface, "Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional slimmer." This preface was written in 1850. Thackeray would rub his eyes with wonder, were he to read "The Yellow Book" for April, 1895. The permission he craved has been granted. The drapery has been torn away. If there is still a slimmer, it is a slimmer grimmer, mocking and lubricious. The hero is no longer a lay figure. He is apt to be a sensual cad.

There are twelve stories in the last volume of "The Yellow Book." In eight of them the chief male actor is a hopeless cad. In "The Pleasure-Pilgrim" one man is seduced by another man from believing in the love of an American girl for him. It is true that she out Millers Daisy Miller but he taunts her with her very outward tokens of affection, he swears at her, he is brutal to her until he suggests that if she showed sufficient decency to kill herself he might think for a moment that she was sincere in her protestations. She shoots herself before him. The two ead, then analyze the motives of the dead. In "Rosemary for Remembrance" a man makes sudden and violent love to a young girl in Naples; he urges her to run away with him and forsake her sick father; she refuses, he leaves her, urging her to write to him, the father dies soon after, and she sends her lover a piteous note, which was

six weeks old when it was received. He never answered it.

Years after he recollects her with smug regret, and after "a perfectly usual London day and evening," dreams of Zabetta, who "made her brief little transit" through his life. In "Two Studies," the hero of one is a cad, who deceived a loving woman while she was waiting for him; the hero of the other is a husband who is without cause untrue to his wife, and lies about it most vainly and foolishly. "The Haseltons" is the story of a literary man who, although married to the best of women and a father, sought "subtle, psychological intimacies." As soon as he discovers that his cousin has a mighty and honest affection for his cousin-in-law, he undergoes jealous repentance, confesses everything, and exclaims, "It is hard to bear. Help me, Nellie, help me to bear it." "For Ever and Ever" is only two pages long. A man looks at his wife asleep. While he watches her brown hair, he thinks regretfully of "great masses of tumbling black hair." In "The Phantasies of Philarete," a journalist, piqued because a reviewer in a eulogistic notice of his book alluded to him as a "rising author," destroys in meanest fashion the reviewer's hopes and happiness, is the cause of the death of the reviewer's wife and children, and drives the man himself to suicide. "Suggestion," by Mrs. Everson, is revolting and flippant. "An ounce of civet, good apothecary."

These stories might well be published together a collection of "Tales of Mean Lives." In no one of them is there a heroic, earth and sky-defying passion. In no one of them is there a masterly treatment of a disagreeable subject, or a painful literary operation that will eventually bring health. The mighty men of the Elizabethan age were not averse to plots of horror, madness and sin; but their men and women were of heroic proportions, even in wantonness and murder. Even in the most abandoned creatures seen in imaginative flight by Middleton, Ford, Webster or Tourneur there is energy that dares, ambition that fails or succeeds, virility of mind and body. Balzac, the keenest of delineators of human nature, has portraits of cads in his vast picture gallery; they are drawn to the life, they are painted with a marvelous eye to detail; but the gallery is not called the Cad's Gallery, nor does it contain a room set apart for such pictures. And often in his cad there is a light shade of relief, an appeal to the humorous or the grotesque.

These heroes in "The Yellow Book" are mean men that do mean things in a mean

way. No doubt such things exist. There should be no objection to an occasional study of such a reptilian type. But when eight stories out of twelve in one number of a magazine are devoted to the recital of a contemptible action, the reader has a right to protest and to deny the editor a sense of values, especially when at least half of the stories are told laboriously and without vivifying or palliating art.

June 3 1895

Fine growing weather.

At the ball game at New York, Saturday, between St. Louis and New York, "Meekln seemed to be exhausted by the heat, and several times staggered when about to pitch. The crowd was disgusted, and hissed and hooted." So is it at a prize fight, when one of the two gentlemen is disinclined to take his gruel.

It was on June 3, 1609, that Mary Ellis of Leigh, Essex, England, died. And what did she do that her name should be enrolled in the catalogue of noble dames? She lived to be 119 years old. A memorial tablet tells the passer by "She was a virgin of virtuous courage and very promising hopes."

All will be forgiven the Prince of Wales if he succeeds in abolishing the silly practice of tipping.

Labouchere is always the same sad wag. He speaks of the "extravagance and excess" of Miss Olga Nethersole as possibly "valuable gifts in America and appreciated by American audiences." Miss Nethersole refrained, evidently, from showing "Labby" all her American press notices.

It looks as though Dallas real estate were at last to be boosted by the brawny shoulders of Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The syndicate is "law abiding," and the representative of it, Mr. Dan Stewart, "would have absolutely no connection with the scheme were the contest beyond the pale of the law." Dallas is, indeed, an "up-to-date and interesting place."

Another man who "helped catch" Wilkes Booth has just died. He was the 2537th captor. And there are others.

The publication of Coleridge's letters shows the folly of pouring out the soul and exhibiting pitiable weaknesses as well as noble aspirations on paper. You hear occasionally a wall over "the decay of correspondence." It is perhaps well that correspondence is out of fashion. There is no such slayer of reputation as a letter written in a splenetic or too confidential moment.

St. Gaudens told Mrs. Huneker that the truest artists in his class are women, and that his principal object in taking the class was to afford women an opportunity of proving their genius.

The fame of Bostonians is not parochial; it fills the mouths of foreigners; it serves as a standard in alien cities. Noah Brooks sees the Farnese Hercules in Naples, and what is at once brought to his mind? The proud form of Mr. John L. Sullivan, the distinguished play-actor. "There is the same gigantic frame of the heavyweight, the small head, and the same expression of relaxed muscles and fatigue after the fifth round." But why does Mr. Brooks refer twice to "the late John L.?" Mr. Sullivan may not be as early as he was some years ago, but he is by no means late.

Is it true that the beautiful statue, "The Bacchante," by Macmonnies, which Mr. McKim proposed to give to the Boston Public Library, is persona ingrata to the Trustees? The French Government was so delighted with the statue that it wished to secure it for the Luxembourg; and, failing to secure the original, it ordered a replica.

Mr. G. B. Shaw is not o'erawed by the fact that Mr. Irving is now Sir Henry. His review of the production of "A Story of Waterloo" is mighty interesting reading. The old Corporal "gets a bronchial attack and gasps for paregoric, which Miss Hughes administers with a spoon, while our faces glisten with tearful smiles. 'Is there another living actor who could take paregoric like that?' * * * Every old actor into whose hands this article falls will understand perfectly from my description how the whole thing is done, and will wish that he could get such press notices for a little hobbling and piping, and a few bits of mechanical business with a pipe, a carbine and two chairs. The whole performance does not involve one gesture, one line, one thought outside the commonest routine of automatic stage illusion. What, I wonder, must Mr. Irving, who of course knows this better than any one else, feel when he finds this pitiful little handling of hackneyed stage tricks received exactly as if it were a crowning instance of his most difficult and finest art? No doubt he expected and intended that the public, on being touched and pleased by machinery, should imagine that they were being touched and pleased by acting."

Mr. Z. Angwll, in one of the early chapters of "The Master," where the action is in Arcadia, uses the word "onswoggled." Where did he get it?

Mr. Huneker speaks of a story entitled "Tribby" as "a comic opera libretto illustrated in calcium lights."

Mr. Frank Maurer of New York wore last Saturday a heavy overcoat, three other coats, three waistcoats, three shirts and two pairs of trousers. He also carried \$106 in quarters, seven pipes and 1000 or more loose matches. It is not surprising that he complained of the heat, or that his temperature was found to be 109 degrees.

The usual compliments are hereby extended to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. We refrain by request from repeating the usual 3d of June joke.

They that are tempted to write words of affection on postal cards may ponder with advantage a lecture once delivered by Balzac to his sister: "Let me tell you one of my nieces; never write to one you love without putting your letter into an envelope. There is something unpleasant in the idea that a beloved hand-writing has been in contact with the fingers of others. Always place a barrier between your thoughts and the letter which contains them."

Mr. Henry Clews is wrong in his opinion that a college graduate is of no use in a business office. Almost any healthy collegian in these days can command a salary large enough to sustain life—as a "bouncer."

Where does the Pall Mall Gazette get its information concerning men, woman and deeds in the United States? Here is its latest news, which it deemed worthy of editorial comment: "A good way to render wasps harmless is to hold them firmly by the waist and draw their stings with a fine pair of pincers. The trouble is that you have first to catch your wasp. According to a story that has just come across from an American journal, there is an invalid young lady at Monroe, La., who has taken that preliminary step with two wasps, but instead of injuring them, she turned them into domestic pets. They never sting any one, and are not chained up even at night. They are accomplished, too. When she plays the piano they sit on the music rack and listen. If she says 'sing,' they emit a faint cheeping sound; if she pipes to them, they dance a skirt 'dance,' after the manner of Lolie Fuller, by waving their wings. They have caught some feminine failings, for they love to stroll on a little hand-mirror and look at themselves. They also drink water, which is more than some humans can do. But we shall not bid for those wasps, partly because we are not sure we could manage them, partly because we are a little sceptical. It looks as if the American journalist had anticipated our comparison of Nicaragua to a wasp, and wished to show that however it may be with the Monroe doctrine, the Monroe climate is soothing to those creatures."

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Those members of the Legislature who keep sneering at the "dilettante college men" would do well to go to Cambridge, where they may read the names of certain heroic Harvard students on the tablets in Memorial Hall.

A pamphlet that advertises the merits of a tailor has been published in a form singularly like that of the Chap-Book. It's title should have been "The Chappie Book."

This is the anniversary of the marriage of Amy Robsart. To avoid confusion, we hasten to add that the year was 1550.

The American newspapers in the Todd reading room in the Public Library are arranged according to the section of the country. The tradition about New Jersey is here scrupulously observed. A prominent journal of that State is put among the "Foreign."

It was on June 4, 1820, that Mr. J. Biggerdike of Holbeach, England, after awaking from sound, refreshing sleep, and the accomplishing of the daily tasks of bath, shaving and dressing, was astonished beyond measure by a natural phenomenon. During the preceding night a mushroom in its growth had completely rolled out of its place a pebble in the pavement immediately before his house. The pebble weighed seven pounds, and a quarter; the plant itself weighed 12 ounces, and the circumference of the stalk measured six inches and a quarter.

And it was on June 4, 1764, that Mr. Arnold of Devereux Court, in the Strand, presented George III. with a most curious repeating watch of his own construction. The size of the watch was something less than a silver twopence; the watch contained 120 different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights, seven grains and three-fourths.

Mr. Debs tries to inflame the minds of men by comparing the United States Judges to the "satraps of a despot." Such a phrase is no more effectual than "desraps of a satpot."

That "liberty bell" for Russia will awaken a peal of ironical laughter from hundreds of political exiles.

It appears that little boys, "no less than four of them," bathed in an Adamic state in the park on Massachusetts Avenue be-

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tweed Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street, one of the late piping hot days. And many grown persons no doubt envied them.

The good people of Maine should not send forth a mighty cry of indignation because Miss Hyle christened the Salacia with champagne. It was American champagne.

So the spelling reformers are to meet, are to "correct the irregularities of English orthography." This is, indeed, welcome tidings. Again we insist that the proper spelling of "dog" is the ancient form, "dogge." The miserable contraction of modern use is an insult to the noble and sagacious beast. The old and worthier form should be restored at once. Dog may do for a Spaniel; but for a mastiff, Newfoundland or bull—never.

Poor Max Elliot! Her good nature is tried sorely by Americans in England. "It is a common thing to see an American man travelling in England at this time of the year in a black coat, a tall hat, and patent leather boots." The chief offender, however, was from our own beloved city. "It was a Boston man, too, who astonished his friends one day by appearing in brown leather shoes and a black frock suit. It sounds incredible, but it is true." Name him, Max, that he may be henceforth an object of scorn, a pariah whose home will be the Common.

Max is very English. "A tweed suit or one of blue serge, with a short coat, with a pot hat (you call it a derby hat), etc." But we will call it so no longer. Verbum sap. Max also speaks glibly of "the States" and—cruel stroke—she spells States with a small s.

And Americans have been uncivil enough to forget that Max had invited them to luncheon, and other Americans have wounded her to the quick by appearing "on the river in June in tall hats and black coats." And other Americans wear in England those "awful white silk or piqué abominations that so many American men wear." She refers to cravats. Let no one complain that Max thus chronicles small beer. Montaigne was never weary of telling his petty likes and dislikes. Max is nearer to us, of our own day.

There are people in Boston who turn up their noses at "Il Trovatore," call it a "hand organ" opera, and by other expressions of disdain show their fine taste and predilection for what they call "German opera." This same despised opera has just been performed for the 300th time at the Vienna opera house, a record equaled by no work by a living composer, and only by some of Mozart's and Weber's operas.

This reminds us that Felix Mottl in an interview published lately in London spoke as follows of Mancinelli: "I was at the opera last night and Mancinelli conducted extremely well; he is clever, precise, and appreciative." And is it possible that Mr. Grau does not intend to engage Mancinelli for next season, because he heads the wailing of the Seidl clique in New York? Mancinelli is worth a wilderness of Seidls.

Miss Georgia Cayvan, who is now in New York for a little visit, met with a distressing adventure on the Umbria. "There was one unreasonable Englishman who insisted that all Americans pronounce the word 'Amurrican,' and he said he didn't understand English. I just told him that we understood English all right, but that we spoke American, and that I had never in my life heard a countryman or a countrywoman of mine say 'Amurrican.'" Miss Cayvan's patriotism is greatly to be praised, but the alleged pronunciation is not as rare as she thinks it is.

In Paris Miss Cayvan met an artist, "a charming fellow who has lived on 7 cents a day for four years. That represents his entire income, and it buys him three meals a day." It looks as though the "charming fellow" was a-guying her. We knew an artist who lived outside of the fortifications and walked each day between six and seven miles that he might buy his dinner for 10 cents at a little restaurant in the Rue de Lafayette. He is now famous, and he dines on stewed meats and claret.

England will soon be the paradise of cyclists. A club was opened a short time ago in the West End, London. It is of a social nature, provided with a private track of its own. On June 15 there is to be a parade of cyclists for special service at Durham Cathedral, when the Archdeacon of Durham will be the preacher.

Church services remind us of Peter Lombard's "Joke" in the Church Times. "Ex-tempore preachers should keep their sentences well in hand, and always be ready to pull up (it was Bishop Wilberforce's saying) at any word. The curate of Wyezeaton was addressing his congregation on New Year's eve. He turned to different classes of his hearers, 'And you old men with your hoary head,' &c., &c. Then addressing the young men he said, 'And you young men, with your blooming cheeks—ahem! I mean with the bloom still upon your cheek.' But it was too late."

The New York Sun pays Mr. John C. Hope a well merited compliment when it names him as the man to write "a candid, unprejudiced, and just life" of Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is an esteemed and oracular contemporary that remarks, "If it were not that such statements go on record, to be accepted later as facts, there would be something very absurd in the free and easy way in which some writers refer to the dates of performances of certain plays or other dramatic pieces. If one has no data to consult to assure accuracy, it is much better to be silent, for the memory cannot be trusted in such cases." These remarks are so sound that we regret to find in the same issue of the E. and O. contemporary two mistakes in statements of fact. (1) "Fra Diavolo" is over 65 years old and not merely 64. (2) "Giroflé-Girofla" was not produced first in Paris. The first performance of this charming operetta was at Brussels, at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, March 21, 1874. The operetta was not played in Paris before November of the same year.

Truly the untowardness of the Bostonian climate incites even the taciturn to chattering about the weather. Not that they thus strive to fan the dying embers of conversation—a metaphor that would have been unpardonable last Sunday, even though delivered from the pulpit. It is rather the feeling of solace by common deploring of the cruelty of the gaudy and remorseless sun; the feeling that in a moment of common danger might induce a conservative dweller on the water side of Beacon Street to descend for a moment from his perch on the topmost branch of the family tree.

Dr. Johnson, that fine specimen of a rugged and surly bore, who, like the average German, confounded rudeness with sincerity, was constitutionally impatient with all who mentioned the state of the weather in his growling presence. If one of his intimate acquaintance told him it was hot or cold, wet or dry, windy or calm, he would stop him, by saying, "Poh! poh! you are telling us that of which none but men in a mine or a dungeon can be ignorant. Let us bear with patience, or enjoy in quiet, elementary changes, whether for the better or the worse, as they are never secrets."

And so when Boswell made some observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits occasioned by rainy weather, and added that the rain was good for the vegetable creation, Johnson answered: "Why, yes, sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." For Johnson scouted the idea that the mind was dependent on the weather. Did he not once write, "The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted."

Thus did he run counter to wise Robert Burton, who said, "Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors. It offends commonly if it be too hot and dry, thick, fuliginous, cloudy, blustering, or a tempestuous air." Did not Bodine prove that hot countries are most troubled with melancholy? Did not Leo Afer and Ortelius say of men dwelling in hot cities, "They are ordinarily so choleric in their speeches, that scarce two words pass without railing or chiding in common talk, and often quarreling in the streets?"

Nor was Johnson consistent to the end. It was between Easter and Whitsuntide that he attempted to learn the Low-Dutch language, as that time was "propitious to study." Again, speaking of winter, he wrote, "Gloom and silence produce composure of mind and concentration of labor." And in the last year of his life we find him saying, "I am now reduced to think, and am at least content to talk, of the weather. Pride must have a fall."

Lilies now perfume the wedding ceremony. There is symbolism in this. At every wedding there is at least one disappointed youth or maiden, and the ancients believed that the juice of the lily was serviceable for wounded nerves. Let lilies, then, adorn the church or room; but let a lily potion be passed as loving, consolatory cup to all assembled.

It was in the month of June, 1820, that Fate brooded over the house of Mr. Isaac Evans of Ashover, Derbyshire. And what crimes, pray, had some remote ancestors committed, that the family of Evans should suffer as did the Theban family of old? For Mr. Evans was thrown from his horse and died in a few hours; one of his sons was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun; another son lost his hand by the bursting of a gun as he was a-shooting rooks; and his infant daughter was scalded to death.

This is the anniversary of the birth of Socrates, who went about the streets of Athens asking so many questions of the people that they finally staked with a draught of hemlock his raging thirst for information.

The eighth volume of the "Journal des Goncourts," which has just been published, is full of the strange mingling of personal complaints, petty gossip, shrewd remarks, sane judgments and acrid personal flavor that characterizes the preceding volumes. The book tempts constantly quotation. This word about Raffaelli is of pertinent interest.

"On his return from Belgium (1889), where he had delivered lectures, some one asked him what he was doing down there; and he replied, half in chaff and half in earnest: 'I was drumming for the Ideal.'"

MUSIC.

Mr. Gruenberg's Advanced Violin Pupils Give a Recital in Association Hall—Concert of the Copley Square School.

Pupils of Mr. Eugene Gruenberg, the well-known teacher of the violin, and member of the Symphony orchestra, gave an interesting concert yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. Mr. Briggs played the finale of Vieuxtemps's D minor Concerto; Mr. Sprunt played Bazzini's "La Ronde de Lutins;" and the two were heard together in movements from a concertante for two violins by Spohr. Pupils were heard in selections from the works of Corelli, Gounod and Raff, Misses Hatcherway, Reed, Nichols and Tolman played the variations by Haydn on the Austrian Hymn with commendable legato, and Messrs. Barry, Marsh, Fudge and Barth gave pleasure by their performance of a prelude by Massenet and an arrangement of Paderewski's minuet. The pupils gave many evidences of careful and intelligent training. The wisdom, however, of allowing a young violinist to play in public Bazzini's difficult scherzo may be questioned, even when the performer shows considerable skill in the performance. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Pupils of the Copley Square School gave a concert last evening in Pierce Hall, which was crowded to overflowing with an appreciative audience. The program was long and varied, it included readings, concerted vocal pieces, songs, piano solos and duets, a solo for cello and a duet for flutes. Nearly all of the pupils showed the results of faithful and skillful training, and there was much to give pleasure to the musician as well as to the friends of those that took part. To particularize might seem invidious, and yet it is only just to say that Miss S. L. Bruce and Miss di Fatta displayed most commendable vocal proficiency as well as rich and sympathetic voices. Among others who gave special pleasure were Miss Elizabeth Farmer, Miss Toulmin, Miss Wahlberg, Messrs. Russell and Merrill, Mrs. Bigelow and Mrs. McGeough have voices of genuine beauty. The others that contributed in different ways to the enjoyment of the evening were, according to the program, Miss Sibley, Miss Holt, Miss Madie Foss (who showed natural aptitude for the flute, which had been developed under careful instruction), Miss McEnany, Miss Hane, Miss Frost, Miss Hubon and Miss Parker. The singing was much above that generally remarked at concerts of this character. The pupils were assisted by Mr. Van Santvoord, flutist, and Messrs. C. A. Clark and E. H. Knight, accompanists.

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We may learn many useful lessons from watching the men and women across the Atlantic. Here the cry is often raised, "What shall be done with our public statues?" Some say, "Away with them!" Others, less radical, advise bone-breaking and resetting that the sculptured anatomy may be more pleasing. Now in Cassel is a monument to Spohr. Lately it needed washing. A painter was commissioned to prepare and administer the bath, and he, not putting his hope in soap and water, consulted a friendly chemist, who suggested hydrochloric acid. Spohr was liberally besprinkled with the acid, and, lo, the next morning Spohr was green; green as grass, verdigris, envy, or a Freshman. And the people of Cassel like the statue more than ever; and people come from afar to gaze upon it. Why not try some such experiment here in Boston? Let there be no hideous conformity. Let one hero or statesman be blue, another green, another vermilion. Mr. Edward Robinson, who is the supreme authority on the colored statues of the Greeks, is just the man to be consulted by the City Fathers. That which is now a hissing and a reproach might, at comparatively slight expense, become a glory to the town, a lodestone drawing from all lands pilgrims of the Beautiful.

Mr. William Franz August Hermann Proschwitsky has received permission from a New York court to change his name to Williams. His reason for asking the favor is not without a certain pathos. Rude boys, it seems, were in the habit of shouting after him, "Scotch whisky!" and he was embarrassed thereby. Henri Wienlawski, the famous violinist, was more of a philosopher. When he was in this country he was constantly called "Wine and Whisky." His only comment was, "Thank you; I don't care if I do."

History frames sad pictures: Bellisarius begging by the wayside; Bajazet shown in iron cage; Marius seated on the ruins of Carthage; Napoleon at Saint Helena; Mr. Oliver Sumner Teal summoned to an examination in supplementary proceedings on account of an unpaid board bill.

Mr. Hinkey continues to be a much abused man. The Yale Senior Class Book declares him to be the "grouchiest" of the Yale Seniors. Apologies are again in order.

Avery, the first curve pitcher of Yale, was luckier than Carter. His arm did not give out until he had pitched his last game and won the final series.

It is a pleasure to find a contemporary conducting a murder trial, that is with the assistance of the Government counsel.

Dallas has always rhymed with "gallus."

Mr. William Brady, friend, counselor, manager, agent, backer of Mr. James Corbett, draws in a few masterly strokes with a free hand an impressive portrait of the supreme Chevallier: "If there is trouble between Jim and his wife, I must be out of it. If there is any such trouble, Jim will never give up a word—not one in a thousand years." Would that Mr. Corbett were equally reticent in other matters—the Fitzsimmons affair, for instance.

It was on the 6th of June, 1712, that four young gentlemen were tried at the Old Bailey for the following public exhibition of high spirits and uncontrollable love of jesting: They had attacked the watch, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub, set other women on their heads, and overset coaches and chairs. A dull jury did not appreciate these humorous actions and found the young gentlemen guilty. The Judge was as stupid as the jury; he fined each of the convicted three shillings and four pence each.

Yesterday was the anniversary (1826) of a famous victory. Mr. Harris, "The Waterman," a prize-fighter of no mean skill, did thorough "a gigantic Irishman" on the Isle of Dogs and received therefor £10. Here is the element of mystery that gives delight in the tales of mythical heroes. "A gigantic Irishman!" No one knows his name, kin or birthplace; the very vagueness of description strikes terror today. Yet the dauntless Harris downed him.

When it is hottest in June, it will be coldest in the corresponding days of the next February.

There are little pictures in words that haunt the memory. Sometimes they are mere thumb-nail sketches, as in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Here is an instance: The husband, a Londoner, was out of work. The wife went to a woman who gets large orders and sublets them to the poor. She took to her room 12 blouses, and for making them up—she found her own needles and cotton—she was offered tenpence. Angry, she said it was a lot to do for tenpence and she would never do it again. The woman retorted that she might get the money as best she could, and the seamstress waited an hour and more, but in vain. When the seamstress told the magistrate this pitiable tale of woman's cruel scorn and meanness, she added, "And all the time the piano was going in her house."

Old Chimes, who has been convalescent for a fortnight, thinks that the "White Mahatmas" should be called the "White Plughatmas."

Why should a contemporary find fault with the Mid-Continent Magazine for heading an article "John Keats, Poet?" The late Mr. Keats was a medical student as well as a poet. At any rate "John Keats, Poet" is to be preferred to "Poet Keats," a form dear to writers of headlines. There is no more hideous habit in newspaper work than this fashion of identifying a man. Mr. St. Gaudens is "Sculptor Gaudens;" Mr. J. L. Breck is "Artist Breck;" Mr. Dana is "Editor Dana;" Mr. Wheelwright is "Architect Wheelwright," and it was only a few days ago that Ralph Waldo Emerson figured as "Poet Emerson." Truly a cheap, sloppy, flippant, parochial trick. Why not "Grocer Pierce," "Motorman Montessor," "Pianist Baermann," "Tuner Wood," "Lobster Catcher Coffin?"

Mr. Corbett's father-in-law is a quiet Lake, who does not propose to be ruffled by a domestic squall.

Prof. Norton may go down the ringing aisles of Fame as the Great Disapprover.

Should a lithographer at dinner be offended if when he asks for bread he receives a stone?

To C. E.: We do not know the origin of the term "grouchy" applied lately to Mr. Hinkley of Yale. We suppose it is the superlative of "grouchy." The only grouchy we are acquainted with is the gentleman who was detained at Waterloo so that he missed an important connection. We do not find the word with a small g in the works of Pater or Matthew Arnold. We do not find it in any dialect or slang dictionary near our elbows. But in Dialect Notes (Part II., Boston, 1890, p. 61) is this note from Cincinnati: "Grouchy, adj.: stingy. (Connected with grudge?) In college slang 'grouchy' means crusty."

Some may remember that correspondents told the Journal they had heard or used the word "Kouff" as a call to the cows in New England. In Lincolnshire, England, the call "Kusa" is common. Other forms are "Cush-a-cow," "cush-cush." May not "Kouff" be a corruption or variant? Cow was formerly spelled "ku, cou, kou, cu," etc. Jean Ingelow in "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," uses the call, as in the lines.

"Cusha' Cusha' Cusha' calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song."

The Corbett is a fine specimen. It is in her old age that she tests her record.

The conduct of Mr. J. D. Champlin, Jr., the Yale student who meditates taking the Pasteur treatment in New York, is, indeed, incomprehensible. "He said that to spend 15 days under treatment would interfere with his studies." And yet he is neither on the nine nor the crew.

Dentists in convention here discuss whether cases of epilepsy may not be "remedied by correct dental operation." And it was Thomas Walker, barrister-at-law, who declared that corns were merely an affair of the digestion, a portable thermometer of stomachic health.

Dentists would have still more leisure to dine and discuss if mothers followed the example of those wise and prudent friends of Nature, the gypsies. When a gypsy child's first tooth falls out, the tooth is thrown into a hollow tree. Those which come out in the seventh year are kept carefully, and whenever the child suffers from toothache one is thrown into a stream.

It was on the 7th of June, 1771, that the wife of Jean Gourdin, a wood-cutter, who lived in one of the suburbs of St. Dizier, was exceedingly surprised; for there was born to her a child weighing 5 pounds and being 14 inches in length; and it had 2 perfect heads; and the mouth of the head on the right side had 3 teeth in the upper jaw, with a hare's lip, whilst the lower jaw contained only one.

The recent discussion, under the scorching rays of the Sun, concerning the wickedest town in the United States recalls a passage in Gottschalk's diary. The note is dated Feb. 18, 1865: "I have never seen so many tipplers and drinking places, and consequently so many drunkards, as at Washington. * * * The newspapers say that Washington is the most immoral city in the United States. 'It is a Gomorrah,' says one paper. Rest assured that, if it is ever on fire, it will not be a fire from heaven, but from spontaneous combustion."

J. W. B. writes that the word "hongswoogle" was used on the coast of Peru by Americans, sea captains and landsmen, when they were on the guano islands, in the years 1870 and 1872.

If on the 8th of June it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men saín.

If it rain on June 8 (St. Medard), it will rain 40 days later.

It was on June 8, 1824, that Mr. Tom Spring defeated Mr. Jack Langan of Ireland, in 77 rounds, at Birdham Bridge, near Chichester, for 500 guineas. Mr. Spring, whose rounds, at Birdham Bridge, near Chichester, for 500 guineas. Mr. Spring, whose weight was 184 pounds, was presented with a testimonial, including a silver tankard, in 1846; and when he died, in '51, a monument was raised to his memory. Unlike Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Corbett, he never graced the stage.

This is the anniversary of the death of Nero, who traveled extensively as a virtuoso, and organized in Rome a clique, teaching the 6000 members three kinds of applause; the first resembling the humming of bees; the second, the rattling of hail on the roof; the third, the tinkling of porcelain vessels when clashed together. These noble Romans were remarkable for their fine heads of hair, and were extremely well dressed, with rings upon their left hands. Hence the modern usher.

How easy it would be for almost any publisher to make a boat that would be at once an advertisement and a symbol. All he has to do is to take the plates of books that do not sell and melt them for a keel, which shall bear ironically, or rather in leaden despair, the titles.

It appears that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is so brutally rich, plays first violin in family chamber-music. His tone is said to be as smooth as oil.

Dr. Page told the Massachusetts Dental Society that he would not recommend any one to use a tooth powder oftener than once a month. Was this said for the benefit of the public or the profession? Here is a tooth powder, however, that will not injure even false teeth. The recipe is old, very old, oh so old, and it was recommended by that admirable physician Rhases. It is compounded of seeds of tamarisk, of cyperus, of spikenard, of the salt of gem; pulverize, and then rub the teeth with it.

A much advertised wedding "probably involved a total outlay of about \$1,000,000." Old Commodore Vanderbilt's wedding was a simpler affair. Even a bride's blushes in these days of wicked extravagance are gilded.

"A Laplander never strikes or pounds his animal. He simply throws him to the ground, jumps on him with hands and knees, and punches him." The Yale foot ball managers should persuade a few to enter the university.

It hurts us to find an esteemed contemporary using the verb "to burglarize." It is true that the said verb has found its way into the Oxford dictionary, where the glow-

ing definition is given. It is quoted as an authority, I remember. It is a libelous term. Why not revive the verb, "to burglar," known in the 15th century?

Strong men that have knocked down little school children and stolen their dinner pails or removed the coppers from dead eyes have been pre-eminent for meanness, but the negro that stole the false teeth of a good woman who paid his fine, fed him, and gave him work, seems to bear away the palm.

Goldsmith's maid is now Mrs. Goldsmith.

A correspondent sends us the following, and asks if we do not think it is extremely funny. We prefer to leave it to the judgment of our readers. The silly season is almost here. "Dialogue illustrating Sardou's wit and terseness. Stage manager (flippantly): 'Sardou!' Sardou (haughtily): 'Sar! Don't!'"

The Daily Chronicle, London, published lately a graphic article entitled "Truth About Laundries." The details of the work

in an underground cellar, "where the water lay in pools," are terrible. "There was no covering to the windows; the glaring sun poured on our sickened heads, sweat dripped down the faces of the delicate, so intense became the heat that many worked in semi-nudity. * * * Libations of spirit, whose smell poisoned the sickly air, stimulated the weary. Tea in a tin pot lay on a ledge among dead flies, and the starch-box and beer bottles testified to thirst." It is to be regretted that the writer of the article signed herself "A Lady Laundress."

Over two centuries ago de la Mothe le Vayer said that it was the natural bent of the playactor to strut and raise his voice exactly in proportion to the richness of his clothing.

One by one, the sturdy men of the great West, as their eyes grow dim and their knees lose suppleness, conscious of imperishable glory, relax their hold on life without a murmur. The last to go was one of the best-known men in the Indian Territory. He had a record of having killed 15 men.

Mgr. Satoll has at least one sound American idea, and he is to be praised for his forcible expression of it. The one language to be spoken and preached in this country is the English language—that is, with American improvements. To be sure, each nation favors its own speech. "There was a Spanish doctor who had a fancy," said old James Howell, "that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise, that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French." Charles V. was equally con-celcted, for he used to say that he would address women in Italian; to men he would speak French; to his horses German; but that, if he were to speak to God, he would employ the Spanish language. And now hear the superb tribute of Walt Whitman to the English language: "The English language befriends the grand American expression; it is brawny enough, and limber and full enough. On the tough stock of a race who, through all change of circumstance, was never without the idea of political liberty, which is the animus of all liberty, it has attracted the terms of daintier, and gayer, and subtler, and more elegant tongues. It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races, and of all who aspire. It is the chosen tongue to express growth, faith, self-esteem, freedom, justice, equality, friendliness, amplitude, prudence, decision and courage. It is the medium that shall well-nigh express the inexpressible."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Santley's Views of Fra Diavolo's Character.

Auber's Hero Was Certainly Not a Vulgar, Common Thief.

Notes and Comments on Certain Men and Sundry Music.

It was a week or two before Christmas, 1870, that Charles Santley sang for the first time the part of Fra Diavolo. In his entertaining "Reminiscences," the book of a singularly honest and ingenious man, Santley speaks as follows: "I endeavored to make the part quite the opposite to Zampa. Zampa, according to the story, was a gentleman of a roving, unsettled, wild disposition, whilst Fra Diavolo was nothing more nor less than a common vulgar thief, whose Brummagen airs of gentility were the very thing to captivate a silly, empty-headed, vain lady like Lady Alcash. I

have no idea what success, if any, I made in the part. I never read a line about it, and two opinions I had from friends were so contrary that from them I could not judge. One, a Dublin friend, recommended me never to attempt Fra Diavolo again. Another, a German, told me he had seen every notable Fra Diavolo in his time, and he had never seen any one who represented the character as well as I did. Those, if any live, who saw it can judge for themselves; those who did not must regret or rejoice as they think proper."

Now, "Fra Diavolo" was given at the Castle Square Theatre last week. A most delightful opera! A veritable masterpiece from beginning to end! Even wretched buffoonery on the part of Beppo and Giacomo cannot spoil the grace and beauty of the music.

Was Santley right in his conception of the character of Fra Diavolo, the Marquis San Marco?

A thousand times, no.

First of all, Scribe's libretto is constantly at variance with such a preposterous idea. The bandit is described throughout as a polished courtier. He rebukes Beppo for his lack of manners; he says to Giacomo, "It is not enough to be a brave fellow, it is necessary besides to have a knowledge of good breeding." He cannot brook familiarity from his rude companions. Even the wives of those whom he robbed exclaimed, "The charming bandit." Gallantry is his distinguishing mark.

Let us look at the manner in which the part was played originally, and then at the manner in which it was understood by Auber's countrymen.

"Fra Diavolo" was first produced January 28, 1830, at the Opéra-Comique. It was produced under the title of "L'Hôte de Terracine." The authors had intended to call it "Zerline," then they thought of "Fra Diavolo," but they abandoned the latter because it was the title of a piece then playing at the Cirque-Olympique. A few days after the first performance, the title "Fra Diavolo" was given on account of the great success of Chollet, the creator of the part of the false Marquis.

Jean Baptiste Marie Chollet (1798-1892) was for several years a baritone. His voice was a peculiar one. Santley imagined it to be "a sort of baritone with a powerful falsetto, as no pure tenor could have reached the low notes written in the part." Santley here refers to Zampa, a part also created by Chollet. Fétis says that Chollet was a good musician, not much experienced in the art of singing, but an actor of great intelligence and pliability. He played the part of Fra Diavolo with infinite gusto, making him a dashing rake, an Italian Claude Duval. That man of rare talent, Gustave Roger, thus criticised Chollet: "A musician of great knowledge, extremely fortunate in his voice, he never had on the stage, especially in sentimental roles, the conscientiousness in his part which should characterize the great artist. He never truly felt the sentiments which he was to portray." Of course here enters the paradox of Diderot. "Chollet was an actor, playing a part, with great stage experience."

Jules Carlez of Caen, a fellow townsman of Auber by birth, in his appreciative essay on "The Work of Auber," remarks on the step forward in "Fra Diavolo," particularly in the individualizing of the characters: "We see appearing here for the first time the brigand of opéra-comique, this ostentatious, courteous, gallant brigand, whom Scribe and Auber showed in later editions as Scopetto and Marco Spada. Diavolo is the most seductive of the three; it is in his mouth that Auber put the most delicious things; witness the poetic barcarolle, 'Agnès la jeune fille,' apropos of which Florentino wrote one day, 'It has only one fault, it makes us really love the bandit.' * * * The great air of the third act is where the brigand chief tells to the public the marvels of his prowess and grandeur of soul. * * * Fra Diavolo is indeed a bandit never found among the Apennines or in Calabria; but his gallantry and his elegance do not prevent his being a desperate rascal, always ready to play with dagger or carbine: a true type, although idealized."

The curiosities of criticism are infinite. Even in 1830 there were discordant notes in the chorus of praise. The Pandore said: "The boxes stifled their yawns; it is all gilded mediocrity, perfect savoir-faire, but there are no fresh ideas; the score is common and diffuse. There are a few oases in the desert of ideas; but does anybody take seriously the overture or the chorus 'Pâques-Floures'?"

There has been much talk about the possible engagement by Mr. Grau of Ernest Marie Hubert Van Dyck, the heroic tenor, who, born in Antwerp in 1861, studied in Brussels, then in Paris under St. Yves, was first known as a singer at the Lamoureux concerts, then became famous as Parsifal at Bayreuth, and afterward was engaged at the Vienna Opera House. Van Dyck married in 1894 the sister of Fr. Servais, the cellist.

Mr. Van Dyck sang the part of Tannhäuser when the opera was revived last month at the Paris Opéra. The following criticism by the Paris Mall Gazette reviewer is of interest: "The greatest hopes are based here

on the 'Tannhäuser' of M. Van Dyck, Wagnerian tenor par excellence, and the idol of a special public in Paris. M. Van Dyck has splendid moments—some of the pitiful appeals in the finale of the second act, for example, and a few phrases in the last—but he has terrible half-hours. It is not that I mind the 36 Klangfarben of his voice—a voice pure and simple I take to be the last consideration with a singer now-

adays, unless it be Tamagno or Edouard de Reszke—but there is a sameness of energy in his declamation and a monotony in stage effects which make his 'Des Grieux' a replica of 'Lohengrin' and his 'Tannhäuser' an imitation of 'Des Grieux.' As the Germans say, it is ever the same color in green. M. Van Dyck's get-up reminds one forcibly of the tea merchants in the Slaviansky Bazaar at Moscow; but, on the whole, if well-disposed, one might forgive the queer half-hours for the sake of those really splendid moments referred to above."

When "Tannhäuser" was hissed on its first performance in Paris the row began in the first act, when the pack of hounds was brought on the stage with the Landgrave's hunting suite, and when "la loge du jockey" intoned a "tally-ho!" which set the dogs barking beyond all possibility of control. "Just to avoid a useless temptation, MM. Bertrand and Gailhard have suppressed the hounds, and with just as much reason they did not think it necessary to imitate the Bayreuth staging in bringing the eight horns on to the stage for the hunting 'fanfare' in the first act. The French horn used by Wagner did not exist in the thirteenth century, and the disparity in the keys of the usual hunting horn (cor de chasse) and the horns in the orchestra (F and B flat) make it impossible to use the former in conjunction with the latter; all we want is a given sonority, and this is obtained admirably from the wings. What was kept from the Bayreuth mise-en-scène is the Venusberg ballet, invented by Mme. Zucchi, and, frankly speaking, the thing is clumsy and ugly, and with Rosita Mauri and Subra the Opéra, let alone, would have done here a thing of beauty. Altogether, the childish ravings of the Bayreuth chapel in Paris have hampered MM. Bertrand and Gailhard much too much, and a good many effects which tell at Bayreuth seem, midst the elegance and the taste of Parisian operatic splendors, heavy and primitive. But these and other shortcomings appear only to practised eyes; the general public, to whom alone both composers and managers appeal after all, will find in "Tannhäuser" a gorgeous spectacle, mounted with infinite artistic care and great expense (£10,000)."

Of Rose Caron the Paris Mall Gazette says: "The perfect poses and the grand silhouette of the medieval Princess are there, but the voice is medieval also, and Elizabeth's prayer calls for more modern vocal charm."

"The Landgrave of M. Delmas is pure perfection in dignity of bearing, declamation and articulation and M. Renaud's Wolfram is an absolute revelation. In the expressive language of the coulisses and coulors of the Opéra, 'à Renaud le pompon'; the gifted young baritone has surprised everybody with the gigantic progress he made within the last few months, and in his hands Wolfram becomes the finest role in the opera—an opinion shared by a good many. M. Vaguet as Walther does splendid service in the septuor and in the finale, and were I to attempt a description of the stage marvels of the Venusberg scene, of the March, and of the lovely autumn landscape in the last act, I would by far exceed the space allotted to this correspondence. Let me add only unlimited praise for M. Taffanel and his grand orchestra, and for the choruses, which did their work admirably—full of fine sonority in the march and absolutely in tune in the Pilgrims' Chorus, though unaccompanied. The two orchestras of wood instruments (24 players), with triangle and tambour de basque, on the stage in the last act for the apparition of Venus, cost £35 per night, and might be dispensed with, as they pass unnoticed."

It is proposed to devote three months every year to concerts at the Paris Opéra, the programs composed of French classics and "tous les jeunes" without distinction of nationality, religion or sex. According to an expression of Gailhard, it will be "Une Liquidation Musicale" of the world's stock of inventive and creative genius; a kind of tournament where the lists are open to all, or, better still, "a musical Salon." The lion's share will fall, as a matter of course, to the lot of French composers, but a foreign master of distinction will be represented at each program, the special feature being, further, that each composer will be invited to conduct his own work. Thus, for example, Boito will conduct the Prologue of his "Mefistofele," Mascagni the second act of "Ritcliff," Siefried Wagner a cantata or a symphony from his pen, and an English composer will conduct excerpts from his own oratorio. An entirely new choral and orchestral personnel will be engaged for these concerts, all composed of young and fresh elements, and each composer-conductor will be given three choral and three orchestral rehearsals. Each series will comprise ten concerts, the first to begin in November next; this is the sketch of the first: Eight numbers divided into

two parts of four each, the first and last of each given to works by Gosses, Méhul, Berlioz, and Gluck, the two intermediate numbers in both parts occupied by four works of young and unknown composers; unknown in Paris. The whole scheme is under the direct supervision of Gailhard, who will be assisted by Paul Vidal and Georges Marty, to whom the duty of conducting the classical numbers of the programs is intrusted. This leads the Paris Mall Gazette to say: "One cannot help contrasting all this with the maniacal chase of musical England after foreign conductors, performers, virtuosi, and what not. It seems as if our concert agents and concert-goers were bitten with a Signor-Senor-Herr-Mounseering rabies, and as if the thousand of pounds sterling spent daily on musical education throughout the land were meant only to better advertise our incompetence and indifference in the art of our own music. Thanks to Gailhard, an English composer will get at last a first-class hearing on the Continent without any humiliations, without annoyances, and without any cost to himself. This will be the first step toward the recognition of what has been done for French art; let us hope that other nations will follow suit, and that once our composers get a chance they will prove themselves worthy of it."

To M. D.: "Giroflé-Girofla," which will be played at the Castle Square Theatre this week, was first produced at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes March 21, 1874. "La Filie de Madame Angot" and "Le Cent Vierges" by Lecocq were also first produced in Brussels, not Paris. Now the reason was this: During the war of '70-'71 Lecocq went to Brussels to live. Let no one cry out against his patriotism or hint at cowardice. Lecocq is a grievous sufferer in body and cannot walk without crutches.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Weingartner will stay in Berlin. Sarasate has been fiddling in Spain. Franz Schlosser, the original Mime, is dead.

Joseffy has gone to Europe. He will return in July.

Emma Eames has been singing in concerts in Paris.

Gustav Holländer is organizing a string quartet in Berlin.

At Brescia a new opera, "Al Campo," by Romanini, pleased mightily.

The Paris Conservatory will celebrate, August 3, its 100th anniversary.

"A Fada do Amor," a fantastic operetta by Gazul, was produced at Lisbon.

The Festival of the German Musikverein will begin the 11th in Brunswick.

Miss Marie Geselschap will visit Mr. and Mrs. Busoni in Finland this summer.

The subscriptions to the monument in honor of Delibes now amount to nearly 6400 francs.

Mendelssohn (Arnold), who has composed an opera "Elsi," is not related to the famous family.

Albert Zabel, harper of the court and opera at St. Petersburg, has celebrated his 40th jubilee.

The second volume of "Hispaniae Schola Musica Sacra," edited by Felipe Pedrell, has just been published.

Stavenghagen has resumed his chamber concerts in Weimar, a nice, quiet, cool place for him to stay in.

The first tenor of the synagogue at Vienna, Mr. Joseph Goldstein, celebrates his 40th jubilee as a singer.

Melba has been studying the parts of

Manon in Massenet's "Manon," and "Eva" in "Die Meistersinger."

Sibyl Sanderson, "for reasons which are at present vague," does not wish to sing for the time being at the Paris Opéra.

The Richard Wagner Museum, transported from Vienna to Eisenach, will be lodged in the villa of the late Fritz Reuter.

The house in Ansfelden, Austria, where Bruckner was born, has been decorated with a tablet announcing the honor.

The tenor Lombardi disappeared the night before he was to sing in "Claudia," a new opera by Coronaro, produced at Milan.

It is said that Carl Reinecke will not be the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts next season. Reinecke will be 71 the 23d of June.

Miss Amelia Heineberg, an American, played the piano with success at a concert of the Berlin Male Teachers' Vocal Society last month.

Three Preludes and Fugues for organ by Saint-Saens, op. 99, published by Durand & Fils, Paris, are praised highly—even by Dr. Reimann.

"Petrucello," by a Mr. Maclean, won the prize of £100 offered for the best one-act opera by an English composer. There were 43 competitors.

César Franck's oratorio, "Les Béatitudes," will be brought out in Dresden next season. This remarkable composer is almost unknown in Boston.

Grieg and his wife gave a concert in Copenhagen before they went to Norway for the summer. The program was made up exclusively of Grieg's music.

The Tsar Nicholas has authorized the Russian Musical Society to open a subscription throughout the empire for an Institution to be founded in honor of Rubinstein.

"Die Schwarze Kaschka," opera by Georg Jarno, was produced at Breslau May 12. It is village tragedy, and shows the influence of Mascagni and Leoncavallo.

Mr. Cowen's "Harold," to be given soon at Covent Garden, will be the first opera by an English composer, sung in English, ever given during a "grand opera" season.

"Fortunio," an opera by Van Westerhout, a Neapolitan composer, has been successfully produced at La Scala in Milan. The plot is taken from Théophile Gautier's romance.

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author's refined taste that savors his realism, the realism of such a pitiable tale as "When I am King."

Miss D'Arcy's art seems more exotic. Her characters are more foreign, although they bear familiar names. To some they will be the more charming on this account. It may be justly said of her that she shows unusual strength, and that she often inspires pity or horror by a touch.

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Miss D'Arcy's art seems more exotic. Her characters are more foreign, although they bear familiar names. To some they will be the more charming on this account. It may be justly said of her that she shows unusual strength, and that she often inspires pity or horror by a touch.

Not long ago the claim was made that the French were without rivals in the field of the short story. This claim cannot longer be truthfully maintained. In the treatment of an episode in life, the suggestion of mighty joy or long repentance following a hasty action, there are English and American writers today who combine Gallic skill and deftness with the peculiar characteristics of English humor, and a dash of the Berserker fierceness. The master of all these is Thomas Hardy. But Harland and D'Arcy certainly deserve honorable mention, if they are not like Hardy, hors concours.

Mr. Harland is a very competent writer, and with all his practical even in his realism. He is, also, profoundly unmoral. "The Bohemian Girl," which, with others in the volume, appeared originally in "The Yellow Book," is a striking case in point. Nina is not an example for the emulation of the young, and yet how lovable she is; with what restrained and delicate pathos is her story told. Perhaps it is the ever present consciousness of the

June 10-95

Mr. George Fred Williams, they say, is the hero of Mr. Bagby's novel, "Miss Truemerel."

All young muscicians should take courage at the thought of Mr. Bagby. About a dozen years ago Mr. Alfred Morris Bagby was a piano student in Berlin, an amiable youth, and a neat player. His rise has been slow and steady, until now he is mentioned favorably as the probable successor of the late Mr. McAllister.

And so, oh, young musician, in the morning of your days cultivate a sweet, sad smile and easy manners. A patroness is more to be desired than a perfect scale; your ideal keyboard should be that composed of the whims and foibles of society. Finger practice is all very well, but the art of arts in Art is delicacy in leg pulling.

Whoever turns three somersaults the first time he hears thunder will be free from pains in the back during the twelvemonth. This rule applies also to women.

A Mr. Rivington, an Englishman, has constructed "a color organ" by which he delights the eye with music played in color. There is a keyboard attached to delicate mechanism, and upon depressing any key the color answering to that note is flashed upon a screen at the end of the hall. While some of Chopin's preludes were played in St. James's Hall the 6th, "the pianoforte screen was flooded with successive rhythmic waves of harmonious color from simple to complex, glowing scarlet, gold deepening to orange, exquisite half-tones in mauve, grays and browns and turquoise blue."

But this idea of Mr. Rivington is by no means new. Father Castel, a Jesuit, announced the same theory in 1725, and he spent much money in constructing a machine called the "Ocular Clavecin," by means of which he could affect the eye, as the ordinary piano affects the ear. He finally abandoned the scheme. Castel describes the machine in his "Esprit" (Amsterdam, 1763). See also the experiments of the blasé hero of Huysmans' "A Rebours."

Of course symbolism and irony will enter into public performances on this instrument. Much modern music will seem yellow.

Our old friend Polyphemus Phoenix Plancon "intends to become a naturalized American citizen." And why? Is it because he wishes to breathe this free and independent air; feel ownership in Niagara Falls, the Yosemite, the Dismal Swamp and New Jersey; exercise a freeman's privilege and he knocked down by a trolley-car? No; he would fain invest the concrete fruition of his vocal toll in land in the United States.

Hervé was naturalized in England, and he declared, "The only difference is that before I had lost the battle of Waterloo, while now it seems I won it."

The latest pamphlet in the fashion of "The Chap-book" is "The Phillistine," which comes from East Aurora, N. Y. It is an irreverent sheet, jeering at the Lord's anointed. It duhs "the Chap-book" "the Chip-munk." It publishes in imitation of Mr. Bliss-Carman's "Little Lyrics of Joy," a sample of the "Little Delirica of Blirs," by Mr. Joy Trolleyman. Here is a verse of a "Ballade":

"In what Limbo, or Paradis,
Hides the bulge of his brainful brow
Ponderous Howells, W. D.
Where vade Warner and Aldrich now,
Boyesen, knowful of why and how,
Skandine skald of the soulful sneer,
Light his pen as a sub-soll plow?
But where is the froth of yestreen's beer?"

Messrs. John S. Wise and Albert R. Boatman are sensible men after all. The duel is out of date.

Alphonse Daudet says that he does not pretend to have "discovered" London. That city, it will be remembered, was discovered a year or so ago by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, one of the most intrepid adventurers the world has ever known.

"Women's Tragedies," by H. D. Lowry, does not belie the title. Here is the motive of one of the least harrowing tales in the collection. A poor woman longs for the sight of her son. He had been a good boy to her, but had run away. She is dying, crazy to see him. The circus comes to the village, and the Great Ko-Ko is the clown, who walks in the streets on stilts. He shoves his face bedaubed with paint through the casement, and the mother sees her son with his horrid leer.

Mr. Henderson is again banging away at comic opera. "At the present time it seems to be the theory of managers that success is to be attained by hiring a librettist whose loftiest idea of humor is a Bowery joke, a remark about poker, or a grotesque scene of intoxication, and, providing him with music which is neither simple nor fascinating, or else thinner than watered maple syrup. Having brought the libretto and the music together, the manager engages an imported stage manager, with a private system of calisthenics, and a scene painter who is thoroughly familiar with the use of primary colors and bronze powders, sets them going, and then wonders what is going to be the result. And this sort of thing is done because these people have actually argued themselves into a belief that the public, which has brains enough to enjoy the works of Shakspeare, which loves Wagner and Verdi and Gounod, which reads Stevenson and Kipling, and openly and without concealment spends millions of dollars every year for intelligent entertainment, cannot appreciate a good operetta." And yet two operettas have been produced for the first time here in Boston within a year that are free from the just reproach of Mr. Henderson. They are "Westward Ho!" and "The Sphinx."

A Latin-American journal says of Gen. Eloy Alfaro of the Ecuador rebels: "His indigenous head wears a golden aureole." The "Campeador, Libertador, Regenerador and Supreme Chief" may well wonder whether such praise is a compliment or a guy.

It is not unlikely that a hundred years from now McMahon, whose statue as Duke of Magenta was unveiled this week, will be characterized as the inventor of a color. This explanation would rival that of Saunders Blue from Mr. Saunders, an English chemist, which has been so busily put forth; whereas "Saunders" merely our old French friend "cendre." The names of colors have their fascination, particularly those that have lost their identity, or life, as "plonkete, watchet, perse, stammel, sanguine." And how names die, while colors remain. To puce succeeds prune, which in turn is followed by petunia. Pomegranate becomes flame color. There was once a reign of pallor, and the genteel hues were citron, lavender, fawn, azure, peach blossom, Pomona green, grafted, pink, clove, dove, Aurora, pearl, cinnamon, jonquil. Are not these cool, fragrant, summerish? And who would not fain be familiar with beau de serpent, trocadero, hortensia, amaranth, hurgundy, Navarin blue, ipsiboe, ourica? Yet there are some who insist on one persistent glaring shade in costume or decoration, like the fireman of the legend who insisted that the engine house should be painted red.

F. H. M. believes that Mr. Zangwill derived his word "onswoggled" from the old term "hornswoggled," as used, for example, by Sut Lovengood, when he exclaimed that he would be everlastingly "hornswoggled." If anybody caught him in "a billed shirt aght" Farmer, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," says that the noun "hornswoggle" is a "Western creation, signifying nonsense, foolery, or chaffing deception;" that its variants are "skulduggery" and "shenanigan;" the verb is "to humbug," to "delude," to "seduce." But it does not appear that Farmer knows intimately either the delicate perfume or the ruddy splendor of the imprecatory phrase.

THE CLUERIAN REMEDY.

Some days ago a woman by the name of Alice King was brought before Mr. Cluer, a London magistrate. She was accused by the authorities of the workhouse where she lived of refusing to go to bed, smashing a window, and striking or "bashing" the labor mistress on the head. Although she was only 22, she was described as "a most incorrigible woman, quite beyond reform." True, the court missionary testified from long acquaintanceship that she was free from any signs of immorality. In the few past years, Alice had broken as many as 100 panes of glass in the workhouse, for which she had been imprisoned. She had

refused to remain in situations found for her, chiefly because she was not satisfied. So she was a bad lot.

Then spake the majesty of English law. Mr. Cluer observed that her condition seemed to be hopeless. In a thousand years' time, he said, people would become civilized and would put all useless persons in a lethal chamber, such as are to be found at the Dogs' Home. But as he was only in 1895, and without a lethal chamber, he sent up Miss King for 21 days. Another case of ridiculous mus, or "In the name of the Prophet!—Flgs!"

Mr. Cluer is, indeed, as one born out of due time. In the fine old Pagan days it was the habit of some nations to relieve themselves of useless persons by throwing them off a cliff; but the human refuse thus disposed of jauntily was a deformed child or a blind and doddering grandpa. The element of family pride entered into the decision and the removal. And in a struggling nation where the doctrine of the survival of the fittest was recognized in practical fashion long before it was announced timidly as a theory, such elimination is not to be censured harshly. There were no children's hospitals, there were no old men's homes.

But in our own electrically illuminated age the remedy proposed by Mr. Cluer seems heroic. However, it is in line with other theories and practices of today. When the physician urges the application of the knife to a patient suffering from that absurdly-named disease, the stomach ache, and instinctively looks at the case of operating tools the moment a new caller exhibits her tongue, Mr. Cluer is, perhaps, not to be blamed for thinking of poison as a cure for window breaking and the "bashing" on the head of all those in authority. Particularly as, according to Mr. Cluer, we are not a civilized race.

Mr. Cluer, the magistrate, outstrips the imagination of Mr. Chambers, the storyteller. The latter, in his singular volume, "The King in Yellow," or rather in the tale, entitled "The Mender of Reputations," looks ahead a decade or so in the 20th century and finds lethal chambers established in large cities and under Government protection; but they are only for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen desirous of suicide. The weary one enters the building, unaccompanied, of his own free will. Although Mr. Chambers does not give the architect's plans of the building, it is fitted up undoubtedly with all appliances that can separate soul from body; water, fire, guns, swords, dynamite, razors, a neat case of assorted poisons, gallows elegantly fashioned out of Honduras mahogany; in short, all ways of starting the pedestrian on his journey along the highway of dusty Death. No doubt, too, that there is an ante-room where anyone that hesitates for a moment may be encouraged in his first resolve by looking at a file of Punch or hearing two piano-organs with different cylinders ground synchronically.

If Mr. Cluer could only have his way, and lethal chambers should at once be built for the removal of all useless and superfluous persons, which one of us would escape? There would be a never-ending procession; not only window breakers and "bashers," but poets, retired politicians, inventors of rejected patent medicines, members of the Peerage, tactless mothers-in-law, worn out singers, club-bores—these would be haled to the magistrate on some trumpety charge, impounded, fed on poison or chloroformed. All this will happen 1000 years from now, for Mr. Cluer has said it. Let us be thankful that we live in an age of barbarism. For were Messrs. Cluer et al. to decide these things, London would soon be a village, New York would be a hamlet, the earth would be depopulated. There are so many incorrigible persons. There are so many that are useless. There are so many superfluous relatives. There are so many bores. And what is a penalty of 21 days? No wonder that Mr. Cluer dreams of a golden age and sees whole streets of lethal chambers.

June 11 - 95

The old Insulators along the telegraph and telephone systems of Belgium are advertised for sale en masse or in lots, with the mention that they might be used agreeably as borders for garden beds. In this country we still cling to box trimmings or oyster shells.

The city of Tokyo with 1,400,000 inhabitants has 312,000 houses, or one for every four or five inhabitants. The Japanese should send missionaries to New York and Boston.

And it is a woman that writes these cruel lines: "At best an ungainly exercise for woman 'is cycling, however strongly it may make for health and emancipation; and there is poignant sorrow from the esthetic point of view, in the sight of your Dulcinea, like a peripatetic monkey on a stick pounding along by the highways and hedges—however good it may be for her. And how eloquent of Edwin's imperishable kindness for Angelina is the mere simple fact that he will go a-riding with her—may even make shift to admire her, though she willfully and of malice aforethought have shorn herself, to outward view, of every feminine attraction. The truth to which she will remain for ever blind, the proper realization of her own contours, whereat she resolutely refuses to arrive, in her insensate, if comprehensible, yearning for the breeks, must always brutally break down her poor pleas for these mongrel-masculine trappings advanced in the joint names of modesty and beauty."

An English journal says, "When Barras the liar combines with Barras the cad, he pulverizes criticism."

That story about Dr. Chadwick and the late Dr. Holmes, which was published with some beating of the big drum by a contemporary as a new inciter to the gayety of nations, appeared in a weekly journal about three years ago, and they excited considerable amusement.

Women will be interested to learn that Bishop Doane has for some time worn knee breeches, shown partiality to bulldogs, and displayed a scintillating ring, the badge of office.

We have no desire to point a moral by referring to several late distressing accidents to bicyclists. And yet it must now appear to even the most reckless rider that "coasting" is a foolhardy trick.

Alphonse Daudet regards Mr. H. M. Stanley as "a reservoir of human energy." Sydney Smith's likening Daniel Webster to a steam engine in trousers was more pungent.

Do the people of Boston realize that the Trustees of the Public Library have been obliged to suspend the purchase of books? Would not a subscription for a book fund be more in order than an appeal for the providing further mural decoration? An Art Museum is one thing; a Public Library is another.

This is the day of St. Barnabas. And how the proverbs quarrel and the saws buzz angrily against each other. The English say: "Rain on St. Barnabas' Day, good for grapes;" or

"On St. Barnabas,
Put a scythe to the grass."
The Spaniards listen not to the idea of rain. They sing:
"On St. Barnabas' Day
The sun is come to stay."

And this is the day when priests and clerks in English churches wore garlands of rose and woodroff. Hang bundles of woodroff in your rooms, oh ye sweet housewives, for woodroff "doth very well temper the aire, coole and make fresh the place, to the delight and comfort of such as are therein." Nor forget the fragrant plant, ye wine-bibbers, lovers of the grapes of the Rhine, Virginia, Hungary, France, California; for put into the stoop it makes a man merry, and is good for the heart and liver.

The comedian Emmet, in his tragic piece, was saved by the infant phenomenon.

Here is an admirable parody of Mr. Bliss Carman, written by one Joy Trolleyman, and published in "The Philistine":
"Lord of the wires that tangle Heaven,
Who hast to thy brake-persuaders given,
The longest of days to ring and grind,
And no least screen from the winter's wind.
Grant me, only, a summer lover,
Sunshiny days the long year over,
A thousand whirls and a thousand fares,
And one long whirl of a thousand hours."

After all you must go to the Times, the London Times, the Thundering Times, to learn the news. It appears from a dispatch published in the formidable Olympian sheet that a man named Rabah lives in Africa, who was a slave and now is King. And how did he become a monarch? By a stroke of genius. He walked about and said he was a King, and if anybody contradicted him, he killed him. It made no difference whether the contradiction came from one doubting Thomas or 3000. When a man believed him on sight, Rabah charged him one dollar a year. The dispatch adds: "And he is a tall, spare negro, very energetic and of simple tastes. He is very rich, with vast stores of gold and silver, coral, and feathers. His large army lives on pillage, dividing all loot with its leader, whose power is absolute." We commend Rabah to the thoughtful consideration of Mr. Keith or the Hon. W. F. Cody.

The important news is cabled that Emperor William perspired, when examining the Baltic North Sea Canal, just as though he were a plain ordinary person.

It is said that Thomas Hardy has been "convinced" to quit the conventionalities of the average magazine reader, and that when the story comes out in book form it will appear as the author originally wrote it. This is not the first time that Mr. Hardy has been thus obliged to present two versions of a story to the world. His admirers should wait for the original. They that only know "Tess" as a serial are unacquainted with the full strength and lurid glory of that masterpiece.

Apropos of Hardy, the first two volumes of the complete edition of his works are out. They are handsome, substantial books; but the true lover of this remarkable novelist will still cling to the little "Lelureur" edition of the earlier novels.

June 12, 1895

In view of the cheap and vulgar carping in certain quarters at the stone boys and Bacchante of the Public Library Building, a well-known literary man has submitted the following design as the one appropriate sculptural decoration of Copley Square. A bespectacled and carefully draped woman, wearing common-sense boots, stands on a pedestal, with agonized face turned away from the library. Her arms are extended as though they repelled some loathsome vision. Disgust is to be read in every line of her intellectual face. And on the pedestal is this inscription: "The Boston Matron." There is, however, a serious objection to this plan. The loudest in complaint have been men, nervously in search of copy.

To dwellers in the Back Bay, Mr. Libby's circular referring to the over-watering of streets by drivers of watering carts seems like a touch of the old, sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More, even on the scaffold.

Mr. Sammel Carr has still another organ to play on.

Commend us unreservedly to Mr. Nash of Tufts. He not only broke the record; he broke the lifting machine. Nothing remains for him now but to break his own back, a passing difficult task.

Mr. William M. Browne, the librettist of "The Sphinx," and Mr. Stevens, the professional funny man of the piece, who, as is the custom, revises daily Mr. Browne's refined and witty text that he himself may have a fatter part fed on cheap gags, deserves the sincere thanks of the public; neither has yet introduced the pun that lurks in the phrase "Up and Bedouin."

It appears that a Post Office in Texas is named Desdemona. This reminds us of the reason, according to Artemus Ward, why Reuben Pettingill, the broad shouldered, deep-hested agriculturist, was contented to live in a peaceful hamlet. "He said it was better than a noisy Othello."

A contemporary asks "Why should not the American flag be displayed on the new Public Library Building?" But why should it be displayed there? Or, would you have a flag pole on each corner?

This is the anniversary of the death of Collins—not John Collins, not Wilkie Collins, not Mortimer Collins, but William Collins, the poet of exquisite fancy and haunting melody. Collins died mad. He was the son of a hatter. Mad as a hatter was in his case mad as the son of a hatter.

And, pray, where did this singular phrase originate? You remember that Alice once met the famous hatter at a small and select dinner party, where each moved up a place. Now in Australia they call a gold-digger working alone a hatter. Broken Billy was looked upon as a hatter, "that is to say, a man who has lived by himself until his brain has been turned."

To go back to Collins, Mortimer Collins. If you are in doubt as to what books you should take with you into the country, avoid all these novels about the women who dared or were afraid or were enuritic or were born with an imperfect digestion and a mission. Ten to one you have not read a story by this particular Collins. Begin with "A Fight with Fortune," then read "Sweet and Twenty," and you will not rest in peace until you have read all his queer, fantastic, delightful stories. If you wish a book flowing in gore and quivering at the thought of its own horror, let these tales alone. You will not be excited by reading them, you will not neglect wife or business until you reach "finis," but if you welcome sparkling epigram and find joyance in shrewd, kindly reflection, as well as the most whimsical paradox and courageous good sense in a word, get the books and thank us.

Does the man who likes work or the man who doesn't like work do the most mischief?

Capt. Adrian Constantinople Anson is here. Let there be sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, trumpets and shawms. The gallant captain is as welcome as the sun, the comforting East wind in July, the breath of the pine forest. Conqueror, or vanquished, the freedom of the city is his.

And yet we should be loath to let Adrian on the stage. It is rumored that he seeks histrionic honors. To see the hero of the diamond quelling an empire in the heat of battle is like unto the emotion awakened by the first sight of the sea or a lonely glacier under the moon at the height of the night. The sight in mimic show behind the garish footlights would be but as a tintype of the hero.

June 13, 1895

In spite of the learned essay of Sir Thomas Browne and the researches of modern wise men, the chameleon is still supposed by many to live on air. Nor does such a diet quickly bring satiety. Thus if you look sharp, you will find at almost any moment a chameleon at the corner of Charles Street and Boylston Street. For there he swells with the enjoyment of a new delight. To him the rich, fruity, pungent odor arising from the Subway is as ripe Roquefort cheese to the jaded epicure.

There should be a law in Boston against the use of the cornet in hot weather. The tones of this instrument are blatant, irritating, fiery, red, torrid. They accentuate the distress of mankind. They italicize the humidity of the atmosphere. They sharpen the arrows of the sun. If men must play, let them employ the hautboy; for its tones are green and cooling. The hautboy tells of breeze-swept fields and whispering foliage. The hautboy is absinthe; the cornet is arrack.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger has "a work-room lined with encyclopaedias and dictionaries and books of reference by the use of which she keeps her splendid English up to time." That is to say, she is an up-to-date author. If she did not have these books of reference, she would, of course, write in the antiquated, wretched style of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Jane Austen or George Eliot.

One of the most hideous instances of the rage in certain quarters for abbreviation is the term "coeds." We regret to see this word in the columns of a scholarly contemporary.

They say in Chicago that no elevator with a horseshoe over the door ever met with an accident. It would be better, however, for the person who rides in the elevator to find a horseshoe, as by accident; he should make a red bag and put the horseshoe into it with hay. It should always be kept in the bed—not over the door. If you do not happen to find a horseshoe, a boar's tusk, a crab's claw, the horns of the ox or the moon, coral that resembles any of these will serve the purpose admirably. They are all of beneficent influence.

It was on June 13, 1813, that a wonderful living cock was on exhibition at the house of Mr. John Welsman, a tailor, in Lombard Street, Southwark. Seen in front, he resembled any other animal of the same species, but he carried behind him a smaller body, which was provided with a second pair of legs, with spurs equal in size to those of the other legs, being three inches in length and remarkably strong. These hinder legs were not employed in walking; they hung down behind the others, not loosely, but in a firm and strong manner. This extraordinary animal was inspected by many of the medical profession and also by several members of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. And he then did many surprising things, and he crew both loud and well.

A new "American comic opera" will be produced in New York next season. The librettist is a Hebrew, and the composer is an Englishman. The title is "The Maid of Erin," and the story deals with the times of Brian Boru.

The attorneys in the Davis will case in Montana have agreed that there shall be no further postponements. As the estate is now considered to be worth about \$10,000,000, the attorneys probably think that the fruit is ready to pick, and there is enough to go round.

Mr. Robert A. Woods says that landscape painting is little liked by the poor people who attend special exhibitions for their benefit; and he regards the dislike as "a sad feature of the popular taste, which shows how little the city dweller realizes the beauty and value and power of nature and all that nature means to man." But highly learned and polished men have shared with the dwellers in squalid tenements a distaste for the country, a feeling akin to abhorrence. Goncourt tells of his dining at a Paris restaurant after a stay in a village. "Never were my eyes and heart more cheered than by the spectacle of the ugly plaster wall, all streaked with big letters, all written over, and dirtied and besmeared with Parisian advertisements. Here everything is of man and for man; only just one sickly tree in a break in the asphalt; and these leprous walls speak to me as nature never spoke. The generations of our time are too civilized, too old, too in love with the factitious and the artificial to be amused by the green of the earth and the blue of the sky. And I make here a curious confession:—before the canvas of a good landscape painter, I feel more in the country than when I am in open field or far in the forest."

MACAULAY REDUCED

A total contemporary bewails, editorially, "the dearth of high-class writers." Macaulay, De Quincey and Lowell no longer write for the magazines. Editors are enamored of "the practical forces of life." They overlook "the intellectual and spiritual qualities which command attention." The reader is often repelled by the "want of culture" and by "the ignorance of the best forms of English style." 'Tis a long jeremiad, closing with the assertion that "one such article as Macaulay wrote for his first contribution to the Edinburgh Review would make the fortune of any periodical that might have the good fortune to print it."

Our contemporary forgets that there is a mighty difference between the public of 1825, when Macaulay's essay on Milton appeared in the Edinburgh and made him famous, although he himself declared that it contained scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved, and the public of today. Readers of magazines do not now care for a learned and eloquent disquisition on Plato or an inquiry into the Eleusinian Mysteries. They are interested chiefly in what is called "the literature of the subject." They would read Edison if he wrote about one of his inventions; they would read Corbett, if he discussed the surest knock-out blow; they would read an article by Anson on the duties of a first baseman. It would matter little or nothing if the style were crude.

It is not worth while to inquire into the merits or faults of Macaulay as an essayist. It may be that he has been overrated; his style is possibly vicious and rhetorical; there are some that say these things. But Macaulay was a man of his time, and he wrote for reviews that have had their day. Imagine Macaulay this summer writing an article on the Boston Subway for the Bostonian or the New England Magazine. It would no doubt be a learned and brilliant article. There would be a glance at the engineering of the Egyptians; the theories of Vitruvius and Frontinus would be criticized; there would be paragraphs concerning the roads built by Napoleon; a gorgeous panorama would be unrolled; the peroration would be a glowing picture of the future prosperity or ruin of the city. And the reader would gladly exchange this masterpiece for the report of the chief engineer with enlightening illustrations. Macaulay would still be the greater master of style; but the engineer, knowing his subject, would be nearer to the editor and the public.

Look over the ponderous reviews that excited the admiration of former generations. Would any publisher of today dare to send such a periodical as the old Edinburgh into the market? How many would read it, if the editor had the splendid courage? Did our ancestors really delight in the "wit" and "humor" of Blackwood? How Time has tarnished the brilliancy! The wit seems labored or scurrilous. There is arrogance in the display of classical learning.

That there is this difference in taste may or may not be deplorable. That anecdote has in great measure superseded Olympian criticism may or may not be regretted. The magazine, mirror-like, reflects the taste of the public. The publisher is mortal and with a lively appreciation of a flourishing bank account. If Macaulay were to present himself, he would be met with "Boil it down!" or with the request to exchange his seriousness for personal gossip concerning the author treated. "We don't care for an article on Milton as poet; can't you find out something new about his domestic troubles?"

It is true that there is too much attention paid by editors of magazines to pictures; that there is a lack of courage in allowing the forcible expression of opinions that run counter to conventionalism; that the great bulk of magazine literature neither stimulates nor provokes freedom and independence of thought. But were Macaulay to return to earth and visit the editor's office, it is doubtful whether he would be greeted with any other feeling than the natural surprise at such an unexpected apparition. The editor might say, "Delighted to see you, I'm sure; but we already have more critical articles than we can use; do you think you could give us a few pages entitled 'First Impressions of America?'"

Neither numbers nor the Supreme Court Justices agree with Mr. Debs.

They are selling "Hot Franks and tonics" in Huntington Avenue. Of course the two go together; the latter supplement inevitably the former. Are these the furious Franks alluded to by the poet Campbell?

The neck of Mr. Fitzsimmons is larger than it was last November. The head of Mr. Corbett is growing constantly.

It appears that the great cat known as the Tammany tiger has more than nine lives.

Old Chimes, although it is many years since he left Harvard, has not lost interest in his college, and he does not now look kindly on the proposed Harvard and Cornell brotherhood, especially as Cornell may turn out to be the big brother. Nor does he understand the trouble over foot ball. He was talking the other night at the Porphyry Club. "I don't see," said he, "why there should be such pother over such a trifling affair. I am told that the hard feeling and rough conduct arise from the fact that only one ball is used in the game. Now, why should not every player on the eleven have a ball of his own? Then there would be none of this unseemly strife." They tried to explain the game to Chimes, but he could not be moved from his conciliatory proposition.

Where did Gov. Greenhalge find authority for his statement that the term "leech" applied to physicians was invidious? The word is the best of English, and it comes from a verb meaning "to cure." Robert of Gloucester used it; it is in the Wycliffe Bible; neither Chaucer, nor Gower, nor Spenser, nor Holland had any idea of reproach or jibe contained therein. One might as well claim that when in Shakspeare's time a physician called, attended by a servant carrying his master's rapier, the armed attendance was symbolical.

Bismarck says that he is a kind of barometer; a weather-change suggests to him the need of stimulants. There are a good many such spirit barometers right here in Boston, where the weather is variable.

This is the anniversary of the birthday (1806) of George Bidder, "the Devonshire Calculating Phenomenon," who at the age of 8 years and 10 months answered with wondrous ease the perplexing problems proposed to him by gentlemen well skilled in mathematical acquirements. Such questions were never even imagined by Balkis when she left her country to prove King Solomon.

We understand that a Newspaper Museum of strange and curious verbal freaks will soon be opened here. There will be seen "unwilling hands" that lift the victim of an accident; a "sharp, bracing thud;" "the great, big hours" that finally sound for dancers; the "ovation" that is so often "tendered;" and a remarkably complete collection of abbreviations with the originals which have thus been shortened.

Francisque Sarcey says that he cannot understand the plays of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and he does not like them. Emile Bergerat once wrote of Sarcey, "When he says 'Variable,' a storm arrives; if he announces 'Fair weather,' nobody in Paris goes without an umbrella. All those he guillotined are in robust health; only those whom he acquitted are dead."

The reports from London concerning Patti's reappearance in opera are pleasingly unanimous. They all agree that she wore in the first act "a pink satin and velvet gown and a profusion of diamonds."

"Under the New York law a woman that eats or drinks opium can be arrested on a lettre de cachet issued by two physicians and confined in a private bastille for a year." This sounds as though it were written by Mr. George Francis Train. By the way, is the hyperdermic syringe as common a toilet article in this country as in Paris? They say that in Paris poor victims of morphinomania beg for subcutaneous injections at the apothecaries.

Have you ever counted the number of 'things' tied and buttoned and looped and pinned about the head and neck and shoulders of an average and inoffensive woman? Space unfretted by detail is to her as objectionable as clear space in a room to the suburban parlor maid—she upholsters her person as industriously as she packs her drawing room, and with no more reference to the comfort and beauty of life.

If St. Vitus's Day be rainy weather,
It will rain for thirty days together.

And this is St. Vitus's Day. Dance, and be glad in it.

For many have danced this day, and strange were the cures suggested to remedy excess. Thus the patient was to make an image of him- if in wax or resin, and by an effort of thought to concentrate all his blasphemies and sins in it. When he had succeeded in this, he was to burn

the image. Here is another cure. About the middle of the 16th century a young maiden of Basle danced with incredible agility, and, indeed, would not be prevailed upon to stop. The city fathers commissioned several powerful men to be her successive partners. And they danced, and they danced, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots. For four weeks they danced both day and night, and so infatuated was the maiden that she did not stop to change her clothes. At the birth of the moon, she dropped and was taken to a hospital. Is it not possible that this was the origin of the German?

Gladstone is eating Hamburg steaks.

It is all over, and Paul Bourget is a full-fledged Immortal. The calm observer of life and men remembers that neither Balzac, nor Gautier, nor Bandelaire, nor the elder Dumas, nor George Sand, nor Flaubert, nor Zola, nor de Maupassant were admitted to the Academy, and well may he chuckle to himself, and wonder at what the world calls fame.

A 19-year-old sailor starts in a 22-footer on a voyage across the Atlantic. He takes with him a Scotch terrier. If the sailor reaches Queenstown he will get \$5000 and a medal. But what will the dog get? He is certainly worthy of greater consideration.

Mr. Croker told a reporter about his meeting the Prince of Wales. Like Clara in the story, Mr. Croker was simply delighted. He noticed in the Prince—and he spoke with "enthusiasm in his voice"—an absence of "hauteur," and found him to be a dead game sport. It will be remembered that Mr. John L. Sullivan entertained a similarly favorable opinion of the Prince, with whom he was rather chummy some years ago. But that was before Mr. Sullivan became a play-actor, and it should not now be brought up against him.

It was on June 15, 1791, in England, that a "remarkable change in the weather took place." The thermometer fell from 75 degrees to 50 degrees. And this deviation, trifling to us in Boston, where a day is a compendium of climatology, was deemed worthy of solemn chronicling.

Tomorrow is fraught with glorious associations and reminiscences. It is the anniversary of the death (1802) of Mrs. Jane Crabley, relict of Stephen Crabley, who was cured of a stiff knee joint, beginning with an enlargement of the patella, by the bites of ants. These pesky creatures first annoyed her as she sat knitting in her chair by a gravel pit, amused by the comparative cheerfulness of the scene. But as they kept biting, her skin turned from deadly pale to a lively red; a strange liquid oozed from every puncture; the stiffness became elasticity itself; and Mrs. Crabley, through the kind assistance of the ants, was soon able to walk without a stick.

And it was on June 16 (1803) that a young lady in London advertised in this personal manner: "A refined spirit is anxious to participate in the enthusiasms of tenderness and sympathy, and tremblingly departs from her accustomed habits, to allure a kindred soul. A noble mind only can understand and appreciate the genuine tenor of this declaration."

And it was on June 16 (1853) that Mr. C. Lynch (American) bashed thoroughly Mr. Jack Sullivan in 58 rounds at Shell Haven. For one hour and 17 minutes these gentlemen mauled each other for £25. A small sum, it seems to you, for such violent exercise; but the purchasing power was greater in those days.

Japan can afford to be unrepresented at Kiel. She has just finished giving a course of object lessons in naval warfare.

There are well-to-do, honest, and in many ways estimable people who actually prefer hot asparagus to cold.

The latest theory about "Hamlet" is that the mad scenes were meant simply to supply the want of "comic relief," a rigid convention with the Elizabethan dramatists. They that are not cocksure of their ability to play Hamlet—and they are few—plume themselves on their thorough understanding of the awful moment of each article or ampersand.

A correspondent sends the following derivation of the term "linger." "Early in the forties there moved from Vermont to one of the then flourishing cotton manufacturing villages of New Hampshire, a man with a large family, of children, to keep one of the corporation boarding houses. He was a tall, lank dyspeptic. There was but one shoe store in the village; in the rear of the store was a room for making and repairing shoes. Here the dyspeptic worked. One of the men was a Frenchman, and a lover of mischief. One day the tavern keeper entered the shop and said, 'Hello, are you a shoemaker?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and linger at it.' The Frenchman caught on, and in a day or two, there was hung outside the building, with other store goods, probably the most uncouth, bunglingly made pair of shoes ever seen on the continent, labeled 'Lingers.' There they hung until every man, woman and child in the village had looked them over. From that day the members of the dyspeptic's family were known as 'lingers.' And the word was applied to everything as a superlative; to a fine yoke of oxen, or a big fish."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Tamagno Talks About the Laziness of Italians.

He Also Gossips Amiably About His Own Experiences.

Reasonable Objections to the Educational Program Book.

London is, indeed, daft over Tamagno, "our wonderful, unaccountable Tamagno," as the Saturday Review calls him, "with that curious voice of his, so poor, threadbare, inexpressive and unmanageable when he sings softly, so rich, so marvelously expressive as soon as he puts it on a high pressure of wind, as an organ builder would say,—he is as fine, as noble, and passionate in 'Otello' as he is tawdry and cheaply melodramatic in other parts."

And so we are not surprised at finding an interview with him published in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette. This interview should interest every singer and everyone interested in singing.

The reporter begins: "I was particularly lucky on this interesting errand of mine, having surprised the famous tenor in the midst of an animated, almost angry, discussion around the question of the art of singing. Signor Tamagno's point was the decline of this art in his own country, and this he attributed simply to the one-sidedness of the singers themselves; no theories were put forward, and no speculations of an esthetical nature, but there was plenty of common sense in every remark, and more valuable information than might have been obtained by a string of answers to a program set of questions. Signor Tamagno speaks without restraint and sans metre de gants—we quote verbatim, but we deplore this needless dropping into French—so that much interesting and amusing detail has to be omitted. On the other side, this frankness, as extended to his own experiences and beginnings, by way of practically illustrating his arguments, enables me to offer here much that is either absolutely unknown of Signor Tamagno's career or which certainly has never been plainly stated before."

But let us now listen to Tamagno:

"The long and short of the inferior position which an Italian singer occupies today in the theatrical career is that he does not study; Italian voices are still the most beautiful of all voices, and the disposition for operatic singing is today what it was when Italian opera ruled supreme both as repertory and interpreters. But what does a man with a voice think about today? All he needs, it seems to him, is to learn half a dozen operas, and to get an engagement; when I say 'learn operas' I mean that only single parts are learnt, and I would not mind betting that there is not one tenor, or baritone or bass in 50 who knows anything else besides his own part in an opera which he sings; not only the music, but he does not know even the words or the sense of the words sung to him. Of course, the most talented cannot get away sometimes from the conventionalities of the stage, and will be seen singing before the prompter's hole. There are a hundred occasions when nothing else can be devised, however absurd it looks. Take the third act of the 'Prophète,' for example: I am supposed to be addressing a crowd, and instead of this, in the finale, I must address the audience, turning my back on the crowd. But there is no excuse when, in a duet which is a conversation between two characters, the singers instead of looking at each other sing each per conto suo; this is simply because the one does not know the meaning of what the other sings. All they think of is the note to sing, and for the sake of this they sacrifice sometimes a whole performance. Do you think that the success of 'Di quella pira' is in the high C? Anybody can give a high C. The effect lies in the close study of the situation; and if you can express with your voice all the feelings which are supposed to agitate you at this moment, you will electrify the audience, whether you give a high C or not. And this rushing only after a repertory and an engagement kills yet that most precious gift of our race, the warmth and delivery, la passione e il cuore. Look at French singers; I do not know of any whose voice is as beautiful as a really fine Italian voice, and their singing is much colder than ours; but, by dint of serious study, because of the respect they have for their art and because of the complete musical education they receive, they can beat us hollow on our own theatres. All this is study. I would not advise everybody to go through the same course as I did, but to have begun at the bottom of the ladder did me good."

"Is it true, you are a great singer, Signor Tamagno?"

"Quite true; I was but 18 years of age then, and I must tell you that fine voices run in our family. My father had a magnificent tenor voice, and often have I heard it compared to Rubini's; one of my brothers has a lovely tenor voice; and the second, whom you know, has the finest imaginable baritone. I spent a deal on their musical education, but the tenor had no taste for the stage; and the baritone suffered so much from stage fright that after a few useless attempts he gave it up. Both are in business now, one at Buenos Ayres, and they like it better. But to return to my beginnings. I was in business, too, trying various branches of commerce, even travelling as a bagman; but something was pushing me irresistibly toward the theatre. One day I went with my brother to apply to the Regglo of Turin for choristers' posts, and, though neither of us knew a note of music, we were put on the list for examination on the merit of our voices; old Corti, then Impresario, heard us later on, and said: 'Very well, boys; study, and in time you may become good enough to be sent as bravos coristi for the great season to London.' Little did I dream then what a prosperous career was in store for me, and how delighted I would be with my success in London; but still I cared little for the prospects thus prophesied, and went away very angry and disgusted; but the penchant was stronger than all else, and to the chorus I returned. I went there through the whole tirocinio under Maestro Pedrotti, who took a great interest in me, and taught me music and singing; it is to him I owe that I read a vocal score today as I read a newspaper—in fact, I learned the part of Otello from loose sheets, on which my music alone was written; but I will tell you later about this. Well, it happened one day that the tenor for the 'Rataplan' in the 'Huguenots' fell ill; I took the part at a moment's notice. I was promoted then and there comprimario, and for the next season I was engaged for small parts and as second tenor at the munificent salary of 250 francs for a season of four months. According to the custom in our theatres, the Impresario wanted to deduct from this five per cent. commission, a transaction the beauty of which I could not see; so finally I sent him one day a hare I had bagged hunting, and he accepted it in lieu of the mediazione. Somebody told me one day there was a tenor in London singing a certain phrase in 'Polliuto' an octave higher with very great effect, and though the part I played to Mongini's Polliuto was but a small one, I took every trouble to work out some special effect in it. I was so successful in this endeavor that Pedrotti told me, 'Tu sarai un gran cantante ed io rimarrò sempre tuo povero maestro.' I was 21 then, and had to perform the military duty. After that I returned to the theatre, and in a short time I started on what is called the 'great career'—that is, taking

only first parts. I have been very fortunate with the public and the press everywhere—the United States excepted—and I have created a number of operas."

"You are very rich, I believe, Signor Commendatore?"—"Well, I do not want the money for myself; there is the family. I can live on 10 francs a day and be happy. I have never gambled in my life, and I have no expensive tastes; in fact, I do not know how to spend money, and I can very well do without 99 things in a hundred. What I cannot do without is music; not that I want to sing; ma ho bisogno di sentire della musica, I could not live without it. People very often tell me it does not cost me anything to sing. It costs much—too much; sometimes I enjoy music so intensely that I suffer agonies of pain. The other day I almost fainted, listening to the overture from 'Tannhauser,' and the fourth act of 'Otello' leaves me as often as not with a heart beating too wildly for my liking. I put all my soul and every nerve into my singing, and, bad or good, I feel what I sing."

"What were you going to tell me about 'Otello'?"

"Something that few know, and which you can verify, as you know both Verdi and Bolto. It was in 1886, about a year before the production of 'Otello.' Maestro Verdi wrote to me to come over to Genoa, and this is what took place textually, after the few words of greeting: 'Senti, Siamo qui soli, parliamo chiaro,' said Verdi. 'Very well,' said I, 'let us be frank.' 'Ebbene, io non ho fiducia in te! What! (flor d'un cane, this aside), and you make me come all the way to Genoa to tell me this! Why? What is it you have written that you cannot trust me with? Let me see your music; I will try it here with you, and if you think afterward I am no good, ebbene, I shall go back to sing the 'Huguenots,' and 'Aida,' and 'Tell,' etc.; but give me a fair chance first.' 'Come tomorrow, rest today, and I'll show you the part.' 'I don't want any rest, let us to business at once.' To make a long story short, the part was entrusted to me then and there, and to my intense astonishment, Verdi asked me not only 'cosa ti pare della mia musica,' but asked my advice as to the choice of interpreters for the other parts. It has been so often said that it was intended to call the opera originally 'Iago' that I am glad to have the opportunity of saying on Verdi's own authority that he had

not the least intention of the kind. He wrote the part for me and in view of my voice; hence his anxiety in trusting a singer who is not only the protagonist of a work, but who has to answer for the title with his talent. Anyhow, of all the artists who created the work I was the only one to whom the part was given at once, and I did not go even to Sant' Agata with the others to be taught and styled there. The creation of 'Otello' I consider the crowning point of my career, and among my most precious cherished souvenirs are those words of Verdi, in answer to a compliment made in public after the fourth performance of 'Otello': 'It is not the music alone of the fourth act which tells; it wants Tamagno to sing it.' Clao, e tanti ringraziamenti, al Signor Direttore della Pall Mall dell' onore che mi fa."

"Not without interest is the fact that some of Signor Tamagno's chorus colleagues of over 20 years ago are today in the Covent Garden chorus, and that the famous tenor is with them on the same terms of intimacy—si danno del tu—as when they were paddling the same canoe."

They still have "serious music" in London as well as opera. They also appear to suffer from program books; books that insidiously or bluntly argue for or against the piece to be played. And against this wrong, impertinent and intolerable, the Pall Mall Gazette of the 1st speaks as follows:

"Let us deal with Dr. Hubert Parry's Symphony in F, which occupied the whole of the second part of Thursday night's Philharmonic program at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place. But what is the serious and impartial critic to do in the face of the whirlwind of phrase and epithet with which he is greeted by the program provided by the authorities of the Philharmonic Society? Here are extracts:

... very uncommon and, in the same degree, interesting.
... gives constant occupation to the discerning ear.
... as clear-cut and distinctive as a Wagner Leitmotif.
... brilliant violin passages ... strenuous unisons.
... a certain majesty of contrast.
... a dignified close.
... The whole section is gracious ... this pretty melody.
... rich and changeful harmonies ... passion and power.
... an episode of the most strenuous description.
... a breezy, wholesome movement.
... as clear as the atmosphere with which the music surrounds itself.

And so forth, and so forth. Now, is this quite the decent thing to do? And can we be expected to keep our heads with such a program in our hands? Already we have noticed some of these adjectives in the columns of enlightened contemporaries—particularly that adjective 'breezy,' to which some people appear to attach a musical meaning. We strove, however, against the hypnotism of this program, and we came to certain definite conclusions about this symphony. Its pervasive effect is dullness: it is elaborate, pedantic, learned, and with a great deal of rather brilliantly worked-up reminiscence. That is all. Whether Dr. Parry, in this composition, is breezy or wholesome, or majestic, or strenuous, or gracious, or clear cut, there is no doubt in the world about the fact that he is dull. The whole of the first movement sounds like an impromptu voluntary with occasional lapses into intelligible symmetries of form; and although in later movements this peculiarly irritating aimlessness in part disappeared, one was never aroused to the smallest enthusiasm. Dr. Parry, we fear, works far less from the book of inspiration than from the book of learning which he carries in his head. In fairness to the composer, these remarks are not directed against the finale, which may or may not have deserved them. Dr. Parry himself conducted."

Is it Wagner that carries everything before him this season in London? Do works of other composers fall flat before small and yawning audiences? Listen again to the sound words of the Pall Mall Gazette, apropos of a late performance of "Rigoletto."

"It appears that, for this season, the musician of the world whom Sir Augustus Harris is resolved to honor is Verdi. A fortnight has passed since the 'opera season' began, and during that period we have had 'Otello,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Falstaff,' and 'Rigoletto,' given at Covent Garden, the first two having been repeated—an allowance which gives to the Italian master nearly half the glories of the season. Surely this has been a venturesome resolution on the part of a manager who, during recent seasons, has piped with Verdi's pipe in vain, to witness the responsive dance of the public. Nevertheless, that resolution seems now to be crowned with a complete success. The public dances with a vengeance, and

if the Wagnerian tradition of applause which has somehow or other circulated through the gallery of Covent Garden somewhat veils immediate enthusiasm, there can be no doubt of its genuineness when it does arrive. On the whole, we are pleased that it should be so. With the extreme limit of admiration for 'Parsifal,' we still find it in our hearts to admire and love our Verdi: we can even find such epi-

thets as 'outworn,' 'ineffective,' 'barbarous,' 'gan music,' 'distasteful,' for the reason that although the earlier operas of this particular master are, without any doubt, common to the ears of this generation, he remains, by his sincerity, genuineness and charity of inspiration, a great representative of music even in these operas. But thereby lies a theory upon operatic schools, the intolerance and catholicity of which would startle the critic of convinced modernity. For it is not a school, Wagnerian or another, that we care twopence about; it is the great work of the great masters of each and every school."

The late Martin Roeder was 44 years old when he died, and not 40, as was stated in the local obituary notices. He was born in Berlin April 7, 1851.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert may visit the United States to supervise the production of "His Excellency."

Watkin Mills will sail from Montreal for England the 22d.

Mancinelli has been re-engaged by Maurice Grau as chief conductor of next season's opera in the United States. This is welcome news.

Durward Lely is singing in Canada.

"The time will come when Pittsburgh can boast of its orchestra with as much pride as Boston or Chicago." And Mr. Simon Blissell is prepared to bet on it.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich will make a concert trip to the Pacific coast in July or August.

The Music Teachers' National Association will hold its next, seventeenth, meeting in St. Louis, July 2, 3, 4, 5.

Miss Ollie Fremstad, who has been studying with Lilli Lehmann, is now engaged at the Cologne Opera.

The son of the late von Suppé is a farmer. Saint-Saëns is back in Paris.

Marzani has completed an opera entitled "Heinrich Heine."

Mr. Floersheim heard Sembrich in opera in Berlin. "She seemed in better voice than ever. Her acting, moreover, was as delightful as her singing."

A concert will be given Tuesday night at the Boston Conservatory of Music by pupils of Messrs. Chellus and Pelree.

AN IMMORTAL.

Mr. Paul Bourget knows now the full fruition of toil. His is the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Mortal, he is as the immortals. For the ceremony is over, the orations have been spoken, the women have sheathed their lorgnettes. Mr. Bourget is a member of the Academy, and he can draw his five francs each time he meets his colleagues in discussion over the proper form and construction of the French language.

It is not likely that Mr. Bourget owes his election to "Outre-Mer," for the French are disposed to look on us with kindly eyes, and his remarkable volume of impressions might be regarded, if anyone took it seriously, as an inciter to international strife. The New York Herald claims, with pride, that Mr. Bourget is of its correspondents; yet it is hardly possible that he was honored chiefly on this account. It is more probable that Mr. Bourget was received as a novelist. Well may he glow with pride. Balzac, the elder Dumas, George Sand, Gautier, de Maupassant, Flaubert, were not welcomed to the Academy. Daudet and Zola are without the sacred precinct. Mr. Bourget, way down in the bottom of his heart, must recognize his own inferiority. But perhaps he says to himself, "They might have done worse. They might have chosen Ohnet. They might even have admitted the author of 'Tribby,' for is he not of French extraction, although his characters do speak such queer French?"

It is the old story. Mediocrity triumphs. We have just witnessed such a triumph in England. Swinburne is still Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Morris is Sir Lewis Morris, although the knight is "the most conspicuous and successful practitioner, at the present day, of the art of sinking in poetry." Besant is Sir Walter, while Thomas Hardy and George Meredith will in all probability go down to the grave without a title. Mr. Herbert Spencer has been sought out for decorations, but the seekers were foreigners. Surely is a title a vain thing.

And there are those who would fain found an academy in the United States. Mr. Powell and Gen. Lew Wallace have been

already proposed for such an honor, and with a considerable display of emotion. There are candidates galore. The number of American Immortals should not be restricted to forty, 'twould be better to begin with at least one hundred; especially as in Boston and its neighborhood there are at least fifty reputable candidates, for of course women will be allowed seats in the temple. Poe and Whitman are dead, so they will not suffer disappointment. They are not yet even recognized in Cambridge. Do you think it would be possible for them to be

admitted to the National Academy, if they were now alive."

No; in literature it does not pay to be intensely sincere, or unaffectedly original, or too eager for the one, the necessary word. Check your enthusiasm, young writer: be hopelessly middle class, for therein lies glory. Do you court gewgaws as well as profits? Remember Bourget, Besant and Morris.

To "Scorchers":—Perhaps the pleasantest place in this town for the speeding bicyclist is from the Tremont Street Theatre round the Common, by Boylston, to Charles. But if you would know supreme enjoyment, hug close the Common. There is no greater bliss than to shave persons attempting to secure a car at the corner. Take our advice, and ride at full speed between 8 P. M. and 11 P. M. As you carry no lantern, and sound no alarm, you will be upon your unconscious victim in the twinkling of an eye. It is not necessary for you to maim her; 'tis enough to know that you have given her a severe shock. Find the moment when she is in the act of mounting the car, with her hands on the rods and one foot on the board. She will feel the presence of imminent danger, hear the shouts of the bystanders, and very likely lose her footing. If the conductor is a true humorist, he will add to the general hilarity by signaling the motor man to hurry up. This is only one of many diversions possible to the accomplished bicyclist.

This is the feast day of Saint Botolph, who, at one time in his life, established in the city of Boston a club for the promotion of social intercourse among authors and artists, and other gentlemen connected with or interested in literature and art.

The choir will now sing "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

And it was on this day we celebrate that Israel Potter, remembering Putnam's command to aim at the officers, "aimed between the golden epaulettes, as, in the wilderness, he had aimed between the branching antlers."

"Jean de Reszke is now just 42 years old, and in the prime of his manhood," Lord, Lord, how this world is gone to lying!

The Ringling brothers dwell together in unity of opinion as far as the moustache is concerned.

The Bedouins in "The Sphinx" are made up like Wilson Barrett in "Othello."

It is to be deeply regretted that in the city of Boston there should be a pressing invitation to hear "John McCullough's Raving." It is still more to be regretted that morbid people accept such an outrageous invitation.

Here is the summer paradox of the grammarian: "To board and to be bored; one and the same form of the verb."

Coxey is incorrigible. He even doesn't approve of his son-in-law.

Sir Walter Besant is generously inclined toward his fellow-workers in the literary vineyard. "As Rudyard Kipling is at present young, I should like to see him contented, for the present only, with a peerage." Why not go the whole length, and make him the Duke of Brattleboro?

Advice to an ostrich: Curl your own feathers.

Mrs. Blanc says in her book, "The Condition of Women in the United States:" "In every land women make a mistake when they herd together by themselves to exhibit work. Competition with man is indispensable for the elimination of rubbish, and also to set forth, not always the inequality, but the profound difference, in the gifts and aptitudes of the two sexes." And now she awaits, with well-bred composure, the inevitable and noisy shriek of protest.

The death of Richard Genée follows hard on that of von Suppé, and the Viennese operetta is now best represented by Strauss and Millöcker. Genée, however, was Viennese by adoption, for he was born at Dantzic (1823), and, after wanderings in Germany, settled in Vienna in 1868. The operettas by him that are best known in this country are "Der Seekadett" (1876) and "Nanon" (1877). As librettist and composer of comic opera he won honorable distinction. He once had the ineffable privilege of giving lessons to Mr. Reginald de Koven.

For "break" in gas stock, read "leak."

Prof. H. W. Parker of Yale, formerly of this city, has set Mr. Stedman's commencement ode to music, and it will be sung the 26th. Will he be required to write a triumphal march, or a dirge, for Athletic Yale this summer?

Miss Fay Davis in Boston was regarded as a graceful reciter. London has discovered that she is "an actress of really astonishing versatility and dramatic power."

But the versatility of Miss Davis is nothing to that of Mr. Arthur Warren, who now appears as a music critic.

A contemporary refers to "Dixie" as a Southern melody. It is Southern only by adoption and association. It was sung by Northern negro minstrels before it was the favorite tune of the Lost Cause.

Don't get too much excited over the prospect of a Kovalovsky fad. Remember the fate of Bashkirtseff? Does any one read her autobiography today?

This is the order of the works of Du Maurier: "Trilby," "How I Wrote Trilby," "How they Played Trilby."

Melba "received a magnificent ovation" in London at the Nikisch concert. Was it handed to her over the footlights, or did she find it neatly done up in her dressing room?

Kleptomania is for the consideration of the physician, not the Judge and jury. Dr. Icard, in his remarkable treatise, speaks of such theft as to be noticed chiefly in the great shops of Paris, the Louvre and the Bon Marché. "Women walk about in these shops, as in a public square, with full liberty to see and touch. An art truly diabolical, inspired by the mercantile spirit of the day, presides over the luxurious, fascinating show, where everything to awaken the instinct of appropriation is exposed to the view."

In New Haven they say motorneer. Sir Richard Burton invented the term "elephanteer," to characterize the man that tends the elephant and occasionally dags him. Why do the New Havenites insist on the "n"?

This is now the season of asking the editor hard questions, political, social, literary, zoological. The Sun had an easy one the other day. Some one asked "Why is a crowbar called a crowbar?" Did he never hear of a crow? Not the bird that is so often served cold to politicians.

"Literary journals," said Schopenhauer, "should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever increasing deluge of bad and useless books. * * * Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. * * * Literary journals would then perform their duty, which is to keep down the craving for writing and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable toleration, which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money."

To F. H. M.: You say that in Crockett's novel Gibbie MacAllister recalls to the madman's recollection the time when he (Gibbie) sang "braw skulduggery ballants" (ballads). There is a word "skulduggery" in American-English, and it means "wire pulling" or any "underhand plotting."

CHERCHER LA FEMME.

It is pleasant, and it is not common, to hear a chorus of praise and rejoicing follow a Presidential recitative announcing to the country at large an appointment of a citizen to a position of responsibility and honor. Such choruses are in these modern days not necessarily in unison. They are more like an operatic ensemble, in which different themes brought together and treated with contrapuntal skill contribute mightily to the dramatic effect.

To the superficial observer, it would seem that the domestic affairs of the Attorney General of the United States were foreign to any calm discussion of his fitness for the office. That a confirmed bachelor might prove to be a useful and even brilliant officer is not beyond sane conjecture. A widower might leave behind him, at the close of an Administration, an enviable record. It appears, however, if certain contemporaries are to be believed, that the members of the officer's household are as much to be weighed in judgment as the husband and father himself.

And so the members of the Harmon family are discussed by a local contemporary with a minuteness that is pleasing to all gaping gossipers, however annoying it may be to the innocent victims thus dragged from the hearthstone and exposed, as under the calcium light. Thus the world is told that Mrs. Harmon has many accomplishments. "She has a genial temper, a handsome face and figure." What seems to be of more importance to "lady readers," she "dresses superbly." Furthermore, she is the "devoted mother of three lovely daughters." The youngest is still in the schoolroom. There are full particulars concerning the first meeting of the eldest and her husband. Of course the wedding was "a brilliant affair," and "the happy pair are charmingly established." All these formulas are more or less familiar. The second daughter, "Bessie, as her in-

timates know her," from which an Oedipus would reasonably conjecture that her baptismal name was Elizabeth, inherits a "splendid physique." She also enjoys the distinction of having been "much admired."

There are uxorious men and doting parents who, perhaps, are secretly delighted by such intrusion, or are generous enough to wish that the whole world should share in their delirious joy. They, however, have full confidence in the charms of the women of the family. But take the case of a sensitive man, who knows that his wife is a nagger and his daughter is plain. If called to office, though he were the one man out of a thousand, would he not be justified in declining, that his wife and daughter might escape the ordeal by newspaper? No; for his fear is groundless. Foolish man, a very Galatian. Does he not know that nagger would be transmuted by newspaper alchemy into "brilliant conversationalist" or "wonderfully quick at repartee?" That his poor Louisa's carrot locks would be described to the public as "those tresses dearly loved by Titian;" that her snub nose would be "a dainty nose, retroussé, Cleopatra-like?" Let him take the office without fear. Let him welcome the interviewers. He would never recognize his wife and child from the glowing descriptions, or the pictures that adorn the society columns.

The safety of American institutions may lie possibly in the gushing generosity of the society column.

In that marvelous collection of epitaphs, events, errors and prophecies there are no old women until they are dead. This column is the restorer of youth, the embellisher of nature, the repairer of reputation. The noisiest goose is a stately swan. The dealer in commonplaces is an epigrammatist. The amateur in art surpasses the professional. Were the Gorgon sisters living, each one would be as Venus rising from the sea.

A REVERSIBLE JUDGMENT.

A didactic Judge in New York State announced last week from the Bench that love letters are often foolish, and always so when the love is improper. Let us first dismiss the second part of the proposition, although it might well excite interesting debate. Was the correspondence of Pericles and Aspasia fuller of poetry and wisdom than that imagined by Landor, or would it have provoked laughter in court? What would you not give for a letter written by Shakspeare to the Dark Lady? Would it rival the sonnets, or would Willie rhyme with silly?

"Love letters are often foolish." And why? Probably because they are then sincere. Disconnected sentences, extravagant language, wild hyperbole, longing in absence—these are the honest expressions of the moment. When a wooer writes a letter that will withstand the assaults of a professor of rhetoric his courtship is open to the suspicion of insincerity. When he writes admirably on topics of the day and avoids all violent speech of affection, thoughtful may the girl well be who receives it. Nor is the man far removed from a prig when he shudders at the knowledge that his Eustacia in reckless warmth mixed up "too" and "to."

The follies of love are often so stupendous that they are tragic. The crowd in the circus invariably laughs when the clown asks the ringmaster if he was ever in love. Yet many, as they laugh, feel a strange sensation in heart or throat, as memories rush upon them. So there is laughing in court when an amorous epistle is read in an unsympathetic manner. It is folly to be young with illusions, blind in belief in the character of another chosen out of the world, enthusiastic over personal charms that do not appeal to others, defiant of obstacles and poverty and death. The cold stream of worldly common sense plays upon the human fire, and the smoldering ashes provoke contemptuous laughter. But how vain a thing would this world be were it not for the emotions that find vent in exuberant, anacoluthic language. Does not the man that laughs often envy him he laughs at? Or he remembers the time when he, too, was tossed by the fever, delirious in action and speech.

English speaking people have been taught for centuries to be ashamed of their emotions. An outward display of feeling has long been regarded as weakness or effeminacy. They dread to confide a loving thought to paper. When nature has its way, when that which they supposed pri-

...is brought to the fact that the comedies in the school are the first to cry out, "Oh, what folly! How could such a sensible man have written such twaddle!" The Judge above quoted only voices judicially the popular opinion. Better, however, a plethora of "darling" and "ever" and "true" than a love letter dictated by prudence and revised by fear.

To be sure, the expression of abiding love may be indirect. A wife, absent from Boston for a few days, wrote her maid: "Use the gas stove this warm weather. Heat the water for Mr. X's bath in a tea kettle. Don't trust him with the tea kettle, though, for he would surely scald himself." Here is an instance of doubly indirect affection. It is the affection that contains the great elements of protection and forethought. Perhaps there is a touch of the inevitable feminine contempt for man interfering in domestic economy. Yet it is a love letter. If read in court, would it not provoke inextinguishable laughter? Do you not hear the snickerings, the peals, the guffaws? Do you not hear the Judge rapping to order, and saying: "Love letters are often silly?" And there are lonely men who would give ten years of their life to be the object of such affection, grotesque as it may seem to celibates.

A Trilby Club has been organized in Jersey City. One of the leading members states that only those who possess Trilby-like feet are eligible for membership. A photograph of the foot must accompany any application, or the candidate may appear in person.

Mr. Hunker characterizes Patti as a combination of Dickens's Miss Havisham and Rider Haggard's She.

If Zola writes a novel about New York life, Dr. Parkhurst would be an admirable collaborateur.

"There is nothing quite so frivolous as pessimism." There is nothing quite so serious as optimism.

It was on the 18th of June, 1823, that the British Infantry soldier first appeared in trousers. Breeches, leggings and shoes were put off, and blue-gray trousers and half-boots were donned.

Mr. William J. Henderson is, indeed, a busy and versatile man. He is one of the most distinguished music critics in this country; he is a writer of authority on yachting and all naval affairs; he has written verses, melodious and suggestive; he has also succeeded in that most difficult task, the writing of books dear to boys.

The New York Sun declares that James Freeman Clarke's knowledge of German was "neither extensive nor sound." But he understood the use of the English language.

There has been for many years a verb "to bike," but it means "to swarm like bees."

The memoirs of Gounod are publishing. This is only fair. Mrs. Weldon published her memoirs some years ago.

The late Mr. Sherlock Holmes would have been interested in the strange adventure of the Honorable Mrs. Gordon.

A contemporary publishes a list of "Don'ts for the sick room." It omits the most important: "Don't be sick."

Another notable omission is in an account of the sea-life of Salem, published the other day. No allusion is made to the fact thus recorded by Herman Melville in "Moby Dick": "And the women of New Bedford, they bloom like their own red roses. But roses only bloom in summer, whereas the fine carnation of their cheeks is perennial as sunlight in the seventh heavens. Elsewhere match that bloom of theirs, ye cannot, save in Salem, where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is contributing poems to the Pall Mall Gazette, but they will not enlarge his reputation. The latest "Mulholland's Contract" is poor stuff, and Mr. Kipling relies on italics to gain intensity.

A young Englishman saturated a cat's fur with paraffine oil and set fire to it. The Magistrate said that "this was the most brutal behavior the Bench had ever had before them." And what do you think was the punishment for such an atrocious deed? Fourteen days in prison.

The Journal spoke recently of the sacredness of the plug hat in England, but it was before this news crossed the Atlantic. It seems that a man was lately assaulted in a public-house for wearing a top-hat, "which was considered alien to the habits and feelings of the locality. To emphasize the hostility felt in South London to this species of hat, the report goes on to

say that a recent "jumble-sale" was chiefly remarkable for the fact that a top-hat found a purchaser. It was bought for the purpose of carrying home a large consignment of paint brushes. We understand that the last time such an article was sold it was to be ultimately useful as a receptacle for the boot-brushes belonging to the family.

"There is a great deal of scorn expressed for mediocrity; but mediocrity is a thing of vast extent and of huge activity. And people who treat it so lightly have never realized how much a mediocrity that conducts itself nicely makes for the comfort of the whole world."

Siegfried Wagner led the first public performance of his Symphonic poem in London the 6th. The work did not inspire wild enthusiasm. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Anybody can be the son of his father; so that this particular claim need not detain us. Of this composition, however, we may state that its essential merit, if it has any, depends upon its kinship with Richard Wagner. Where it does not almost directly remind you of the music of that master it wanders away into a thickly orchestrated variation of the modern sentimental song. Thickly orchestrated—that is the word; not fully orchestrated. For, although there are many instruments in use, Herr Wagner seldom gives one the impression of completeness or of breadth. Nor are his ideas, his intentions, apart from the working out, of any particular attractiveness. They have the ambition of youth in them, but—judging hesitantly—we should not hastily declare them to have promise. But we must hear more of this young man's work before we reach any definite conclusion. It must be said, however, that, whatever he may lack, he possesses a good deal of the musician's instinct."

A second folio Shakspeare, George Danfords's copy, the largest known, is to be sold in London. It is from the library of the late Earl of Orford.

The French believe that if it rains on June 19, the day of St. Protais, it will rain for forty days after.

The Rev. Dr. Harrison thinks that "cycling brings a man nearer heaven." It depends, however, on the character of the man that is knocked down.

It was the Rev. Mr. Dawson of Williamsburg who took for his text, Isaiah, v. (not 'v.' as reported), 28: "And their wheels like a whirlwind." But why did he not add these portions of the 29th verse of the same chapter: "Yea, they shall roar, and lay hold of the prey * * * and none shall deliver it."

There are other verses in the Old Testament that might serve as texts for bicycle sermons: "A wise King scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them" (Prov., xx., 26); "Or the wheel broken at the cistern" (Eccl., xii., 6); "The appearance of the wheels and their work" (Ezek., i., 16); "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel" (Ezek., x., 13); "He wrought a work on the wheels" (Jer., xviii., 3); "And his wheels as burning fire" (Dan., vii., 9). And there are others.

Appropos of woman perched on bicycle, the very thought inspired Dr. John L. Scudder to proclaim this great truth from the pulpit: "Whatever she wears, she will wear what she pleases. Neither Chicago Aldermen nor Episcopalian Bishops can keep her back when her mind is once made up. With one toss of her pretty head she has her own sweet way."

If they are really prepared to change the name of New York, Manhattan is the one proper, distinctive, original name for the metropolis. Walt Whitman knew this 40 years ago.

A contemporary comments on "the marked shrinkage in the newspaper use of the word 'lady.'" It speaks of the women's clubs and societies, women writers, women doctors. This reminds us that in Germany Socialistic women are attacking what they style the antiquated system of things. On some railroads the compartments reserved for women only have been called Damenkupees and Frauenkupees, or ladies' compartments and women's compartments, according to the condition and money value of the said ladies and women. The Socialists insist that all should be called ladies or women; there should be no invidious classification. This dilemma is purely modern. "The ancient Greeks knew no degrees; a woman is simply a She-King, a She-despot, or a woman; the English grades, lady, young person, woman, common women, were unknown to these ingenious minds." A philological professor of Leipzig suggests "Frauenzimmer" as a compromise. An old German dictionary, 1765, defines "Frau" as the female of man; "Dame" as the wife or daughter of a man of quality; "Frauenzimmer" as a woman or lady.

This discussion recalls a passage from Graham's "Word Glossary": "In the many surgings of the mighty crowd I had actually labored to assist and protect two (I was going to say ladies, but ladies are

grateful, I can't say young persons, for they weren't young, nor can I say women, for that is considered a slight; or females, for such persons are no longer supposed to exist)—well, two individuals of a different sex from my own."

It also recalls the dictum of Richard Grant White that the terms "gentleman" and "lady" have one meaning among certain people, among certain other people quite another. "Does not the gentlemanly conductor ask us to move up in the higgling street car, and 'let in this lady,' as Bridget McQueen, smelling slightly of pipe and poteen, struggles at the car door with her basket of clothes? Far be it from me to insinuate that Bridget is not a perfect lady; for I should thereby run the risk of having my head broken by Patrick, her husband, whom the conductor would also call a gentleman; chiefly, however, because it is not my business here to draw social distinctions, but only verbal ones."

There are some who long to fill their lungs with mountain air, and yet hanker after bathing in the sea. Let them flee, when the sun rages, to the mountains, comforting themselves with the opinion of Mr. John Davidson. "It is impossible, in words, to convey an impression of the delights, after a long walk, of being pumped to and on, of yellow soap, and a huckaback towel. 'A bath in the sea?' queries the imaginary disputant. 'Yes, that is free' and noble; and yet brutal withal. It is the limitation of a pump compared with the sea, and its freedom compared with a basin that makes it so seductive."

Murder is, of course, to be deplored, but the symbolist and the lover of local color will read with satisfaction that in the latest assassination at the North End the stiletto was the weapon employed. Of late years Italians in this quarter have shown a deplorable tendency to divert the razor from its natural use.

The New York Sun asks: "Why can't we raise our own tenors and sopranos?" We have grown a good crop of sopranos, but the soil does not favor tenors. A few years ago Mr. George H. Wilson wrote the prospectus for a tenor-farm out West, but the farm has been abandoned, or cyclones and hail stones have visited it rudely. Even nature seems to abhor a tenor.

Mr. Jefferson d'Angellis has often shone here in a brilliant constellation. His appearance as the one bright particular star will be watched eagerly by the watchers of the theatrical sky.

It is not likely that the English universities will appreciate fully the chivalric devotion of Harvard toward the University of Pennsylvania. And will they understand clearly the precise meaning of "loyalty to the I. C. A. A. A. A.?"

A local contemporary finds in the announcement of the fourth marriage of Henry Mapleson "all the piquancy of a complete surprise." And yet it was not necessary for our esteemed friend to speak so slightly and unjustly of the second wife, Marie Roze. "He (Mapleson) was invaluable, for example, to Mme. Marie Roze, a beautiful and charming woman, but rather a mediocre singer, whom he 'boomed' to perfection." Is this sentence due to ignorance or spite? Poor Mme. Roze was invaluable to Mr. Mapleson, and when she ceased to be a money-getter her husband turned his back on her and looked toward the East and Laura Schlrner, whom he finally married. Our contemporary alludes, almost with reverential awe, to Mr. Mapleson as "a lady killer." We shall not contradict this last statement.

"Little would seem to have been heard of her (Marie Roze) since their separation," adds our old friend. The fact is that Mme. Roze ever since she was ejected from her legal home has taught with success. She now has a school in Paris, and her name is mentioned frequently, and always with respect, in the music journals of that city.

Mr. Sage must be armed in triple brass.

How happy Lady Henry is, when she is denouncing anybody or anything in her own sweet way! Her latest achievement was to denounce lynchings in the United States, then to denounce Miss Ida Wells, "the colored agitator," then to wind up by denouncing Miss Florence Belgarine, who "bravely continued her remarks in spite of the adverse circumstances, but finally yielded, and bursting into tears, sat down." Lady Henry must have been well pleased with her day's work. She was more fortunate than she was in a Haverhill court.

To A. B.: It's only the academic branch of Yale that has closed. The athletic department is still conducting examinations.

Pray, just what does an esteemed contemporary mean by saying that no one who knows ex-Mayor Matthews will believe that he paid money to anyone "without being compelled to do so?"

It was on the 20th of June, 1756, that 115 men and one woman were confined in a room called the Black-hole in Fort William at Calcutta. The room was 18 feet by 18 feet.

a space of something more than 28½ inches by 12 for each person. The prisoners were driven in about 8 P. M. About a quarter after 6 the following morning, 23 went out alive. The only rival horrors at this late day in Boston occur during the winter in street cars between 5 and 7 and 10.30 and 11.30 P. M.

This is the anniversary of the death (1649) of Mr. Richard Brandon, who cut off the head of Charles the First. (Oh, Boston Jacobites, as you meet tonight, strip yourselves of masks, cloaks, and dark lanterns, and remember the day with horrid execration!) For performing his duty Mr. Brandon received £30, paid in half-crowns, within an hour after the axe was lifted. He also had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkerchief out of the King's pocket. He sold the orange for 10 shillings.

And it was on June 20, 1751, that Mr. Thomas Shakeshaft of Weathersfield, Essex, England, and Ann, his wife, received the Dunmow fitch of bacon, having made oath after a twelvemonth of matrimony that, during the whole time, they had never had a quarrel, never regretted their marriage, and if again open to an engagement, would make exactly that they had made. Would Thomas and Ann have understood the humor in this paragraph from "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," by Mr. Coventry Patmore? "Love is a recent discovery, and requires a new law. Easy divorce is the vulgar solution. The true solution is some undiscovered security for true marriage."

A local contemporary remarks: "Ter-magant" is a purely masculine title in origin." Some dictionary makers dispute this statement. Some claim that "Ter-magant" was corrupted from the "Trivigante" of the Italians, which in turn was derived from Diana Trivia, otherwise known as Hecate, who, as is generally understood, was a female. This infernal Diana was invoked in enchantments, and represented with the characteristics of a fury. She had three bodies, and her hands grasped either cords, or swords, or serpents, or flaming torches; just such a vision as is seen no doubt by Bishop Doane in troubled sleep. You can see her picture, if you wish, in "Polymetis," by the Rev. Mr. Spence, plate xiv., figure 1.

Certainly as far back as 1736, "Termagant" was only applied to woman. In Bailey's Dictionary (2nd ed.), we find, "Termagant, a scolding, ranting, brawling woman," and termagantness (probably of *ter magnitudo*, i. e. three Times Magnitude), the ranting, hectoring, robust Temper or Behavior of a masculine Woman." You may smile at this derivation, but the word is a good word, very appropriate to these modern discussions.

Commodore Bunce will command the North Atlantic Squadron. May the omen be propitious; for "bunce" means "extra profit or gain, something to the good."

It was reserved for a local contemporary to censure Mr. Choate for his treatment of Russell Sage in the Laidlaw suit. Over in New York they are better acquainted with Mr. Sage.

There has been a great increase in the number of pupils throughout the country. 'Tis well; that is, if they do not attend Coin's school.

The student of sociology should not neglect the "third biennial council of the World's woman's, etc.," in London. There are many pleasing instances of loose reasoning from false premises, intolerance, and hysteria in so-called debate.

Tacitus tells of a people of Scandinavia. They were the Sitones. They were governed by women: "So notoriously do they degenerate not only from a state of liberty, but even below a state of bondage."

Again there is public discussion concerning street car manners. The prevailing opinion now seems to be that no fat woman should be allowed a seat. But what is the poor thing to do?

When Marie Jansen was a 3-year-old, she was known as one of the fastest young trotters in Kentucky." So says the New York Sun. It was our impression, however, that sweet Marie was a straight out and out Boston girl.

So, too, this Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, the Police Commissioner of Albany, who does no policeman's duty at night, was a Boston boy.

Lamp chimneys were used as weapons in a fight in New York. "Your grocer knows the kind."

This is the anniversary of the death (1529) of John Skelton, poet laureate. A smug and proper critic described lately his verse as "the veriest jingle imaginable." And George P. Marsh echoed with approval the words of old Puttenham: "Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureate) being in deede but a rude rayling rhymer, and all his doings ridiculous." But read Phyllip Sparrow, with unprejudiced mind, and will you not agree with Coleridge

that the poem is "exquisite and original?" Or are not passages of "The Tunning of Eleanor Rumming" worthy of Villon? Eleanor, the most frightful of her sex:

"She breweth noppie ale,
And maketh thereof fast sale
To travellers, to tinkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good ale-drinkers."

And do you ask what a "swinker" is? It's a good old word, and it's a pity that it is out of use. It means a laboring man.

There is the same complaint in London as here against the criminal recklessness of certain cyclists. It was only the other day that the Home Secretary was asked whether some police regulation could be framed requiring such a registration and numbering of cycles as would secure the tracing of their riders or owners in case of accident. "The scorchers are often spoken of as a very small minority; but on some roads they are in a very large minority. . . . Every moment cyclists come past at 15 or 20 miles an hour, without giving the slightest notice of their approach. They evidently rejoice in frightening ladies and startling men. The nuisance is intolerable, and must be checked in some way." Does not this extract from the last Saturday Review read as though it were inspired by daily scenes in and about Boston?

"How beautiful is summer," says "the elegant author" of "Sylvan Sketches." "How beautiful is summer! the trees are heavy with fruit and foliage; the sun is bright and cheering in the morning; the shade of broad and leafy boughs is refreshing at noon; and the calm breezes of the evening whisper gently through the leaves, which reflect the liquid light of the moon." There was a time when such so-called healthy and fine writing was much admired.

"The elegant author!" Alas! such phrases as "He's an elegant gentleman" and "We had an elegant time" frighten the timid and the sensitive from use of this eminently respectable word. Milton spoke of "the elegant authors among the Greeks;" Emerson called Hallam "a learned and elegant scholar;" George Eliot did not disdain the phrase "elegant society." Physicians once termed a medicine containing efficient ingredients in a small volume and of a pleasant taste an "elegant medicine." Other uses not condemned by the fastidious of a half century ago were as "a most elegant parable" or "elegant cement from rice flour." Does anybody today ever speak of a fashionable woman as an "elegant?" And yet it is not preferable to that hideous phrase "of the smart set?"

At any rate, the Brooklyns have Lucid moments.

Young maiden (in the bookshop)—"Can I find here 'The Kiss,' by Doczi?" Clerk—"I am sorry; we have not got it. But must it be only by Doczi?"—"Fliegende Blätter."

"Only \$2000 more required of the \$15,000 to complete the great scheme of decoration for the Public Library by the foremost painter of his time," shouts an ecstatic contemporary. Yes; and the same Public Library is without money to buy books.

That polyglot petition of the W. W. C. T. U. weighs enough by the pound.

And why should there be a recommendation to mercy in the Howgate case?

Jules Lemaitre, the new Immortal, has written poetry and plays, but it is as a brilliant dramatic critic that he is best known. Dr. Winter in this country can now exchange greetings with his Parisian colleague.

Even the law sides with the new woman. Alexander McIlvaine of New York not only did a whole week's washing one Thursday, but the following Friday and Saturday he devoted to ironing while his wife stood by with a horsewhip. Because he was man enough to protest against such cruel treatment, Mrs. Catherine McIlvaine halled him to the Magistrate, who, all trembling, sent the wretched man to prison for a month. Courage, brethren! Let such wrongs unite us in a common cause! We must stand by each other!

The Committee on Tenement Districts reports that "the most astounding circumstance in connection with the investigation is the social and financial standing of the owners of most of these tenement houses." Why, gentlemen, where have you been the last 20 years that you should be thus astounded? Have you so quickly forgotten the story of Trinity Church, New York, and its squalid tenements? Or have you never read the famous poem by Fitz-James O'Brien?

No wonder, at a burglar in Rhode Island surrendered himself to the police, because he had the blues. Perhaps the house he entered had been closed for the summer; or perhaps he is fastidious in the matter of household decoration.

There will be much ado about McAdoo in New Haven.

It's all well enough to have a new hotel in Boston; but what is really needed is a comfortable restaurant for men, where good chops and steaks, welch rabbits and golden bucks will be at a reasonable price, and sound ale, drawn from the wood, will

be served in pewter. Fanning machines, luxurious furniture and pretty waiter girls are but a snare and a delusion. Better a sanded floor, hard wood tables and an experienced, clean shaven waiter who answers to the name of Robert. And the wildest extravagance in tipping should not exceed five cents.

Mr. Carter of Yale has apparently been following the example of Brer Rabbit.

Let us again refresh ourselves with the thought of civilization in Merry England. According to the Liverpool Echo of the 12th, Mr. George Twinn, a hawker, grew weary of his wife, and, in prophetic defiance of the English law, preferred the cheering company of her sister, Miss Agnes Cutts, a name truly symbolical. On the 1st Mrs. Twinn entered by force her husband's caravan, and found the loving couple. She lashed them with her tongue, whereupon Mr. Twinn gashed her as to her head, and Miss Cutts bashed her with a hammer, exclaiming with each blow, "Do for her, George, then you can have me!" The mother of Mrs. Twinn, who imprudently accompanied her daughter, was damaged in the fray, for she had her right leg broken, her nose fractured, and she received several wounds in the face. The most amusing feature of the episode is that Mr. Twinn was actually committed for trial. As for Miss Cutts, she seems to have dropped out of the story, like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe."

Are the English shocked by such a display of animal spirits? Not a bit of it, judging from the manner in which the Pall Mall Gazette tells the following tale of adventure: "The spirits of Mary White are inconceivable. With half of her activity and cheerfulness the House of Commons would reform England into an earthly Paradise. Reform, however, is no word to write in connection with Mary White. She first fought another woman and then threatened to 'rip' her up, next fought the policeman who arrested her, bit him in the calf, twisted her legs round his and upset him and kicked him, threw him against the shutters, flung down another policeman several times, and in fact, used the two constables like shuttlecocks. This little outburst of conviviality seems to have occurred at the end of a career of spirited jocularities, and Mary White is only 24. She went to prison with six weeks' hard labor, but even here her undaunted soul did not flinch. She thought she could do that little lot on her head. She will probably not be allowed to do that."

GOOD NATURED INACCURACY.

Many of our readers remember the hearty welcome given the French Band—or, to speak by the card, "La Musique de la Garde Républicaine"—at the Jubilee, held in this city in 1872. They that were present "French Day" will never forget the enthusiasm provoked by the appearance of the band, by the strains of the Marsellaise, and by the remarkable performance of the visitors. Oscar Comettant, an amusing French journalist, never so amusing as when he is profoundly serious, wildly amusing in his painstaking inaccuracy, has written a book of about 300 pages, which tells of the adventures of Mr. Paulus and his admirable musicians in this country. The subtitle of the book is "Histoire Complète et Authentique." Let us look for a moment at the "complete and authentic" record of the doings in Boston.

The band left New York by the steamboat Providence, and the members "experienced an admiration mingled with astonishment" when they boarded her. Mr. Comettant beguiles the way by telling the story of the origin of Yankee Doodle, and the invention of the steamboat by Fulton, while the musicians drank "the cocktail, the sherry cobbler, and the mint julep" pressed upon them cordially by fellow-passengers. Landed at Fall River they took the train and arrived here at the "Old Colony" Station. The crowd awaiting them was enormous. "The whole population was drunk with joy." And then Messrs. Gilmore, Jordan, Davis, "Didson," "Watherbet," Rice and other "notables of the country" were presented.

We have not the space to give Mr. Comettant's account in full. He tells how the Frenchmen in Boston met them, carrying the flag, "which a powerful enemy could trample under foot for a moment, but the genius of France will soon raise it, etc." In the procession formed to escort the guests to the "Hotel Clarandon" were "Lieutenant Govdevin" on horseback, and a battalion of the Latin School, "commanded by Colonel Zerrahu." This battalion made a deep impression on account of the youthfulness of the officers and soldiers. "But in America one is quickly a man, and the writer has seen in New York grave bookkeepers and cashiers of from 12 to 15 years." And Comettant glows with pride because this battalion did not deign to escort the English or the German guests.

Alas, there were thorns in the path! As they were not expected at the hotel, beds were improvised, and the musicians did not sleep comfortably. "But this is a detail, and the first virtue of a traveler is to be content with what is offered." The cooking, however, was "a ruder test" of patience. Here Comettant quotes from his book "Three Years in the United States" (1852-1855). It is a melancholy survey of cookery in this country, and although Comettant did not accompany the Band, he knows full well from the notes given him by Paulus that there was no improvement in 20 years. "Vegetables boiled in water, without butter and salt. American temperance demands ice-water, not Burgundy or Médoc. Red wine is unknown, and if a guest at the hotel table takes exception, it is to drink at dessert a glass of champagne uncorked noisily by a waiter, to call attention to the wonderful event. . . . One finally learns to distinguish roast chicken and roast beef, although the cook gives a similar flavor to them by pouring over them a common

sauce." When the gallant Frenchmen were at last desperate, they were saved by the devotion of Maury, the second conductor, who gained permission to cook an onion soup for his comrades.

But these were only spots on the kindly sun of hospitality. Willcox played the "Marseillaise" during the mass attended by Paulus; the newspaper men "Dix of the Advertiser, Emerson of the Herald, and Kling of the Journal," devoted their "respected pens" to the service of the musician. Mr. "Kling," as war correspondent, had already won the admiration of his fellow-journalist. "You may form an idea of what journalism is in America when you consider that the Jubilee brought nearly 700 reporters from all the States, representing all the political and social nuances of the Union."

Would that we could quote Comettant's account of the concerts. It would also be a delight to translate some of the notes of anthropological interest. Here are examples: "I notice that the women of Boston are always laughing. They would be more serious if they had less pretty teeth." "Flirtation is a form of American gallantry. It is like the prelude of a fantasia of heart or brain which may or may not be played; which by itself does not amount to much; as is the case with all preludes."

A superficial book, you say. But the superficiality is entertaining, and here and there are shrewd remarks. 'Tis a kindly book, even when our national vanity is pricked. Nor is the volume without value to the musician, for it contains much information about a Band that has for years been justly famous. If we smile at the hasty or ill-founded judgments of a wandering musician, let us ask whether the printed impressions of an American visiting Paris for a short season would not excite the laughter of the French, if they were not a most courteous people?

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

There was a time when the heroine of the English novel was a pleasingly dressed, sound, comely young woman, conventional in belief, bound by approved traditions, contented with Fate, who at the incantation of her mother appeared in the form of a proper husband. This heroine was not

expected to be original or witty, indeed the charming girl in "The Golden Butterfly" could neither read nor write. She had no desire to beat against the walls of her cage, for, to her, home was not a cage. According to description, her face and her body were constructed after approved designs, and Jane was as like Emily and Laura as is one pea to its pod-companions. She respected the curate and the Queen. Men walked as trees in a sentimental mist. She knew that a display of passion was indecorous. If father or mother wished her to marry Arthur when she loved Lancelot, she cried a little, but without disfiguring her eyes and nose, and was a dutiful wife to her parent's choice. Sometimes her lover died before the wedding day; in this case she was good to the poor, and, an old woman with a cap, she was beloved by nieces who listened to her simple stories, and finally inherited from her. All in all, a lay figure, a sawdust doll.

The heroine of today is more terrible than an army with banners. She is apt to inherit alcoholism from her paternal

grandfather, who is apt to be the family that disquieted the immediate relatives of her mother. At the age of seven she converses glibly on agnosticism; and at 14 she has determined never to marry. She is a restless creature, thin, as a rule, with morbid features, a hungry, dissatisfied look, hectic cheeks. Angularity of limb and outline has taken the place of sleek, round curves. She is easily a prey to kleptomania, pyromania and all the other manias in the catalogue. A clergyman is to her as a red flag to a bull. She despises her father and mocks her mother. She at first dreams of a mission, or rather a career. To paint, to sing, to act: anything but sluggish, molluscan existence. She is fascinated by the abnormal. A divorcee is to her more companionable than her sister with serene eyes. The duty of a husband is to prove by his neglect the superiority of other women to his wife. Music, a vivid sunset, a high wind only serve to incite hysteria. If she rides, the horse is ruined for life. She envies the famous women of the world. All England seems a parish. She marries, but only for a few months and to oblige the author. She abominates children, unless they are pretty and perverse. She loves a man, if her amusement breaks a woman's heart. She reads the early Fathers, forbidden classics, and the works of Mendès. She lives chiefly on chlorals. If she dies, she makes shocking remarks after a shocking life. If she lives beyond twenty-five, she is apt to be a chattering idiot or a sullen prisoner. She dreams of Cleopatra, the ghoul woman in the Arabian Nights, a pétroleuse, the ladies of the Borgia family, Mrs. Brownrigg, Balzac's Succube and Valerie. And yet she is an amusing character, though unconsciously. For she, too, is a lay figure, a sawdust doll.

If, then, there is a choice in dolls, do you not prefer the doll "that merely moves its eyes when you press than an elaborate clock-work thing that kicks out its legs indecorously and makes horrid noises?" Sophia Western is no doubt a poor, foolish thing, but the world has loved her for nearly a century and a half. Do you remember today even the name of the heroine of "The Yellow Aster" or "The Heavenly Twins?" And here is a surprising fact: The sweet, amiable so-called conventional heroines of English novels were imagined and described by men; the most extravagant of the modern, analytical leurotic women in fiction are fashioned with great pains and apparent pride by their sisters in the flesh. So here again is woman revealed as the cruellest enemy of her own sex.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Pablo de Sarasate, the Only Worker of Miracles.

How Prof. Stanford Was Neatly and Effectually Knifed.

Notes and Comments on Certain Men and Sundry Music.

From time to time we have quoted passages of destructive criticism from the Saturday Review. Let us now consider Mr. Rundman's purple praise of Sarasate, who played lately in London. Sarasate's hair, by the way, is fast growing white, although he was born no longer ago than 1844.

"Surely of all them that play upon the violin, Sarasate is the greatest giver of joy and the only worker of miracles. Burmeister does astonishing feats, and we all admire the daring, energy, swiftness, and strength, knowing full well that, granted some rare but easily understood intellectual and physical gifts, his enormous technique is of the sort that issues quite unmiraculously out of long and patient study. Joachim's gifts, too, are comprehensible enough, and we reverence that splendid interpretative power, or are deeply moved by the poignant human accent of his best playing, feeling sure that neither is there here anything magical. But Sarasate evokes a miracle every time he draws his bow across the strings, for that tone of his is certainly nothing that may be attained by study or imitation, but a new creation, like the light that never was on sea or land. His accuracy of intonation is marvelous, just as Burmeister's is marvelous when Burmeister is at his best; his phrasing is perfect, just as Lady Halle's is perfect when Lady Halle is at her best; and the one thing Sarasate has entirely to himself

is that incredible beauty of tone. When you try to give your impressions of it, you are either driven on the one hand to idle inexpressiveness or on the other to a series of extravagant and contradictory images. At first it baffles you by reason of its extreme simplicity, the simplicity that veils the complexity of the finished art. You exhaust the stock forms that serve to express delight, and then, realizing that you have said nothing to the purpose, you call in analysis, which reveals the fact that the simplicity that baffles you is compacted of a number of seemingly incompatible qualities, plus a quality that constantly eludes you. First there is silver purity, and in opposition to that, a voluptuous richness of glowing color. Its brilliance makes you think of the hard gleam of splendid things elaborately wrought in precious metal, and yet you are conscious that the silver and gold of which Sarasate's tone reminds you is flexible, you might say fluid, liquid silver and liquid gold. It is sweet, and it is penetrated by a subtle acid that prevents it ever cloying. Above all, there remains that elusive something in which the other mutually destructive elements are, as it were, dissolved and presented to you as a complete thing, the most natural, most inevitable thing in the world. And so one might go on, seeking, but seeking in vain, for the phrase that defines the essential quality of Sarasate's tone. It is unique, magical; and like the picturesque effects of nature, it is indelible, and seems to an extent to reflect your own mood. And Sarasate's tone is always Sarasate's tone, whether he holds long-breathed notes, or sends out thin streams of rapid staccatos, or tears up and down the finger-board in scales or arpeggios: always Sarasate's, always miraculously beautiful, always indescribable. His playing is as hard to classify as his tone. Take, for instance, his version of Bach's A major sonata, which he gave us last Saturday. To describe such a personal, colored, mobile conception as classical would be absurd; but if one tries to think of it as romantic, was it not wonderfully restrained, poised, consistent? Anything less like the classical playing of Joachim cannot be thought of, for Sarasate made no attempt to interpret the composer; yet, seemingly in obedience to some secret law of his own being, having started true to Bach, he remained true, and became quite as genuinely classical as Joachim in his severest mood. With Sarasate high technique is the servant of poetic feeling, and the feeling is the feeling of Sarasate, not of the composer he plays; but his moods are so curiously ordered, so oddly logical, that if the right mood happens to be on him when he commences, no avowed interpreter can interpret some things half so well. Some things, I say, for he has his limitations. He lacks the humanity, and the sympathy with humanity, necessary to understand Beethoven; and to hear him play the 'Kreutzer' is to suffer all the woes of purgatory. In Burmeister there is no trait that you would not, rightly or wrongly, set down to the father who begot him, or the mother who bore him, and of Joachim one may say the same: both are intensely human. But there seems something unhuman and elfish in Sarasate, so that one is inclined to look upon him as a fairy changeling. He does odd, freakish things, of a sort that may possibly be learnt in fairyland, but which no respectable parents would teach or encourage. He cannot be classified. The basis of his artistic personality is an abnormal Oriental susceptibility to sensuous loveliness of color, whether it comes as light to the eye or as sound to the ear, and this, I suppose, he may have inherited with his Jewish blood. But through what experiences he has passed, what influences have played upon him, that in the result he is the most complex and unaccountable personality of this generation, the most wayward, and the most logical in his waywardness, are questions I should no more like to answer than I should like to explain how it is that, though he stands quietly and perfectly at his ease on the platform, he never fails to give the impression of the passionate, untamed, and untameable artist, ready at any moment to break out into the mere gypsy. But there he is: emphatically the most interesting violinist of the day; not human enough to play Beethoven, but in whatever else he takes in hand, the most lovably delightful of all them that play upon the violin."

Here are two criticisms of Prof. Stanford's new concerto for piano and orchestra. The first is from the Pall Mall Gazette: "We would that even the simulacrum of such an enthusiasm could have been created by Prof. Stanford's new concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. Mr. Leonard Borwick, indeed, played for his part with his customary distinction and delicacy. But the music avoided his efforts. The whole of the first movement, for example, was sadly ineffectual. There was symmetry in the movement, but scarcely a tittle of inspiration; the intention was for gaiety, and the result was to be no more than trivially light. A rather graceful episode intervened toward the end of the first movement, but it rapidly scattered itself into meaningless fireworks. You felt inclined to call out 'Houp-là!' and, again, to whisper the mystic name of 'Sullivan.' The second movement was in the nature of a gentle hymn, to be sung (let us say) by female angels. It really had a pretty sentiment which would have been original if it had

had never lived, and the final passages of this movement, wherein a soft succession of phrases for strings swim up, as it were, like a mist above the central phrases for the pianoforte, are extremely and genuinely pretty. The final movement suffers from Prof. Stanford's somewhat common fault of composing music with too little substance and too much decoration. As the finale (differently orchestrated, of course) of

a Savoy comic opera, this movement would probably have achieved a brilliant success. Indeed, we seriously counsel Prof. Stanford to take up this idea seriously. We feel sure that, with his gentle humor, his undoubted learning, and his strong sense of prettiness in music, he should achieve a genuine success in this province of musical art. The applause that greeted this particular movement of which we write should convince him of the truth of these observations; and, had that movement appeared as the finale to an act of such Savoy opera, we ourselves should likewise have heartily applauded. It goes without saying that the concerto, in the hands of Dr. Richter, got as good a chance as concerto could get in the broad world."

The second is from the Saturday Review: "Prof. Stanford's new concerto, played by Mr. Leonard Borwick at the last Richter concert, is a great work, assuredly a very great work. It contains clouds of arpeggios, miles of scales, tons of chords and a whole Czerny study as a cadenza. As the first movement is an allegro comodo, the second an adagio molto and the finale an allegro assai e giocoso, it will easily be seen that the work is really a very great one. Indeed, Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, played earlier in the same concert, is of course not to be compared with Stanford's masterpiece, but it has its good points. It is pure color, gorgeous, sometimes glaring, but generally harmonious, and though the work is long, one follows with interest and pleasure throughout. The color is not so much Russian as the 'new' Russian school uses the word, as Oriental; but the freedom and novelty of form is so characteristically Russian that it is curious to reflect that the enthusiastic 'new' Russians look upon Tschaikowsky as a kind of mild traitor who forsook the cause of creating a truly Russian school to become a classical reactionary. Richter was at his very best conducting the symphony. ~~Whether the composer would have regarded the rendering as an ideal one is a question, but certainly the method of presenting the work to the English in a tame condition with its hair well combed, insured it a favorable reception, though Richter did not carry the process so far as Sir A. Mackenzie did last year at the Philharmonic performance. Which reminds me that at the last Philharmonic concert Dr. Parry conducted a new version of his old symphony in F. It is, I suppose, the kind of thing he writes on a blackboard when he is teaching composition to the hopeful youth that attend the Royal College; and if that is so, one need not wonder why it was put on a Philharmonic program. By the way, those of us who say that the Philharmonic Society does nothing for music must now retract. The directors have begged those who sit in the stalls to come always in evening dress. That is right, for to listen to Beethoven, to say nothing of Parry, in anything less than evening dress, is improper and dishonors those great composers."~~

The Pall Mall Gazette thus criticises the new opera, "Harold," produced at Covent Garden, June 11:

"We wish to be quite respectful and serious in dealing with Sir Edward Malet's and Mr. Frederick Cowen's English opera, "Harold," produced for the first time at Covent Garden on Saturday night. For, apart from the fact that both authors take themselves and one another very seriously, Sir Augustus Harris has also made noble efforts to the end that, whatever causes might combine to make the work a failure, it should certainly not be owing to any want of splendor, completeness and care on the part of the stage management. We begin, therefore, by giving to Sir Augustus that preliminary applause which, in this instance, at all events, is peculiarly his due.

"If we turn first to the libretto of Sir Edward Malet, we are sorrowfully compelled to confess that a high poetic literary quality is not in him. His chief merit lies in the fact that he has produced a work with a coherent and intelligible plot. Beyond that point flattery itself should hesitate to go. The quality of his lyrics is so far the antithesis of the quality of mercy that we can recall no stanza throughout that is not strained, affected and unimpressive. This is the kind of thing:

And then, launch thy arrow	Blow me thy bugle,
And hear me o'er thy	Victory.
And	Blow, for the night is
Up, thy swelling sails	part.
For me,	The crown—the crown—
And proudly let me	It comes to me.
ride.	The goal is near at
	last.
Or again:	
The moon is light on	O blind the flowers and
leaf and flower,	hang them fair
The dew are cooling,	In fragrant powder
Where roses for the hap-	Fill all the bower and
py hour	scents the air
All Nature waiting	With Norman rears.

"We refrain from the narrative portion of this impotent work, which is, if possible, even balder and more empty than the lyrical. Still, we have allowed one merit, which, as some compensation to these words of dispraise on the literary side, should be clearly borne in mind as a conspicuous advantage which is wanting in nine-tenths of ordinary operatic hooks. Sir Edward Malet, at all events, tells his story clearly and simply.

"As to Mr. Cowen's share in the matter, we have been informed that he has in the composition of this work entered upon a 'second musical period,' following the decent traditions of Beethoven. And it is very certain that this music is quite a different affair from 'The Better Land,' 'The Children's Garden,' and many another well-known ballad of Mr. Cowen's earlier 'period.' But we are not quite sure whether we do not prefer the older tune, in which, whatever might have been its rank in the hierarchy of melody, Mr. Cowen did certainly produce melody of an intelligible and plain kind. In his present 'period' he is clearly so anxious to avoid any suspicion of obvious melody that his work is a combination of perpetual surprises. The unexpected always happens. Every natural musical phrase—natural as we, from a conventional ear, choose to regard it—is turned away from its beginnings and molded into some bewilderingly strange ending until one falls into the attitude of taking up note by note, phrase by phrase, without any sense of sequence. Mr. Cowen, it is clear throughout, is seriously at pains to destroy that sense of sequence, with the very curious result that the whole musical composition of the opera seems to have been bodily lifted away, to stand just outside musical coherence, musical fitness and musical intelligibility. It is really an extraordinary feat, and it assuredly argues loudly in favor of Mr. Cowen's musical accomplishments that he was able to achieve it. The score is, in fact, far from deserving dispraise; and we are sure that if Mr. Cowen will just try and relate his music according to the ideal of some natural sequence of thought he will produce quite attractive work. It may be, that in his desire to rush away from his early commonplace, he has stepped beyond the limit of reasonableness. He has now only to retrace those steps somewhat, and who knows what welcome we may some day give to him?

"Mr. David Bispham's William of Normandy was vigorous, Mme. Albani took most commendable pains with the part of Edith, Mr. Richard Green was a picturesque Malet, M. Irozel was an exceedingly inadequate Harold; and, for the rest, chorus and orchestra worked with a will."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Antoinette Trebelli has been singing in South Africa.

A monument to Victor Nessler was dedicated at Strassburg May 26.

Miss Clara Smart is now in Denver. She will teach there this summer.

August Hyllested, formerly of Chicago, played the piano lately in Paris.

Philipp Rüfer's new opera "Ingo" has been accepted by the Berlin Opera House.

Mr. L. A. Coerne, now of Buffalo, formerly of Boston, has gone to Munich for the summer.

"The Juggler," a new comic opera, text by Hartley, music by Housley, has been produced in Denver.

Schumann's "Faust" was given for the first time in Italy at Bologna under the direction of Martucci.

Mr. Arthur Beresford sang lately at a

concert of the Euterpean Society in Columbus, Ohio, with success.

During the season '94-'95 at the Cologne Opera House seven novelties were produced. There were in all 140 performances.

Franz Rummel, who is living in Dessau, Germany, has been decorated with the Order for Art and Science by the Duke of Anhalt.

The lately discovered Delphic Hymn to Apollo was performed with accompaniment of flute, oboe, and harp (arranged by Prof. Foschini) at Turin.

Emma Barnes sang at the Théâtre Français at a benefit concert May 22, and the 24th she sang at Figaro's 5 o'clock. She may sing at the Opéra as Juliet.

Mr. Otto Floersheim has a very long and elaborate review in the Musical Courier of the 19th of the first performance of Rubinstein's "Christus" at Bremen, May 25.

When "Cavalleria Rusticana" was first produced in Paris, the eminent critics would not have it. They referred to it as "petite ordure." It has now been given at the Opéra-Comique over 100 times.

Mr. J. C. Bartlett sang at the fifth Binghamton Festival. "He won 8 or 10 recalls, giving double encores for each of his two numbers. A purer, sweeter tenor has never been heard here," writes Mr. Edwin R. Weeks.

A recital will be given by members of the graduating class of the New England Conservatory of Music, Monday evening. Miss Castle, Miss Connor, Miss Maxim, Miss Kenyon, Miss Stovall, and Mr. Theobald will take part.

Miss Mary Troup of New York, musical student under the instruction of Prof. Giraudet in Paris, died suddenly in the house of her teacher June 14, from heart disease. It is said that her sister died under similar circumstances about a year ago.

Mrs. Reeves, the wife of Sims Reeves, the tenor, died at Norwood, England, June 10. She was at one time noted as a soprano singer, and before her marriage was Miss Emma Lucombe. She was married to Reeves Nov. 2, 1850. Four or five years after the marriage she retired from the stage.

Calvé is in great form. Here is a version of her letter to the Opera directors, when she sent the money for her release. "I can't bear to send you this great bag of money dry and brutally, like a common money sack. I must speak to you of the feelings of regret that go with it. In fact, the dream of my life has been to play in Grand Opéra in Paris, to sing beautiful works, to create great roles and to receive the applause of the city I love so much. But duty to those dependent upon me and to the good I want to do commands that I accept an opportunity of such immense value. For a whole year I have hesitated on this step, and, believe me, the signature I have just written has cost me dear, so strong and so long has been my desire to stay here."

The London correspondent of the Musical Courier sends this gossip: "Clara Poole has gone to Paris for two or three weeks to fill some professional engagements. Miss Marguerite Hall, well known in Boston, is singing in several concerts in London, as well as fashionable at homes. Mr. Clayton Johns is spending a brief holiday here with his friend, Mr. David Bispham, prior to leaving for Ischl. Mr. Ondricek, who made such a success at the Philharmonic concert, left this morning (June 1) for Brandeis an der Adler, where he spends the summer months. Miss Laura Burnham, the young American soprano who made such a success at her debut in London on the 18th ult, left yesterday with her mother for New York. After her concert she booked a number of engagements for the autumn, and we expect her back here in September."

A concert, devoted to the works of the young French school and led by Vincent d'Indy, was given lately in Brussels. The program included a symphony by Chausson, dance airs by Fauré, "Paysage Breton," by Ropartz, "Danses Béarnaises," by Borde, "Sauge-Fleurie," a legend-symphony by Vincent d'Indy. Th. Ysaÿe played with orchestra César Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra. Wake up, Mr. Paur; rub your eyes; are none of these worth hearing?

June 24-95

The modern English novel is described as erotic, neurotic, and tommyrotic.

Rain on St. John's Day, and we may expect a wet harvest.

"Cut your thistles before St. John,
You will have two instead of one."

Stevenson and Henley's Robert Macaire is, indeed, a devil-may-care.

It is to be hoped that farmers took the necessary precautions this morning. As is well known, the night of St. John the witch climbs to the top of the fence which surrounds the cowyard, and sings the following spell:

"To me the cheese,
To me the meat,
To me the butter,
To me the milk,
To you only the cowhide."

Then the cow will die, the carcass be buried, and the skin sold, unless the owner goes early on St. John's Day to the meadow, and gathers the morning dew in a cloak. This he should carry home, and after binding the cow to a beam, wash her with it. Then she should be milked, and if all is well with her, she will yield four bucketsful.

Gallant explorers no longer go to the Arctic regions to find the North Pole. They go in search of relief.

Mr. Debs is having a hard time of it in jail. His writing table is of pine, not mahogany.

And yet his prison life has its amenities. He and his friends "have drawn up a set of rules for themselves and have set hours for rising and retiring." "Retiring" probably means in this connection "going to bed." Then they debate each evening, or read books on economic subjects, "Sheriff Eckhart says he has a great respect for Debs." Truly a scene from opéra-bouffe. But the trouble is that some—including Debs—take Debs seriously.

Altgeld's "Live Questions" is the work of a dead politician.

A Western physician visiting this town spoke burning words concerning "the unfortunate doctor who had no wife." There are women, married to physicians, who are often tempted to deplore the profession of their husbands. The old-fashioned doctor was a slave to all except his family.

Mr. John Ruskin declares that "damned modernism eats its children young." It will be remembered that Mr. Ruskin is a writer on Art and the higher development of aestheticism.

The New York Sun's masterly editorial article on "How to Drink Beer" should be read by bar-keepers as well as by malt-worms, toss-pots, and men-fish. The article reveals wide knowledge, philosophic grasp, intimate personal acquaintance, and a philanthropic spirit. It is only rivaled by the famous opinion on malt liquors once handed down by Chancellor Walworth, and the poem by George Arnold. "Beer should be drunk quickly," is the conclusion of the whole matter. Prosit!

Our Animal Friends publishes an interesting article entitled "Consider the Dog." The trouble is that the dog often gives man no time for consideration.

We have all read the story of Patti's reappearance in opera as cabled by a passionate press agent. Now come the supposedly cooler reports of the London journals. And

yet the cynical Pall Mall Gazette was moved to this opalescent praise: "Old men and youths, maidens, new women and old women, all flocked from the uttermost limits of Putney, from the distant shores of Clapham, from the golden remote wild West—just for this purpose, to hear the divine Patti as Violetta in Verdi's 'La Traviata.' Applause followed her footsteps whithersoever she trod; flowers were hurled at her from boxes and handed to her from the orchestra; her jewels were like the mines of Golconda; a breathless public listened to every golden note with boundless fervor; and, in a word, the sentiment of the night must have filled Sir Augustus Harris with a joy and a gladness compared to which his joy over the profits of a Wagner season were probably indifference itself. It was a wild, whirling, triumphant affair. If we now turn to the question of how Patti sang, we must at once fall into the language of staid sobriety. Her voice has been, and probably still is, the most purely exquisite thing of its kind, when it is at its best, among the voices of the world. It is true that brilliance has somewhat forsaken it, that the high notes, having lost the smoothness of the strength of youth, are often harsh and untamable, that there are occasional gaps and weaknesses; but if you throw all these things into the scale, there still remains a wonderful beauty of tone, a magical and quite individual smoothness, roundness, sweetness of expression, a magnificent style which are quite sufficient for any ordinary enthusiasm. Her singing all throughout the third act was a perfect thing in its way, with the result that, for three minutes after the fall of the curtain, the house was practically insane. It must be added that Mme. Patti, in the operatic sense, acted extremely well."

"An Inquirer" asks the meaning of the phrase "The Unspeakable Turk." We do not know, unless the inference is that the Turk does such things and says such things that he is not to be mentioned. Close observers of the Turks, men who have lived in their country, and in business relations, agree generally that the Turk has been a much maligned and slandered man. No one ever disputed his bravery. His honesty, temperance and courtliness are equally worthy of praise, they say. No doubt atrocious deeds are committed occasionally by Turks. But even in the United States crimes occur, and they often go unpunished, which, for cruelty and utter barbarity, rival the record of Eastern lands.

The Russians now appear as the Christian champions of the Armenian subjects of the Porte. Let's see. By the laws of 1831 the Jews in Russia were driven into the Ghetto of the Pale from villages and rural parts. The operation of these laws has led to abominable overcrowding. The Rabbinical schools are being closed, and the next generation of Russian Jews will hardly obtain elementary education. The number of Jews who can attend any college is restricted to 5 per cent. of the population, but as the Jews within the Pale form from 10 to 50 per cent., only the smallest minority can enter the professions.

It is well known that there are dentists in London and in Paris whose specialty it is to fit lap-dogs with a set of false teeth. It now appears from a Parisian monthly magazine of fashions that there are tailors and fashion plates for dogs. The list of garments includes mackintoshes, Jaeger vests, comforters and respirators, side pockets with a lace handkerchief inside, fur collars, small silk umbrellas which dogs are taught to carry over the head. Bifurcated skirts or knickerbockers may yet be adapted to canine use.

The following story would seem incredible were it not for the recollection of the disposal of Jeremy Bentham's body after his death. "Dr. Variot, a leading French physician, shows the possibility of obtaining metallic mummies of our friends, which may be used either for street decoration or for household purposes. These ornaments can be prepared in gold, silver, nickel, or copper, according to fancy and the pocket, and should the idea be adopted there is a great future for this new branch of electroplating. To effect the metallizing much elaborate apparatus is required, and the body has to be previously painted with nitrate of silver to render it a good electrical conductor. It is stated that by regulating the deposit all details of conformation may be retained, while at the same time it is of sufficient thickness to withstand external blows. Dr. Variot does not anticipate a public rush on his 'galvanic anthroplastic.'"

June 25, 95
"G. Wilfred Pearce," who addresses the New York Sun from the St. Botolph Club of this town, treats of pie lore with the reverence of the antiquary and the zeal of the voluptuary. And yet he does not mention the fact that 40 odd years ago quince pie was relished keenly by the revelers at the Revere House. It is our impression that it was then eaten with a tablespoon. But talking of pie to New Yorkers is like carrying owls to Athens or coals to Newcastle. Not many years ago there was a species of food sought out eagerly by the frequenters of the eating houses in the wide part of Fulton Street, between Water Street and the river. It was known as "poplar pie," and it attracted the attention of Richard White, who described it as "ruda in-staque moles."

There have been strange doings down in Newburyport. A correspondent of Feathered Race writes in a letter dated at that town, "I sold a pullet to a party that laid 17 eggs in 17 days."

Mascagni and Leoncavallo accuse each other of lack of originality. And the pot did once address the kettle, the shovel make game of the poker, the raven cry to the crow: "Get out of that, blackamoor."

This reminds us that a Doctor of Music—especially in England and the United States—is frequently a man who doctors music.

The agitation for a testimonial to Dr. Grace, the famous cricketer of England, reveals the frenzied passion for the national game. One pathetic letter was received from a cricketer who had a finger broken while fielding a hit of the Doctor's, and has preserved the dislocation as a precious trophy.

Dr. Grace says concerning "ladies' cricket": "I consider it only a game for school-girls, and it ought to be abandoned when they grow up. My own daughter was a real good bat, a splendid fielder, and a fair underhand bowler. Her highest score was 63 not out; but as she is now 17, her cricket days are over."

If butter is unusually palatable, you may suspect the presence in it of benign bacilli, that is, easily digested bacilli. For Prof. Conn assigns the "pleasant, sharp, fragrant taste" of Danish butter to the "activity of this species of bacillus."

You may smile at the old superstitions connected with St. John's Day: The wheel that rolled away bad luck; the bonfires, the search after fern, the divination by the Orpine plant, the apparition to the watcher in the church porch of all those to die the coming year, the sowing of hemp seed, etc. But even here in Boston there are people of fortune, position and education who send a lock of their hair to a so-called clairvoyant physician in another city that she may tell definitely the disease by which they are tormented.

In spite of the combined effort of Miss Mary Wilkins and Mr. Chamberlin, the kindly "Listener" with the silver tongue, the average boy will still prefer the masterpieces of "Old Sleuth."

The advantages of bachelorship are again seen. Aliens who go to the island of Guernsey in search of employment are obliged to pay a graduated fee. A single man is charged 10 francs, a married man 15 francs. You can buy a good many things for 5 francs on that wild island.

There are invaluable additions to Sullivaniana. The eminent play-actor, it appears from his own statement, is an indefatigable reader. His favorite hours for mental culture are between 1 and 3 A. M. "After stripping off, I put the pillows down to the foot of the bed, in order to get the light." Mr. Sullivan "used to be a great fellow for books;" he admires and respects Napoleon and Gen. Grant; he is also particularly fond of raw Bermuda onions, eaten before breakfast. Indeed, it is not unlikely that he munches a string or two as he looks over his favorite Montaigne or "The Gentle Life."

Mr. Sullivan remarked in the course of his conversation with a reporter, "If I hadn't drank and been reckless I might have been high up in the political world today." This statement is not marked by the stern logical development of thought that characterizes him in his greatest, native moments. Still it is encouraging to all lovers of a strong government to know that he still has hopes of political supremacy. "I may yet," is the laconic, cool expression of his burning ambition.

"Caesar seeing in Rome one day certain riche and wealthy strangers, having little dogges and monkeyes in their armes, and that they made marvelous much of them, he asked them if the women in their country had no children." So wrote Sir Thomas North in his brave translation of Plutarch's life of Pericles. And does not the spelling of the time accentuate the meaning of the words? Are not the strangers stranger, the dogs more canine, and the monkeyes more monkeyish to the reader? Yet there are prosaic persons who claim that spelling has gained by condensation.

Say not that romance is dead. Michael Stojanovitch, the ablest brigand of the Danube districts, has been captured and shot. Some years ago he abducted a beautiful girl as she was dancing one Sunday afternoon, and off he galloped with her. About a month ago she was shot by ungallant gen d'armes, and Michael insisted on attending her funeral in her birthplace. The act of devotion removed him from earth.

June 26, 95
"The folks who live near Pine Hill, Lynn, are scared by a woman in bloomers." And no wonder. There are things that strike terror to the stoutest soul.

A Boston girl now in London writes that she could not gain admittance to any so-called respectable hotel in that city, because she was alone; and yet she had considerable baggage and showed her passport and letter of credit.

A local contemporary is assisting vigorously in the trial of Angus D. Gilbert. The fact that the defendant's "face flushed" when certain testimony was given is paraded in the pillory of the head-line. Does it ever occur to our esteemed neighbor that a man accused of murder is presumably innocent until he is proved to be the guilty one? Complaints are made frequently of the present lack of reverence for the law. There should not be prejudice or lawlessness in the reporting of such a grave proceeding as a trial for murder.

This reminds us that Mr. Hummel is right in refusing to disclose the name of the woman who is said to be responsible for the unpleasantness in the Corbett family. It was only the other day that Sir Francis Jeune in the London Divorce Court, when a suit came up for trial before him, requested all those who had no duty to perform to leave the court, and begged the representatives of the press to omit in their report the names of witnesses and all the evidence that was gross. What is more to the point, and will no doubt excite the scorn of the hustling American journalist, Sir Francis Jeune's advice was respected by the press.

That Mr. Corbett should be sorely tempted to wander from his own fireside is not beyond belief. Did not Hippia, the Senator's wife, run off with Sergius, known fondly to her as Sergiolus, or "dear Sergy?" And yet Juvenal tells us that Sergius had many things disagreeable in his face, his forehead galled by his helmet, a great wen on the middle of his nose. "But he was a gladiator! This makes him as beautiful as Hyacinthus was in the eyes of Apollo. This character she prefers to her children, to her country, to her sister, and to her husband." 'Tis the first they love. Now remember that Mr. Corbett is in the pride of his rejoicing strength, is in the eyes of many a handsome fellow, is nicknamed "Gentleman Jim." What wonder if he has not 'scaped temptation!

The important fact that Mr. Joaquin Miller at night lies down on a couch of bay tree branches with nothing but a blanket between him and the sky is telegraphed all the way from the wild canon of Dry Ferns or thereabouts. What has become of those gorgeous leg boots which excited literary London to corybantic frenzy? Can he not have them resoled that he may sleep in them, aye, perchance, die in them?

The young man who surrendered himself to the police of a New York town that he might answer here a charge of larceny exclaimed, "I am the victim of Nemesis." This was merely a high-flown manner of acknowledging the daily receipt of calls from Mr. R. E. Morse.

It will be remembered that when the people of Cleveland were chasing furiously after a young Irishman named Culkins, a friend of Artemus Ward, a voice came from a little room: "Gentlemen, Culkins is here. The last of the Culkinses is under the bed."

Mr. Hubbard T. Smith of Indiana, author of "Listen to My Tale of Woe," will probably be assigned to duty at the United States Embassy at Berlin, "where he will have an opportunity to pursue his musical studies." And thus a Democratic Administration fosters national art! Smith, we charge thee, fling away ambition! It is a greater thing to have written a popular ditty than a sixtate dry-as-dust symphony in A flat minor, stamped on each movement, "German made."

The memory of this day should be dear to all such as have found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. For it was on the 26th of June, 1715, that William Tunstall, a gentleman who espoused the Stuart interest, received sentence of death for high treason. And how did he escape his punishment? "Not from any circumstances that could weigh with a jury, but because he sung to his harp some 'droll' verses upon the occasion, which moved the minister." This shows that whereas the singing of a topical song generally leads the judicious hearer to murderous thoughts, it once actually saved human life. But topical songs were probably not so common, so inevitable, in those happier days.

This is the anniversary of the death (1684) of Archbishop Leighton, who, never married, was, of course, a subject of considerable interest to the "celibate ladies" living in his neighborhood. One day he received a visit from one of them who was fully ripe. And she said to him that she had had a strange revelation from Heaven; she was to be united in marriage to him. The Archbishop quailed not, neither did he quiver. He gently said: "Doubtless these intimations were not to be despised." He then added that as yet the designs of Heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would wait to see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and whenever it happened he would be sure to let her know. But the letter that she looked for never came.

The tennis tournament reminds us that in the older game, hand tennis, the champion of 1424 in Paris, where greatest skill was shown, was a damsel named Margot, "who played with the palm, and also with the back of her hand, better than any man."

A local contemporary alleges that the tales of Edgar Allan Poe are "essentially detective stories." Let's see. The four volumes now published of the new and complete edition of Poe's works include 67 tales; of these five are "detective stories," or stories of ratiocination. The masterpieces, "William Wilson," "Shadow," "Silence," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Assumption," reveal the strange individuality and the supreme genius of Poe; and in none of them does the detective enter.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey told Dr. C. M. Mascraft that he was struck with the symmetrical proportions of the people seen in the streets of Cincinnati. The doctor adds that "a great part of Dixey's popularity unquestionably depends upon the classic outline of his legs, and he is, therefore, an authority." So it is doubtful whether Dixey or Mascraft is, in this instance, the little joker. It should be remembered that some malicious person lately accused the people of Cincinnati of being bow-legged, not merely with the curve which, according to an ancient opinion, gives strength to the members, but to a parenthetical, disfiguring degree.

"If it rains on June 27th it will rain seven weeks."

It is to be regretted that the description of the presentation of the snuff box to Admiral Kirkland is so meagre. Was the box full? Were pinches taken freely? Did all sneeze when the Emperor tickled his fiery nostrils? Perhaps there will be a revival of snuff taking in the navy and in the learned professions. Snuff lent shrewdness to the lawyer, profound learning to the old family physician. Mr. Richard Mansfield showed that snuff could be taken elegantly even in these degenerate days, although his use was contrary to the tradition that Beau Brummel abhorred the habit. Great scholars are preferred the pipe to the snuff box. Take the case of Marc Boxbornius Zuerius. It was his custom to wear a hat with a hole in it to support his pipe, so that he could smoke whilst he was studying and writing. We recommend this example to Mayor Strong of New York. And in these days, when societies are formed against the cigarette habit, it is distressing to learn that Miss Carmine Glennott, who once made cigarettes in Newark, is now second lady of honor to the Queen of Italy. However, she may have repented in sackcloth, and therefore be now rewarded with purple and fine linen.

Apropos of Queens, the Liverpool Echo—what should we do without it?—in its account of the destruction by fire of the family house of the Duke and Duchess of Fife gives an interesting description of the heroism of Queen Victoria. The fire raged fiercely, and the water supply was exhausted. "Her Majesty the Queen posted through at 7 o'clock with outriders and four beautiful grays to view the scene of the disaster." But the radical fire kept on a-burning and paid no attention to Her Majesty, "who was much affected," although the property was insured. Fortunately there was only one accident of a serious nature. A man named Mac Lean was half suffocated. Pity was checked in a measure when the report spread that the victim was a plumber.

Life is a constant round of gayety in Liverpool. We learn from a police report that Mr. James Kayes, "who bore a semblance to a carter," pushed a 14-year-old lad from behind into the water at the Waterloo Pier-head. The Stipendiary Magistrate described the conduct of Mr. Kayes "very foolish," and obliged him to pay 20 shillings to the boy, who fortunately can swim.

But such fine animal spirits are not confined to Liverpool. It was in the Manchester County Police Court that Mr. Weinstein was charged with "neglecting his wife." His love for her cooled after two months of wedlock, and she was obliged to find her meals on the tables of friends, and finally at the workhouse. Nor was her short married life of unalloyed bliss. Mr. Weinstein, it is true, spoke passionately to her, but he supplemented words by blows, and when he was most deeply moved, he would bite her, not as great Pompey pleased with Flora, but rather to show his contempt and scorn and manly independence of traditional respect. After two months of such marked attentions, he "neglected her" for six months. Mr. Weinstein in defence told Mr. Yates, the magistrate, that "trade had been bad." Mr. Yates failed to see the logical connection between depression in business and wife-biting. He said "it was a very bad case." How do you suppose he punished him? One month with hard labor. And now Mr. Weinstein can exercise his teeth on chuck or iron bars.

The late Rudolph Roth was not only an accomplished linguist and profound scholar; he was a simple, kindly gentleman. Once in the Black Forest he told the writer of this paragraph that the one of his pupils whom he respected the most was the late Prof. Whitney of Yale. To him Renan was a delightful companion; but when there was talk concerning Max Müller, Roth kept an ominous silence.

"Salisbury, Salisbury, where have you been?—I've been to Windsor to see the Queen."

Blackwood's Magazine discusses gravely how actresses keep their looks. Many keep them in toilet boxes.

It's a pleasure to see ice men cutting rates as well as ice.

It was on June 27, 1777, that Dr. William Dodd was hanged at Tyburn for forgery. As soon as his body was cut down, it was hurried to the house of an undertaker, where it was placed in hot water. Every exertion was made to restore life, but in vain. When some of Dodd's friends tried to console him before his execution by saying that he was going to leave "a wretched world," he replied, "No, no, it has been a very agreeable world to me." This story caused Dr. Johnson to remark, "I respect Dodd for thus speaking the truth; for, to be sure, he had for several years enjoyed a life of great voluptuousness."

Dodd died; but men and women have cheated the gallows after they were "properly" hanged. Inetta de Balsham hung on a gallows from 9 o'clock of a Monday to sunrise of Thursday, and yet came off with life. A Swiss was hung up 13 times without effect, for disease had converted his wind-pipe into bone. At Cork, in 1767, a man was hanged; he recovered and attended the theatre the same evening. And there are others.

It was on June 27, 1752, that Lady Wadeley of Cleehall, near Ludlow, in Salop, began cutting a new set of teeth at the great age of 105 years.

This reminds us of a singular dream told yesterday by an old subscriber. He saw, in sleep, an agreeable-looking man cutting his finger nails with pocket scissors. After the agreeable looking man had accomplished dexterously this feat, he smiled at the sleeper, and, to the latter's amazement, began to trim his teeth neatly with the same instrument. Can anyone give an explanation of this night vision? We have mislaid our dream book.

Paris is accused of smelling rankly on summer nights. But all cities are thus offensive in hot weather. It's a very simple thing, however, to have agreeable air in your city rooms even when the dog star shows his teeth at noon, if you will only follow the counsel of the ancients. Here is a recipe of Laurentius: "Water lilies, a vessel of warm water to evaporate; add orange flowers, pills of citron, rosemary, cloves, bays, rose water, rose vinegar, benzoin, labdanum, styrax, and such like gums." If you are inclined to melancholy, inhale at the same time the smoke of juniper.

That is a nice point raised before Judge Ely, viz., the distinction between a restaurant and a boarding house. A boarding house may be defined paradoxically as a thing that repels boarders.

To "Perplexed"—You ask "What did Mr. William A. Chanler discover in Africa that he should be honored publicly?" We don't know. Do you?

Surely if intrepid discovery demands in trumpet tones reward, Mr. Richard H. Davis should have had an opportunity of bowing his thanks to a crowd agape and applauding deliriously in Memorial Hall.

Mr. Hunker gossips pleasantly about our old friend Jean de Reszke. "Jean is 55 or 56. I know half a dozen people who remember him in Italy singing baritone rôles in small opera houses; not at all well known, but always a tremendous student. That was at least 20 years ago. Then he was a man of 35. He is older by five years than Maurel; and Victor Capoul, who is 55, told me that Jean de Reszke was one year his senior." Yes, Capoul is 56.

"Edouard, who is past 45," adds Mr. Hunker, "looks older than his brother because he is an easy liver and is fatter. The other brother, Victor, is a hotel keeper in Warsaw, as was his father before him. The family is not noble, the 'de' being a recent prefix. The 'Reszkis' are Hebrews—that is, on the father's side, who was a cantor in a Warsaw synagogue. The mother was a French opera singer."

Be sensible, Miss Eustacia; do not shriek at Mr. Hunker; he merely tells the truth. Did you really believe that Jean was one of the first families of Poland—as you leave Russia? Or did you think that his real name was Lohengrin, the swan trainer, the balloon man? You are a true Bostonian, and will therefore be faithful to Jean until he dies. Although even now he is most careful in his juggling, nervous in his diet, a tenor of one happy evening in ten days, your frame dissolves when he appears with conventionally heroic gesture and shows his art chiefly in concealment of the ravages of time. And it was you, Miss Eustacia, was it not, who thought that Tamagno, as Othello, was "coarse?" Oh, foolish Eustacia, Jean hath bewitched you!

This is the anniversary of the birth (1491) of Henry VIII. of England, who was more easily satisfied in the matter of mother than wife.

And it was on the 28th of June, 1811, that Sir John Throckmorton won his wager of a thousand guineas, with an hour and three-quarters to spare. The wager was this: that at 8 o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheep's backs at 5 o'clock on that same morning. Hence, probably, the origin of the phrase, "We do it while you wait." By the way, the suit was damson colored.

This, too, is the anniversary of the birth (1800) of Miss Margaret McAvoy of Liverpool, who, although totally blind in 1816, could yet ascertain colors, etc., by the touch. One of the most surprising of her feats was this, performed July 31, 1817: "With her fingers on the window, she described a workman in the street, distance 10 yards; a cart loaded with barrels of American flour; another, with two loaves of sugar; a third, empty; a girl, with a small child in her arms, etc., all accurately true, except there were three loaves of sugar in the second cart." Wonderful Miss McAvoy!

It appears that "rout" is the correct term for those forms of social function known commonly as "tea" or "reception." The word "rout" is singularly appropriate; its meaning is "mob, a rabble," or, in law sense, "an assembly or combination of three or more persons going forcibly to commit an unlawful act."

Think of the irony in the case of the man arrested in Holyoke who could not escape, although in his pockets were "several hundred railroad tickets over New England lines."

Miss Dietrick said: "It was unjust that she should not be allowed to carry assafoetida and hartshorn around with her and blow the odor upon her friends when cigarette smokers were permitted to mingle in company with ladies." Truly does the confirmed cigarette smoker resemble in repellent odor the rock-goat; but there are women who perfume themselves with musk and say "I have done no wickedness."

Prosaic hum-drum life is occasionally enlivened by strange, incredible incidents, as when Mrs. Richard Talbot of Wisconsin was dragged by a tarpon through the waters of the Gulf of Mexico at a terrific rate of speed. On the other hand there should be no surprise because an alligator at Glen Island swallowed his 18-inch brother and knew not consequent indigestion. The author of "The Chemistry of Cooking" says that he was intimately acquainted with a pet sheep belonging to a London butcher. The innocent animal—the sheep, of course—would steal mutton chops from his master and eat them raw with horrid zest.

Bob Cook's use of the megaphone was a case of misapplied science.

This is the anniversary of the death (1852) of Henry Clay, who is supposed by many intelligent foreigners to be now a manufacturer of cigars.

Oh, all ye oarsmen, players at tennis, base ball, or fistieuffs, listen to Walt Whitman, and ponder well his words:

"With music strong I come—with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only—
I play great marches for conquer'd and slain persons.
Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?"

I also say it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead:
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fall'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all Generals that lost engagements! And all overcome heroes!

And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known!

And who is there so devoid of sporting blood as to grudge Mr. John L. Sullivan his night of triumph in New York? No wonder that the eminent play actor was "husky from emotion," when strong men threw their hats into the ring, ran around and pulled them out and threw them in again, "shrieking joyfully meanwhile" at the sight of their "warm personal friend." What to this was the sound money demonstration in New York the same night of Mr. Fairchild's speech? And yet there was a little rift within the lute. Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons was detained at Syracuse on account of "legal complications," a euphemism for enforced presence before a jury on the charge of doing his man so that he never got up.

Justices in New York are ignorantly fastidious in matters of English. When Mr. O'Hara, a policeman, said, "We collared him," Justice Taftor replied: "You 'arrested' him, and you ought to be ashamed for not saying so at once. Such language as you used is not fit language to use to a magistrate in a public court room." But Mr. O'Hara did not employ slang. The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person."

...a regular man, really a regular man...
...was thus employed early in the 18th century. Steele, in the Guardian, No. 81, wrote: "If you advise him not to collar any man. Other instances are: Gentleman's Magazine, 1762, "His Lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple," "He was collared by two French soldiers."

But when Dickens speaks of a gentleman who "collars that glass of punch," the verb is slang.

The young woman who is said to be betrothed to Dr. Depeew is "young, beautiful, accomplished, a member of one of the first families, worth \$8,000,000, and an orphan." Peach to the peach!

And why is our esteemed evening contemporary so highly-tighty, not to say so silly-totty? Poor Verlaine is a "scoundrel." Jordan is envious and his famous book is "venomous, hydrophobic tirade," as well as "a nightmare," which should be "literally thrown out of the window in all decent families." To "blow the froth off" a lady, as our contemporary advises, is not an easy task; but it is child's play to throw a nightmare out of a window, whether the family be decent or indecent, Homides, good apothecary, and quickly!

Bishop "expressed the opinion that musical accompaniment was of great assistance to a good reader." This is the son why students welcome so heartily street organ without, and the zealous list above or below.

If it rains on St. Peter's day, the bakers have to carry double flour and single water; if dry, they will carry single flour and double water."

For years it was the custom in Scotland and northern England for the people on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul to run about on the mountains with lighted torches, like the Sicilian women of old in search of Proserpine; and on high ground they would kindle fires in honor of Baal.

And fishermen on St. Peter's day "invite their friends and kinsfolk to a festivity after their fashion with a free heart, and no shew or nigardnesse; that daye their goates are dressed curiously for the newe, their mastes are painted, and certain rytes observed amongst them, with wrinking their prowes with good liquor, and with them at a groate a quart, which custome or superstition suckt from their ancestors, even contynueth down unto this present tyme."

It was on the 29th of June, 1678, that Mr. Evelyn noticed in his diary the bringing into the service of a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers: "Who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades, every one having a pouch full; they had furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools; their clothing being likewise plebeian, yellow, and red." But grenades were not the only weapon: the grenadiers were also armed with firelocks, slings, swords, axes, and daggers. The following poem of lyric beauty and nice observation reveals the popular estimation in which the grenadier was held:

"Who comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot!"

TWELVE WOMEN IN A BOX.

Over there in Kentucky, where blue grass waves and whisky flows as from natural wells, a jilted man applied in the court for justice. He was willing to forgive the scorn and marry her, in spite of her vacillation and broken vow. She would not have him, nor did she deign to state her objections. He demanded, then, substantial damages for loss of time, ruin following enforced change of plans, general waste of patience and tissue. And the Judge said that such a case should be tried before a jury of women, and he would fain see such a jury in the box. This judicial saying was telegraphed all over the country. The rest is silence. No one here seems to know whether the case was even tried with the ordinary, traditional jury.

What were the motives of the Judge in desiring such a jury? How would such a jury have decided the rights and the wrongs in the case? These are interesting, yea, vital questions, appealing irresistibly to men who see with apprehension the steady march of women toward what they are pleased to call their rights.

Did the Judge think such a suit unworthy the consideration of grown men? Did he fear that male jurors would be prejudiced against a man who regarded his personal love as something to be weighed in the balance against gold—or rather silver, to speak more sympathetically and with greater feeling for local color? Was he merely a jesting Pilate? Or did he say to

himself: "These women can tell at a glance whether the man has really lost anything substantial?"

And yet what man of you would consent in such a case to be tried by such a jury?

No one, unless he is a fop, sure of his beauty, conscious that he is irresistible. For the woman who would serve on the jury would probably not regard marriage as the one important event in life. She would undoubtedly say: "What a pother about a little thing! Was she bound to take him because he wasted his time in courting her, gave her presents, talked about a happy future, and in such ways amused himself? Has not woman the recognized, inalienable right to change her mind? As long as she changed it before and not after the wedding ceremony, the plaintiff has no cause of complaint."

On the other hand, among twelve women, there would be some sentimentalists. If the defendant should be of rare beauty, she would be at once viewed with suspicion. She would be accused of encouraging the poor fellow, luring him on to loss of farm through negligence incurred by following her about, inability to work after sleepless nights of doubt and anxiety. Nor would plainness of face, awkwardness of movement, bring commiseration. She would be charged with the greater boldness; she would be considered as the pursuer, not the pursued.

Evidence would not be considered in any event. The jurywomen would say, "Have we not eyes? Can we not read character? Do you not know by looking at him that he is a scamp? Can't you see that she is a brazen hussy? Pooh! his presents are worth nothing. Loss of time! If he hadn't been calling on her, he would have been at the grocery. No wonder that she wanted to grab him; she never'd get another chance." So there would be constant play of battledoor and shuttlecock. Discussion would break out during the examination of witnesses. In vain the Judge would pound the desk.

Or let us grant that Judge and officers were successful in keeping order during the proceedings; that the plaintiff unburdened his heart; that the defendant alternately sniffed and wept; that the counsel answered all the requirements and tests of Western oratory; that the Judge charged the jury with a full appreciation of the gravity of this conflict between the sexes. Would justice be awarded? Do you say that the women would stand by their sister in her liberty of choice? Do you say that they would support the man in his declaration of the worth of a woman's love?

No. Justice would not be awarded. Neither the plaintiff nor the defendant would be cheered by the verdict. Do you suppose for a moment that twelve jurywomen could agree upon any verdict?

June 30-95 ABOUT MUSIC.

Rubinstein's "Christus" as Performed at Bremen.

Opinions of Critics Admiring, Carping and Deploring.

Notes and Comments on Certain Men and Sundry Music.

Rubinstein's sacred opera "Christus" was first produced at Bremen May 25. Three cities, Bremen, Breslau, Dresden, disputed for the honor.

Although Rubinstein wrote operas, molded in conventional form, he declaimed bitterly against the opera as a form of musical art. In the later years of his life he dreamed of "sacred opera" as the compromise between oratorio and opera and as the final word in dramatic vocal music.

He wrote these "sacred operas": "The Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost," "Moses," "The Sulamith," and "Christus." He had planned others before his death, among them "Cain and Abel."

Now the first oratorios were nothing else but sacred operas, performed with action, costume and scenery, during Lent, when worldly operas were forbidden. In

the early oratorios the stuff was taken out of the life of the Saviour, New Testament scenes, episodes from the Old Testament, or later Christian legends were employed. Years before St. Filippo Neri held meetings in the oratorio of San Girolamo, the characters in the Bible, or God the Father, God the Son, Mary the Virgin, and Satan, walked upon the stage of mystery or miracle play which was accompanied by music. Rigorous attention was paid to the costumes of the actors. In one of the French sacred dramas of the 12th century, Adam was clothed in a red tunic, which after the fall was exchanged for a shabby dress covered with leaves; while Eve was robed in white silk.

When von Dittersdorf gave his oratorio "Isacco," in 1767 or 1768, he was pleased with the acting of the singers: "Even the boy that played the angel was excellent." The stage-setting was a grove, and by it was the dwelling house of Abraham. "The costumes imitated exceedingly well ancient designs."

Let us come nearer our own day. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" has been given with costumes, scenery and action in Düsseldorf. Liszt's "The Holy Elizabeth" has been performed as an opera at Weimar (1881), Munich, Vienna, Cologne. Is not "Parsifal" a sacred opera? Is not Méhul's "Joseph" a sacred opera? Rubinstein did not invent a form of art.

As it is not likely that "Christus," by Rubinstein, will be given in this country as an opera, the reports of the critics must content the curious for the present; nor is it at all probable that there will be many opportunities of hearing the work in Europe.

Naturally the extreme Wagnerites are eager to pick flaws in the work, as they remember Rubinstein's onslaughts on Wagner. Then, too, those opposed bitterly to the Jews claim that because Rubinstein was a Jew he was therefore unfitted to treat intelligently the character of the Saviour. But was not the Saviour a Jew? And are not some of the objecting critics Jews?

However, the opinion of the best music critics is practically unanimous; the libretto is of fine poesy and without dramatic coherence or spirit; the music, with a few exceptions, shows a lack of invention; and the opera is far, far too long.

Otto Lessmann, in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of June 14-21, declares that in spite of its great moments the work proves conclusively that "sacred opera" is not the fit expression of such high and holy subjects; that Bach in his Passion according to St. Matthew is far more dramatic than Rubinstein in this opera.

Ernest Kell says that "Christus" will be given in Dresden next year, and that the profits of the performances there are to be devoted to a fund for the purpose of erecting a "festival theatre," as desired by Rubinstein. "It remains to be seen, however, whether Rubinstein's work will conquer the future, and the 'Church of Art' be opened for all time. This, however, I can say with fullest conviction, that the work, wherever it is given with such artistic completion and devotional presentation as in Bremen, will make everywhere a deep and lasting impression upon all who enter the 'Church of Art' with open heart and with devotional spirit."

Let us quote from the elaborate review of Mr. Floersheim which appeared in the Musical Courier of last week:

"The sacred opera contains nine divisions, a prologue, an epilogue and seven Vorgänge. The latter word I don't know exactly how to translate, but literally it means happenings or acts, and I shall therefore in the following criticism continue to call them acts; but although there is a curtain drop between each of them the word must not be taken in the accepted meaning of the term act. The entire performance at Bremen, although it was found necessary to leave out the seventh act, the Crucifixion of Christ, took at the rehearsal five hours and 20 minutes and at the première five hours and five minutes for performance, which began at 6 P. M. This includes an average wait of about five minutes between each two acts, and one of nearly half an hour's intermission after the Sermon on the Mount scene. In its completeness the work would have absorbed just about six hours, which is more than any of Wagner's, even the longest music dramas, demand for performance.

"The Sermon on the Mount, with its benedictions, and the prayer at Gethsemane, are musically intense and of exceeding beauty; but then they are also aside from any divinity or Christus, humanely so beautiful and textually so poetical that even a lesser light than Anton Rubinstein's would and could have been inspired by them, and they drew from him whatever was strongest in him—pearls of lyric invention.

"With this I come to the purely musical reasons why Christus, by Rubinstein, will not and cannot live, although he himself classed it as his magnum opus. His flow of invention had subsided before he went at the composition. Outside of the two gems above mentioned, there are few, if any, really great, new or even particularly beautiful musical ideas in the work. Furthermore, if this sacred opera must be considered as a dramatized oratorio, then, for an oratorio, it has too little of the musician's great art in it; it is too homoponic; the contrapuntal

still which is of so vast importance in the creations of a Bach or a Händel is wanting, and even the orchestration, this most modern of musical developments, is not particularly effective or novel, and at times it even becomes threadbare and turgid.

"If this be the fault of Christus, considered from the oratorio side of the sacred opera idea, the other component part of the combination is even more neglected or, from the very nature of Rubinstein's particular gift, ill-treated. He was by no means a dramatic musical writer, and so it is in Christus. Barring a very few and not at all important moments, the music of Christus lacks all the dramatic verve and life. This despite the really dramatic incidents of Bulthaup's exceedingly fine and poetic book, which would have inspired a Richard Wagner had he read it. Johann Sebastian

Bach's Passion Music after St. Matthew is infinitely and indescribably more dramatic, more intense, more religious, more sincere (not to speak of the greatness of musical genius immortalized in it), and if put on the stage in a similar belittling style, and with a complex and complete apparatus as is Rubinstein's Christus, would unquestionably prove dramatically ten or a hundred or a thousand times more effective than Rubinstein's sacred opera. Verily, the composer of that most interesting of all personages that ever lived, Jesus Christ, is not born yet. Certainly his name is not Anton Rubinstein, and unfortunately his name was not Richard Wagner, for he was so far the only one who could have given us a sacred opera Christus. He chose to disguise his hero under the pseudonym of Parsifal, because in all probability he was too conscious of his own shortcomings and human weakness to approach the divinest of all human subjects."

Mr. Lessmann finds that the passivity of the chief character approaches dangerously apathy. It appears that the second performer, Dr. Briese-Meister, played the part with much more energy and animation than were shown by Raimund von Zur-Mühlen, the creator and Rubinstein's prophetic choice.

For the sake of record, the nature of the prologue, seven episodes and epilogue is given here.

The prologue consists of a series of tableaux representing the Shepherds, the Three Magi and the Adoration. Then follow the seven scenes or acts. The first treats of the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. The second is devoted to the baptism of Christ by John, the scene representing a beautiful plain through which the river Jordan flows. All the apostles are there, and they join during the baptism in a sacred song, while the dove descends and rests over the head of Christ. The third and longest act of the religious opera is that devoted to the Sermon on the Mount, with the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, and the raising up to life of the youth at Nain. Dramatically the act is the best of the sacred opera, and musically it brings out some of the gems of the composer's best music. Ernest Keil writes in the Leipzig Illustrirte Zeitung of this act: "In the Sermon on the Mount the scene breathes the joy of the people in the Master, who, standing beneath a large olive tree, preaches to them his gentle doctrines of life. The miracles excite the masses to the highest enthusiasm, and in this spirit they lead the Lord in triumph toward Jerusalem." The second half of the opera is musically of much more importance and beauty than the first portion. First comes the scene of the driving out of the buyers and sellers from the temple, then the selling of his Master by Judas Iscariot for 30 pieces of silver, the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, the trial before Pilate, the bearing of the cross toward Golgotha, and the crucifixion (the latter scene, however, being omitted in the Bremen representation). The scene of the Last Supper is done as at Oberammergau, in accordance with the well-known picture of Leonardo da Vinci.

The scene of Christ bearing the cross follows that of the tumultuous events before the palace of Pilate. The crucifixion scene was, as before stated, omitted. The epilogue is an allegorical representation of the triumph of Christianity, "the representatives of St. Paul standing under the cross and singing the credo of the religion of love to the nations of the world."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Queen Victoria changed the date of a concert at Patti's request.

Tom Karl is at Vineyard Haven, where he will teach this summer.

Stavenshagen has been chosen conductor at Welmar, next to d'Albert.

Richard Strauss has finished his new composition, "Till Eulenspiegel."

Edgar Tinel, the Belgian, is at work on a new oratorio, "Sainte Godelive."

Januschowsky will leave the Vienna Opera Company the end of July.

"Evangeline" is in rehearsal at Manhattan Beach. Mr. Rice is superintending it.

Nikisch may be the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin next winter.

New operas in Italy are "Emma Lion," by Antonio Lozzi, "Mariadda," by Bucciari,

Hanslick's "Ueber das Musikalischeschöne" has been translated by Larosch into Russian.

The music of "Festspiel Sedan," a spectacular, musical show, is written by Adolph Cebrian.

A Donizetti opera house will be built by a stock company in Bergamo, the composer's birthplace.

Ffrangcon-Davies, an English haritone, will give concerts in the United States in the spring of '96.

Milka Ternina, who was reported as engaged by the Berlin Opera, will sing in Munich until the end of 1899.

Florlan Zajic will teach the violin at the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory in Berlin, beginning Oct. 1.

A. Trenkler, conductor of the Gewerbehaus Orchestra in Dresden, celebrated, the 1st, his 40th musical anniversary.

Weingartner, the conductor, has signed a ten years' contract with the Intendant of the Berlin Opera House.

There will be playing in competition for the Rubinstein prize in Bechstein Hall, Berlin, Aug. 20 to Sept. 1.

Handel's "Deborah" and "Hercules" will be given at Mayence July 21, 22. Edward Lloyd will be among the singers.

Max Erdmannsdörfer will conduct next winter the subscription concert of the Royal Music Society of St. Petersburg.

They say that Josef Hoffmann will not visit the United States next season. He will play in Germany and Russia.

Miss Henschel, the daughter of the well-known singers, has already begun to sing and play her own accompaniments.

A new book of genuine interest is Constant Pierre's "Music Performed at the National Festivals of the French Revolution."

Mrs. Gabrielle Ferrari's little comic opera, "Le Dernier Amour," was given at the Théâtre-Mondain, Paris, this month.

Zdenko Fibich has finished an opera, "Hedy," the libretto of which is founded on an episode from Byron's "Don Juan."

Charpentier of Paris has finished an opera, "Louise," which will be first produced probably at Nantes.

Mr. Henry L. Mason of the Mason and Hamlin Company will transfer his advertising department to New York and live there.

Felix Dahn, baritone, and nephew of the author of the same name, made his operatic debut lately at Frankfurt-on-the-Main with success.

There was a Singing Festival at Carlsruhe the 2d and 3d. Over 6000 singers of the societies of Baden took part. Nine societies took the first prize.

These English pianists, Dawson, Borwick, Hutcheson, Lamond, will appear in Berlin next season. And Villiers Stanford will give there an "English concert" with orchestra.

The Barnett Quadroon Opera Company, under the direction of Signor Bravura, will appear in "The Sleeping Queen," in Union Hall, Thursday evening, July 11.

Sembrich received \$750 for singing in Haydn's "Seasons" at the Netherhenish music festival at Cologne. This price is considered in Germany as exorbitant.

Pupils of Pauline Lucca will sing in opera at Gmunden, the fashionable summer resort of the Viennese. Lucca will be the stage manager.

A new sonata for piano and 'cello by Hubbard W. Harris was played recently at one of the recitals of the American Conservatory, Chicago.

The Ménestrel recommends Nethal's pamphlet "Tannhäuser" to Lord Rosebery: "It would surely cure him of cruel insomnia."

Dante will be the hero of a new ballet. Merzagora will arrange the figures and Rampolira will write the music. Will Beatrice appear in an enchanting pas seul?

Mr. Floris Landsmann, the 'cellist, formerly of this city, has been appointed a member of the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris. There were two vacancies and 10 applicants.

Eugen d'Albert will give concerts in England next season. So he proposes to swallow his terrible threat of never visiting England because one of his compositions was criticized unfavorably in London.

Gilmore's Band, under Mr. Herbert, will play at Atlanta, Ga., during the Autumn

Exposition. Mr. Herbert's opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," will be produced in Pittsburg, the last week in September.

Szirovatka, lately of Düsseldorf, has been engaged at the Dresden Royal Opera as hero-tenor. He did not give general satisfaction when he sang as guest at Berlin a short time ago, but the Dresdensers like him.

Mrs. Georgina Weldon, once the friend of Gounod, accused lately her stenographer, George Faithful, of having stolen from her furniture and manuscripts. Mr. Faithful in reply said that Mrs. Weldon had given them to him.

In the last five months' season of the Berlin Royal Opera "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was given seven times, "Carmen" six times, "Fra Diavolo" and "I Pagliacci" five each, "Cavalleria Rusticana" twelve times. Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" was given 31 performances.

Lloyd D'Auhigne, the tenor, has been re-engaged by Messrs. Abbey and Grau. He will support Melba on her operatic concert tour of 10 weeks. The repertoire will consist of acts from "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Rigoletto." Mr. Timothée Adamowski will not conduct the orchestra.

Miss Clara Hunt of Boston, who has been studying in Paris for about four years for the opera, has made a contract with Messrs. Abbey & Grau. Her repertoire consists of "Lohengrin," "Aida," "Huguenots" and "Marta," in Italian, and "The Prophet," "Samson" and "Delilah," "Carmen," "Lakmé," "Faust" and "La Favorita," in French. Her many friends in this city and vicinity will rejoice in her success. She is to sail for New York about the 1st of November and make her debut there about the 25th of the month, probably in "Aida."

The musical season of 1895-96 will not be lacking in pianists. Among others, Martinus Sieveking is to be here. He is a Hollander by birth. From his earliest infancy he displayed characteristics indicative of his future career. He is a man of magnetic temperament and striking personality, over six feet in height and magnificently proportioned. Mr. Sieveking will come to the United States in the fall and play throughout the country. He will make his debut in New York city.

Lillian Nordica has been "heroized" in a novel written by J. Mitchell Chapple and published by F. Tennyson Neely. The title of the book is "The Minor Chord; The Story of a Prima Donna." The tale records the main incidents of Nordica's life, centering around her studies, etc., beginning "on the banks of a sluggish creek, in the miasma of a fever and ague bottom in Iowa," where she was born! The story relates her professional career in Europe. Mr. Neely says that Mme. Nordica has written an acknowledgment of the book, saying that she was very much pleased with its contents.

A RUSSIAN WOMAN.

The Century Company has published a handsome volume of 318 pages, entitled "Sónya Kovalévsky." This volume includes her recollections of childhood, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood; a biography of Sónya by Anna Carlotta Lefler, Duchess of Cajanello, translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley; a biographical note concerning the Duchess by Lily Wolffsohn; a portrait of the chief heroine; and 14 appendices. The Duchess tells the story of Sónya from her 17th year (1867 to her death in 1891). "Let others, who can, describe Sónya objectively," says the Duchess. "I cannot attempt anything but a subjective delineation of my own subjective conception of her, derived from the vividly subjective interpretation which she herself gave me." But let no one be disturbed by this ominous announcement. The biography by the Duchess is in many respects the most interesting portion of the book; for it tells of the maturer years of a remarkable woman, whose intellectual triumphs are narrated without exaggeration, whose relations with men are described simply and without mawkish sentimentalism.

The chief value of Sónya's own recollections is the insight given into Russian family life. Affection is singularly compounded with barbarism. Take, for example, the strange story of the thief, Marya Vasilévna; how like a page from one of Dostoevsky's novels. Then there is the almost incredible tale of the vengeance of the family servants on the arrogant beauty, Nadézhda Andreevna. Lovers of the sombre genius of Dostoevsky will delight in the gossip concerning him. "All you healthy people," he said to the wondering girls, "have no conception of the bliss which we epileptics feel a second before the fit comes on. Mahomet asserts in the Koran that he had seen heaven and been there. All clever fools are convinced that he is simply a liar and a fraud. But no! he does not lie! He really was in Paradise during a fit of epilepsy, from which he suffered, as I suffer. I do not know whether this bliss lasts seconds, or hours, or months, but you may take my word for it, I would not exchange it for all the joys which life can give!" So might one of his half-crazed heroes have spoken.

The recollections of the child have the genuine ring. There is no morbid introspection, no premature emotions, no gush and twaddle, such as characterize the autobiography of that Russian girl who blazed the comet of a season. The childhood is healthy; the emotions are appropriate to the years; there is an utter absence of the mature hysteria that exaggerates or distorts the natural feelings of youth. And yet we would exchange gladly these early reminiscences for the tale of Sónya, the woman as told in her own words. It would have been a great pleasure to have heard her account of taking the Prix Bordin, awarded by the French Academy of Science; and her struggle at the time between the woman in love and the scientist, the study of the dualism that so often enters into the life of every woman of genius who admits the existence of love and longs secretly to lean upon another, would have furnished chapters worthy of Rousseau. But would they? Would this woman have hared her heart to the world? Would she have made copy of her most sacred emotions, as did George Sand? We doubt it. For it seems from what we know of her that she knew the enormous value of silence. She was psychological; but she was not physiological.

Here is a woman who showed undoubted genius, and yet was intensely womanly. She did not clamor for her rights; she took what she thought was rightfully hers. Not without reason does the translator say that these Recollections furnish "a wonderfully perfect mental and spiritual record of a woman upon whom the union of a masculine mind with a feminine heart imposed the difficult task of solving diametrically opposite problems which all women, gifted or otherwise, must face."

"July, God send thee calm and fair,
That happy harvest we may see;
With quiet time and healthsome air,
And man to God may thankful be."

Ne'er trust a July sky.

"If the 1st of July it be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks to-
gether."

The Defender was a long time in its cradle.
Absit omni!

Why should not a boat of the cruiser New
York be named Victoria Louise, who is said
to be a good little girl?

Mr. W. C. Owens is indeed in a parlous
state if a contemporary is trustworthy. Mr.
Owens was bitten by a spider, "and it is
now feared will lose his arm. It is terribly
swollen and threatens to invade the whole
body." There is no known remedy against
the invasion of a body by an arm.

Spiders' bites, however, can be cured.
Celsus recommends garlic mixed with rue
and pounded in oil. Theban wild cumin,
the seed of the chaste-tree, draughts from
the leaves of the white poplar are also effi-
cacious. Or try garlic and full draughts of
undiluted wine. The question now arises
are habitual garlic eaters ever bitten by
spiders?

Yesterday was the anniversary of a
strange event that escaped the notice of the
editors of sporting departments. It was on
June 30, 1766, that Mr. White, belonging to
St. Paul's Cathedral, showing the Geometrical
Stairs, by some accident fell down the
well, near ninety feet, and pitched on the
engine at the bottom which broke his fall;
and to the surprise of everybody he walked
home seemingly unhurt.

And the accident that happened to Mr.
John Hall at Hume Head, near Cawsand,
June 30, 1811, should serve as warning to lit-
tle children who now sport along the coast.
Mr. Hall went at low water among the
rocks for the purpose of catching crabs.
Meeting with one in the interstices of the
rocks, he put in his hand; and the animal
welcomed him so cordially with its claw
that Mr. Hall could not withdraw his hand,
tug as he might. There was no one to as-
sist him. The tide came in, and Mr. Hall
was found the next morning drowned. The
ab still held his hand and smiled.

Only those who have not read the book
the protest vigorously against Paul Ver-
th's "Confessions." Even the keen offer-
ha of the Watch and Ward Society will
and disappointed sorely if they plod their
t with the help of a dictionary through
it 246 pages. And yet the book abounds
in delightful passages that make one won-
der at the strange compounding of differ-
natures in one man.

Reflexly framed rules are declared for
the acquirement of a "perfect neck." But
there is no neck so perfect that it cannot be

The reappointment of Dr. Charles Har-
rington as Inspector of Milk and Vinegar
will be welcomed by all who respect in-
tegrity, courage and faithfulness in the
discharge of public duty.

Frances E. Lanigan explains the differ-
ence between tact and policy. Her article
reads like an echo of the old reading-book
tale, "Tact and Talent," that bored so
many.

's a case of Shinburn, not earburn, when
there's talk to-day about the great bank
robbery.

Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons are as
unusually boastful as any hero of Ho-
mer. Mr. Corbett has made a careful
study of his rival. He proposes to bash him
over the jaw four or five times. Mr. Fitz-
simmons remarks, "with a hard, dry
tongue," that he will play right merrily for
F. Corbett's sensitive stomach. He de-
scribes him as a "neat jabber and artistic
fighter," but believes himself to be the
better puncher and swatter. On the other
hand, Mr. Corbett is confident that he can
outwrest that red head of his off." And the
bystander is tempted to cry to each, with
Hamlet: "Leave thy damnable faces and
begin."

When an American girl sings with success
in Europe the name of her European
teacher is in the mouths of many, while
the teacher in this country who laid the
foundations and labored without hope of
immediate glory is overlooked. This re-
minds us that the teacher to whom Miss
Clara Hunt owes so much is Mr. Huslaender
of Boston.

There seems to be an endless supply of
"ovations" in London. Paderewski has
just received one. It was presented in a
box, neatly tied with blue ribbons.

The late Oscar Wilde has asked for "St.
Augustine's works." The particular work
desired was undoubtedly the Confessions.

Harold Frederic thinks it worth while
to cable that Besant's name is pronounced
with the accent on the second syllable. It
will be remembered that Ferguson is gen-
erally pronounced with the accent on the
first syllable.

Student Parls rejoiced at the unveiling
of the bust of Henri Murger in the Lux-
embourg Gardens the 28th ult. We regret
to learn that Mr. George du Maurier, who
owes so much to Murger, was not present
at the ceremony.

The rest of the Carnot monument
will be divided among 50 workmen's
widows having children." This recalls the
malignant entry in the journal of de Gon-
court for '89: "I read this evening in the
Temps this sentence, addressed by President
Carnot to the workmen of the tobacco fac-
tory: 'I thank you heartily for the warmth
of this personal reception, my dear friends;
for you are my friends, since you are work-
men.' Now I ask if ever in the world there
was a sentence of courtier of King or Em-
peror which had the humility of this cour-
tler of the people?" But de Goncourt is a
belated aristocrat. He should have lived in
the 18th century, which is so dear to him.

Here are a few choice specimens of Eng-
lish humor:

"Mr. Leslie Stephens's story in the Life
of his brother as to the Eton Fellow who
preached in chapel on the duties of the
married state recalls the Cambridge Don
who astounded an undergraduate congre-
gation by the sudden appeal: 'And now a
word to you that are mothers.' By the
way, wasn't it he who announced 'The one-
hundred-and-nineteenth day of the month,
part of the twenty-fourth psalm?' And was
he not the nervous person who in chapel
misread Psalm xxx., 5, as 'Heaviness may
endure for a joy, but night cometh in the
morning?'"

July 2, '95

This is the day of the white lily, dedi-
cated to Mary, the Virgin.

If it rains on St. Mary's Day, it will rain
for four weeks.

Whatever July and August do not boil,
September cannot fry.

It was in "The Brigands," by Offenbach,
first produced at the Variétés, Dec. 10,
1863, that Almée made her first appear-
ance in one of the better known theatres
of Paris. She created the part of Florella.
Earlier in the year she had sung at the
Montmartre. As Florella she was criti-
cised unfavorably. She was accused of
constantly forcing a naturally strong voice.
It is to be hoped that other operettas by
Offenbach will be revived at the Castle
Square.

It was on the 2d of July, 1741, that the
Earl of Halifax married Miss Dunck, shut-
tling his eyes to the fact that she had a
fortune of £100,000. According to the will of
her prudent father, she was to marry none
but an honest tradesman, who was to take
the name of Dunck, and so His Earlsh
Jags took the freedom of the Sadlers'
Company, exercised the trade, and added
the name to his own.

A correspondent of the New York Sun
complained the other day because the ne-
gro that commits an assault with white-
handled razor or with nature's weapons is
"always described" by the newspapers as
"burly." He might as well complain of
"willing hands" and a "cool thousand."
"Burly," by the way, meant originally
"stately, of noble or imposing appear-
ance." Solomon was characterized in a
book of the year 1300 as a burly bachelor.

As for "cool thousand," what is the
origin of the term? Even Miss Edgeworth
did not disdain to use the phrase. Did it at
first describe the money as deliberately
counted?

The inquisitorial zeal and bloodthirsty
spirit of certain newspapers just before and
during a murder trial reminds one of the
speech of the wife of a French Provincial
Judge to Flaubert: "We are so happy!
My husband has not had a verdict of ac-
quittal this whole season."

A contemporary speaks of the testing
the merit of a short stroke (Cornell) at
Henley. But the Henley course is a very
short one.

"The novelist, Mrs. Craigie, otherwise
John Oliver Hobbes, has begun a suit
against her husband for divorce." From
theory to practice.

The dwellers in the suburbs watch with
patronizing interest the parent birds bring-
ing from afar, with fuss and pother, mate-
rial for home decoration and food for home
consumption. So probably do the inhabitants
of the air, who see and are not seen, smile
at the bundle-laden man rushing frantically
for outward train.

An esteemed contemporary devotes two
columns to an exhaustive analysis of the
status of widows. The late Mr. Weller was
more concise.

Dingbat! We had almost forgotten the
word. H. L. N. recalls it to our memory,
and now it dings and dings, like a joy-bell
in the night. "Dingbat" is common in
western Massachusetts," says H. L. N. "The
first time I heard it, it was about 30 years
ago at a dinner table in Easthampton,
from a lady 91 years old, perhaps a little
weak mentally, saying, 'Julia' (her daughter)
'toss me over one of them there dingbats.'
The daughter immediately passed her a
plate of biscuits with a very hard baked,
brown crust. She took one, remarking,

"I guess they came over in the ark. When
I, later, attempted to eat one, it struck me
(the idea, not the dingbat) that the name
was a very good one, for if one had been
'dinged' at me and had 'batted' me on the
head, I should not be here to tell the
tale."

And H. L. N. has further information for
the readers of the Journal: "'Gormin,' or
'gauming,' was in very common use 40 or 50
years ago in Hampshire county. When a
boy I heard my father and others use it
instead of awkward, slovenly, &c., as 'in a
gauming way' or 'don't be so gauming
about it.' The word has always seemed
to me so much more expressive of this
idea than any I could find in the dictionary,
that I took the liberty to christen the pre-
sent tariff law, 'the Gormin-Wilson law,'
or preferably 'the Gauming-Wilson law.'
Soon after it began to cut up its antics;
and, in view of recent decisions of the Su-
preme Court and the million dollars a week
deficit, I believe very few will object to my
christening."

"Every consciously ugly woman," said
Aunt Lavinia, "is the lonely leader of a
forlorn hope. She faces—with a plain face—
a world chiefly moved and conquered by
appearances, and the cleverer she is the
more she can weigh and measure the full
extent of her disadvantage in the matter.
And, therefore, triumph, when it comes to
her, shall smack doubly sweet. Charm is
her luckiest weapon—charm and unremitt-
ing care. For the plain woman, did she
but know it, is the one creature on earth
who can least well afford to relax in her
constant effort to please and propitiate.
Vigilance, eternal vigilance, is the price of
being born plain."

July 3, '95

And now Sirlus 'gins to whet his teeth.

If it rains on first dog-day, it will rain for
forty days after.

"Dog days bright and clear
Indicate a happy year;
But when accompanied by rain
For better times our hopes are vain."

It was on the third of July, 1719, about 4
o'clock in the afternoon at Seighford, Eng-
land, that prodigious hailstones fell. Vast
numbers of them measured 5 or 6 inches in
circumference, and several measured 9, 10
and 11 inches, even a considerable time after
the storm was over. The day before this
perturbation of nature, the sun through the
dense vapors appeared of a color as red as
blood.

No wonder that Professor James J. Cor-
bett has trouble with his throat. For at
least a year he has worked that organ re-
lentlessly.

Must Greek go? Shall boys no longer
sock with Socrates and rip with Euripides?

Ah, the treasures of thought, the golden
rules for conduct, found in the Grecian
books! Is it not Plutarch who tells of the
youth, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit
his stepmother and cried out, "My throw
is not lost, however?"

The city of Cleveland, like Dr. Johnson,
has its Boswell.

There are regular bulletins concerning
Mrs. Lease. The latest describes her "Sy-
rian" bicycle costume. But how are Mr.
Lease and the little ones?

The New York Sun in an article (quoted)
about Munich, speaks of the Hofbrauhaus,
and then adds: "There is a connex on the
west, starting at Carlsberg. On the north
the Vermont Central Railroad passes sev-
eral stations from which the woods are easi-
ly accessible." The famous office cat must
have taken too much valerian.

There is always a new pest. Messrs.
Charrin and Ostrowsky have discovered a
bacillus that has sworn undying hatred to
mankind. It is proof against inoculation,
and rejoices in the name "Oidium albicans."
Meanwhile the aspidiotus perniciosus, all
the way from Chili, takes kindly to apples,
pears, peaches and quinces, on trees not in
cans, along the Pacific coast.

This reminds us that the Pall Mall Gazette
has given to the world a remarkable ex-
ample of heroism in journalism. The Royal
Society accused the domestic fly of purvey-
ing infection. The society caught the fly,
made him walk up and down a cultivated
bacillus, restored him to liberty for three
hours, caught him again, and induced him
to make tracks on a sterilized potato. The
society found bacilli in these tracks. Then
did the managing editor of the Pall Mall
rely on the devotion of a brave reporter.
Here is the editorial comment: "We have
been trying a fly ourselves. We had him to
afternoon tea. He disported himself in the
quintessence of bacillus—London milk. But
when he had finished, the first thing he did
was to sterilize himself. He cleaned off
his hindermost legs against his wings. Then
he cleaned his wings with his middle legs,
and these in turn with his forelegs. He
cleaned them with his trunk, and finally
swallowed his trunk. Science itself could do
no more. The sterilization must have been
perfect. The fly proceeded to make tracks
up and down the bald head of one who slept
hard by. The most careful inspection later
on failed to find any bacillus 'sign' upon that
head. We vouch absolutely for the truth of
this statement. There are no other flies
about it whatever."

If we believe the ancients, the day that Sams first rises in the morning, the sea turns sour, dogs grow mad, bile is inflamed. Let us follow the example of the Romans and sacrifice a brown dog to Canicula, to appease his rage.

But it is not always wise to revere and follow the ancients. Witness the case of Mr. William Koenig, a barber in New York, who was arrested because he practised medicine and surgery without a license. He had read, no doubt, that in earlier days the barber was also a regular practitioner in surgery and dentistry. Did not Edward IV. incorporate the Company of Barber Surgeons? Did not Charles II. give to the company a silver cup, the stem and body of which represented the famous oak of Bos-cobel? Better for Mr. Koenig, if he had never known the former glory of his calling.

"Give me a great thought," said the dying Herder. It was on July 3, 1854, that Mr. James Howel told this story in a letter to J. Anderson, Esq.: "It is reported of Cosmode Medici, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monastery thereunto annex'd, and two Hospitals, with other Monuments of Plety, and endow'd them with large Revenues, as one did much magnifie him for these extraordinary Works; for which doubtless he merited a high reward in Heaven: he answer'd, 'Tis true, I employ'd much Treasure that way; yet when I look over my ledger Book of accounts, I do not find that God-Almighty is indebted to me one Penny, but I am still in the arrears to him.'"

Min 4-05

Bang!

Likewise Crash!

And again, Crack, Bang, Crash!

Glorious day of bombardical patriotism!

Oh, Liberty, how many rackets are made in thy name!

An esteemed contemporary gives an admirable recipe for a fire cracker, rocketry punch, appropriate to the day, and we see with pleasure that the foundation of the beverage is the distinctly patriotic New England rum, not Santa Cruz or Jamaica. But why does our contemporary deluge the bowl with cold water, as it were, by adding "serve in very small glasses?" On the contrary, horns, beakers, and stoups, rivaling in size the riding boot out of which Bas-sompierre drank to the health of thirteen cantons.

And let us not forget that this is St. Martin Bullion's day.

"Bullion's Day, gif ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

And this is the day of St. Ulric of Augsburg, in whose honor the people used to bring into church carp and pikes and mullets, and put them before the altar.

Our old friend Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who found so much to distress her at the Empire Theatre, London, made a graceful apology the other day for Lady Henry Somerset, who was not present at one of the Women's meetings in London: "Dear Lady Henry has been overworked, and we must, of course, be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"Smooth crooks fleeced their victims," is a pastoral triumph in headlines, but choral, entering, spoils the lot. By the way, "crook" was originally American, not English slang.

When John Adams—and here's to his memory!—advised strenuously sonorous national rejoicing, he did not foresee the invention of the deviline whistle.

If Miss Myra Reynolds, Ph. D., should marry, would she lose her title? Yes, says the modern woman; for she would then cease to be a philosopher.

And so Prof. M. W. Harrington has been removed. A variable weather bureau is worse than variable weather.

"President Cleveland is having poor weather for making hay." But neither did he make hay when the sun shone.

The exhibiting of Dr. Buchanan's body to morbid people who clamored and shoved each other at the door of the undertaker's shop was an outrageous action. There was a time in this country when death lent sanctity even to the corpse of a criminal.

The death of Mrs. Ita Welsh-Donovan will be mourned by many. For her the late Henshaw Dana wrote some of his beautiful melodies. And why are not Dana's songs heard now in concert? No later composer has approached his setting of the famous verses of Aldrich.

Noblesse oblige. Sir Henry Irving discouraging affable to the Cab Drivers' Association of London. May no cabby overcharge him!

Or perhaps Irving is to appear in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and he knows the value of a friendly audience.

"What's in a name?" Well, there's a good deal. Witness this pathetic tale of life among the lowly of Brooklyn. Mr. William Dietz, a gentleman of uncontrollable humor, took the name of Miss Lena Secahe-wagger in vain and openly derided it. As Lena told Justice Harriman, William said, "It was neither German nor Chinese, but a combination." Lena attempted to find the key of the combination in the face of the eminent linguist which she slapped. William retorted by using the solecism of a club. And he is now under \$500 bonds, pending examination.

Alas poor Skelly! It's the old story. The song writer wins the empty glory and the publisher pockets the substantial cash. Now Barabbas—according to Byron's correction of Murray's bible—was a publisher.

"As a measure of economy, the railway signal man was recently discharged." Such economy often leads to waste of human life.

Mr. Andree's balloon, designed for Arctic exploration, is provided apparently with all necessities—except a coffin or two.

Why did not Yale give Anson an honorary degree? True, he is not a graduate; but he is a master of one of Yale's pet sciences.

This is the anniversary of the death of Thomas Jefferson, to whose memory the modern Democrat pays lip-service.

Mr. J. G. Huneker's article entitled "The Passing of Nordau," published in the Musical Courier of the 3d, is a masterpiece of acute analysis, brilliant invective, and glowing color. They that have read Nordau's book should administer to themselves Mr. Huneker's corrective.

"His (Nordau's) interminable manner of looking at life from what he calls the scientific viewpoint is positively tiresome. He would weigh all, measure all, feel, test, touch, spy out and sneak under everything. For him there is no Holy of Holies, no Ark of the Covenant. All is hard, bur-nished, metallic, like a money changer's voice, and as inflexible as steel." And Mr. Huneker adds in his righteous indignation: "You will understand now why I am so serious and indignant about the Nordau matter. He is not a harmless writer, but a very dangerous one. With the factitious pretence of pointing out the evils of modern culture he has contrived to disseminate his own damnable doctrines of degradation. After reading him you wonder if the sky is blue, if children's voices are sweet, if Mozart will ever woo you."

July 5-95

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

The ancients believed in the liberal education of a professional man. He should not only be master of his own calling; he should be thoroughly versed in sciences that at a superficial glance had little or no bearing on his life work. Thus Vitruvius, at the beginning of his treatise on architecture, enumerates the qualities of a successful architect, who should have an intimate acquaintance with geometry, arithmetic, optics, history, philosophy, music, medicine, law, astrology, and astronomy. Nor does Vitruvius state this dogmatically; he discusses the reasons why the ideal architect should be teres atque rotundus, an admirable Crichton. For instance, unless he is able to judge, as a physician, of the air and the water of the proposed building lot, he has no right to advise concerning the location.

In recent years this generous principle has been somewhat neglected. It is a pleasure, therefore, to hear of its revival in a town in New York State. The case in which it was applied is one of eternal interest, especially to women. For it appears that a woman employed a dressmaker to fashion for her a gown of silk. When the dress was finished, there was demand for payment; but the counter-claim was entered that inasmuch as the dressmaker spoiled the dress, she should pay \$12 damages. There was an appeal to justice.

Now your ordinary Judge, however deeply versed in the law, would have been obliged to depend on expert testimony, which is always open to suspicion, which produces perplexity and confusion. The friends of the purchaser would have sworn vigorously in her behalf, and their testimony would have been bolstered up by malicious rival dressmakers. Other dressmakers, influenced by esprit de corps, would have come to the rescue of their colleague. Technical terms of the trade would have darkened wisdom. It is not likely that, with the best of intentions, the Judge would have meted out absolute justice. But the Judge in this particular case was no ordinary man. He did not quail or quiver when the dress was put in as an exhibit; neither did he indulge in vain and fatuous compliment to either of the parties before

him. At his request the purchaser retired to his private office and put it on. When she returned he looked her over very carefully, with a calm, critical, judicial eye, heeding not the appealing smile of the wearer, fearing not the reproach of the vexed maker. The verdict was explicit and to the point: "The dress is too high in the neck and it does not fit easily around the waist." Yet justice was tempered with mercy. The hearing was adjourned a week, that the dressmaker might make the necessary alterations. And he that sat upon the Bench was indeed a Daniel.

It is idle to inquire where Judge Neu gained his knowledge of dressmaking, just as it would be impertinent to ask if his decision concerning the waist were due to a personal examination. It is enough to know that he proved himself an expert in the matter. And so should every Judge be thus equipped. Nothing should be foreign to him. Be the suit brought for a defect in dress or jewelry, failure to carry out the specifications for a boat or a statue, the Judge should be able to show practical acquaintance with the thing about which there is dispute. Such Judges are not perhaps so rare as is thought. Did not one here in Massachusetts some time ago show commendable though unexpected knowledge as to the precise nature of that form of entertainment described roughly as "comic opera?" Just as in modern instances, architects reveal familiarity with the names of authors and the requirements of a picture gallery, even when they design and build a public library, so Judges at times tell modestly to the world that their learning is not confined to saws and precedents. After all we are not so far from the principle laid down by Vitruvius. Yet it is well for the Judge to know something about law, as it is for the architect to have a smattering at least of the science of architecture.

'Twas the triumph of China over the United States.

"All night long in this sweet little village,
Is heard the soft note of the pistol,
And the pleasant skreek of the victim,
Who's been shot, perhaps, in his gizzard."

The intelligent foreigner wonders at the ceremonies peculiar to the 4th. There was that fine observer Jacques Offenbach, who visited this country in 1876. Six pages of his entertaining "Notes d'un Musicien" are devoted to the consideration of the day and its concomitant accidents. "There is one day," said Offenbach, "when there is unlimited liberty in America, and it is the 4th of July. Everything is permitted on that day, and the Lord knows what advantage is taken of this fact. * * * I avow that these excesses lead me to appreciate keenly our detestable Governments which forbid strictly the liberty which endangers the life of a citizen. I have seen what is called unlimited liberty. I prefer our policemen."

It was on July 5, 1766, at 8 o'clock in the evening, that a man, whose name unfortunately has been lost, set out from Somerset Stairs in a butcher's tray, crossed the Thames, and reached the Surrey shore with great ease, using nothing but his hands. We regret to add that the heroism of the deed was tarnished by the fact that the man wore a cork jacket. Seventy boats were full of spectators who cheered or cursed, for £1400 changed hands.

And it was on July 5, 1619, that Mr. Howel in a letter to Sir James Crofts gave an interesting account of the deliberative proceedings of the Great Council at Prague. The debate must have been animated, for it "fell to such a hurlyburly, that some of those Senators who adhered to the Emperor, were thrown out at the Windows, where some were maim'd, some broak their Necks."

All sports, dead game, game, peaceably inclined, or masked, should celebrate this day, for it is the anniversary of the birth (1704) of Mr. John Broughton, who had much to do with the formulating "that regulated system of combat with the closed fists, which bears the name of Boxing." It was Mr. Broughton who invented the rules regarding rounds, and the interval between each. Some of his biographers claim that he was the first champion of England; but others, and they speak with authority, show that he was preceded in this high station by Messrs. Fligg, Pipes, Greeting and Taylor. Mr. Broughton triumphed gloriously over Messrs. Pipes, Taylor and likewise one Stevenson, a coachman, but, alas, at the very acme of his reputation he was walloped by Mr. Slack, a butcher, who blinded the champion early in the game, which caused Broughton's patron, the Duke of Cumberland, to exclaim with bluff brutality, "Why, Broughton, you can't fight—you are beat!" And the Duke lost £10,000. However, Mr. Broughton was happy in the sunset of his life, for he died at the age of 85 in comparative affluence. His grave may be visited at Lambeth Churchyard. Mr. Jack Slack held the championship for ten years; and then he fell before Mr. Bill Stephens.

And let not a single one of us
forget old Thomas Tu...
for July husbandry

Where wormwood of half seed, get a handful or
two.

To save against March, to make flea to refrain,
Where chamber is swept and wormwood is
strewn,

No flea, for his life, dare abide to be known."

The attention of all "modern women" is respectfully invited to the consideration of Miss Phoebe Brown, of Matlock, England, who was seen by Mr. William Hutton, July 6th, 1801. Her common dress was a man's hat, coat, with a spencer above it, and men's shoes. She could lift one hundred weight with each hand and carry 14 score. Her voice was more than masculine, it was deep-toned, and, the wind in her face, she could send it a mile. Yet she had no beard. She could sew, knit, cook, spin, but hated them all; she accepted any kind of manual labor, but her favorite avocation was breaking-in horses, at a guinea a week. She was an excellent judge of a cow, and shot accurately with a gun. Her chief food was milk, and she was fond of Milton, Pope and Shakespeare. This admirable female also performed neatly on the flute, violin, harpsichord and bass viol. She could cover easily 40 miles a day, and when a gentleman at the New Bath treated her rudely, she said that "she had a good mind to have knocked him down." We suggest that a statue be raised here to Miss Phoebe, exclusively by women's subscription. Of course the proper place for the statue is Copley Square.

Mr. G. B. Shaw is always a delight, whether you agree with him or are irritated. How many critics would have the courage to write as follows in reference to a French play at which they were obliged to assist: "My colleagues sit at French plays, German plays, and Italian plays, laughing at all the jokes, thrilling with all the fine sentiments, and obviously understanding the finest shades of language; whilst I, unless I have read the play beforehand, or asked somebody during the interval what it is about, must either struggle with a sixpenny 'synopsis,' which invariably misses the real point of the drama, or else sit with a guilty conscience and a blank countenance, drawing the most extravagantly wrong inferences from the dumb show of the piece."

The English pretend to be shocked by the vituperation in our political campaigns. In this connection it is a pleasure to read what the Saturday Review has to say about Sir Wilfred Lawson: "In the House of Commons Sir Wilfred Lawson is regarded as a buffoon, but in the country he is often mistaken for a wit. He is a harmless old gentleman of about 60, with a contempt for grammar when he writes, logic when he speaks, reason when he thinks. Were Sir Wilfred in the French Chamber he would meet with little consideration from his fellow members, and even less respect at the hands of the reporters; but the Englishman loves every manifestation of individual liberty, and has accordingly an incredible weakness for the faddist, provided his sincerity is beyond doubt. The blinkered enthusiast that can provoke laughter in England sure of success; hence the popularity of Sir Wilfred Lawson."

Old Chimes spent the Fourth reading a novel of the season. And he gave it as his opinion at the Porphyry yesterday that nine-tenths of modern novels were the fruit of a pen-and-incubator.

It was on July 6, 1660, that Charles II. of England began to touch his people for the King's Evil. Queen Victoria touches her people for her own good.

The lovers of music in this city and neighboring towns will miss sorely the sight of Mr. Carl Zerrahn conducting the Handel and Haydn. Faithfully has he served the society, and its fame will be connected inseparably with his name.

It was on Sept. 5, 1854, that Mr. Zerrahn, first flute of the Germania Musical Society, was chosen by the Handel and Haydn as its leader. He was then described as "a good musician, a gentleman of refined tastes, full of zeal, and of commanding presence, as well as of persuasive manner." He received that season \$25 for each public performance.

And what works were performed that 40th season? "Elijah" (3), "The Messiah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt" (3), and selections from "Samson," "Jephtha" and "Mount Sinai" were given at two concerts. Harrison Millard, the composer, and the father of Miss Millard, now singing in "The Sphinx," made his first appearance here in "The Messiah;" and he also sang "Total Eclipse" and "Waft Her, Angels," to the great satisfaction of all. Grisl and Mario, Donovani and Badiali sang in the "Stabat Mater," and for them our old friend Arditl waved his stick.

What an interesting volume the Memoirs of Carl Zerrahn would be! He is a delightful raconteur, and if he could be persuaded to set down in writing what he has seen and heard during the last 40 years, the book

would be entertaining to the general public as well as of value to the future historian of music in Boston. It will be remembered that the late Julius Eichberg began to write his memoirs, but he died, alas, before he completed them, and the fragments relate only to his youthful years in Germany.

It looks as though the arrows of the Philistine had pricked the complacent skin of the editor of the Chnp-Book, for the current number of the latter is by far the best that has appeared for some months. When Richard Hovey was here, looking like Alphonse Daudet and talking of Maeterlinck, he was never weary of chanting the praises of Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. He would recite with spirit a poem by Mr. Roberts, entitled "The Wrestler," and then deplore the stupidity or the cowardice of publishers who looked at it askew. He need no longer lament with a loud lamentation; the poem holds the place of honor in the Chap-Book, and it deserves it. Admirable, too, is "The King's Treasures," by Marriott Watson, a story that might have been written by Stevenson and Henley; and is not this high praise? Mr. Watson is the man that wrote "The House of Shame," a most remarkable story, published in the Yellow Book of last January.

Mr. Livingstone of Georgia saw a great light when he was in Venezuela. After praising the British Consuls for their devotion to the good of their country, he adds "Our Consuls want society, and they sit around, drawing their salaries." To be sure this reproach is vague. Even a Consul longs for the sight of the human face divine. Nor is it necessary that a Consul should stand up or lie down to insure vigilance in business. So, too, it is proper for him to draw his salary; indeed the practice is commendable, provided of course that the ghost is walking at the time. There is no doubt that other strictures made by Mr. Livingstone are deserved. It is not gratifying to national pride to find a Consul utterly ignorant of the language of the people among whom he dwells and dependent on the translation and recommendation of a foreign clerk.

It's a pity that the Promenade concerts end this evening. The players wish to play and there are many that wish to hear them; but, no; for some reason or other the concerts die this Saturday. It is a pleasure to note the success of Mr. Antonio de Novellis, the talented conductor. His benefit is tonight. Let there be a fitting public manifestation of the appreciation in which he is held here as musician and man!

The United Scandinavian Singers of America are in Boston. And no one has interviewed them, to find out what they think, collectively or individually, of Ibsen!

The Kiel correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that "the smartest looking" vessels were the Americans, in pure white, a color that would be "extremely dangerous to themselves" in time of war. If Herman Melville is right—see "Moby Dick"—white is the one color of colors; "for all accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood."

The same correspondent speaks in these flattering terms of one of our most cherished institutions. "The English or American visitor may, upon his arrival or soon afterward, ask for whisky, but he never asks for it more than once. It is almost the same with brandy. There is a deception made in America widely and unfavorably known as 'Jersey lightning,' because it is made in New Jersey. Upon recovering from the effects of the first and last dose of this I ever imbibed, I considered it only proper to return to the custom of saying prayers before retiring. In comparison with the whisky and brandy sold at Kiel 'Jersey lightning' is a soothing and innocuous beverage. But the beer, while expansive, is good."

ABOUT MUSIC.

What They Thought of Mr. Nikisch in London Town.

His Pose and Authority Are "a Little Obvious and Offensive."

London Impressions of Mr. George W. Chadwick's "Melpomene."

Mr. Nikisch has made his appearance in London town as an orchestral conductor. The London Times calls him Herr Nikisch, and the Pall Mall Gazette and the Athenaeum speak of him as "M." which stands undoubtedly for Monsieur. Let us, without comment, see how this "magnetic conductor" appealed to them all. Let us first read the conventional notices that appeared in the Academy and the Athenaeum; let us then consider the equally conventional notice that was published in the Times; and then let us delight in the admirable and modern reviews that were in the Pall Mall Gazette and the Saturday Review.

The Athenaeum, June 22: "The public has heard Herr Arthur Nikisch already enjoy Boston and Buda-Pesth fame; and, whatever may be one's first impressions, or whatever may be thought of him, if judged by a Richter standard, there is no question as to his intelligence and ability. Yet there is at present something unsatisfactory about him. The 'Tannhäuser' overture, for instance, was in many ways admirable, especially in any matter requiring finish or delicacy; but the total impression was not convincing. Then, again, in the Beethoven symphony in C minor, neither the titanic greatness of the opening movement, nor the ecstasy of the finale was fully revealed. Was Herr Nikisch nervous? Was he purposely holding himself back? We will try and answer these questions later on. Meanwhile, we can record a highly successful debut.

"Mr. T. Adamowski played Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor in a conscientious, artistic manner."

The Athenaeum, June 22: "Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the Hungarian conductor from Buda-Pesth and Boston in the United States, had been so widely advertised that much was expected of him, and it may be said at once that he did not fail to satisfy all expectations. * * * Evidently he has his own ideas as to the manner in which standard works should be rendered, the pace he adopts being rather slower than usual, but with free indulgence in the tempo rubato. Like Herr Felix-Mottl, he makes his orchestra give very strong accent to certain phrases.

"Mr. T. Adamowski was not particularly impressive in Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, No. 1."

The Times, June 17: "As certain musical seasons in the past have been marked, one by a crowd of infant prodigies, another by a host of pianists, this year will be known as the year of conductors and violin virtuosos. A specimen of each class appeared on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall, at the first of a new set of concerts to be given weekly. Herr Arthur Nikisch comes from Buda-Pesth with a considerable reputation as a conductor. He has the all-important qualification that he knows exactly what he wants and exactly how to get it from his band, and, after taking into consideration the exceptional opportunities for preparation that have been wisely afforded him, the result is distinctly remarkable. Each of the new conductors seems bent on introducing new readings into the best-known works, and the latest comer is no exception to the rule. At the same time his 'effects' are generally rational, and not merely made for the sake of being original. His interpretation of Beethoven's C minor symphony was vigorous and emphatic, yet without exaggeration. At the same time the work as a whole was not allowed to make the deep impression that is produced when its beauties are presented with less obvious intention to make them prominent. If the new conductors would only take to heart the phrase beloved of the program-makers, and let the symphonies 'speak for themselves,' the result in most cases would be far more satisfactory than it is. The necessity for importing a second-rate oboist from Buda-Pesth is not very clear.

"Mr. T. Adamowski, a violinist whose reputation has been made in America, played Max Bruch's first concerto in G minor, with very great taste and irrefragable technique. If there was not much in this particular performance to distinguish him from a number of other capable players, his choice of a work of so much musical value proves him to be long rather to the artists than the virtuosos, and his reception by the audience was most favorable."

The Pall Mall Gazette, June 17: "M. Nikisch comes to us from abroad with a fame and reputation that invest him with something a little magical. Unfortunately we expected from that reputation a very great deal; and if we did not quite get all that we expected, the disappointment should not be laid upon the shoulders of the conductor. He has, to begin with, a certain genius of elegance which is extremely attractive. During the first 10 minutes it seemed that we were in the presence of quite an extraordinary genius of elegance, a genius that was to enchant and persuade us with wonderful delicacy and skill. This was one's experience at the beginning of the 'Tannhäuser' overture, the piano notes of which possessed a softness and a sweetness which were almost overwhelming. But, by degrees, as the work wore on, a certain creeping slowness came over the spirit of our dream. One began to long for Levi's vital quickness. Nevertheless the performance was stately, and its faults might possibly prove virtues in some other and different composition. At all events, we looked forward to the performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a test, at all events, of the man's power. The first two movements were extremely slow. M. Nikisch, for whatever reason, suppressed light and shade in any of their more delicate manifestations, and, with something of the character of a martinet, gave us a strictly precise and almost mathematical version of the work. When, however, he came to the scherzo all was changed. It went with extraordinary spirit. For once M. Nikisch's method was triumphant, and if all music were like

Here is Mr. J. F. Runciman's review in the Saturday Review of June 22, and it's a mighty entertaining reading: "Since the days when Mr. Mann's admirers used to

was this gift manifested in the fourth of these selections that his audience was for the first time roused to genuine enthusiasm and demanded an encore."

And, not one word about Mr. Timothee Arditl!

very prince of conductors. Moreover, it raised high our hopes for the Suite No. 1 from 'Peer Gynt,' hopes which were not disappointed. Indeed, his piano it would not easily be possible to conceive better. The low, soft notes, literally breathe, and no one

said him polite requests to have his raven locks shown, and inclosed the probable amount of the barber's bill. Mr. Arthur Nikisch is the most picturesque figure who has mounted an English concert platform to conduct an English orchestra. Mott's majestic form is rather too burly to delight a fastidious eye, and the main virtues of Richter's playing are the principal effects of his person; Levi is not at all an impressive personage, and Siegfried Wagner has not yet grown out of his resemblance to a caricature of his father, as we see his father in the early portraits. Of the conductors familiar to us, Mr. Manns is the only one who looks his part, and Mr. Nikisch is even more picturesque than Mr. Manns. In the case of the modern musician these things count for much. A head of hair is rather to be chosen than a great technique, and a romantic eye than touch or tone. Tone, touch, technique, must patiently wait for recognition, but how much can be achieved by hair or eye was shown by the instantaneous success of Sauer, and by the fact that some time ago Paderewski's agent would on no account hear of his ridding himself of that glory of dusky gold. And if Mr. Nikisch fails at once to capture the affections of a London afternoon audience, it will be because there is about him something that mars the completely harmonious effect of his artistically disordered hair, his elegantly nervous figure, clad (I am given to understand) in the newest fashion, and that melancholy eye which gazes mournfully into futurity. To be frank, when he conducts his appearance does somehow strike a discordant note just now. His pose and his air of authority are just a little obvious and offensive. He seems enamored of some high-flying notion of magnetizing his men, of subduing them to his will, compelling them to carry out his every thought almost as he thinks it. Now, when you are conducting a hungry German orchestra, where the best men get twenty shillings a week, and go in daily fear of losing that, it is easy enough to work the magnetic business, for so soon as the men discover that to be your little weakness they are ready to be hypnotized by the hour, or, for that matter, to be cast into a trance by the week. But an orchestra of a hundred independent Englishmen, or Anglicized foreigners, who never will be slaves except for something handsome in cash, who would laugh if you offered them for a day's work what the German bandsmen are glad to get for a week's work, who have not an empty stomach amongst them; this kind of orchestra cannot easily be hypnotized, and the conductor who tries it is apt to make rather a ludicrous spectacle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nikisch will drop the thing at once, for it prevented his full powers from being recognized at once last Saturday afternoon, and may be equally inconvenient on this afternoon and the remaining Saturdays on which he plays at Queen's Hall. That would be a pity, for Mr. Nikisch is a conductor of some power and originality. He is rather too anxious to create a distinctive impression, to be different from other conductors. If he cannot be better. Obviously, he wishes to play everything as though it had never been played before, the result being that he plays many things so as to suggest that he has often heard them played before and is bent on playing them differently. Of course, that keeps one awake; but, unfortunately, Mr. Nikisch sometimes kept one awake only to abuse him. His new 'points' are less revelations of beauties which other conductors have overlooked, less the logical result of an original conception of the whole work he plays, than mere exaggerations of details which other conductors are too wise to exaggerate, and the result of having no real, no living conception of the work at all. For example, toward the end of the 'Tannhäuser' overture he accentuated the upper horn part, either by doubling the number of horns, or by asking those he had to blow harder, so as to make a duct between that and the main melody of the trombones. The result was emphatically 'new,' but did not compensate for the loss of the massive effect of the trombone melody when it alone came out distinctly, like a single giant oak in an open field. On the other hand, the complete emancipation from petrified traditions enables him to imbue much of his playing with a breezy freshness that is grateful to ears overwheeled with many concerts where everything is done in the safe and accepted manner. Moreover, he actually gets some effects intended by the composers, but passed over by most conductors. Take that part of the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony where the basses have a variant of the first theme while the woodwind and other strings smile heavy chords above: who has ever before heard that tumultuous rush of the basses played with the force the composer evidently wished? Mott came nearest to doing it so that one might guess in what part of the bar the basses were at any given moment, but even with Mott the strength of the passage was largely dissipated in mere muddle. Nikisch solved the problem by grouping all the basses on one side of the orchestra instead of scattering them in the customary way, a few on either side, and the tone came out in a solid boom that made the hall throb, and that melody

sounded as clear as though it were played by an expert organist on the pedals of a fine organ, which is unmistakably what Beethoven meant. By playing the scherzo like a thing that had never been played before, he certainly made one feel as though one had never heard it before, the effect of anxious suspense got by the steady beating of the drum at the end being extraordinary in its intensity; and the full splendor and tenderness of the Finale have never been more completely brought out. The 'Peer Gynt' suite is a smaller matter, but he did it superbly. By holding in his men until the last movement, and then getting all he could out of them, he almost made one's hair stand on end with the great crashes and bangs which are usually so nonsensical. The concert, like Dr. Parry's Symphony in F, was so much too long that I left before the 'Carnival' overture, but I learn from the reports of critics who left the hall with me that this number went exceeding well, and that is gratifying. On the whole, so far as can be judged from this one concert, I am disposed to think that to the four great conductors I mentioned in this column some weeks ago the name of Nikisch must be added.

The Academy speaks as follows of Mr. G. W. Chadwick's overture "Melpomene" played in London at a Philharmonic concert June 13: "The results of good training are evident in his music—the scoring especially is most effective—but of strong individuality we find no trace. The overture, nevertheless, is interesting, and well worthy of a hearing; of American music, but little is performed in London."

The Athenaeum, June 22, says of it: "His orchestra shows intimate knowledge of the latest orchestral devices, and of themes and harmonies of the Wagnerian type. On the whole 'Melpomene' is a clever piece."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

They think they have found the tomb of Sebastian Bach in the Church of St. John, Leipzig.

Emma Nevada is singing in Spanish towns the bravura arias from "Pierle du Préste" and "Lakmé."

Armingaud, the French violinist, has written a book of aphorisms, entitled "Modulations." It is published by Lemerre, Paris.

D'Albert, angry because Stavenhagen was chosen second chapel-master at Weimar, has resigned his position as chief conductor.

"The Zaporogues," by J. D. Davis, an opera written in imitation of "Cavalleria Rusticana," met with little success at Birmingham, Eng.

Prof. H. W. Parker's musical setting of Edmund Clarence Steadman's Ode for Commencement Day at Yale University has been published by G. Schirmer of New York.

Ulysses Donzell, singing teacher, died recently at Bologna, age 38 years. He was the son of the famous tenor, Domenico Donzell, who died in 1873 at the age of 82. Ulysses was also a pianist and composer. His wife was the singer, Elisa Stefanini.

Miss Bessie Laine, first clarinet of the Boston Women's Orchestra, was married

June 28 to Mr. Pentrice G. Kerlin of Washington, D. C. It is to be hoped that she will not abandon the instrument for which she has shown such decided talent.

The new operas to be produced at the Russian Theatre, Saint Petersburg, are "Orestes," by Serge Tanéiev, "Christmas Eve," by Rimski-Korskov; "Raphael," by Arensky. And these operas will be sung in Russian: "Werther," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and "L'Elisir d'Amore."

A most valuable book has been published by Hoste of Ghent, "La Mélodie Antique dans le Chant de l'Eglise Latine," by Fr. Aug. Gevaert. In this book Gevaert shows that Pope Gregory the Great had nothing to do with the compilation or composition of plain song; it was Pope Sergius I. (687-701) who was the chief inspirer of the antiphony that received definite form under Leo II. and Gregory II.

Victor Tilgner has finished the statue of Mozart, which will be erected in Vienna in April, 1896. The pedestal will bear this inscription: Dignum laude virum, musa vetat mori. Bas-reliefs will reproduce scenes from "Don Giovanni." Mozart, bare-headed, is in the Viennese costume of the 18th century. His left hand holds a score.

Truth (London), June 27, speaks delightfully as follows: "Herr Rosenthal again showed how extraordinary an executant he is, and for brilliant technique, combined with unerring accuracy and an absence of all 'side' and pretence, he is probably quite unique. Considering the sickly sentimentality which has been wasted upon some pianists of the long-haired brigade and the emotional school, it is a healthy sign to see the public drawn in large numbers to so manly a virtuoso."

There has been talk about a visit of Bellini to this country. It is therefore interesting to see what the Pall Mall Gazette (June 21) said about her London debut: "Madame Bellini, who, as we understand, was the original Santuzza of Mascagni's opera, made her debut in that part last night at Covent Garden. It must be allowed that, in part, her acting was quite successful; her great difficulty, however, seemed to consist in the possibility of continuation. In a part which needs a great capacity for the expression of dumb satire she showed, for example, however wearily satirical she should have been, she inevitably released herself into a bright, girlish, happy smile that turned the spectator confounded and perplexed. As to her voice, it has the two somewhat contrary characteristics of volume and littleness; and in each characteristic it is somewhat harsh and monotonous. It never touched, and though at times it filled the theatre, it never aroused much emotion."

The Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of Patti's Zerlina in "Don Giovanni": "Mme. Patti, indeed, acted capitally; her touches of comedy were throughout simple, true and convincing. Her bewildered effort to dance in the minuet scene, and all her business with Masetto, were the genuine thing. M. Maurel's Don, too, was the most graceful thing imaginable; his conception of the part was true, and his elegance inconceivable. But both Mme. Patti, if in her case we except 'Vedrai Carino,' and M. Maurel, if in his case we except 'Deh! vieni alla finestra,' sang as though the grasshopper were a burden and the world were unintelligible. Miss MacIntyre (Donna Elvira) sang, on the other hand, with energy and care, but acted as though life had lost all its charms for her." And it speaks as follows of her Rosina: "We have for a long time been quivering on the verge of a direct plunge back into the operatic days of our grandfathers. Last night we took a header, calmly, deliberately, joyfully; and certainly, if it wasn't art, it was great fun. Appropriately, 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' was selected as the springboard from which we might take the plunge, which, brilliant of its kind though it be, is at all events an excellent opportunity for all the ancestral tricks in which we might choose to indulge. Among all that troop of singers of the past to whom Rossini's vocal methods meant so much she alone seemed to survive, in perfect touch with that almost forgotten school. Her companions of last night strove and strove, with trill and fancy note, with all the florid and brilliant passages of the beloved Rossini; but they strove in vain. * * * But, in spite of all, Patti, and she alone, was the true, ever-young Rossinian; she alone came to us with the true, the blushing traditions of the school. In the lesson scene she sang exquisitely 'Bel Raggio' from 'Semiramide,' and being enraptured, what more natural—the song is to be selected, according to stage direction, 'for the occasion'—than that she should sing 'Home, Sweet Home'? How well she can sing such a song—we refrain from epithets—she sang it with a matter of notoriety, and she sang it last night as well as ever. She also substituted for the finale a silly waltz by Signor Tito Mattei. She was allowed to do all these things, as of right. We had taken the plunge. It should be added that Sig. Bevilgnani did not by any means secure an adequate orchestral performance. But we forgave all, for Patti's sake."

THE QUADROON OPERA COMPANY.

Last week at the residence of Signor Bravura, 99 Charles Street, was gathered a large and appreciative audience to listen to the first dress rehearsal of the new and unique Quadroon Opera Company, under the direction of Signor Bravura.

On interviewing the Signor it was ascertained that, a few years ago, while traveling through the South, one bright summer's night, after he had retired, he was awakened by a troupe of serenaders. Having listened for some time, he opened the balcony window, and to his great surprise he found out that the serenaders were none other than those that belonged to the gifted race which were kept for so long in the shade, without having any opportunity of advancement in the divine art of music. An idea then struck Signor Bravura that an opera company composed of these talented people would be a novelty and no doubt a success.

A few months ago the Signor came to Boston to accomplish his long and nourished idea. Having met Mr. George Barnett, bass, he spoke to him about his plan, and at once the idea was put into execution. The music of the opera, "The Sleeping Queen," is by Balfe. The parts will be taken by young and handsome people. The costumes are beautiful. The company will give its first performance July 11, in Union Hall, Boylston Street.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Government of the Handel and Haydn Society a letter from Mr. Zerrahn was read, placing in the hands of the society his withdrawal as a candidate for re-election as conductor of the society. Mr. Zerrahn's withdrawal was accepted, and Mr. B. J. Lang was elected conductor for the coming season.

The following resolutions were passed in regard to Mr. Zerrahn:

In accepting the withdrawal of Carl Zerrahn from the office of conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Board of Government desire to express their deep regret that this action on his part can be no longer postponed. While the unexampled length of his term of service has admonished us of its necessarily approaching termination, yet all have shrunk from contemplating its actual close. We cannot now be forgetful of the conditions that attended its beginning. When he first came to us he found a barren waste of musical ignorance and indifference. The conditions of life in America opened to him an unparalleled opportunity for an unparalleled career in the work of raising a nation destitute of music to a recognized and honorable position in the musical world. We are glad to declare our appreciation of his invaluable labors in behalf of our society. We are no less proud to have identified with our history one who for many years was the most conspicuous figure in music in America, and whose fame in our own department of music has never been overshadowed. In averting instant disaster in the bewildering emergencies that so often befall a conductor when performers are many and their duties varied, his power and alertness and resourcefulness have never failed, and have justly won him unbounded praise. He has been no less remarkable in inspiring a deep personal attachment to himself in those whose musical activities he has directed. We feel that it is not the extravagance of compliment, but the simplicity and soberness of truth to say that among the countless singers in our own and other societies whom his baton has directed there is not one who does not entertain toward him a strong personal friendship. This unity of sentiment, so unusual in any relation of life, is unanswerable testimony to his personal worth, and will never cease to follow him with its benediction.

A CASE IN POINT.

As the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardner, a master at St. Paul's School, London, was a-walking in the Hammersmith-road, pondering time, space, reality, and abreast of them prudence, he was startled by a wild and gruesome shriek. The good man thought at once of murder, or the apparition of a fiend to a doddering woman. Looking up he saw in front of him an errand boy, named Frederick Cassal, who had just blown, to his own intense enjoyment, a deviline whistle. This whistle is more terrible than an army with banners. It is an appeal to violence or suicide. Mr. Gardner, in righteous indignation, glared at the youth, who again wound his diabolical horn. That which followed is not exactly clear, for the two did not tell the same story when the reverend gentleman was brought before the magistrate for assaulting young Cassal. The boy said that the first blast was for his own solace, and not as an annoyance to any one, and he blew the second thinking the clergyman would like to hear the instrument again. (This statement provoked ironical laughter in court.) To his amazement the clergyman was angry and struck him with his stick; whereupon he retaliated by pelting him with stones.

The clergyman's lawyer said in reply that the whistle was a horrible sounding thing, and was blown purposely for the discomfiture of the good man; the boy, delighted with his success, assumed a defiant position and was raising the awful thing to his lips, when Mr. Gardner, attempting to knock it out of his hand, hit the youth violently on his neck. Some may believe the clergyman's story; others, evil minded, may be confident that he struck out bravely, conjugating mentally the verb "tupto, I thrash." The magistrate, remarking that the blowing of such a thing was an intolerable nuisance, fined the reverend gentleman sixpence, with two shillings costs, and Master Cassal to the amount of 20 shillings.

Truly, an admirable magistrate! He did not say "Boys must be boys," or "We were all boys once," and, dallying, put the question by. He imposed a nominal fine on the outraged clergyman and punished the chief offender. He could not overlook the fact that Mr. Gardner struck the youth, but he appreciated the provocation.

In this country, where there is so little personal liberty in certain directions, there is tumultuous liberty given to annoyers of many not unduly sensitive people. That such a nuisance as the firing of cannon crackers is often attended by firing of property and maiming, or even killing, innocent men or women, does not apparently excite even public disapproval. It is as though in the first week of July all calendars said, "About this time expect a din and accidents," and the warning were sufficient. If a boy throws a lighted cracker at a passer-by, the latter is to blame if he cannot dodge it.

Now this nuisance of noise is not confined to crackers and their relatives, or to Fourth of July week. The young woman who rises with the sun and, neglecting her meals, pounds all day on a piano in an apartment house; the owner of a deviline whistle—and, alas, these whistles are within reach of the humblest; the slammer of doors in summer boarding houses and the slammer's name is Legion; the ambulatory hawk of kindling wood who splits his wood by his voice; these, and all like them, are intolerable. There is no reasoning with them. And yet if some car-stabbed, nerve-wrecked man should use the slightest bodily force in attempting to

rescue silence, would he not be haled to the magistrate? Would he not be told that his conduct was outrageous, and, if he gave his excuse, would he not be laughed at, in court and out of it? Would he not be fined? Would not the drunkards in the streets make songs about him? For it seems that liberty here is often convertible with license; that a free and independent citizen has a right to make as much noise as may please him. If he thus rends the shuddering air on a certain day, he is commendably patriotic; if he eschews crackers on other days, he may still employ other instruments of torture. So that the disturbed citizen of Boston may well applaud the conduct of the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardner and envy him his magistrate.

CLOSING "POPS" CONCERT—A PRESENTATION.

Last night this season's promenade concerts in Music Hall closed with a complimentary to Sig. A. de Novellis. A fine audience was in attendance, and the conductor, on his first appearance, was welcomed by a vigorous and enthusiastic round of applause by both the audience and the orchestra. He has made many friends for himself since he has been here, and has won great and well-merited favor from the public that patronizes these concerts. His programme-making has shown equal taste and judgment, and in no previous season of the "Pops" has there been greater satisfaction expressed with the music than there has been during the season just ended. A special feature of last night's programme was a waltz, "Graziella," composed expressly for this occasion by Mr. Knecht, a member of the orchestra, and dedicated to Sig. de Novellis. It is a spirited, tuneful and charming work, and was led by the composer, the grace and prettiness of whose music met with a warm recognition at the hands of the audience. M. Charles Mole played a brilliant flute solo in his now familiar, masterly manner, and was heartily applauded.

At the close of the first part of the programme the members of the orchestra and some of the regular patrons of the concerts assembled in the artists' room back of the stage, and Sig. A. de Novellis, who has been the conductor of the season's concerts, was sent for. Upon making his appearance, Mr. Saueregg, librarian of the orchestra, speaking for his associates and the patrons of the concert, presented Sig. de Novellis with an elegant solid gold medal made from a special design by Messrs. Henry Guild & Son. The medal is in circular form, adorned with a wreath and ornamental scroll work, having in the centre a lyre in bas relief fashioned in green gold. The words "The Pops" are above the lyre, and "Boston, '95," below it. On the reverse side is the following inscription: "Presented to Sig. A. de Novellis by the orchestra and patrons of the Music Hall Promenade Concerts, Boston, July 6, '95." The medal is suspended by gold chains from an ornamental top pin which has a leader's baton as its ornament.

In accepting the gift Sig. de Novellis said: "It is difficult for me to find words to tell you the happiness your kindness has caused me. Although but a temporary resident of Boston, I feel that I am among friends, and that I can confidently anticipate a pleasant welcome whenever my professional duties call me back to this city. My experience in directing the Music Hall promenade this season has been truly delightful, and to you gentlemen of the orchestra, to the many constant patrons, and last, but by no means least, the members of the press who have so generously recognized my efforts during the season, I desire to return my most heartfelt thanks. My memories of the 'pops' will always be of the happiest character, and Boston will ever be the Hub of my professional universe. I again thank you most sincerely for all your kindness to me."

The presentation and the reception of the gift were in keeping with the pleasant relations which have existed between the members of the orchestra and Sig. de Novellis, throughout the season. Although he met the gentlemen of the orchestra as an entire stranger, Sig. de Novellis will always be held in pleasant remembrance by the musicians he has conducted during the last two months.

July 8 - 95
Mr. Benjamin Johnson Lang is now the conductor of the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia, and the Apollo. "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

An English calendar publishes this excellent advice for July 8: "In high summer, persons accustomed to live well should diminish the usual quantity of their viands and fluids; wine should be taken very sparingly, and spirituous liquors seldom. Habits of indulgence at this period of the year fill many graves."

May not the laboring man of Boston as well as of New York wonder at the justice that allows the clubman to drink at his ease on a Sunday and denies the workman a pot of cooling beer?

The laboring people of the Roman Catholic Church will welcome the Papal decree abolishing all days of abstinence except Fridays in the year. Father Ducey's remarks are sensible and to the point. Sir Richard Burton in speaking of the Ramazan of the Moslems said, "Like the Italian, the Anglo-Catholic and the Greek fasts, the chief effect of the 'blessed month' upon True Believers is to darken their tempers into positive gloom. The men curse one another and beat the women. The women slap and abuse the children, and these in their turn cruelly entreat, and use bad language to, the dogs and cats. The station houses are filled with lords who have administered an undue dose of chastisement to their ladies, and with ladies who have scratched, bitten, and otherwise injured the bodies of their lords."

Science has taken cognizance of the steady swelling of a human head. The familiar disease is known by the unfamiliar term "acromegaly."

The Rev. D. E. Croft, pastor of the Park Street Baptist Church, South Framingham, writes the Journal as follows. "I was pleased to notice in the Journal of today (July 5) under 'Talk of the Day,' your item concerning Sir James Crofts. A direct descendant of Sir James was William Croft, who wrote cathedral music in Warwickshire. A descendant of his was another James Croft, a great uncle of mine, and in his family it was that the separation came in the English line, and a family came to America. The Crofts of America spring from a German line; the change in the letter from 'o' to 'a' is the only distinction nationally. The 's' of Crofts is purely American, and is seldom found in England."

It is to be regretted that President Cleveland pardoned, after hardly a month's imprisonment, a mail robber because of his "family surroundings" and the "recommendation of many citizens of the highest character and standing." Such cheap sentimentalism should not be countenanced in high places.

This reminds us that a neighbor alludes to a man formerly in Boston, now in exile, who ruined many by his rank dishonesty, as "the Napoleon of Finance."

Mr. Walter T. Scheele recommends permanganate of potash in a solution of 1 to 25 as the best antidote for mosquito bites.

The records of Byzantine refinement of effeminacy and silly luxury do not furnish a parallel to the cigarette habits of rich and prominent New Yorkers as described by a newspaper of that city.

The biographer of Carter Harrison says that in the years which followed the panic of 1857 Mr. Harrison managed to hold on to his property, "and to meet his notes, if not with payment, at least with all his resources of diplomacy, good fellowship and firmness." It was the eulogist of the late Col. Yell of Yellville who exclaimed in a fine burst: "It is true that when Col. Yell was called upon for an accounting he was utterly unable to show what had become of the funds of the Yellville Bank, but he seized that occasion, Mr. Speaker, to declare his undying devotion to the American flag."

Miss Gertrude Hall's translation of some of Verlaine's poems does not meet with favor, as far as the critics are concerned. The New York Times well says, "The translation is done as well, perhaps, as it might be done, but it is not done at all, and it is not the translator's fault, and there is nothing to be done except not to translate Verlaine."

Mr. Richard Mansfield is telling what he should do, if he were called to the throne of America. "I should endow a national theatre," yes, and insist on playing the leading parts. "I should establish a brilliant court, at which all distinguished men and all honest men, regardless of pecuniary standing, should at all times be welcome."

"Is this a dream?
Then waking would be pain."

To G. B.: We do not know who it was that described Boston as "the place where respectability stalks unchecked."

To G. B. again: Yes, indeed, there is such a verb as "brutify." In its transitive form it goes back to the 17th century, and Mill did not disdain to use it in his "Political Economy." There is an intransitive form, as "man brutified for very want of observance."

Mr. Frederic Archer, organist, and of many cities, thus withers Boston with his curse: "You speak of Boston, I lived there two years, and it is vastly overrated in culture of every kind. Most of it is very superficial." Mr. Archer thinks that Pittsburgh "contains the possibilities of becoming the musical centre of the country." Mr. Archer, by the way, has just been appointed "official city organist" of Pittsburgh.

The Japanese women are, indeed, civilized. They never discuss their servants.

July 9, 1762, was a great day for Ireland. A dew of honey fell in the neighborhood of Rathermuc, which loaded the trees and long grass in such a manner that quantities of it were saved by scoops. This accounts for the fierceness of the inhabitants.

"And close your eyes with holy read,
For he on honey dew hath fed."

Attention has been called to the bicycle face, which is a composite photograph of sternness and woe. Students of sociology have observed for a long time that there is a mandoline face peculiar to all plunkers and tummers on that pleasing instrument. And the more skilled the player, the more melancholy is his expression.

Mr. M. W. Hazeltine declares Mrs. Miln's book about Corea (they spell it now with a K) "the most entertaining and also the most instructive book which has yet appeared about the Hermit Kingdom." And this in the face of the volume written by that hardy and adventurous explorer and

entist, Percival Lowell! Mr. Lowell, by the way, is not entirely satisfied with his astronomical station in Arizona, and there is a report that he will visit the Equator this summer. There will be a yawning and portentous telescope, through which he can see the mules that drag the boats in the canals of Mars; or tell the ingredients of the face powder and lip salve used by Venus, and possibly have a rapt vision of her cestus.

Courage, brethren, courage! "The rewards of literary industry of all kinds are greater today than they ever were before, and are growing larger all the time." So says the editor of the New York Recorder, and he writes with the cheerfulness of conviction.

If you wish to read a glorious, exciting account of a boat race at Henley, turn to the first chapter of Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash." "They reached Henley in time to see the dulllest town in Europe; and also to see it turn one of the gayest in an hour or two."

It was on July 9, 1862, that a question arose in the Irish Parliament concerning the publication of its debates in an English newspaper called "The Intelligencer," and the Irish Speaker wrote to the English Secretary of State to prevent such publication in those "diurnals."

Apropos of newspapers, it was on July 9, 1827, that Mr. Howel wrote Mr. Richard Leat asking him to send a copy of the "Venetian Gazette." And he also asked for a barrel or two of oysters, forwarding at the same time a couple of "red deer pies."

William II. is following the example of Nero. He not only purposes to appear in amateur theatricals; he insists on attentive audiences. The applause will, indeed, be sonorous and sky-assailing. William has also shown his disapproval of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays, not on account of their construction, but because they are full of "socialistic sentiments." Truly is he a busy and versatile monarch. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, his old schoolmate, who has made so much magazine copy out of the fact, should write an illustrated article entitled "An Imperial Histrion."

"The oldest chestnut is probably at Tor-worth, England." We are not so sure of this.

Here is a news item, published in an English exchange, that will at once excite the admiration and the envy of bicyclists: "The other night, a great patroness of the wheel gave a banquet to the great Hubert Holbein, the Belgian champion cyclist. Some unusual proceedings attended the finish of this feast. In the course of the evening, it appears, the champion's hair was cut, and the crop, in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers, was disposed of among the company. The amount realized was £1 15s. 4d. It would seem that either the champion has not got much hair, or that his admirers are of a somewhat too practical turn of mind. They put the proceeds of the sale to utilitarian uses, anyhow. They devoted them to 'the amelioration of Belgian roads.'"

The sculptor of the statue of Bismarck at Cologne is appropriately named Schaper. According to his measurements, Bismarck has a remarkably large head, a fact that was discovered long ago, however, by William II. The Bismarck head measures 212 and 170 in millimetres. They say that his brain-pan carries 4 pounds and 1 ounce avoirdupois, while Cuvier's brain weighed only 3 pounds 15½ ounces. But the Lancet reported the other day a brain exactly as heavy as Bismarck's, and, it belonged to a crier who was deaf, dumb, daft, and a Scotchman.

There are as many remedies for hay fever as for sea sickness, but a correspondent assures us that anti-toxine (not the diphtheria cure, but the antidote for headache and fever), if taken in 5 or 10 grain doses two or three times daily, will quickly remove nasal and frontal soreness, etc., etc.

Miss Collett, a labor correspondent to the Board of Trade, London, concludes as the result of investigations that women's employment is not rapidly extending, nor are women replacing men in industry to any considerable extent. The employment of elderly and married women has on the whole diminished, and the increase in the employment of females under 25 has been concurrent with a similar extension of employment of young men and boys.

It is not often that we can take a lesson in journalism from our English brethren. Yet, as we have hinted on former occasions, the modern method of reporting proceedings in the police courts of London is worthy of imitation this side of the Atlantic. American newspapers have long before this treated the law-irritating antics of the unconventional jocosely and in the phraseology of the day. But the London men speak of these petty crimes with mild and fragrant cynicism, believing that sin is only good in the making. Here is an instance of their method:

"Bow Street is not exactly on the way from Mile End to Mr. John Wilson's home in Blackfriars Road, but the cabman who

called there with him at 2 o'clock in the morning had his reasons. It appeared that he would not pay his fare, and when the policeman on duty wondered why, John was ready with an alry answer. 'No brass,' he said, by which he meant current coin of the realm, not native impudence. He was willing and even anxious to have a round with the policeman, but that was the best he could do. He had been painting Mile End red, and got painted red, white and blue in his turn. 'They threw flour over me, and then painted me blue behind and red in front.' He admitted that he looked very funny, and added that he felt so, too. Discretion was the better part of valor, he told Sir John Bridge, and hence the cab. The magistrate doubted the discretion, and John admitted that there were grounds for this, but explained that that was a way he had 'when he got the devil in solution inside him.' Sir John was afraid that the gayety of Blackfriars must be eclipsed for a fortnight, but Mr. Wilson wanted a month. A fortnight is short, but not so sweet, he said: You get 'better chuck' with a month. He knew 'No. 1 strabout,' and so would the magistrate if he knew all he (Wilson) knew; which would seem to imply that he has tried it before. Now he will try it again."

"KISMET."

First Production of a Turkish Comic Opera, the Libretto by Mr. R. F. Carroll and Music by Mr. C. A. Kerker.

"Kismet, or Two Tangled Turks," an acrobatic, trick pantomimic comic opera, was produced for the first time on any stage last evening at the Tremont Theatre by Mr. Harry Askin's company. Mr. Selli Simonson was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Kismet.....	Lizzie MacNichol
Chinchet.....	Harry Davenport
Dan De Lyon.....	Aubrey Boucicault
Ovah.....	William Schuster
Sum.....	E. S. Wentworth
The Muezzim.....	William Schuster
So-Jah, the Aga of the Janizaries.....	Helen Welch
A-Jeeb.....	E. H. Carroll
B-Jeeb.....	Charles Whalen
Absinthe.....	Jeanette St. Henry
Ramadamus.....	Helen Reimer
Fat-Ma.....	Nannie Morse
Haideez.....	R. F. Carroll

Mr. Carroll's recipe for an operetta libretto is not unlike the recipe recommended by John Phoenix for a summer drink: Three parts water gruel, two of root beer; thicken with a little soft squash and strain through a cane-bottomed chair.

The subject is incredibly silly, and its treatment is jejune. The Sultan is a young woman who does not know her sex, and her sister is a young man who has never suspected that he should use a razor. Of course some men woo the disguised man, and other men are attracted strangely by the disguised woman. There is a Pantaloon Grand Vizier, and there is an Irishman, who stumbles into every kind of good fortune and marries the Sultan's sister.

This story is told in an artless and desultory fashion, as though a negro minstrel sketch had been elaborated in print by the inventor. There is a great deal of dialogue which is stale or dull. There are very few lines of even mild jocosity. There is ground tumbling galore, and in the second and last act there are several minutes of the pantomimic hide-and-seek so dear to childhood.

Now Mr. Carroll wrote a note, published in the program "to disarm suspicion," in which he acknowledges "his indebtedness to everybody in general and the late Dion Boucicault in particular." And some may say, "This is summer merry-making; 'tis an operetta without pretence; why then find fault with it?" But why should that which would be bad in winter, or spring, or even autumn, be good in summer? The Tremont Theatre saw lately excellent productions of "The Sphinx," the libretto of which was an honest, if not entirely successful attempt at coherency of plot and refined humor. Night by night this libretto was cheapened by the struggle to make it "more popular." But the fatuousness introduced into "The Sphinx" was as dazzling wit compared with the most brilliant flights of Mr. Carroll's fancy. If the horse-play and the jesting in "Kismet" were wildly grotesque or original in absurdity, they might be smiled at or even encouraged. But judged by the standard of farce comedy, Mr. Carroll's libretto is a vain and foolish thing.

Mr. Kerker's music is at times reminiscent. In the first chorus of the first act, there are echoes of "Cavalleria Rusticana," in the finale of the same act there is the memory of Meyerbeer; in the song of Kismet in the second act, there is a composite of De Koven and Celler, or to speak more properly, Kerker strains the music of Celler through De Koven's sieve. The greater part, however, is purely Kerkerian, only in this operetta he became enamored early in his labor with one tune and was faithful to it until the end. There is jingle, there is the familiar waltz from Vienna, there is the familiar local color known to operettas with Oriental subjects.

Mr. Carroll, the comedian, played in the operetta of Mr. Carroll, the librettist. For this he is not to be condemned. Shakespeare, it is said, played minor parts in some of his dramas, and Moliere assumed the leading roles in his comedies. On former occasions Mr. Carroll suggested vividly the ideal Korean actor, who must be at all times ready with glib jests, topical quips, and cheap witticisms; "he will often give an uninterrupted performance of some hours in length, chanting folk songs, repeating old legends and romances, or giving Punch-and-Judy like exhibitions of connubial infelicity." But last night, either through modesty or nervousness, he did not monopolize the stage. Perhaps one would have been more amused at his antics, if there was not even present the horrid thought, "There stands the author of the libretto, unabashed," or one might have been readier to pardon the librettist, had not the comedian reminded him of the existence of the librettist.

The company is of fair ability. Miss MacNichol is always welcome, and the edible Miss St. Henry displayed her plump and pleasing person. Mr. Boucicault, a picturesque figure in the first act, is what is called by some a natural singer; i. e., he sings without art. Mr. Wentworth's make-up was admirable, and Mr. Schuster sang a prayer that could by no possibility ever have been sung on such an occasion in Turkey. Mr. Davenport made his entrance on the stage after the fashion of the delivery of a ton of coal, and his comedy throughout was as violent. The soprano-voiced "attendants in charge of harem" exercised themselves thoroughly in the course of the evening. Mr. Simonson had the orchestra well under control, and the chorus was well balanced and effective.

The operetta is mounted handsomely; scenery and costumes speak loudly for the taste and enterprise of Mr. Askins and his assistants.

The costumes of the chorus girls were singularly appropriate to the hot weather, and no doubt excited the envy of the women in the audience, as well as the eager admiration of the men.

There was a large audience which was generous with applause. Often there was laughter.

Before the performance and during the entr'acte strange beings from the Orient discoursed barbaric music in the lobby.

PHILIP HALE

And the sight of Christian Endeavor flags, placards or badges in shop windows is pleasant to all lovers of the race and believers in steady moral development. That grocer or baker, plumber or haberdasher proposes to endeavor hereafter to treat his customers in a Christian spirit and show mercy as well as justice in his dealing makes life brighter and rebukes the pessimist.

There are many heroes to the indefatigable newspaper reader. There are "Old Subscriber," "Veteran," "Senex," "Justice," "Veritas," and "X." The greatest and the one that excites the most curiosity is "The Gentleman Who Does Not Wish His Name Mentioned." To see him would the subscriber walk many miles, only to gaze for a moment on his face. For the bravery of "The Gentleman, etc.," is only equaled by his omniscience and his omnipresence. He sits at a Cabinet meeting at Washington, and at the same time knows the secrets of bank directors in Boston and the plans of rebels in Cuba. Statesmen unlock their breasts to him, and he is in the confidence of monarchs and all spiritual rulers. He knows what always should be done, and why there was disaster. He shouts his advice in trumpet tones. We see him now, a thick-set, flat-headed man with bugging eyes and an iron jaw. His whiskers are aggressive; his gestures are profuse. Defiant, oracular, he quails only when he is at home. Reader, lend us your ear a moment. "The Gentleman Who Does Not Wish His Name Mentioned" is governed sternly, but justly, by his little, mild-eyed wife.

John Burroughs is "a literary man with a passion for grapes." Other literary men have gone further, and had a passion for grape-juice.

And well may John Burroughs take up the cudgel against Max Nordau, who in his "Degeneration" tells foul lies about the character of Walt Whitman. The outrageous statements about Whitman are only a few of the false premises from which Nordau draws his hysterical conclusions.

There was an exchange of Oriental courtesies this week between Boston and New York. Boston sent "The Sphinx" to Manhattan, who reciprocated by giving us the first hearing of a work by two of her citizens. In New York they listened politely to "The Sphinx," but the rapture was very

moderate. The Times found that "Mr. Browne's dialogue and lyrics proceeded on a level of deadly dullness, though he had an ingenious story founded on an idea which ought to have been fruitful," and "Mr. Thompson gives more promise, though he, too, has still a good deal to learn." The Recorder (Mr. Hunker, in all probability) says: "There are some bright lines in it; the lyrics are good and the story really is a capital one. The librettist tells it as well as he is allowed to, but you soon see the deadly hand of the specialty man. The music—oh, well; the music is, to be slangy—'any old thing,' 'Faust' preferred. Opening with the valse by the late Charles Gounod, we are treated to hints of 'The Golden Calf,' and other well-known numbers from the time-worn work of the French composer. Then Mr. Waldteufel is pressed into service, and we are waltzed and later on gavotted. A pretty roundelay, the best bit of writing in the piece, went last night without a hand. There were conventional soprano solo and several sweet tenor songs. A pretty but too short chorus is the one in the third act, beginning 'Oh, Mr. Ptimmus.' Also a very charming valse movement is whistled, or rather fluted, by the dumb valet."

Capt. Adrian C. Anson is always a delight. When asked the other day what he thought about the elevation of the stage, he replied: "Well, I think it could stand being raised a little, especially in some theatres, where the orchestra gets between the actors and the audience."

To L. B. C.: No. The Christian name of Mr. Breckinridge, the Minister to Russia, is not Minnie, as you inferred from a dispatch in the Daily Abbeviator. "Min." probably stood for Minister.

If it rains on July 1, it will rain for seven weeks."

It was on the 10th of July that two laborers in Leixlip Churchyard found a skeleton that belonged apparently to a departed brother who was not less than 10 feet in height. Unfortunately there was no clue to the name of the distinguished gentleman.

This is the feast day of the sons of Felicitas. There were seven of them, and their names were Felix, January, Philip, Alexander, Silan, Vital and Martial. If they had lived in this commercial age they would have probably controlled a circus, with two rings, or been known as the Seven Little Tailors. They were born in days when there was heroic sentiment, and so they suffered martyrdom over 17 centuries ago.

Many dilate on the pleasure of a cold bath in this sticky weather, and yet the people of West Arabia, who know full well the furnace sun, avoid cold water from a belief that it causes fever. "When Arabs wish to cool the skin after a journey they wash with a kind of fuller's earth called 'Taif,' or with a thin paste of henna, and then anoint the body with oil or butter." The experiment may be tried here with oleomargarine.

There is as much dispute concerning the inventor of the catcher's mask as about the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. There can be no arrest concerning the first college pitcher who used curves. His name is "Ham" Avery, Yale, '75.

July 1 - 95

To the Visitors: You will see a handsome building in Huntington Avenue, and on its front wall you think you read "C. E." carved unmistakably, and you will very likely ring the bell, expecting food and shelter. If you ring, you will be treated courteously, for there is no more delightful club house in the city; but you will be told that the lodestone letters are in this order: "E. C."

The girl that dances in the second act of "Kismet" bears a striking resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe as he appears in any old daguerreotype. Her face has the same expression of sculptured melancholy and disdain for all things earthly.

Endeavorous visitors delayed by blockaded street cars may well regard the definition given by Hobbes as ironical: "I define Endeavor to be motion made in less space and time than can be given."

American college crews that go over to England to row should ponder the explanation given by Artemus Ward to Punch: "I can only explain Mr. Hamill's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water."

The fact that a Bishop proposes to spend the whole of four weeks in active work in a street mission excites surprise and comment. And yet there are precedents for such personal contact with the poor to be found in the early history of Christianity and in the New Testament.

"Vesuvius belches." And even in the presence of royalty. This mountain was never noted for good breeding.

There is much pleasing gossip about the approaching marriage of Mr. Herman Long, the eminent short stop. "Manager Selee met her not long ago, and he says she is charming." If the manager approves, who would forbid the banns?

"Nine women desire a husband." Sir Richard Burton was of the opinion that in a new country polygamy is morally justifiable, "the evils being more than counterbalanced by the benefits." He advocated this theory in his book about Brazil; also in his "Pilgrimage to Mecca," in which he went so far as to say, "As far as my limited observations go, polyandry is the only state of society in which jealousy and quarrels about the sex are the exception and not the rule of life." It should be remembered that his wife in the preface to "The Highlands of Brazil," pointed the finger of indignation at her husband's remarks upholding "that unnatural law, Polygamy, which the author is careful not to practice himself." Burton would have sympathized with the philosopher who said, "Man at the best is imperfectly monogamous." But stay! The headline quoted perverts the facts in the case. Nine women desire husbands, undoubtedly one a piece. This calls, however, for 81 tailors.

Mr. Philip H. Savage declares in a fine poetic burst that he hates "the vast array of 'modern things,' including 'a thousand light and weightless books of verse and copyings.' Why, then, add to them? A thousand is a good round number.

It was Herman Melville that paid this tribute to Nantucket: "Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal whalemen, the Red Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan? And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adventurous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported cobble stones—so goes the story—to throw at the whales, in order to discover when they were high enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit?"

This is the anniversary of the death (1797) of Charles Macklin, playactor, who bade farewell to the stage when he was in his

hundred and seventh year. His favorite and apparently life-fostering drinks were ale, porter and white wine thickened to the consistency of a syrup with sugar. The last ten years of his existence he ate whenever he was hungry, drank when he was thirsty, and went to bed just as he felt inclined, without any reference to time.

And today is the anniversary of the death (1804) of that great and very human man, Alexander Hamilton, who was killed by the celebrated actor, Col. Burr.

The French are, indeed, a courteous people. When Miss Foello of a Paris theatre chose not to pay her dressmaker's bill, \$300, she declared that she was a minor. Now the Englishman would say, "She looks older than she is;" but the Frenchman declares that "the physical development of Mademoiselle and the opulence of her natural charms" and to blame.

A correspondent, evidently not an inhabitant of Ware, N. H., writes as follows to the Journal:

"Within the past year we have seen several articles in your paper recalling old terms, or sayings, not now in common use; in your last is one on 'Dingbat' and 'Gaum-ing.' Some months ago was an article that mentioned 'Reffage,' an old term for refuse, or waste material, which recalled to memory a rhyme composed some fifty

years ago, and never before in print. There used to be an old man named Bennet, lame in both arms and legs, who used to hobble through portions of Massachusetts and New Hampshire selling essence of peppermint. Nearly everybody knew him and joked with him, and generally he could turn the jokes on his tormentors. One time he traveled into the town of Ware, N. H., and stopped to rest. Several men were blasting a ledge of rock and they gathered around Bennet for talk and fun, and one said the town had never been immortalized in verse, and asked him if he could do anything in that line. Bennet said he was not a poet, but would see what he could do for them, and gave out the following lines:

"Dame Nature, once, when making land,
Had reffage left, of stone and sand;
She held it up, and looked around,
Then let it fall upon the ground,
And said, 'Thou paltry stuff lie there,
And make a place and call it Ware.'"

Now let us hear from some of the good people of the thus maligned town.

Here is another delightful illustration of life among the lowly of London, as well as decadent editorial comment on the same. The excerpt is, of course, from the Pall Mall Gazette: "It was a case of spretae injuria formae, and Miss Jessie Farrell of Cornelius Place, Stanhope Street, was the maiden all forlorn. Mr. Bill Smith used to keep company with her, but the perjured swain deserted her for Miss Nellie Stanley of Whitfield Street. But Jessie did not let concealment play the part of the worm in the bud; she was compounded of the sterner stuff that makes Medea. Fortunately she had grasped the modern ideas of combination, and belonged to a gang of women known as the Forties—the roaring Forties one might call them. They began by throwing a bottle into Nellie's room. Then Misses Farrell, Hall and Duggan paraded past her window, and remarked that she would never see a wedding day. Later in the day they followed her from the Whitfield Street baths, and Miss Farrell said: 'She's pretty; let's make her ugly. Let's do her in.' Miss Hall obligingly translated the mysterious phrase into 'Let's bite her nose off.' Then they fell upon her married sister and struck her on the nose; after which they pulled Nellie to the ground by her hair, kicked her in the side, stabbed her in the head with a tin opener, and also in the corset, which happily saved her back. In the excitement of the moment Miss Duggan got her share of the tin opener, but that did not prevent her also sharing in the 21 days. For Mr. Newton did them in."

July 2 - 95

Boston is now visited thoroughly. Even the solitude of Lombard Square has been invaded, and Aristides has at last been disturbed in his 43-year meditation on the conduct of the Athenian who voted against him.

Visitors should not fail to see the caterpillars in Walnut, Chestnut and Mount Vernon Streets. These foliage eaters are noble specimens, more ravenous than the creeping army seen by Joel, the son of Pethuel. Boston today reminds one of the fate of Babylon as prophesied by Jeremiah: "The Lord of hosts hath sworn by Himself, saying surely, I will fill thee with men as with caterpillars."

It is with pleasure that we hear of the establishment of the Wild East Show. The attractions are many. Mr. Richard Harding Davis will explore the jungles of the Bowery in a scene of thrilling realism, and Mr. Howells will exhibit his uncontrollable passion for an author that may be chosen out of a dozen by the audience. There will be executions by trolley-cars; the attack on the little red school house; and a practical exhibition of the Courtney stroke. A most amusing specialty, one that will surely interest all students and

architects, will be a class of Bates Hall filled with real people waiting for the delivery of ordered books; the facial expression changing from hope to curiosity, alarm, irritation, despair is a triumph of pantomimic skill. Further information will be given as soon as all the plans are carried into effect. It may be stated now, however, that Mr. Ollie Tenill and Mr. Richard Mansfield have been engaged, and that neither time nor money will be spared in the effort to satisfy all possible expectations of the public.

To C. E. C.: The finest and largest crabs are found at Cornell. Roast them.

The cadets of the Marhichead and the San Francisco declare that they were "unable to keep pace with the Russians in the matter of drinking." This reflects on either the American curriculum or the instructors.

Thirty years ago Mr. Clarke of Montana was only wealthy in a pick "over his shoulder," the pick of potentiality. As he has now \$40,000,000, "more or less," probably less by a million or two, he has the pick of the world.

We regret that Mr. J. E. Murphy declaimed here against the good old fashion of young men standing at the church door ready to descend gallantly upon the girls as they leave the building at the end of the service. It is a time-hallowed custom this anxious waiting, and it encourages matrimony. No young man can pay undivided attention to a service when he sits snugly by the side of his Arabella; nor, on the other hand, can Arabella centre her thoughts on things celestial. Beside, did not Milton say: "They also serve who only stand and wait?"

Here is an old English weather saw:
"To the 12th of July from the 12th of May
All is day."

Pray, what is the exact meaning of this?

French academicians may come and go; Zola is a perpetual candidate. Has he forgotten his own words, spoken at a dinner party in 1875? "I shall never be decorated. I shall never be a member of the Academy. I shall never enjoy a distinction that affirms my talent. In the eyes of the public, I shall always be a pariah—yes, a pariah."

We regret to find a most respectable neighbor speaking of "a new manageress." What is the matter with the word "manager?"

Here is a specimen of acute and discriminating criticism by Mr. Alan Dale, who saw "The Sphinx" in New York:

"For a short time during the first act, I am afraid I dozed. I awoke with a dreadful start from a dream that I was in mid-ocean. I had heard a fog-horn, and fog-horns always disturb me. It was quite a relief when I realized that the fog-horn was a myth, and that the action was merely due to the fact that Laura Joyce Bell was singing."

Mr. Dale also saw the librettist as in a vision: "I can imagine him chuckling with laughter at his own book, guffawing with glee at such little novel sayings as 'Where the lady wore the heads,' or 'Where the turkey lost his breath,' then that good old literary chestnut, 'Love is an insane desire to pay a woman's board bill'—adapted for 'The Sphinx'—no doubt plunges him into a veritable cataract of mirth, and the witty gentleman who remarks that 'We are modern up-to-date folding Bedouins' probably completed Maynadier's mental ecstasy." But Mr. Dale, perhaps, does not know that the majority of the antique jests were introduced into the libretto by Mr. Stevens, who is regarded by himself and friends as an irresistible humorist.

And Aunt Lavinia remarked: "The slender tapering modern waist is a pure piece of convention; a form to which the eye has grown accustomed, but always and primarily a form of art. Pass a certain dimension—say twenty-eight or twenty-nine inches—and the waist, as we understand it nowadays, ceases altogether to exist. Personally, I should be inclined to fix twenty-eight inches as the limit. Twenty-eight inches in a corseted waist is, so to speak, the vanishing point. Beyond that the struggle with nature should cease entirely. After twenty-eight inches is reached I would have a woman be at rest. Let her then revise and modify her whole system and theory of dressing. Let her eschew tight-fitting coats, waistbands, closely fastened bodices—all that confines and cramps, and makes for the awkward and the unnatural. Long lines, loose folds of drapery—there is no other possible form of late feminine salvation."

July 13 - 95

Today is the anniversary of Marat's unfortunate bath, which is a reminder to lock the doors of your bathroom and furnishes a species of tank-drama for the glory of Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

Judge Wilson of Cincinnati proclaimed from the bench, "Any man who gives all his salary to his wife is a fool." And a good Judge, too.

Lowell Daily Vox faucibus haesit.

Cornell proposes to send two crews to Henley. Will not one suffice?

And all the time the farmers have been waiting impatiently for a word of advice concerning July's husbandry. Let us consult old Thomas Tusser. And what does Tusser say?

"Get crist to the mill, to have plenty in store,
Lest miller lack water, as many do more.
The meal the more yeldeth, if servant be true,
And miller that tolleth, take none but his due."

Mr. J. Jones in his great work "Observationes Medicae" (MS.) entered these memoranda under the date July 13, 1752: "A very old man, nearly ninety years of age, being asked what he had done to live so long, answered, 'when I could sit, I never stood; I married late, was a widower soon, and never married again.'"

And here is Mr. Jones's memorandum concerning Dr. John Thomas, the good Bishop of Salisbury. He was speaking to his clergy and telling them that he had been married four times; suddenly, with great cheerfulness, he added, "And should my present wife die, I will take another; and it is my opinion I shall survive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of gettingt quilt of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband; and so I am; for I never contradict them. But don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health, et optima medicamenta, to all women. But, give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise." Would that he were with us this week, this glorious Bishop of Salisbury?

A contemporary states that the celebrated singer, Caroline Marie Félix-Miolan-Carvalho, who died the 10th, in her 68th year, created the part of Marguerite in "The Huguenots." The statement is incorrect. The part mentioned was created by Dorus-Gras, when Mrs. Carvalho was 8 years old. Mrs. Carvalho's famous creations were Giraldi (in Adam's opera of the same name, 1850); La Reine Topaze (Massé, 1856); Marguerite, (Gounod's "Faust," 1859); Baucis, (Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis," 1860); Mireille, (Gounod, 1864); Juliet, (Gounod, 1867).

Yes, that 16 inning contest between Boston and Louisville was indeed a thrilling game. Mr. Dolan was hit by a fierce ball in that part of the body known euphemistically as the stomach, and suffered intense pain. Then Mr. McCarthy with his fist bashed Mr. Spies as to his eye. Mr. Spies in turn jumped on Mr. McCarthy and struck him

three or four times in the face, encouraged thereto by the villagers, who shouted "Kill him, kill him." Truly, a merry, merry game. "Nothing like it ever seen on a bluegrass ball field."

Mr. Eustis, the Ambassador to France, was much surprised to see how strangely his talk looked in print. He is not the first public man who did not realize at the time what he was saying. Of course the reporter is blamed; he is always the sufferer. Mr. Lowell's shabby treatment of Mr. Julian Hawthorne is a memorable case in point.

It was on the 13th of July, 1691, that Mr. Anthony Payne, yeoman of the guard, and afterward gunner at Plymouth, was hurled. He stood 7 feet 2 inches, and was so heavy that at his death the floor of the room was taken up in order to remove his body.

The Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D. D., minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, said in his "Geography Made Easy" (5th ed. 1796) that as Nantucket "is low and sandy, it is calculated only for those people who are willing to depend almost entirely on the water element for subsistence. . . . The last Indian pastor died 20 years since, and was a worthy, respectable character."

And it was Melville who said in 1851, "For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island which amazingly pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolizing the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original—the Tyre of this Carthage."

And did they sing at the celebration that fine old whaling song, beginning:

"Our captain stood upon the deck

A my knee in his hand,

A blowing of those gallant whales

That blew at every strand,

Oh, your tubs in your boats, my boys,

And by your braces stand,

And we'll have one of those fine whales,

Hand, boys, over hand."

Or did they sing at Nantucket those verses from the 74th Psalm, Ravenscroft version.

"Yea, thou didst break the heads so great,

Of VVahs that are so fell;

And gav'st them to the folk to eat,

That in the desert dyed."

By the way, they say that the first appearance of the word "deputize" (to deputize) in any American publication was in a "Description of Nantucket," 1811.

It was on July 13, 166, that Mr. Howell, detained in the Fleet Prison, wrote Lord Cherbury recommending a young man who wished to enter his lordship's service. "If your Lordship hath not present occasion to employ him, he may be about you a while, like a spare watch, which your Lordship may wind up at pleasure." Oh, the felicitous expression of those early days!

Behold and see how a trivial incident in humble life fires the fancy of the London decadent: "Mr. John Benbergier has a pretty cosmopolitan way of issuing his challenges to mortal combat. He borrows from all nations, and improves on every one. He was porter at the Albemarle Hotel until Thursday night, when he overheard Mr. Thomas Smith, a gentleman's valet, make a remark to Miss Amy Petre, one of the chambermaids, on the stairs. In John's native Germany the proper way of leading up to a duel is to remark, 'Dummer Junge.' But he has been long enough in England to forget these little niceties, and what he did say was plagiarized from the Hebrew children who were eaten by she bears. 'Go up to your own floor, you long-nosed Jew.' Then he remembered 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and the Italian method of borrowing friends' and countrymen's ears, and went several better than that. For he knocked Thomas over a trunk, and bit his wrist, left shoulder and right ear, not to mention the arm of Miss Amy, who pluckily came to the rescue. Finally, he remembered our own good British method, and, when Thomas thought it was all over, rushed out of a dark corner, blackened both of his eyes, and severely bruised his nose. But the age of chivalry is gone in England, and the duel is dead; which accounts for the three months Mr. Newton gave him."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Ysaye, the Fiddler, Discourses
About the Future.

A Decadent Rhapsody Provoked
by a Color Concert.

Notes and Comments on Certain
Men and Sundry Pieces.

It is gratifying to learn of the steady advance of music in Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Joseph von Hartzmann, the celebrated one-armed pianist, gave a concert there a week or two ago. The feature of the evening was an arrangement of "The Mocking Bird," "Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut," and "Elephant Walk the Rope." These favorite pieces were "all played at one time." To quote the impassioned language of a local critic, "I wish you could have heard it; it was really a tremendous performance, besides showing remarkable ingenuity in the arrangement."

Here are extracts from an interview with Ysaye, written by Mr. E. S. Kelley and published in the last number of Music:

"The musical soil of Germany is fatigued. Production of the same kind of grain continuously is impossible. In Italy, after the Renaissance, with its Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, nothing of note was accomplished in art.

"Wagner has left things in an unsettled condition. How lofty or how deep his works are we cannot now determine; therefore to what extent he shall serve as a model is as yet uncertain.

"I find that Wagner has awakened in France the highest ambitions, and this has in a way destroyed the courage of the Germans.

"Before the war many Frenchmen composed, it is true, but their work was only superficial, chiefly pleasing to the ear, a sort of refinement of their street melodies. In music the French never approached the grandeur of their epic poetry.

"Berlioz appeared—prematurely. We all know how futile were his exertions. After Wagner the French first understood what could be done in music. There are now men who have begun to express the genuine French character.

"Wagner did for the music of France what the war of 1870 did for her politics.

"If we wish to make up an interesting program of chamber music we must rely on the French. Now please notice this, that when the composers of a country devote themselves to such serious work, they cannot be far from the safe road, for chamber compositions are to music what the Bible is to literature.

"This new French school is as yet quite unknown. The audiences in France are still preoccupied with Wagner and the children of his mind. Although the works of these younger Frenchmen have few friends, they can show no less than 20 chamber

works, which are grand in every respect, and some 10 to 15 symphonies. This modern French music (I do not refer to Godard, Massenet, etc.) is more difficult to comprehend than the majority of the German works.

"A remarkable feature of this new school, when compared with the old, is that the composers belong to the nobility, or at least to the ranks of the wealthy, whereas a century ago the French composers always sprang from the people.

"Among the foremost are César Franck, Count Vincent d'Indy, Gabriel Fauré, Baron Ernest Chausson, De Bussy, Duparcq, Borde, Marquis de Bréville, Magnard, Pa Dukas, Lazare and Glu Ropartz. Although they are at present unknown, I believe that in 10 years they will be celebrated.

"The merits of the Russians, as well as those of the Frenchmen, the Germans are unwilling to admit. . . . The Germans live in the past (and a glorious past, it is, too), and as for the present, they never get beyond the heavy, tiresome Brahms.

"This is a time of great effervescence. Never was there such earnest and intense thought manifested in all the countries and in all the arts and sciences as at the present time. We must go forward. It is impossible for us to remain stationary. When a preacher, a philosopher or an artist refuses to accept new principles, which are proven to be true, he injures his religion, philosophy or art.

"Among the arts music is the youngest, and she has always a future before her.

"The old masters should always be played, but the new masters also. Those of the classic school we may call the gods, and the more recent ones the demi-gods, but it is through the works of the demi-gods that we learn to understand and love those of the gods themselves.

"Bach is for me the Alpha and Omega—the pure genius. In Wagner we find Bach; in Beethoven we find Bach, and indeed his influence is to be seen in all the greatest writers.

"Chamber music is for me the highest art. One is not led astray by the sensuous charm of mere tone color.

"I asked Saint-Saens, who you know is some 64 years of age, why he had never composed a string quartet. He replied that 'he was too young and lacked sufficient experience.'

"As for Grieg, he has written some beautiful things, it is true, but, as I said before, I am not so fond of frontier music. His quartet contains fine passages, but it is not universal poetry, and I hear the oboe, horn and other orchestral instruments instead of string alone."

In conclusion Mr. Ysaye volunteered the assertion that he considered California a wonderful place for the propagation of art. Said he: "I find the public here is one of the best in America. They are so responsive, and are quickly moved by rhythms. When an audience can listen to three consecutive concertos in one evening and show their continued interest, that is evidence of true appreciation. The people are not blasé. Here the taste comes, not from culture, but from the air, the sun, the flowers."

Here are a criticism and a rhapsody on color music as it was seen in London by the Pall Mall Gazette man, June 27. It must be remembered that this idea is nothing new. Père Castel dreamed of a color piano in the 18th century. For treatises on the association of color with music see Hoffmann's "Versuch einer Geschichte der mahlerischen Harmonie" (1786); "L'Audition Colorée," by Dr. Suarez de Mendoza (1890); "Audition Colorée," by Dr. Jules Millet (1892). Galton has also written on the subject, and Newton and Goethe hinted at it.

"Last night, at the St. James's Hall, Mr. Wallace Rimington gave his first public declaration upon the great question of 'Color Music,' which he claims in the light of a 'New Art.' Music, that is to say, is to be translated into color, giving thus to pure color the three musical qualities of Time, Rhythm and Combination; that pure color is, of course, to be obtained from combinations of the spectrum band. Now it is, of course, perfectly easy to make such combinations of color, to throw the result upon a large screen and to change from color to color, according to the tempo and note changes of any particular piece of music. Have you thereby in any sense translated music into color? Have you not, rather, done nothing more than use a musical analogy in the arrangement of the time, rhythm and combination of your colors? Last night, indeed, for whatever reason, the same chord did not always produce the same color upon the screen—which would be fatal if it were not obvious that a little care only is required to prevent such a ruinous mistake. The point is this: You have music; you have color; you do not have

color-music. One of the 'compositions,' for example, was in 'color alone'—that is, various color-changes were cast upon the screen according to some musical principle of rhythm. Now this may, from a feeling of analogy, be called color-music, but emphatically from no other and absolute point of view. Finally, we take leave to say that the result was generally dull; and if Mr. Rimington will allow us the manipulation of his instrument we will undertake to produce, say, the prelude to 'Lohengrin' in reds today, in silver grays tomorrow, and in greens on Sunday.

Another Color Concert.

"I came away from the Color Concert feeling as if my senses had all got mixed up, so that I did not know which was which. I had a sort of feeling whenever I looked at a picture that the colors would begin to sing. Chopin's preludes if I listened long enough. For if organs take to grinding out colors, I thought, there is nothing to prevent picture galleries from singing tunes. And then I thought what a bore it would be if when we went to the Academy we were expected to remember what tune each picture sang. Perhaps, I thought, they would all sing together, like a full orchestra. But then I reflected that this would be extremely unlikely. Each one would be sure to sing its own tune in its own key. And the result would be awful. And then I went on to think of a curious dream I had some years ago, and which, as I recalled it, seemed to have forestalled the color concert.

"I had been watching some experiments made with soap bubbles and sounds. A soap bubble was stretched on a sort of rack, and then some one played the flute to it. This apparently caused the bubble the most exquisite pain. It writhed and shivered and shuddered, and turned every color of the rainbow, and finally burst. It seemed to me a horrid game. In fact it haunted me all day. By way of dismissing the unpleasant impression from my mind I thought I would blow some ordinary bubbles, such as I used to blow in my childhood, and just waft them off into the air to enjoy themselves. So I armed myself with a clay pipe and some soapy water, and settling myself under a tree in the garden (it was a warm afternoon), began to blow bubbles. I blew dozens and dozens, and tossed them off into the air, and watched them float up among the trees. Then I thought I would see how big a bubble I could blow. I blew and blew till I was red in the face. And the bubble grew and grew, till it was perfectly enormous, and turned every color of the rainbow. Then just as I was wondering how I could contrive to measure it round the waist it turned pale and burst.

"I was gazing vaguely and sadly at the place where it once had been when I saw a sort of ghost of a bubble rise up and float off, as it were, on its own account. I at once sprang to my feet, threw down my pipe and followed it. It flew along at a great rate, and led me over fields and hedges for miles and miles till we came to a cave somewhere near the seashore. Of course I followed. I found myself in a shining corridor like a salt mine, which twisted and turned a good deal, so that I had to hurry along to keep the bubble's ghost in sight. It was always disappearing round corners, like the White Rabbit. Suddenly I emerged into a dazzling iridescence that nearly blinded me. But as my eyes grew accustomed to the glitter and brilliancy I found that I was in a vast place that stretched on all sides further than I could see, and which was full of iridescent elves with wings, like those of a dragon-fly, one pair from their shoulders and one from their heads, all moving and skipping rapidly about and sparkling and flashing like opals and diamonds.

"The place was absolutely silent. Such an atmosphere suggested birds and grasshoppers, but not a sound was to be heard. As I was wondering at this I broke the silence with an exclamation. 'How beautiful!' I cried. At the same time there was a sound like the explosion of a bomb. It echoed round and round and went off into distant rolls like thunder, and everything was confusion and mist. As the sound died away I found myself standing alone in a vast dark underground place. All the iridescent beings and the opalescence had disappeared. As I looked hopelessly round wondering what I should do, I saw in the far, far distance a faint blue line like the distant sea coming nearer and nearer in glistening waves. Then I was in the midst of the glitter again.

"Then an odd thing happened to me. The opalescent atmosphere seemed to penetrate me and fill me with an exhilarating sort of buoyancy. I experienced a series of little thrills which ended in a deliciously ethereal feeling—as if I was made of iridescent champagne, and looking down at myself, I found that I had turned into an iridescent elf. I was made of film, like a bubble, and dressed in shimmering gauze. From my shoulders grew a pair of wings, which involuntarily quivered as I moved, and gave to my movement a delightful floating sensation, something like swimming, and from my head grew a pair of wing-like ears.

"At the same moment all my senses seemed to focus themselves into the most wonderful and exquisite sense of hearing that can possibly be imagined. I seemed to be all hearing, and to be saturated with sounds; I was at once aware that the sounds were those of the earth above, only heard in perfection. Not only did this wonderful sense enable me to hear all the sounds that were being made on the earth above without the least difficulty or bewilderment, but I could also pick out and listen to the faintest and most delicate sound apart from all the others. Then I became aware that as the sounds pulsed through me I was suffused with color, which deepened and faded and varied as the sounds changed. At one moment I felt the sound dye me a brilliant sapphire blue, which in another moment turned to pale flame color, then faded away altogether, and then became suddenly deep crimson.

"Where am I? I exclaimed in wonder. And this time my voice, instead of exploding like a bombshell, was soft and musical. 'You are in the Sound World,' said an elf who was passing, 'where all the sounds that are made on the earth above go to.' At the moment I was aware that the most divinely beautiful concerted music that could possibly be imagined was going on all round me. I listened till I could bear it no longer, and then I fled, and it seemed to me I spent a century bathing myself in the sounds of nature—the throbbing of the nightingale in groves of trees with the moon shining through them—the hum of insects in sunshine, the swishing of water between rushes and sedges. Then I turned my attention to the Human Voice.

"What becomes of the sounds that are over and done with? I thought as I listened to the babel of tongues that was going on. The voice of an elf who was passing answered my thought. 'Over there, where you see those brilliant lights—the sapphire, topaz and ruby—you will find them all stored away in caves. Every sound that is made makes an indelible image on the sensitive surface of a Sound Elf. There they remain forever and any one can listen to them whenever he likes.'

"Here was an awful discovery! All our silly remarks, the thought of which makes us hot all over, and which we fondly hope are lost forever in oblivion, held safe in millions of phonographs, and more indestructible than if they were engraven on adamant! And then it occurred to me that here was an opportunity not to be lost. There were many things I should like to inquire into, and I floated off in the direction of the three great rays of dazzling color, from which poured volumes of sound that I could feel long before I was near them. I began to wonder in which of the three I should find the particular conversation I wished to investigate, when I suddenly felt a sort of collapse, as if something had snapped inside me, and in the twinkling of an eye found myself on the grass with soapsuds beside me."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

To X: Miss Millard was a pupil of Traub-dello of Paris.

Julius J. Major with his Hungarian Sym-

phony won the \$200 prize offered by a society in Pesth.

Rosenthal, the pianist, met with enormous success in London.

Smetana's "Sold Bride" was given at Drury Lane June 26.

Sad news! Materna will make a farewell tour in the United States next season.

Prof. Samuel F. Baldwin, an excellent organist (pupil of Merkel), will leave St. Paul and settle in New York.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke will not sing in London this season. They are on their farm near Warsaw.

Fritz Schousboe, piano teacher at the Geneva Conservatory, has met with success in Paris as pianist and composer.

Herman Zumpfe has resigned his position as conductor at the Stuttgart Opera House. He did not live there a happy life.

Max Bruch's new oratorio, "Moses," will be produced next season at the 20th Festival of the Kl. Akademie der Künste.

The success of German opera at the Drury Lane Theatre has led to the engagement of the Dresden Opera Company for the season of 1896.

The directors of the Monnaie Theatre at Brussels are preparing Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," which will be produced next winter.

Mr. Carl Stasny of Boston played the piano at the seventh annual meeting of the New York State Music Teachers' Association June 25.

Humperdinck's new opera, "The Wolf and the Seven Kids," is about finished. The libretto is arranged by the composer's sister, Mrs. Wette.

Klafsky and Ternina, we are assured by Mr. Snow, will sing in the Damrosch Opera Company next season, in spite of the rumors to the contrary.

Mr. Julius Steger, the friend of Miss Marie Tempest, is in New York for a few weeks. He will sing in "His Excellence" in that city in October.

Here is important musical news: "Mrs. Eames-Story wore at a concert in Paris a trim tailor-made suit of navy blue and small hat with shaded blue colors."

Eugene Ysaye will conduct six symphony concerts in Brussels next season. Mrs. Jan Koert (Selma Koert-Kronold) has been engaged as solo singer for two of these concerts.

Haydn's opera buffa "Lo Speziale," arranged by Hirschfeld of Vienna, was produced at the Dresden Opera House June 22. It was written for the Esterhazy Palace in the autumn of 1768.

Irma Elssler, who made her debut at Carlsbad, has been engaged by Sonzogno to create the principal female part in "I Martiri" at Milan. This opera is also to be given during the Berlin opera season.

Mrs. Wagner is busy completing for next season the arrangements to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. "Rheingold," directed by Hans Richter, is said to be the opera on the festival day.

Hans Hockapfel met with success in Liebau, Russia, where he directed a number of symphony concerts. On the last night of the series one of his own larger compositions was received with much favor. It is written for soprano and alto solo, chorus, orchestra and organ.

Raffaello Scognamiglio, the director of an Italian operetta company, is preparing a German tour. He will introduce among others the operettas "Granatieri," by Valente; "Makmus," by Sassone; "Queen and Peasant," by the Duke of Teora, and "Befana."

Catulle Mendes has withdrawn his protest against Leonovally. The scene of the murder of the actress by her husband before the audience, which Mendes imagined was borrowed from a piece of his own for the last act of "Parglack," substantially appears in Bousquet's opera "Tabarin," produced in 1852.

Mr. Howard A. Brockway, the young New York composer, whose orchestral works were so warmly received in Berlin by press and public, returned lately to his home. He studied while abroad with Mr. O. B. Holse, the American composer, now a resident of Berlin. Mr. Brockway will remain in New York for the present.

The Arion of New York is advertising in German music journals for a conductor to take Mr. Van der Stucken's place. The salary is \$2000. Two rehearsals a week from September to May, one rehearsal a week the rest of the year, and three or four concerts yearly. Could not Mr. Lang be persuaded to accept the position?

Johann Strauss's latest composition is to be called the Lenbach Waltz, and it has a history. Some time ago Franz Lenbach, painter, invited Strauss to Munich to sit for his portrait. He painted Strauss and his wife, and sent the pictures to Vienna, refusing any fee. The Lenbach Waltz is a return compliment.

"We learn from Milan that on the occasion of the Italian opera season which will occur at Berlin the operas 'Festa a Marina' and 'Claudia' will be sung. They are by Gello Benvenuto Coronaro, the third composer who received the Sozegno prize. He comes from a well-known family of musicians."—Musical Courier.

Martin Pierre Joseph Marsick, the violinist, who will visit the United States next season, was born at Jupille, Belgium, March 9, 1848. He studied under Désiré-Heynberg, Léonard, Massart and Joachim. He made his debut in Paris in 1873. In 1892 he succeeded Massart as teacher at the Paris Conservatory. He is a fine musician and much interested in chamber music. He is not a virtuoso in the evil sense.

The following are the novelties next autumn for the Lirico, at Milan: "Ninon de Lenelos," by Gaetano Cipollini; "La Furia Domata," by Spiro Samara; "L'assalto al Mulino," by Bruneau; and "Claudia," by Gello F. Coronaro. For the Scala the following are planned: Novelties by Beethoven; "Andrea Chenier," by Umberto Giordano; "La Navarrese," by Massenet; and newly rehearsed, "Amleto," by Thomas; "Carmen," "Favorita," "Danna-zoline di Faust," "Ratcliff," by Mascagni, and "Sansone e Daila" (ten operas, of which four are new).

"Pity the privations of the prima donna! Here is a story of Patti, which may be appropriately enough recalled today. Once when she returned from her daily drive, she was exceedingly thirsty, and asked Nicolini to have procured for her a glass of water. Nicolini was horrified. 'What!' he shrieked, 'Ma mignonne, you know that you are going to sing tomorrow night, and the water will chill your blood. Oh, no, I forbid water!' Then give me a taste of wine," pleaded the thirsty Patti. "Wine!" roared Nicolini. "Ma mignonne, you are going to sing tomorrow night, and you know that wine will heat your blood. No, I cannot permit wine." "Please cannot I have something wet?" pleaded Patti with parched lips. Nicolini pondered long and deeply, and at length with his own hands carefully prepared for the great singer a soothing draught of magnesia."—Westminster Gazette.

MORE KEYNOTES.

"The Girl From the Farm" by Gertrude Dix and "At the Relton Arms" by Evelyn Sharp are two novels in the Keynotes Series, published in this country by Roberts Brothers. The stories are by modern women and about "modern" women. The first is a species of protest against the rule of society that still excuses or overlooks the sin of man against a woman and to her is merciless. The second is an amusing study of a man of vacillating and easily aroused affections, and it is also an attempted analysis of the character of Lady Joan, who seems to be as much of a puzzle to the author as to Joan's associates. Of the two stories, the first is the more serious, the stronger, the more deserving of critical attention; yet the second is entertaining, and Mr. Digby Raleigh, who falls so easily in love—even occasionally with his own wife—is drawn with no mean skill. To the general reader, "At the Relton Arms" will be the more agreeable reading on account of vivacity of description, satire and absence of the conventionally tragic; for he will overlook the tragedy in the flippancy of Raleigh and the restless boredom to which Lady Joan seems doomed, to her lasting injury.

The keynotes of these novels are those of dissatisfaction and revolt. "Marriage is a sort of consolation prize left to the inferior order," says Hilary, the sneak in the sad story by Miss Dix. In neither one of the tales is there thought or suspicion of a possible happy life union between man and woman. This, brethren, is a sign of the times as reflected in fiction. Happy are those unions that suggest nothing to the novelist; if we believe the latter, such marriages are as rare as the black swan. Neither do pleasantly disposed people of conventional lives furnish copy. We are very far from the days of English life as pictured by such close observers as Jane Austen and Trollope; yet daily events in a prosaic family and the slight misunderstandings between a Bishop and his wife have given keen delight to thousands of readers.

A few women described by Miss Dix and Miss Sharp. The former tells of a vain farm girl easily raised by a sneak, the girl is without the tragic grandeur of either Maupassant's heroine or Hardy's beautiful, pathetic Tess. The clergyman, father of the sneak is egoistic, peevish, selfish in his selfishness of blindness, and he finds no comfort in the religion professed and taught by him. The mother of the sneak is a poor thing, proud of her position, stony-hearted to the unfortunate. And the sneak has a sister, a modern woman, an agnostic, unsusceptible to man, reckoning only of her own career. True, she forsakes her family to take the part of the wronged girl; but the impression is given that she only adds her to her baggage on the journey to London, where she is to work out her own future. No one of these persons inclines love or hardly pity. There are strong descriptions—at times melodramatic, as in the scene where brother and sister are together at night in the thunder storm—but the strength is in depicting that which is unpleasant in nature and humanity. "The Girl from the Farm" is a book not to be lightly poo-pooed, but the theme has been treated by greater, intensely human masters.

Is the Lady Joan, as drawn by Miss Sharp, a light woman? Has she convictions? Has she passions? Or is she as a reed shaken by the wind? She makes an endeavor to unmake a marriage; she is betrothed and in the same breath swears she hates her lover; and no one knows whether she is in jest or earnest. These two authors regard men as weak and unstable; women according to them, should not dream of happiness in marriage and children; there is no suggestion of comfort or hope in the world beyond.

These are not "immoral French writers."

They are English women, brought up, no doubt, near the shadow of the cathedral, within sound of the boy choir, and under the eye of the British matron. They advance theories and indulge in cynicism that Thackeray did not venture to proclaim; they write boldly of experiences that men keep to themselves. Is this frankness of speech, is this liberty of choice in subject, representative of modern English social life? If they are, then is the much-boasted influence of Queen Victoria over the morality of society a snare and a delusion. If either book were a wild, despairing cry of an unhappy woman, then might there be pity, with admiration for the cleverness displayed. But the books are deliberately written; there is no thought of the hysteria that is momentary and afterward deplored. They seem to be a direct appeal to the morbid taste of the age.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has received permission to invade England. These intrepid veterans will not feel any ill effects from British water.

We are loath to quarrel with the Rev. A. C. Dixon, and yet we cannot say "Amen!" to his statement that onions and Christianity never agree. It is true that the word "onions" only occurs once in the Bible (Numbers xl, 5), when the complaining Hebrews remembered with longing the good things in Egypt, the fish, the cucumbers, the melons, the leeks and the garlic. But there is no word of reproach against the onion in the New Testament. Nor were the Hebrews so severely to be blamed, for the Egyptian species was singularly delicious, as it was later in the time of Hasselquist; he declares, "Whoever has tasted onions in Egypt must allow that none can be better in any other part of the universe; here they are sweet."

To be sure Mohammed avoided onions, but that was on account of his converse with angels, even as some Spiritualists refuse to smoke tobacco. And the Moslem of today does not eat them just before entering a mosque or joining in public prayers. But what has all this to do with Christianity?

Plutarch is of the opinion that onions are troublesome to the head, and Magninus writes, "They trouble the mind, sending gross fumes to the brain, make men mad, if a man liberally feed on them a year together." On the other hand, Galen, Dioscorides, and Serapion recommend them for alopecia or porrigo decalvans, and bald-headed men in the front row should apply them externally during the entracte, instead of taking them to the discomfort of their neighbors. The onion as a cataplasm with salt, rose and honey, is recommended for the bite of a rabid dog. The onion breaks hard tumors. Chew it for paralysis of the tongue. The Arabian leeches all speak

favorably of it as a rubefacient and an alexipharmic.

Think for a moment of the superiority of the onion in case of baldness over the remedy prescribed in Lloyd's "Treas. Health" (1885): "Burne the heads of a great Ratte and myngle it wyth the droppynge of a Beare or a hogge and anointe the head, it heloth the disease called Alopecia."

No, Mr. Dixon. A man never feels so charitably disposed, so contented, so hopeful, as when he has partaken heartily, not greedily, of beefsteak and onions.

The clergyman that exclaimed here, "Nobody ever went forth to fight for his boarding house," displayed a knowledge of boarding houses and humanity. Boarding house strife is always intestine.

But he added: "Nobody ever wrote a hymn about his sweet boarding house." Has the reverend gentleman forgotten the anthem beginning—

"There is a boarding house
Far, far away?"

Friends of Mr. Thompson, the composer of the music of "The Sphinx," will undoubtedly deny the truth of the following story, published in a New York journal: "Lewis S. Thompson and a friend attended the opening performance of 'The Sphinx' at the Casino. Mr. Thompson and his friend talked rather loudly, much to the annoyance of some young men behind them. Finally one of these youths lost his patience, and, leaning forward, asked Mr. Thompson if he would mind reducing the exuberance of his voice."

"You must excuse me," said Thompson, "but you know I'm the author of 'The Sphinx,' and, as its author, I can't help discussing it."

"The youth, who was very angry, didn't give in. 'I notice,' he said, 'that there have been no calls for you, and if I were you I'd wait until the calls came before I introduced myself.' And then silence thick enough to be felt fell upon the group."

A Chicago woman is found willing to appear in the Rev. J. G. Clarke's amateur company as Caesar's wife, and is ready to answer the historical conditions. Her husband is to be congratulated.

No wonder that Mark Twain's humor has of late years been leaden, and that he has shown a tendency to scold.

In the Flechter trial in New York, Mr. Remenyi, the fiddler and the composer of "Hymn to Mount Shasta," after declaring ingenuously that he could get as mellow a tone out of a \$4 instrument as out of an expensive one, played a composition of his own in open court. And the reporter, who evidently has no sense of humor, added, "Mrs. Bott and her sister-in-law left the room, and Miss Bott wept violently while the music continued."

This is the feast day of the weeping St. Swithin.

"In this month is St. Swithin's Day,
On which if that it rain they say,
Full forty days after it will
Or more or less some rain distill."

This is the origin of the old belief: Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, would fain in 862 be buried in the churchyard, and not in the chancel. He was afterward canonized, and the monks thought his lying in open churchyard disgraceful, though snug. So they resolved to move his body with solemn procession into the choir the 15th day of July. It rained mightily that day, and for 40 days succeeding, as had hardly ever been known. The design of removal then seemed heretical and blasphemous, and it was abandoned. Yet, under William the Conqueror the Saint found himself in the cathedral.

"Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind."

And it was on July 15, 1874, that Mr. Edmond de Goncourt, journeying to Lindau, sat in a railway carriage compartment and saw seven Englishmen wind up synchronously their watches. "It was done in such a mechanical, automatic fashion, that I was almost afraid, and I escaped to another compartment."

Today preserves the memory of Mr. Kirkeen of Dublin; for on July 15, 1743, Mrs. Kirkeen died in earnest. Once before was she ready for burial, but she came to life to her husband's poignant disappointment, who, fearing in 1743, the like accident and consequent shock, put her immediately in a coffin, had it nailed up, and buried her the next day.

We knew that some patriotic son of Weare, N. H., would rush to her defence, and we were not surprised at receiving the following communication from J. E. P. of Boston, dated the 11th: "Your correspondent in this morning's Journal has adopted a phonetic style of spelling the name of this good old town, a name given to it in honor of Meshech Weare, first Governor of New Hampshire. My memory of the oral traditions of the town gives a slightly different

rendering to Bennett's verse, viz.:

Dame Nature once while making land,
Had reffage left of rock and sand;
She caught it up, and flung it down
'Twixt Crany Hill and Francelstown,
And said, "You pesky stuff, lie there!"
And quick was formed the town of Weare.

Being a native of the place and until recently proprietor of a handful of the above "rock and sand," I want to say that Dame Nature in flinging her "reffage" managed to have it alight in grand and picturesque shape—and that the town is a place of hallowed memory—and an attractive shrine to which her scattered children love to turn their pilgrim feet."

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After all, the most conspicuous and esthetic ornamentation in the Public Garden was that formed by the skins of the nutritious tropical and subtropical fruit, the banana, which grows on the banano, whose stem is marked with purple spots and streaks. For the skins were not arranged in hideous conformity or with symbolic meaning of questionable taste. Neither did they instruct the young in geometry, nor did they spell the name of the city. Irregular was their disposition, as though arranged by the great and the first gardener, Nature. The strangeness of the proportion resulted in that excellent beauty commended by Francis Lo Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.

Just as William II. appears before the public as composer of music and dramatic censor, so the sprightly Victoria Alexandra promulgates literary criticism. She speaks "scathingly" of the new woman and the advanced novel. Surely should she commend George Moore's "Esther Waters," an "advanced" novel which wages war against the English vice of betting; for she has just paid out £10,000 lost by Prince Francis of Teck on the Curragh races. By the way, does anybody, even the most infuriate Anglomaniac, read today "Leaves From the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," which had the honor of translation into the Mahratta language?

Prof. Petipas, who taught play actors and singers to bow, sit, walk, courtesy, faint, dag enemies, and weep, has retired from the Paris Conservatory on account of his age. He was famous in his day and generation, and it's a pity that more of our American "queens of song" did not benefit by his instruction. New England inherited angularity and self-consciousness assert themselves in the most impassioned operatic moment. Witness the case of Mrs. Nordica; and there are others.

Why should Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland be in a hurry to name the baby? Even an American President has some private rights.

Mr. Julian Ralph, a fine example of the hustling newspaper man who would undertake joyfully to review the whole of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in an hour, has broken out in etymological spots at his villa in Asbury Park. He thinks "bronco" is an Indian word; but is it not Spanish, meaning "rough, rude?" "Canoe," about which he is in doubt, is probably from the Haytian "canoa," which spelling continued in English use into the 18th century. "Is or is not coyote an Indian word?" Mexican-Spanish "coyote" was adapted from the native Mexican "coyotl."

This is the anniversary (1647) of the death of Aniello, otherwise known as Masaniello, the hero of an opera which, alas, is seldom heard in the United States; and yet it was an epoch-making, revolutionary work.

They have formed a new society in Paris. The members, known as "piqueurs," deem it their mission to wound girls in the street crowd with scissors or some other sharp tool, and then disappear. Such a society reminds one of the club tolerated in London in the days of Queen Anne.

An evening contemporary that is never so happy as when correcting the critics of this town states that the late Mrs. Carvalho sang at the Grand Opera, Paris, from 1856 to 1869. For "Grand Opera" substitute "Théâtre Lyrique." Our neighbor adds, "She first appeared at the Grand Opera in 'La Fanchonnette.'" It is true she created the part of Fanchonnette, but Clapisson's opera was never given at the Grand Opera. Her first appearance at the latter theatre was Nov. 25, 1868, as the Queen of Navarre in "Les Huguenots."

Our contemporary adds that "Le Caïd" by "Adolphe Adam," was written for her. (1) The said opera was composed by Ambroise Thomas; at least he claimed the authorship, and nobody except our contemporary has disputed the claim. (2) Mrs. Carvalho did not sing at the Opéra-Comique until 1850, and "Le Caïd" was produced there in 1849.

It seems that Sibyl Sanderson exposed herself and caught a fearful cold.

Beauty is a matter of geography, as well as the result of a transformation in the brain of the susceptible being of a centrifugal nervous current in a centrifugal and equally nervous current. Here are facts that may comfort brunettes who covet the supreme beauty of the fair complexion. Dr. Beddoe made some careful and elaborate

Equities and the collections were held in the British Medical Journal. It examined 720 women—taking them at hazard from various classes. Of these, 339 had red, fair or light brown hair; 381, black or dark brown. It proved that 60 per cent. of the former were married, against 70.5 of the latter, and 32 per cent. unmarried, against 21.5 per cent. The sum does not work out correctly, but it must be supposed that the deficit represents those who, for one reason or another, could not properly be reckoned. It appears, therefore, that brunettes have a very decided advantage in the lottery of marriage.

Brunettes may also consider gleefully the statement of Dr. Latham: "The area of blonde complexion lies among the moister parts of the world. When ethnological medicine shall have become more extensively studied than it is, it will probably be seen that the populations of this area are those most afflicted with scrofula."

Mr. J. W. Harris in the Anthropological Review declares that if he had to choose men for service in Africa, he would have them all red-haired, for they are less subject to liver complaints. On the other hand, there is a North German proverb, "Be-ware of a Swede and a red-haired man."

L. E. D. writes to the Journal as follows:

"I notice in your paper the lines applied to the town of Ware in New Hampshire.

"My mother, now nearly 80 years of age, lived for a time, when a girl, near the town of Ware, Mass., and there heard similar lines applied to that place. The Massachusetts version is as follows:

"Dame Nature once, when making land,
Had refuse left of stone and sand;
She took it up and threw it down
Between Coy's Hill and Belchertown;
She said: 'You worthless stuff, lie there
And make a town, and call it Ware.'"

Life is never dull in London. Even "the lower class" is not without diversion in the exercise of charity. Listen to this tale of unsuccessful peace-making: "It is gratifying to learn that the little difference in the Blacklock family is settled, and it is possibly even more gratifying to know that there will not be another before September. The credit of this happy state of things rests with Mrs. Blacklock. She saw trouble ahead and wanted to stop it betimes. So happening to meet her friends, Mrs. Bevan and Mrs. Smith, she asked them to come with her and try and soothe my old man a bit. He's getting nasty. So they came, saw the old man and gained a Cadmean victory. Things developed very rapidly, and Mrs. Bevan soon found Mrs. Blacklock hacking at her with a knife, biting her on the thumb, and finally pouring a painful of dirty water over her. Then came Mrs. Smith's turn, and she got a glass dish broken over her eye. By this time the old man was effectually soothed; he would have been a most unconscionable old man if he had not been. But Mrs. Bevan and Mrs. Smith did not feel quite easy in their minds about their share in the matter. So they asked Mr. Mead about it, and he said that conduct like Mrs. Blacklock's was hardly credible within the radius of civilization, by which he may or may not have meant the four-mile area. The peacemaker is not often blessed within that happy sphere; but Mr. Mead was so shocked that his next remark was, 'Two months.'"

Why does Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte rage against the newspapers, and why does he imagine so many vain things? With plantigrade humor does he trample them and mash them and squash them in the second number of The Phillistine. "The suffocating triviality and vulgarity of the Sabbatical literature dished up in the seventh day's newspapers!" This sounds like an extract from the denunciation by the Rev. Mr. Kneeland. As pants the Harte! And yet the newspapers have treated his book of essays most kindly, indeed, generously.

Apropos of The Phillistine, here is a specimen of its refined and glittering wit: "Rock & Bumball, of Chicago, announce a new volume by Gilbert Faker. Its title is 'Scenes in the Boshy Hills.'" This is hardly funny enough to make a man laugh out loud, in the woods, all alone by himself, as Mr. Hannibal of Yale was wont to say in his great oration at the Thanksgiving Jubilee.

This reminds us that Sir Richard Burton, a keen observer of humanity, noticed that expectoration was a popular habit in Brazil, as in the United States. "Most people do it instinctively; some, as they whistle, for want of thought; others, because they consider it sanitary, think thereby to preserve a spare habit of body, or hold it to promote appetite or drinkette. My conclusion is that spitting is natural, so to speak, and refraining from it is artificial, a habit bred by waxed parquets and pretty carpets."

A contemporary, in an exciting article on fashions appropriate to the season, declares that no lady—at least no perfect lady—should be without an aurilave. This is not a bracelet, or a neck-jewel, we find. It is an ear-ornament.

This is the anniversary of the death (1817)

of the slave, John of Kilmorie K. A. B. who left 100. In 1781 he and his wife separated, and they made this agreement: "whichever of them was the first to propose a reunion should forfeit 100 to the other." Of course they never saw each other again.

To O. P.: We do not know where you can procure a suit of "yellow nankeen." If we did, we should order one at once. Comfortable and picturesque, it was a sustainer of dignity, a declaration of individuality, and a bodily delight. The American citizen was never so eagle-eyed and god-like as when arrayed in stove-pipe hat, nankeen suit and leg-boots. The culmination of his glory, when thus resplendent, was in the act of running for a train, with a shiny black valise banging against his democratic legs.

It was on July 17, 1876, that "ladies of distinction" in Paris saw the beheading and the burning of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, one of the most accomplished removers of father and brothers by poisoned broth that the world has ever known. Le Brun, the painter, secured an advantageous seat at the execution, that he might preserve the expression of a condemned criminal on canvas—a prophetically modern touch.

The Horr-Harvey debate will be appropriately in the Windy City.

"We are to be favored with a translation of Dr. Max Nordau's 'Conventional Lies of Our Civilization.' What David said in his haste will be repeated by the Doctor in eight chapters."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Aunt Lavina, looking at herself complacently remarked, "And the plainer the woman, whether young or old, the more I would have her refrain from dressing in many colors. The more unattractive the figure the more strictly should it be garbed in one tone, one unbroken scheme of coloring. Dress a woman entirely in black from head to foot, or in blue, or pink, or white, or what you will, and at once you isolate her. As the painters say, you make her person tell. You get something of the relief, the distinctness of impression, which is obtained by a more material system of isolation upon the stage. Beauty, of course, is always individual. For her brief day the pretty woman makes a background of the world. But the plain are forever in danger of becoming merely a part of the general undistinguishable crowd, and that is why I would have them avoid patterned stuffs, broken surfaces, violent contrasts of color—whatever tends to disturb that unity of impression which is their chief opportunity of pleasing."

July 17, 1806, bears record of the delivery from an unwrought coal pit near Tyne, of a terrier dog, who fell into the shaft in pursuit of a hare. Eight weeks had it howled there dismally, and kind persons threw stones at it, "to put it out of its misery." It finally occurred to a mason to send his boy down the pit, and the dog came up, a skeleton. It could not eat at first, but lapped water, which, with the possible exception of the hare, must have been its only sustenance for 56 days.

It was on the 17th of July, 1606, that the glorious tosspot Christian IV. of Denmark arrived in England on a visit to James I., and then what royal larks! At a masque in his honor, Hope was so overcome by drink that she begged pardon for her brevity; Faith had relied on her name until she staggered; Charity excused her sisters; Victory was incoherent, and was led away like a captive; and Peace made a violent assault on the court attendants. At a banquet at Theobalds, James, of blessed memory, and defender of the faith, got so drunk with his Danish guest that he was carried to bed. And Sir John Harrington, disgusted, wrote of the visit, "I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication." James, alas, did not sustain the reputation given his subjects by Iago. He did not prove himself "potent in potting;" indeed he himself was a potted plant. Nor did he drink "you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk." Now that there is a tendency everywhere toward democracy in government, let us preserve tenderly the exploits of mighty rulers by Divine right.

As you know, the telephone will, for a consideration, take the place of the alarm clock. You subscribe, you put the buzz-tube on your pillow, and in the morning at the appointed hour you hear a voice which says you must not stay. It is now suggested that for a small extra charge you can have a phonograph attachment which, turned on, will say your prayers for you while you dress.

Oh, farmer, shaking thy fist at the sky, solace thyself with the wise counsel given by Thomas Tusser in the 16th century!

"Go muster thy servants, be captain thyself,
Providing them weapon, and other like pelf;
Get bottles and wallets, keep field in the heat,
The fear is as much as the danger is great.
With tossing and raking, and setting on cocks,
Grass lately in swathes, is hay for an ox;
That done, go and cart it, and have it away,
The battle is fought, ye have gotten the day."

If the stories told by Mr. McCrillis are true, Gen. Mac Iver, Consul to Denia, Spain, is a picturesque figure in the diplomatic gallery of the United States. He made his debut on the land of Ferdinand and Isabella by carrying an impressive jag, so heavy that the civil guards in a spirit of international courtesy supported him, or perhaps they were moved by this flaming tribute to the wine of their beloved country. In these days when patriotism is derided as jingoism, it is refreshing to learn that the General was true to the flag even when paying a social visit:

"And, like a true American,
Upon the floor he spai!"

No wonder that he complained of the lack of breeding of the merchants of Denia; for they sent him no quail, though he fain would have partaken of the bird; nor did he expect a bevy, but only a couple for his simple supper. Now, even the Israelites in the wilderness had quail. Nor would the merchants take him a-shooting in spite of the fact that he is a good shot, has killed several men in duels, and was very desirous of using Mr. McCrillis as a target. Yet is he fond of reading, and goes daily to the Fonda Hotel, where he pores over the papers until he "is considered a public nuisance;" just because he wishes to be in touch with contemporaneous human life all over the world. There are Consuls who spend their time in flirting sometimes to the verge of scandal. Gen. Mac Iver is not of these. Such is his sense of Consular dignity that the pretty women of Denia "point to their heads while they talk with one another, exclaiming 'Tonto, tonto,' which is Spanish for crazy." No, Mr. McCrillis, "tonto" is hardly crazy; its more precise meaning is "fool, idiot, silly fellow, booby."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has a habit of talking right out in meeting. He reminds one of the sharp threshing instrument having teeth, mentioned by the prophet Isaiah, which shall thresh the Tammany mountains and shall make the Hill as chaff.

Will the Trial Board at the Second Brigade encampment get the Mitten?

The can-can and the kouta-kouta lead to the can't-can't.

Mr. Sargent, in painting Moses for the Public Library concluded "like the sanctimonious private, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table."

"Thou shalt not steal?"
"Ay, that he raz'd."

But perhaps when Mr. Sargent was painting Moses the light went out.

The chetah, known otherwise as the felis jubata, in a wild and natural state, relishes keenly his Hindu. Might not the devoured Hindu, then, be called appropriately, the cheetee?

The story of the bicycle accident that befell Miss Marie Millard sounds as though it sprang—pavid maiden, whirling wheels, and dago-cart—from the jovian brain-pan of our old friend Paul West, the passionate press-agent.

On the 16th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1895, a newspaper of great repute in the city of New York published on its first page the following items of news: A peculiarly horrid murder of two little girls; a clergyman's wife chased by a bull; a marriage that was brought about by two divorce suits; the conviction of a girl for murder; three persons badly hurt by bicycles; small pox in a crowded tenement; the assassination of an ex-Prime Minister; the suicide of a Belgian Baron; killings in Cuba; a physician shoots his wife accidentally, and so does an eight-year-old boy his sister; another physician kills a man with intent; tourists tumble over a precipice; lynching in South Carolina; robberies in Connecticut; a bull kills a child, and a somnambulist kills herself; a broker commits suicide. These events all happened in lands in which the Christian religion prevails, countries that are said to be highly civilized. It would be interesting to know just what went on in Dahome and other African countries during the same 24 hours.

It was in July, 1797, that Mr. Wright, of Saint Faith's in Norwich, England, was a-walking in his garden, like Villikins in the ballad. And he expressed a strong wish that a flight of bees might come on his premises, for he thought, with Coverdale, "The bee is but a small beast among the fowles, yet is hir frute exceeding swete." Lo, a swarm of bees alighted on his head, mistaking it for an apiary. Mr. Wright, with singular presence of mind, stood upwards of two hours in this fakir-like position, while the bees were hived, which was done without his receiving any injury.

Smile not at Coverdale's allusion to the bee as a beast. There is higher authority than the naturalist. Did not Stephen Batman (1582) write, "though the bee might be accounted among flyeing flyes, yet for he useth fecte, and goeth upon them, he may rightfully be accounted among beastes that goe on grounde."

The Greeks, by the way, were not a commercial people, in spite of common report, for when the bees settled on Plato's lips, as he was in his cradle, they were not hived. Mr. Wright preferred honey to the gift of eloquence. Did he invoke the spirit Brownie when they swarmed, as do the Cornish, to prevent the bees returning into their former hive?

It is us that today is the anniversary of the birth (1720) of Gilbert White of Stroud whose blood ran quicker in watching the variations in the weather, who knew contentment in observing rooks, and saw Heaven in the fact that dogs came into his garden at night and ate his gooseberries. Of blameless, lovely character, he found material in his quiet village for an immortal book.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serves not another's will—
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!"

Mr. Zangwill says in the last Chap-Book, "An actress who played in an unsuccessful comedy by a distinguished man of letters told me that one of her stage directions ran thus: 'Re-enter Mary, having drunk a cup of tea.'" In the same agreeable article Mr. Zangwill exclaims, "Half the world seems to want marriage abolished, and the other half to marry its deceased wife's sister."

July 19/95

A PRECISE INVITATION.

There is a story in Plutarch's "Banquet of the Wise Men" that the Sybarites used to invite their neighbors' wives "a whole twelve months before to their entertainments that they might have convenient time to trim and adorn themselves;" and the speaker adds, "For my part I am of opinion he that would feast as he should, ought to allow himself more time for preparation than they . . . If the victuals be not good, men may let them alone, or if the wine be bad, men may use water, but for a weak, impertinent, unmannerly, shallow fellow commoner, there is no cure, he mars all the mirth and music."

As winter is supposed to be the peculiar season of dinner parties, it is well, in accordance with the opinions expressed through Plutarch's mouth, to prepare for them now; and what is said here may be applied to dinners in July as well as in December.

Let us, then, consider today the question of the number and the character of the guests. Chilo, the ancient of repute, would never accept an invitation to dine, unless he knew who would be his companions; for he said that the wisest might be obliged occasionally to suffer the contact of disagreeable or stupid people, "but voluntarily and needlessly to associate myself with any rife-raffe-rabble would ill become any man pretending to but common discretion."

A dinner given in attempt to heal a breach, to assure a business contract, to pay a social debt, is not one courted by the prudent. The injured one, instead of being soothed, may sulk; be arrogant in his forgiveness of the real or fancied wrong. The mere entrance of business is more depressing than was the exhibition of the skeleton at the feast in the house of Trimalcho. Where there is either uneasiness or the thought of business shrewdness, there can be no honest, artistic gustation. Equally horrid to the true epicure is the dinner which is merely a social function, one of a series of ledger hospitality; for guests are here invited at random. That species of entertainment which includes food, and is often described as a banquet, whether it be in honor of a distinguished politician or athlete, or a commencement feast with much speech-making, is not a dinner, although thoughtless men apply in ignorance the term.

Ornaments and lights and famous names do not insure happiness; neither do many courses and vulgar extravagance in wines. But let us stick to the subject. What is the golden number? Never let it exceed eight; and we agree with Mr. Thomas Walker that six is even a more desirable number. If you exceed eight, there will be cliques, privacies, and, worst of all, demands for the repetition of a story or a jest that excited the laughter of a few. There must be the consciousness of propinquity; the elbows must thrill with the electric current. It is exasperating to see a jovial man beyond hailing distance. It is torture to know that Jones, the celebrated story-teller, is convulsing his neighbors, while you are obliged to hear the steady, boring voice of old Mr. Augur, who is thoroughly at home only when he discusses municipal government; and you wonder why Augur was invited, why Brown, the host, put Augur next you, why Brown did not suspect your antipathy to Augur, but invited you together; and you begin to dislike Brown and his cook. No, no; there must be the sympathy, the good fellowship of the thoroughly congenial. What a gloomy dinner party the one given by Mr. Depew to Presidential candidates must have been! What a lack of harmony when there are several musicians at table!

Some one has written in the margin of our copy of Mr. Walker's "Original," "much too particular." Not a bit of it, oh unknown sir or madam. Such an invitation precludes disappointment, irritation, disgust.

And I shall have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art. I intend the party not to exceed six, and observe, we shall sit down to table at half-past seven. I am asking as follows:

How seldom the lion of the evening roars, if he suspects the presence of smaller lions, or thinks he was invited chiefly to roar when fed! When so-called brilliant men sit down together formally at meat, the conversation is almost always dull, and indigestion waits on appetite. Another highly objectionable dinner is one where there are enough relatives to turn the talk into family and quasi-private channels. What to you is the accident that befell Aunt Jane, or the exact conditions of Uncle Henry's will. You hear the story told about Grandfather Amos, and you at once see him, doddering and smiling vacuously at his own feeble jest.

The guests are the most important element of a successful dinner. The host should know your likes and prejudices. He should at least consider your comfort by remembering the wish of Chilo, and giving you an opportunity of refusing inevitable boredom. But these formal invitations are so vague. How much better the explicit request proposed by Mr. Walker? "Can you dine with me tomorrow? I shall have herrings, hashed mutton and cranberry tart. My fishmonger sends me word herrings are just in per-

"Sauntering the pavement or riding the country byroad, here, then, are faces,

Faces of friendship, precision, caution, suavity, Ideality,

The spiritual prescient face, the always welcome benevolent face,

The face of the singing of music, the grand faces of natural lawyers and judges broad at the back top,

The faces of hunters and fishers, bulged at the brows, the shaved, blanched faces of orthodox citizens,

The pure, extravagant, yearning, questioning artist's face,

The welcome ugly face of some beautiful soul, the handsome detested, or despised face,

The sacred faces of infants, the illuminated face of the mother of many children,

The face of an amour, the face of veneration,

The face of a dream, the face of an immobile rock,

The face withdrawn of its good and bad, a castrated face,

A wild hawk, his wings clipped by the clipper.

Sauntering the pavement, or crossing the ceaseless ferry, here then are faces;

I see them and complain not, and am content with all."

WALT WHITMAN.

To C. L. W.: You ask if Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, who declaims with laborious violence against newspapers in the current number of the Philistine, was not once connected with the press. Oh, yes, indeed; he used to write at length for the Sunday newspapers, his present pet abhorrence.

The recorded sale of Mr. Pfeffer for \$2500 to the New Yorks will perplex the intelligent foreigner, who has been told that slavery no longer exists in the United States.

The trouble with Mr. Corbett is that he persisted in having Vera's head in chancery.

There is but one cry from caterpillar-ravaged Beacon Hill: "Where, oh where, is the City Forester?" And some go so far as to add: "It's a shame, Doogue-gone-it!"

After all, Mr. Herrman of New York, who killed his wife, is not wholly without feeling. To be sure he shot her thrice with deadly effect, but he held her hand while he was doing her, and after it was all over he kissed her.

Apropos of Jack Mason's appearance in "The Idler" in London, the Pall Mall Gazette says that Mr. Mason was "as ever, quiet and finished." This characterization seems to Bostonians peculiarly and yet unconsciously felicitous. It all depends on how you interpret "finished."

It is often charged against bacteriologists that they experiment gayly on animals, including their fellow creatures, but spare themselves. A physician of Hartford, Ct., who is a "well-known bacteriologist," refuted this charge the morning of the 17th, for he at least exposed himself. To conclude a heated discussion in which the scientist called a fellow-citizen a thief and a rascal and was in turn described as a liar, the eminent bacteria hunter bashed his adversary on the nose and thus loosened teeth, at the risk of incurring blood poisoning. And the row did not spring from any problem of bacterioscopy; there was question of the sale of a Putnam Phalanx uniform.

This is the anniversary of the coronation of George IV. of England, who was "nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it." He invented a new shoe-buckle, played elegantly on the violoncello, enjoyed for a time the friendship of Beau Brummel, and excited in 1834 the ironical admiration of Max Beerbohm. Thackeray wrote his epitaph:

"He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery."

Friends respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him."

Will some one give us the origin of the term "crackerjack?" "Cracker," anything approaching perfection, either in good or bad sense, is at least of 30 years' good and regular standing, even in literature.

An English sailor interviewed at Kiel by a London reporter thus relieved himself: "No, we don't pal much with the Americans. You see, they are a mixed lot. They're Swedes and Norwegians and niggers, but I never met a sailor who was a real American, and so we don't pal with them, although we have nothing against them." Oh how the English love us! If you don't believe they do, ask Mr. Bayard, our Ambassador.

It was only the other day in Florida that Mrs. Nelson Young was vexed sorely because John McDonald "spoke sneeringly" of her bicycle costume; and with a revolver she sallied forth on her bicycle, caught him in his shop, and compelled an apology to be inserted in the newspapers. As Mr. McDonald is a church deacon, the "social circles" of West Palm Beach are even now in tempestuous commotion.

But Mrs. Young, without knowing it, only followed meekly in the dust of her superior sister, Mrs. Wackerbarth, of England. "Up to a certain point Mrs. Wackerbarth of Highgate quitted herself like a man, but the 'everlasting womanly' is bound to come out, in spite of all the divided skirts and concentrated masculine expressions in the world. Her appearance on her bicycle up at Finchley was so effective that passers-by said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you devil in trousers,' with several other pretty nothings. Eventually, her head happening to be turned, she ran into Mrs. Florence Blyth, who took hold of the handle to save herself. But Mrs. Wackerbarth was not at a loss, and threatened to give her 'a damned good hiding' as roundly as any male man of them all. But it was when she proceeded to put the threat into execution that the true womanliness of her idea of that kind of hiding manifested itself. For she tore off Miss Blyth's hat, broke her hat pin and hat grip, and dragged her across the road by the hair. Now, as all good Adelphi frequenters know, the man that would lift his hand against a woman, except in kindness, is unworthy of the name of Englishman, not to speak of Wackerbarth, and she cannot have taken Miss Blyth for a man, because you cannot drag men by the hair, and they do not wear hat pins. Perhaps the policeman who was employed by Miss Blyth to stop her on the next Sunday may be fined for a technical assault, but in the meantime she has not only been fined three pounds and costs, but stands convicted of being just a woman, bless her heart."

It appears by the following communication from C. C. L., Hopkinton, N. H., that the rhymes connecting Belchertown with Ware, Mass., may also be applied to Weare, N. H.:

"I am interested in an old legend of Weare, N. H., as quoted in your columns from a local correspondent. This is the way I have it:

"Danie Nature once, in making land,
Had reffage left of stone and sand;
She took it up and laid it down
Betwixt McHard Hill and Belcher Town,
And said, 'Lie there, you paltry stuff, lie there,
And make a town and call it Weare.'"

"The word reffage (for refuse) may now be heard among some of our older residents who adhere to antique forms of speech. McHard Hill (since Kast's, or Jones's Hill) is in Hopkinton, and was once the home of James McHard, a Scotchman and early settler, whose legendary wealth is said to have included a barrel of silver dollars. Belcher Town is an old colloquial name of New Boston. The version of the Weare legend here given is geographically consistent, because a line from McHard Hill traced directly south to New Boston crosses the town of Weare. My version of the above metrical legend of Weare is essentially word for word as it was given me nearly 20 years ago by the late Col. David M. Eaton of Hopkinton."

SHAKSPEARE'S MISTAKE.

Shakspeare is continually stirring up strife. He inflames men of today not so much by the splendor of his phrase as by the suggestion of what he did not do or should have done. Thus for years men have debated whether he was a Roman Catholic, or a sailor, or a lawyer, or a Welshman in disguise, or the author of "Arden of Feversham," or a notorious cheat, selling his name to Bacon, who had nothing else to do save to write plays on the sly and invent curious ciphers for the future glory of Western demagogues and doctors. Shakspeare might have told us whether Hamlet was really mad, whether Hamlet's mother knew of the proposed murder of her first husband, whether the "scamel" was a bird, how it was that the heroes at Troy had prophetic knowledge of Aristotle, and who was the young man of the sonnets.

But these and many other grievances are old. The latest reproach against the dramatist is that he took no American for a

hero, and the picture gallery lacks the jewel of jewels. By American is here meant the statesman, soldier, poet, or farmer of the United States, not the Red Man who saw the first immigration. In other words, Shakspeare is not up-to-date. And we have this pleasing syllogism: The American is the one great hero; Shakspeare never introduced an American in any play; therefore he is not the greatest of dramatists and the greatest dramatist to be born—pace Mr. Charley Hoyt—will be an American. Pyrotechnical and patriotic thought!

Now one of the foremost of Americans, one, indeed, of Plutarch's men, advanced something like the same proposition about twenty-five years ago. Walt Whitman wrote as follows: "His (Shakspeare's) contributions, especially to the literature of the passions, are immense, forever dear to humanity—and his name is always to be revered in America. But there is much in him ever offensive to democracy. He is not only the tally of feudalism, but I should say Shakspeare is incarnated, uncompromising feudalism, in literature." And again, "Superb and inimitable as all is, it is mostly an objective and physiological kind of power and beauty the soul finds in Shakspeare—a style supremely grand of the sort, but in my opinion stopping short of the grandest sort, at any rate for fulfilling and satisfying modern and scientific and democratic American purposes." Whitman found in Shakspeare no growths as forests primeval, or Yellowstone geysers, or Colorado ravines. And finally, "Even the one who at present reigns unquestion'd—for all he stands for so much in modern literature, he stands entirely for the mighty aesthetic scepters of the past, not for the spiritual and democratic, the scepters of the future."

All this being interpreted means that Shakspeare did not extol the popular tri-

umphs of electricity, saw no specially poetic suggestion in the operation of the buzz saw, was unable to write a tragedy with Lincoln as chief histrion, did not connect in the flight of years with the comedy-provoking political life in New York, and had no means of using Niagara as a simile. He took merely the material of his day, or he read brave Sir Thomas North and set up Coriolanus and Cleopatra and Brutus and Mark Antony on eternal pedestals.

But should these reorganizers of literature and the fame pertaining to it be so cocksure that Shakspeare if he were now living would write plays? Would he steal from the French, as he did from English chronicles, North's Plutarch, and forgotten or rejected plays? Would he try his hand at melodrama, society plays, or farce comedy? For set tragedy is dead, and none there are to do it reverence. Is it not more likely that it was in his time the fashion of the age to write plays, so if he were now in England he would be a-writing novels as are Hardy and Meredith? Surely if Molière were now alive he would still be a playwright, for all Frenchmen look for supreme glory to the playhouse. There is one great exception to this rule, Balzac, the one man since the Elizabethan period who has a right to lean confidently on Shakspeare's shoulder as they watch the panorama of humanity. Or take Thomas Hardy. If he had lived in the days of the Virgin Queen, his imposing prelude to "The Return of the Native," or the sublime last chapter of "Tess" would have furnished material for stage tragedy.

Such speculations, however, are idle. We must judge the man by his contemporaries, else is there no such thing as historical perspective. The argument of the modern illuminati, balled down, is this: Shakspeare, to be truly great, should have been born in the United States about the middle of the 19th century. That he was so thoughtless as to choose another birthland and another century was the crowning mistake of his life.

"Sauntering the pavement or crossing the ceaseless ferry, here then are faces:
I see them and complain not, and am content with all.

Do you suppose I could be content with all if I thought them their own finale?
This, now, is too lamentable a face for a man;
Some abject louse, asking leave to be, cringing for it,
Some milk-nosed niaggot blessing what lets it writ to its hole,
This face is a dog's snout, sniffing for garbage;
Snakes nest in that mouth, I hear the sibilant threat."

To "Old Sport": Paresis is not derived from Paris, although it is found there easily.

What a cheerful optimistic, Panglossian mind does Dr. Depew bring back to us all in this season of peaches. Not only does he

too, but he also tells us that in England at the very last time, for the party in this best of worlds, but he also speaks of the Senate of the United States as "fairly reflecting the sentiments of both parties." Oh, sugar, Doctor.

It's the audience that's getting the worst of it in the Horr-Harvey debate.

Why should there be any mystery about the shooting in Dartmouth Street? It appears that the gentleman who was shot at is a cornet player.

Clear on St. Jacob's Day, plenty of fruit.

And this is the festival of St. Margaret, who is peculiarly dear to all good wives.

Rain on St. Margaret's Day will destroy all kinds of nuts, the Germans say.

We observe with pain that while some spell the word "crackerjack," others insist on "crackajack." Accuracy, accuracy, accuracy, as good Mr. Pulitzer once remarked. But which form is correct?

And this is the season of the night-flowering catchfly. Irony of nature! The flower should work by day.

Brother Jasper of Richmond, Va., may not be a powerful authority on the Copernican theory, but he has a pastoral record that may well excite the envy of the clergymen that twirl learnedly the celestial globe, and are on intimate terms with planets, comets and shooting stars. For his health is such that he once baptized without fatigue 300 people in two hours, an average of one in 24 seconds—so they say; we have no time to verify the calculation—his church has a membership of 2000, and is free from debt. Well may he persist in saying, "The sun do move."

So Henry Irving, Walter Besant and Lewis Morris all went to Windsor together, to be knighted by the Queen. Did they sit together in the same compartment, in chummy fashion, in each other's lap, and beguile the journey by reciprocity in flattering compliments? Did Irving recite lines of Mr. Morris? Come to think, he probably did not indulge himself in such elocution, for who in the wide world knows any verse by Mr. Morris? Or did they sit and glare at each other, each wondering why two of the three were thus honored? Or did each take a separate compartment and say to himself, "I wish this stupid ceremony were over?"

Oscar, King of Scandinavia, got his full allowance, so there will be the customary beer, skittles and Swedish punch in the royal palace.

Mr. Hermann Long began his married life without an error.

"The Baltimores bat in a manner that any club in the League would do well to copy. They go at the ball scientifically," which, being interpreted, means they hit it.

To "Depilator": Oh, no. The "lady barber" shaves men.

We note with pleasure that the members of the Mediterranean Fishing Club, an Italian organization of this city, played at base ball at Nantasket. With the exception of Mr. Guinnasso, Italy has too long been unrepresented on the diamond. Ireland, England, Germany, Sweden, Africa, and even America have won glorious triumphs through the prowess of their sons in the national game. May the day soon come when the battery of Donaducci and Fenaruolo may strike terror to batsmen; when Figolino will hustle at third, and Norcelloni be a terror to the outfielders. And may no envious rival throw banana skins on the base lines.

"Marriages put in Figures" is hardly the headline appropriate to these modern days.

"Figures put in Marriages" is nearer the truth.

They are lawyers who now have flushed faces over the Silver Grill.

This is indeed an eventful day, for it was on the 20th of July, 1808, that a floating island appeared in the lake of Derwent-water, an acre in extent, and covered with those pleasing and familiar plants, the lobelia dort manna and the isoetes lacustris, as well as the lettuce lacustris, not to mention the arundo fragmites and the scirpus lacustris. This island disappeared, sunk no doubt by the weight of the plants, Oct. 7 of the same year.

And July 20, 1760, heard the farewell to this poor earth of the Hon. Ames McDonald of Cork, or thereabouts. He was a gentleman of rare distinction, for he was 7 feet 6 inches in length, and had seen the vanity and vexation of 117 years.

And it was on the 20th of July, 1753, that a French woman of the parish of St. Maurice Sur Laroou, 27 years old and married to a man who counted 62 years, fell into a sleep that lasted three days, at the end of which she awoke, asked for bread, and fell asleep again, aye, in the very act of chewing; nor did she awake until 13 days had rolled by; and in this singular manner she spent the

rest of the year, not could be taken to bed, wake her, although he set his teeth on her fingers; nor did she lose flesh, and she preserved throughout a pleasing expression of countenance.

And it was on the 20th of July, 1656, being Sunday, that a stupendous hail storm beat the town of Norwich, England, about 4 of the clock in the afternoon. The hail stones were found to be five inches about, and some more. "It is to be admired, besides, that in many of these hail stones there was to be seen the figure of an eye, resembling the eye of a man, and that so perfectly, as if it had been there engraved by the hand of some skilled artificer." Hence, no doubt, the popular expression "a cold eye."

W. O. B. thus rushes gallantly to the defence of his birthplace in a letter addressed to the Journal:

"As a native of the town of Weare, N. H., and one who dearly loves to revisit his old home, I wish to correct the correspondent who you say 'evidently is not an inhabitant of Ware, N. H.,' and whose communication appeared in a recent issue of your paper. It is very evident that he is somewhat mixed in his geography, for to my certain knowledge, or to the certain knowledge of my dear mother, it was Ware, Mass., and not Weare, N. H., that the peppermint-peddler-poet referred to when he wrote his little fling at that section of Mother Earth which goes to make up the town. I have heard my mother repeat this verse scores of times, have also seen it in print, and always until this time has it been Ware, Mass., that was referred to. That there are rocks galore in Weare, N. H., that there is some poor soil there, it is useless to deny, but no one who has ever traveled through that good old town, unless he was crippled in mind as well as in body, would ever think of committing to paper such a libel on the town as is the following:

"'Dame Nature once, when making land,
Had reffage left, of stone and sand;
She held it up, and looked around,
Then let it fall upon the ground,
And said, Thou paltry stuff, lie there,
And make a place and call it Ware.'"

We must now reject any communication that treats of Weare, N. H., or Ware, Mass., in its relation to reffage.

As long as there are all kinds of mushrooms some one will be poisoned through epicurean taste. Sheep are wiser; they will not eat the grass that grows on fairy rings.

But there are remedies galore when mistaken luxury acts on the organs of respiration. Nicander recommends radishes, rue, the flowers of copper, natron, mustard, lixivial ashes. Honey with tepid water was given by Simeon Seth. Diphilus states that all mushrooms which are black, livid and hard, or which grow hard after being boiled, are deleterious, and Discordes says: "Avoid such as grow near rusty nails or putrid rags of cloth, or near the lodging places of reptiles, or by trees which have bad fruits." So look out for the agaricus muscarius, agaricus piperatus, agaricus emeticus, boletus versicolor and boletus loricis.

And yet there are forms of the boleti that ravish the palate, and then the soul. Our old friend Simeon Seth directs that they should be steeped in water for some hours; then prepare them with pepper, marjoram, salt and rue; or, to be sure of continued life, add oil and assafoetida. Be bold, but not too bold. The Emperor Claudius died of mushrooms, but Locusta seasoned and Agrippina served.

"MEADOW-GRASS."

"Meadow-Grass" is the title of a collection of tales of New England life, by Alice Brown. The book is published in most attractive form by Messrs. Copeland & Day.

Stories of New England villagers or dwellers in lonely farmhouses appeal to two classes of readers in particular. The first knew in their youth the life that should be depicted; they stood on crickets during the long prayer; they still smell the caraway-seed that solaced during the sermon; they remember the fat "Watts and Select;" they joined in the simple amusements that were often a lighter form of labor; they dream of the dead in the hillside churchyard; and they measure the worth of the book by the standard of their own depiction idealized by lapse of time. The second delight in the irony and the cruelty of Nature; the tragedy of a humble home is more to them than the woe of Bajazet in his cage; the love, sometimes uncouthly expressed, interests them, as do the antics in an ant-hill; they find supreme artistic beauty in the simplicity of the theme, and the grimness, the inexorableness of the treatment. And so they, who never lived the village life, and would not for the world with its mines in working order, say patronizingly of this or that teller of New England tales. "Lo, a Yankee Maupassant." But, so far as they

are moved, the characters might have worn sabots in a Normandy orchard, and the wirepress within sight of the Rhine, or prayed to the Madonna beneath a Sicilian sky.

Now, first of all, these delightful tales by Miss Brown are free from the monotony of griminess that is so conspicuous in the stories of a talented woman who lately was famous. Country life in New England was often hard enough, and, no doubt in certain instances, it is so today; yet the color for painting it should not always be gray. All the women were not overworked, wedded to clods, disappointed, despairing, mutely resigned. Nor was life necessarily long and sordid, or short and brutal. There is no utterly hopeless story in this volume. Where tragedy enters, as in "Told in the Poorhouse," or "Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon," there is a relieving thought, tenderness that cheers, or humor that is very human. In a story that is frankly humorous, as "Heman's Ma," there is a freedom from garrulousness, there is the knowledge of the point effectually made, there is no tiresome repetition, no hammering into the reader until he cries, "Oh, take her away, that I may rest a moment."

Miss Brown not only has humor under control; she has that rarer gift, spontaneous wit. She is able to stand apart from her work and criticize it and judge it as though it were that of another. Yet there is no open sign of laborious revision, of enforced condensation, of advice grudgingly followed. The characters are neither rough but suggestive sketches, nor are they burdened by excessive detail; they live, they are flesh and blood, whether Lucinda seeks to make up for pleasures long denied, or Heman steals a glance at Roxy, or Mrs. Blair calls on Miss Dyer, or Lady Lamson renews her youth, or Mr. Wilde hegs the indulgence of the Tiverton audience. Or test the author's power to suggest, to thrill by indirection; the whole of the grandeur of the ocean is in the unwillingness of Farmer Eli to camp on the beach. How simple the touches in this pathetic and yet humorous story! How natural, how inevitable the behavior of the man who first heard sea-roar in his old age!

The rivalry between Sudleigh and Tiverton is told in not easily forgotten language. When the circus finally came to Tiverton, "There was one curious thing about it all. We had seen the circus at Sudleigh, as I have said, yet the fact of entertaining it within our borders made it seem exactly as if we had never laid eyes upon it before. This was our caravan, and God Almighty had created the elephant for us." But let us resist quotation; or sentence after sentence would follow rapidly.

When a woman takes herself too seriously in art, her first endeavor is to assume virility, and she tumbles into extravagance. This is seen, or rather heard, in music, when an Augusta Holmès rages in instrumentation, thinking she is strong; it is seen in fiction when a prim and ambitious English Miss indulges in croticism that excites the wonder of the amorous Gaul. But Miss Brown is neither feeble in her feminine charm, nor does she deal hysterically with the phrase, as one who beats on clangorous pans. Her style is not thrust upon you; yet is it undeniable, and undeniably her own. She opens her picture gallery, but she does not, pointer in hand, accompany you as you smile, are moved, admire. This volume is a revelation of keen observation, delicate humor, broad and womanly sympathy, as well as artistic self-restraint and eminent sanity.

ABOUT MUSIC.

German Eyes Look Keenly at Our Last Musical Season.

How Mr. Runciman Bashed the Opera "Petrucchio."

Notes and Comments on Certain Men and Sundry Pieces.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung (Berlin) of July 5th contains an interesting letter from New York by August Spanuth. "America," says the writer, "is still musical and a productive land, in spite of

the exertions of Dvorak and the admirable Mac Dowell."

Mr. Spanuth gives an excellent and judicious review of the late rival opera seasons in New York. Although a German, he prefers infinitely the performances of Wagner as given by the Abbey and Gran Company to those conducted by Mr. Damrosch. "Damrosch is, indeed, a very talented man; he has learned much and he understands how to make a good deal of himself; but to conduct the operas of Wagner he needs larger experience—and a warmer heart. As conductor, he is the greatest mechanic I have ever encountered. Inward emotion never drives the sweat to his forehead. But he is what they call here 'a hard worker.'"

According to Mr. Spanuth, the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York have fallen off in interest since Mr. Paur conducted them. "However earnestly he may labor, he achieves no great effects. In the endeavor to bring out sharply the detail, he often loses sight of the whole, and you have only fragments as a result. Besides, he is utterly without personal magnetism, which his predecessor, Nikisch, possessed in great measure."

Nor can Mr. Spanuth understand the pother made over Ysaye, "a strong virtuoso, full of temperament; yes, he is more than a virtuoso, as you at once discover when he plays Bach. Nevertheless, you can name other fiddlers who stand beside him and above him. The New York public apparently did not wish to recognize this fact; it let the famous César Thomson fall utterly. An unrighteous judgment; for in many respects Thomson is a finer player than Ysaye."

Nether could Mr. Spanuth understand the indifference of the same public to "the noble 'cellist Gerardy. True, he was overwhelmed with applause as often as he was heard, but the recitals were slimly attended."

"Stavenshagen, toward the end of the season, played actually in a dirty fashion. I shall not soon forget what he did to the B minor sonata by Liszt at his farwell concert. Perhaps an excuse may be found in the fact that by his contract he was obliged to play on a piano that could not inspire him."

"Faust," as sung by the Abbey and Gran company, gave Mr. Spanuth far more pleasure than as given in Germany. He wonders, and naturally, at the impassioned cablegrams sent from New York to German and French journals concerning the great success of certain singers, when as a matter of fact they met with a cool reception; and he mentions the case of Sigrid Arnoldson two seasons ago.

Mr. John F. Runciman, in the Saturday Review of July 6, thus makes life pleasant for Mr. Maclean, the composer of "Petrucchio":

"The prize offered by a couple of British artists, Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners, for the best opera in one act, written by a 'British subject,' has been won by Mr. A. Maclean, a young gentleman scarcely out of his student days; and when Madame Adelina Patti, in the felicitous phrase of Sir Augustus Harris, 'consecrated the occasion' by handing Mr. Manners's check for £100 to Mr. Maclean, after the first performance of the opera at Covent Garden on Saturday last, nothing would have delighted me more than to join in the applause. I should like to be enthusiastic, to declare that a great or, at least, a middling composer had been unearthed through the generosity of Madame Moody and her husband, to predict that an English Leoncavallo would follow close upon the heels of our English Mascagni. Unfortunately, enthusiasm is altogether out of the question. 'Cavalleria' I take to be a brutally inartistic opera; and Mr. Maclean's 'Petrucchio' cannot be compared save to disadvantage, with 'Cavalleria.' It is exactly the kind of thing one would expect to charm the talented librettist of 'Bethlehem,' the librettist-composer of 'Nordica,' and the composer of 'Harold' and 'Thorgim,' to say nothing of the composer of 'The Better Land.' The libretto is a variant of the libretto of 'Cavalleria.' I admit the removal of the scene from Europe to an island in the Gulf of Mexico, and the achievement of the murder by the revengeful son of a slain father instead of by an injured husband; but the characters, with the exception of the least important and most tiresome, Petrucchio, are Italians, and the illicit love, the thirst for vengeance, and the murder itself, are 'lifted' from 'Cavalleria' without any attempt at disguise beyond what I have mentioned. The music is a strange, unpalatable mixture of 'Cavalleria,' water and 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' The composer has been so influenced by the last work that he gives us a quartet, every phrase of which would suit St. Paul's Cathedral better than Covent Garden, and finishes it with a regulation Amen which must bring incongruous associations to the mind of every organist who hears it. 'Cavalleria' is chiefly felt in the portions where swift dramatic movement is attempted; and between these portions and the songs (which are pure 'A. & M.') he goodly expanses of water, suggestive, perhaps, of the Gulf of Mexico in their breadth, but not in their depth. There is no real drama, no de-

velopment in the opera. The love incident is joined by the thinnest of threads to Giovanni's vendetta; the second cannot be considered as the logical outcome of the first; and when all is over, 'Petrucchio' leaves no clear impression on your mind, because two entirely unconnected matters have been set before you as cause and effect, in defiance of your human reasoning faculty. Such inconsequence, such playing on the edge of the subject instead of plunging into it, such a clumsily placed climax, would not be tolerated in a police report; a reporter who did no better would secure his immediate discharge. Neither librettist nor composer have the faintest idea of the tremendous reality of the passions which they handle; they play with love, and fierce desire for revenge, and inhuman murder, as a child might play with a loaded gun; and when, at last, they let their gun off, or rather, when they direct Giovanni to stab Rubino, and he does so, and turns the dying man over with his knife as a butcher might turn over a dying calf, I felt as I imagine one might feel on seeing an infant kill a companion in play, not knowing what it does. A more revolting scene I never saw, but I excuse it in this way; only the question occurs: How came the adjudicators to give the prize to such a work? In the modern opera the drama is more and more; and there is nothing in the music to compensate for what is feeble and disgusting in the drama of this opera. Mr. Maclean does not even show any of the redeeming faults of juvenile genius or extraordinary talent. His work is a failure, and Mr. Manners's scheme is a failure; and while I regret to say this, I may be permitted an unobtrusive chuckle when I remember the advice given to Mr. Manners in this column in January last.

"Mr. Maclean has got £100 for 'Petrucchio,'

Last century, after Mozart had made an unexpected hit with a comic opera, he was enabled to conclude a bargain by which he was to be paid rather less than half of £100 for his next work; and as on this occasion he waxed gleeful and supposed he was getting on in the world, we may reasonably suppose that even the half of £100 was a good deal more than he had received for the opera which made the hit, 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' And one cannot hear 'Figaro' today without thinking of all Prague singing, humming, talking, and dreaming 'Figaro,' and singers winning fame and managers making fortunes by it, while the divinely gifted man who wrote it got for his share a twenty-pound note, let us say, with the right to compose what he pleased, so long as he chose to starve, and the fame which brought him at the end to a grave amongst the graves of those whom Vienna, rightly or wrongly, held to be the most contemptible of mankind. For Mozart and his music are inseparable; and in none of his music is the intimate personal note more persistently struck than in the music of 'Figaro.' Considered as a musical drama, 'Don Giovanni' is undoubtedly the greater work; it moves us more powerfully and profoundly, it has moments of higher excitement, the architecture is of greater dignity and splendor, in it we find the full-grown Mozart, the musical giant."

And this is the way Mr. Runciman speaks of the much-lauded singer, Bellini: "Meyerbeer's ugly tinsel opera, 'Les Huguenots,' got a much better rendering than anyone with a spark of artistic feeling could desire, for what does it matter how badly bad music is played? The one remaining event of interest was the appearance last week of Bellini as Santuzza in 'Cavalleria,' a part which she 'created.' But it really matters no more who first sang Santuzza than who will, before long, sing it last; and if it did, Bellini is too odiously melodramatic, and the quality of her voice too nerve-shattering, for me to discuss her patiently."

Let us now refresh ourselves, after listening to this splenetic outburst, by enjoying "Le Nozze" with the Pall Mall Gazette man, as he was moved to write July 4:

"A somewhat quiet performance—but we are not disposed to be exceptionally critical on that score—of 'Le Nozze di Figaro' distinguished the stage of Covent Garden last night. Probably it is because one is less familiar with 'Le Nozze' than with 'Don Giovanni' that to hear the first after a long pause seems an even more acutely beautiful sum of sensations than to hear the greater opera. But if 'Don Giovanni' is undoubtedly the greater of the two it is perhaps not so celestially beautiful throughout. Into it Mozart imported other elements of terror and mystery, which sweep it into heights of greater grandeur, but which leave the comedy more girt about with sheer loveliness. From beginning to end this is a quality which never leaves it. It was a comedy exactly suited to Mozart's exquisitely refined and gentle humor. Such a scene, for example, as the second, in which Cherubino sings his song to the Countess and Susanna, has perhaps no rival in quietly humorous and touching drama. It is also the perfect realization of the aristocratic feeling of the eighteenth century. The apartment, the smiling Countess, the smiling Susanna, the smiling page, the little sheet of manuscript music tied

the perfect simplicity of the setting, and when it is all touched to life by the wizard of the immortal 'Vol che sapete' one begins then somewhat to recognize what the and power of Mozart meant. But this is only to select that which is of especial golden value among much that is superlative. What shall one say of such airs as 'Non piu andrai,' 'Se vuol ballare' and a dozen others whose very names belong to us, as in some sort, a heritage of beauty? That of the concerted pieces, and chiefly that divine andante with which the opera is practically brought to a conclusion? With an array of miraculous effects, one following the other, one may, with every sense of proportion on the alert, say that there may be other musicians who have height further and labored to greater occasional achievements of polyphony, but that there is none who has ever stood so close to the very spirit of music, to whom the sacred beauty of the muse was so perfectly revealed."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"Maria Stuart," an opera by Levallo, will be produced at Rouen.
Cecily Sanderson will sing in "Thais" at the Paris Opera in October.
Nelle Götze has received the cross of the Queen Victoria Order of Sweden.
Thomas Ayres has 13 theatres where music is a prominent part. They are all in London.
Cecily Sanderson has left Paris for an unknown theatre where he is at work on his new opera, "Cendrillon."
The opera, "Zinnobé," by von Hausemann will be produced next winter at the Ketch Opera House.
The new opera, "Xavère," will be given at the Opéra-Comique next season. Louis met founded the libretto on a novel by Adèle.

Henriette Petersen, who has been singing in London, will appear in Copenhagen next season in a new opera, "Fährmannen," by Ludvig Schytte.

The French opera companies are stranded in St. Petersburg. The managers raised money for themselves by pawning the baggage of the members of the company.
Mrs. Henriette Nilius of Vienna died late in the age of 83. She left a remarkable collection of hall programs dated from her young inflammable days to the week of her death.

Luigi Domenech, the contralto who did please many of us when she sang here at the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company, has been engaged for the Paris Opéra, where she made her debut a few years ago.
The baritone of Munich, has not been re-engaged at the Opera House, although his contract expires this year. The reason given is that his voice is no longer fresh. But do the Germans really mind a little thing like this?

Clapissou's "La Fanchonnette" (1856), was supported by Clapissou, was revived in Paris at the Théâtre de la République (allée Châteaud'Eau), June 24. Lévy's "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine" was revived the 25th ult.

The Berlin journals say that the Philharmonic Orchestra of that city carried off before it at Strasburg in competition. The Berlin journals say it was Colonne's orchestra that triumphed there. The journals of Milan are yet to be heard.

The choral societies of Vienna and many towns of Germany celebrate the 50th birthday of Thomas Koschat, whose arrangements of Corinthian folk songs are famous the world over. For 25 years Koschat has been a basso cantante at the Vienna Opera House and a member of the Imperial Choir.

At his benefit a popular singer in an opera house of a Rhenish town, deeply moved, put his hand on his heart, and exclaimed, "Never shall I forget what I owe this town and its inhabitants." And the leading beer saloonkeeper arose and said at the top of his lungs, "I hope not."

"La Sagra di Valaperta," a new opera in one act, met with a friendly reception in Milan. Libretto by Cortella, music by F. Brunetto. The critics say the libretto is brutal and repulsive. The music is without marked originality, but it has swing and it shows a decided knowledge of dramatic effects.

This is the program of the Musical Festival at Meiningen this fall: Sept. 29, concert by Joachim Quartet and Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew; Sept. 30, concert by Joachim Quartet, and an orchestral concert with a symphony of Brahms; Oct. 1, a cantata of Bach, the "Credo" from Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, and the "Song of Triumph," by Brahms.

Julie Koch-Bossenberger, the prima donna of the Hanover Opera, died June 12 at Bad Wildungen. She began her career at the Strampfer Theatre, Vienna, was first opera singer at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre in Berlin, married the Berlin conductor, Bossenberger, went back to Vienna, where she sang in opera. In 1874 she went

to Hanover, where she distinguished herself as a singer in Mozart's operas.

A new book of great merit, they say, is "Histoire de l'Opéra en Europe avant Lully et Scarlatti," by Romain Rolland, published by Ernest Thorin, Paris. In this work the author shows that a Neapolitan musician named Frovenzale played a most important part in the evolution of Italian music in the 17th century. The book is founded on the thesis which gave Mr. Rolland the degree of Doctor of Letters at the Sorbonne.

There were 232 opera performances given at the Dresden Opera from July 29, 1894, to June 23, 1895. There were eight novelties: Thomas's "Hamlet," Verdi's "Falstaff," Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," Rubinstein's "Der Dämon," Gunkel's

"Aida," "Eros," and "L'Espresso." The four last were first performances. The "Eros" reached its 500th performance.
"Eros," an opera in four acts, written by Nicola Massa, who died in January, 1894, at the age of 40, has been produced at the Teatro Pagliano, in Florence. Two preceding operas, "Il conte di Châtillon" (and Salammbo), gave promise of a brilliant future. "Eros," the posthumous work, was inspired as to its libretto by an idea of the singer Gemma Bellincioni. The critics speak of the melancholy character of the music, and its monotony, in spite of the correct writing and occasionally brilliant instrumentation.

Saint-Saëns has completed the opera "Frédégonde," left unfinished by Guiraud, and it will be given at the Paris Opéra about the end of November. The first act tells of the beginning of the strife between Frédégonde and Brunehilde. The second is a scene between Brunehilde and Merowig. The third is at Rouen, on the bank of the Seine, where the marriage of Merowig and Brunehilde takes place. In the fourth, Frédégonde treats successively King Hilperic to treat his son severely on account of his marriage. This scene of 40 pages (piano and song) is the great feature of the opera. In the fifth, Frédégonde triumphs over Brunehilde, and Merowig is sentenced to a cloister.

"This face is a haze, more chill than the Arctic sea,
Its sleepy and wobbling icebergs crunch as they go.

This is a face of bitter herbs, this an emetic,
they need no label,
And more of the drug-shelf, laudanum, caoutchouc, or hog's lard.

This face is an epilepsy, advertising and doing
business, its wordless tongue gives out the unearthly cry.

Its veins down the neck distend, its eyes roll till
they show nothing but their whites,
Its teeth grit, the palms of the hands are cut by the turned-in nails.

The man falls struggling and foaming to the
ground, while he speculates well."

"Lady Irving? Lady Irving?" O, yes, to be sure. We had forgotten that Sir Henry is a married man.

Truly has Mark Twain had many palms in his life, and among them, as they say, was that itching palm of Cassius.

Mr. Courtney was always good at excuses. At the same time it is an ungenerous coach that sneers at his crew after defeat.

Harper's Magazine for August "deals with the lighter phases of human experience," and yet it includes the one thousand and tenth chapter from Mr. Howells's passionate autobiography.

Ferdinand, though a Prince, is a contemptible sneak. He even fears the dead.

Haggard's campaign was like a scene from one of his lurid novels.

It is possible that you smoke from want of thought, or for a cruel, nervous disease, as did Uncle George, or to keep off gnats and moths in summer and purify potted plants in winter, or because your grandfather Ezra found tobacco a sure preventive of toothache. But there are metaphysical reasons for smoking; they are propounded by the illustrious Mario Pilo in his Psychology of the Beautiful, and they must commend themselves to any earnest student of applied ethics in Plymouth, Chelsea or Ascotneyville. "The passion for the cigar," says Pilo, "is so widespread because the tobacco tickles harmoniously nearly all the senses at once; the visceral, the muscular, that of touch, through the exercise of lungs, lips, tongue, teeth, salivary glands, pressure, cold and heat; the taste and the smell by the flavor and the odor, piquant and aromatic; the hearing, so discreetly, so intimately by the crackling of the leaf, the rhythmic expansion of the air, which penetrates into the mouth; and the sight by the shining of the embers in the darkness, the lengthening of the white ash in the light, the gray, azure, pearl clouds, twisting themselves in fantastic spirals in a repose full of dreams and visions of the narcotized brain." And this rhapsody was inspired by an Italian cigar. No doubt the distinguished Professor at Belluno puffs at those nicotine enormities with a straw running through the middle.

In view of the recent report that Calvé's Carmen has been spoiled by exaggeration, the following purple praise published in the Pall Mall Gazette of the 11th is of interest: "When we say that Mme. Calvé is the only possible Carmen in the world, we say what this critic has said about Zélie de Lussan, another about Bellincioni, a third about Mme. Roze, and a fourth about anybody you please. We are sorry, therefore, that our own opinion should be as commonplace regarding the merits of Calvé as that of anybody else; but, in that opinion, Calvé is the only actress and singer who combines the common superficial charms, the airs and graces of the conventional Carmen with the depth and the animal ferocity of a truly tigerish type of woman. She is seductive in the most sensuous of all ways; her body writhes with her emotion, her eyelids are lowered to show it, she moves with so ductile a grace yet with so significant a meaning that her caresses have something of devilish beauty and charm cast over them. This is the woman surely, you think, as you watch her lithe activity, the slow circles

which she takes, a revelation of what the poet dreamed when he said:
O sweet! one in worth
With all the whole soul's will

At any rate this is Calvé's Carmen, like it how you will."

The roses are said to begin to fade on this day.

This is the day of Mary Magdalene, and as there is often much wet about this time the saying is: "St. Mary Magdalene is washing her handkerchief to go to her cousin St. James's fair" (the 25th).

And her flower is the African lily.

And the ancient symbolists say that the penance laid by the Saviour on the beautiful sinner who looked out of the window of the tower was that she should have no other food save lime-tree leaves, drink naught except the dew which hung on them, and sleep on no other bed save one made of its leaves; for from very early times the lime tree was sacred to the goddess of love, and as Mary had loved much, therefore her penance was by means of that which is a symbol of love.

It is with pleasure that we announce the appearance here in August of a new magazine entitled Uriel. The article on "Idolon and Supneuma" will supply a long felt want.

Two car horses killed instantly by a trolley wire in our streets. Yet they say such wires are not dangerous.

Scene for an historical painter: Du Maurier and Paul Potter disputing over "Trilby."

They that are unable to go to Europe this summer may have been comforted by a thrilling contemporary which published yesterday the names of those that sat at the table of the purser of the Cephalonia and told just how they sat.

The wife of an Indiana clergyman made application in court for a divorce, and within 50 minutes she had received her decree, which gave alimony and custody of children. Divorces granted while you wait.

Here is an awful warning for critics. Listen to the artistic outburst of a Londoner who felt himself despised as to his art: "Mr. Thomas Martin has a short way with critics, which should endear him to the artistic and literary world. He had traveled all the way from Southwark to High Street, Hampstead, to spread the influence of art among the masses, and even a pavement artist, when lightly spoken of, feels a pang as great as when an R. A. is slated in the Pall Mall Gazette. Besides, he was not content with the 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' which is apt to be so uninteresting. He showed a more proper appreciation of greatness than appeared in the lists of birthday and dissolution honors, and would delect 'W. G.' or none. But he had not reckoned on the critical acumen of the small boy, and so he was pained when two or three of them inspected his work and one voiced the general verdict. There is nothing markedly offensive in 'Oh, look at W. G. Grace!' but it was no doubt the nasty way little Glen said it. At any rate, Thomas chased the young critics and, catching Glen, belabored him about the back and head until his nose bled. He admits it, and seems to glory in having avenged his fame; but it is not a case to be dealt with in rash haste, and so he stands remanded. Critics and reviewers will wait feverishly for the result."

"This face is bitten by vermin and worms,
And this is some murderer's knife with a half-pulled scabbard.

This face owes to the sexton his dismaldest fee,

An unceasing deathbell tolls there.

Those are really men! the bosses and tufts of the great round globe!

Features of my equals, would you trick me with your creased and cadaverous march?

Well then you cannot trick me.

I see your rounded never-erased flow,

I see neath the rims of your haggard and mean disguises.

Splay and twist as you like, poke with the tangling forces of fishes or rats,

You'll be unmuzzed, you certainly will."

A thrilling contemporary assures the town that Mr. Judson Harmon, the new Attorney General, is "Greek to the market." This is vague; is it libelous?

The thrilling contemporary adds that Mr. Harmon is an "elegant gentleman." To this favorite phrase of the paper-box girl is joined this startling sentence: "He is as clean and sweet and well-groomed as a load of hay." It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Harmon uses soap and water with possibly a dash of borax; but how in the world is a load of hay groomed?

It appears that Mr. Harmon has other physical and mental characteristics that will give him a commanding pedestal in the Walhalla of the Nation. His grace is "the grace of the ox;" not of the cow, not even of the bull; but the ox. His linen is clean, and "he is as restful to look upon as a lawn studied with browsing deer."

Mr. Harmon reads French novels, manicured nails and two shirts (then presumably and in succession) every day. His valet tests with a thermometer the hot water for Mr. Harmon's bath, "and if the temperature be not precisely what it should be, back it must go to the kitchen." Here is another subject for an historical painter: The valet of Mr. Harmon carrying the temperature back to the kitchen. The Attorney General makes notes "in a little ivory tablet case." But does he use a toothpick, and is it wooden, silver or quill? Let us not burst in ignorance. However, there is enough information concerning Mr. Harmon's toilet to justify the statement of the correspondent: "Were Macaulay living, he would write an essay on Judson Harmon."

It is true there are no flies, even in July, on the seals in the New York Aquarium. They are troubled, however, by an entertaining and entertained parasite known as the echinophthirus scotus Lucas, which is not as terrible as its name.

Who knows but that the dead in the Granary Burying Ground now rejoice quietly in the fact that their receptions are over? Their little grass plots are now free from banana skins and paper bags. Now can they again smile at the foolish haste and fuss and pother of the poor mortals trampling each other in the endeavor to achieve a seat in a street car.

Chicago numbers among its inhabitants Przebyszewskis, Przewoznalk Przeszelska, Przydrwa Przybyszewski, Szczolkewski, Szczponowski, Szechvnski and Szczpolrecky. But as long as the O'Donovans, O'Flannagans, O'Houlahans and O'Shaunnesseys live there, it can still claim to be an American city.

An exchange publishes a superficial article entitled "How to Keep Typewriters in Order." The best way is to treat them in a courteous but dignified manner.

This is the festival of St. Bridget, not her great festival, but the anniversary of "the departure out of this life of St. Bridget, widow, who after many peripatations made to holy places, full of the Holy Ghost, finally reposed at Rome: Whose body was afterward translated into Suevia. Her principal festivity is celebrated upon the Seaventh of October."

Now, if you look at Jeremiah, vii., 18, you will find these words: "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods." Some say that Ceres was this same Queen, and that the custom is preserved in Ireland on the eve of St. Bridget. But others say that the feast day of "Bridgett, Virgin of Kildare, in Ireland," is Feb. 1st.

Bridget is known to all New England housekeepers, and often her saintship is seen as in a dark cloud. Let us also remember St. Norah, who figures in the singular hagiology of Douglas Jerrold: "St. Norah was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to; and she prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful; and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few." Here is a noble defiance of chronology!

And if it did not look as though it were a concealed advertisement, we would remind our readers that it is the feast day of St. Apollinaris.

Mr. Jakobowski has good stuff for a new comic opera. His address to Miss Dagmar, "Tootsie, own sweet one," easily suggests music.

The Bishop of Winchester has added a valuable contribution to the material discussed solemnly by Dante societies in the West. "How is it," asked the good Bishop, "that Dante never introduced asthma into the 'Inferno'—either as the just punishment of loquacious persons, who make long speeches on subjects of which they are totally ignorant, or who preach sermons which are only bags of sawdust?"

To "Anxiety"—The infectious disease known as actini-micosis, or "lump-jaw," is not confined to animals. Its usual manifestation in women is an enlargement of the jaw-bone.

Here is a perplexing Oriental problem handled in a most bold manner by the Pall Mall Gazette. The explanation is of international importance: Some

are moonbills. The fascinating case of Kustoor Chand Rai Bahadur v. Rai Dhunput Singh Bahadur emphasizes the importance of this fact. When we hear that his head koti was at Azimgunge and his chief branch koti at Calcutta; that Panna was his head gomasha in the capital; that the durwans were on the ground floor, the guddi on the first floor, while Panna performed his puja on the second, we begin at once to see daylight. Panna kept to his puja instead of sitting in the guddi, and that, as a child can see, was an act of insolvency. But then the question arises, does this act of the gomasha affect Rai Dhunput Singh? It is well known that a moonbill gomasha has often carried on a business for years without a word from his head koti, but the question is, to what extent, if at all, was Panna moonbill? Their lordships held that he was quite moonbill enough, and therefore Rai Dhunput Singh was not insolvent, and the appeal was dismissed with costs. Strange that there should be such difference betwixt Rai Bahadur Chand and Rai Bahadur Dhunput. But moonbills makes strange bedfellows.

July 24 '95

"I saw the face of the most smared and slobbering idiot they had at the asylum, And I knew ~~from~~ my consolation what they knew not; I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother. The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement; And I shall look again in a score or two of ages, And I shall meet the real landlord perfect and unharmed, every inch as good as myself. The Lord advances and yet advances; Always the shadow in front, always the reached hand bringing up the laggards."

Mr. Gruess who boards in Jersey City with Mrs. Tuohy found his appetite ready and the breakfast belated. Whereupon he drove Mrs. Tuohy out of the house, and used an axe as a persuader. This was a lamentable error in judgment. He should have shown that noble virtue, patience, and saved the axe and his strength for the beefsteak.

A house and a barn in Taunton were burned to the ground because the owner "went into the attic to look after a cat with a lamp." Such accidents are not unknown in the history of scientific exploration; and yet no sacrifice would seem too great to the fortunate discoverer of "a cat with a lamp," whether the animal were thus illuminated as to its head or its tail.

One excellent way of escaping railroad accidents is by not walking on the track. The managers of the Boston and Maine are doing well in arresting tramps and foolish persons who wish to save time by dodging locomotives.

That an Irish care-taker should be fatally shot sounds like an Irish bull.

To "Harmony:" "Ch" in chorus is generally pronounced hard as in cork, but in earlier days, when there was true conviviality, it was sounded in many places, late at night and particularly in Ireland, as we sound the "ch" in Church-Tchorus, and we agree with Dr. Maginn: "I think it is a prettier way."

Have you read "Are We Losing the West?" Even if you do not agree with the conclusions of the author; even if you do not sweat at night at the thought of a vast horde of wild-whiskered Westerners stamping their way East to crush the gold-bugs; even if you do not care whether we lose the West and do not find it, you must surely admire the lucid and calm exposition of Mr. Green's views.

Yesterday morning there was peace, aye, and there was exceeding joy in Huntington Avenue and Falmouth Street, the joy that comes from comparative silence, for the chiming in the tower of the Church of the Scientists each quarter-hour did not add fuel to the air or bring profanity to ordinarily pious lips. But in the afternoon the horrid nuisance rang out to the clouded sky. Theoretically a chime of bells is a constant delight, like the sunset, or the poems of Mr. Keats, or a species of soap. Practically, it is an ear-stabbing, nerve-pricking, heart-thumping, unnecessary nuisance to all that dwell in the neighborhood. Such a chime induces insomnia and then inflames it. Not without reason do the eminently civilized Moslems have an aversion to all modifications of the bell as well as to its succedanal, as striking clocks, gongs; and therefore is there the Azan, or call to prayer, and the clapping of hands when a servant is wanted. Then, too, the symbolical meaning of the bell is the movement and mixture of the elements.

"And the people—ah, the people— They that dwell up in the steeple— All alone."

To be sure, the chiming in Falmouth Street is automatic, but the distress caused by automata is fearfuller than that awakened by those who

"Are neither man nor woman— They are neither brute nor human— They are ghouls."

Forty-three years ago last night there was a ball in Lowell, and the first attempt to persuade women that the dress invented by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was beautiful as well as sensible was then made.

Mr. Frank Dwyer proclaims it as his opinion that there are times when it becomes necessary for a ball player to become cold-blooded and vicious; and that the "dirty" ball playing is always on the ground of the adversary; at home "dirty" is synonymous with "snappy." But no honest player will say with Mr. Dwyer that "dirty base ball" is merely a matter of geography.

How long will the people of Prussia endure the tyranny of their King? William is now practising diligently the use of the German flute. And Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the playmate of the Emperor in boyhood's days, will now undoubtedly indulge himself in tinkle-tinkle on the waterlogged instrument.

Just as there is constant talk about the possibility, or as some insist probability, that those killed judicially in the electric chair are only killed in reality by the surgeon's knife, so has there been much controversy concerning the fatal sureness of the guillotine. See, for instance, that fantastic story by Dumas the elder, entitled "La Femme au Collier de Velours," and the ghastly tale, "Le Secret de l'Echafaud," by Villiers de L'Isle Adam.

July 25 '95

"Out of this face emerge banners and horses —O superb! I see what is coming. I see the high pioneer caps, I see the staves of runners clearing the way, I hear victorious drums This face is a lifeboat; This is the face commanding and bearded, It asks no odds of the rest; This face is flavored fruit ready for eating; This face of a healthy honest boy is the program of all good. These faces bear testimony slumbering or awake, They show their descent from the Master himself."

To "Concord:" No, "The Sphinx is drowsy" was not written with reference to the operetta by Messrs. Browne and Thompson. We are sure that Mr. Emerson never saw the performance.

"Till St. James's Day be come and gone, You may have heps and you may have none."

These eminently sensible lines were written long before the establishment of a Weather Bureau with assorted drawers.

It was on July 25, 1768, the afternoon of a Monday, that an extraordinary gust of wind a few miles to the northwest of Cleobury, in Shropshire, did great damage to the farm of Mr. Bishop, costing him £300; and it took in its arms Master Bishop, an intelligent youth of 16 winters, as well as summers, and carried him to a distance of about 80 yards, about five yards above the surface of the ground; and Master Bishop in his flight saw beneath him a fish-pond, a hedge, and a stone wall; he finally fell into a field of hay. But this is nothing to an American cyclone, to which we justly point with national pride.

It is surprising that the members of a Christian Church (Falmouth Street) should allow the remorseless nuisance of continual chiming to distress the dwellers in the neighborhood.

How ironical seems to these dwellers the legendary verses on old bells:

"The sleepy head
I raise from bed,
Men's cruel rage
I doe assuage."

In former days bells were rung to ease the pain of the dead. Here in Boston they are rung to vex the peace of the living.

There is an old superstition that whoever cats oysters on this, St. James's Day, will never want money for the rest of the year.

Those Rhode Island troopers must have drawn their notions of discipline from comic opera. It's only in this form of dramatic entertainment that soldiers kiss all the girls as a duty and a requisite. And to take advantage of a woman on a bicycle—He, he! At the same time the unfortunate incident disproves the universality of the theory concerning the bicycle-face.

The harbor bar at Bar Harbor bids fair to be dry as well as moaning.

A correspondent of a contemporary writes with unconsensuous humor from Honolulu: "Dr. Joseph Cook talked over two hours. I found myself quite wearied, nervously."

That tea should arrive in New York from Yokohama in 23 days is indeed remarkable, and yet the true tea epicure (not the tea drunkard, and there are many, male and female) will declare that the flavor is at least 23 per cent. less delicious than in Yokohama.

Mr. George Hufcut is not the only man who has wished to live quietly in a little town where no one knew him even by name. There is the memorable instance of Mr. Tolman, whose experiences were told by Mr. Stockton.

A contemporary alleges that "faddy" is a new word coined by the summer girl. Oh, no, by no means. The word has a respectable age. Mrs. Sherwood of England, not New York, employed it in 1824, and it has been in constant use ever since.

"This season's girl," says the same contemporary, "buys her collars and cuffs by the dozen." Truly, a sensible idea. If a girl has only one collar in stock she is apt to look fatigued this weather, even though she apply an eraser or benzine to her "neckwear." Then it is more economical to buy them by the dozen.

Gallipolis, O., should change its name to Gallowspolis if the inhabitants continue to enjoy lynching as a summer sport.

The law of the road for bicyclists has been laid down in Massachusetts. Now let us have a decision concerning the alleged rights of pedestrians.

Some, by the way, pronounce "bicycle" with the accent on the second syllable. The word is properly pronounced as though it were of two syllables, and the accent should be put only on the first of them.

SOAP FOR BRUISERS.

A writer says in the current number of Scribner, apropos of "friendly trials of skill" in athletic clubs, "You have only been interested in those things that make for physical superiority, the power of which shall never cease to be admired;" and he states that "boxing matches, even when one of the contestants is groggy, are neither immoral, bad nor brutal." For the benefit of those who are not acquainted intimately with the terminology of the prize ring, we hasten to add that "groggy," which means primarily "under the influence of drink, staggering or stupefied with drink," and in stable parlance is "moving as with tender feet," is athletically a convenient expression for "unsteady from punishment or exhaustion." This statement of the writer quoted is often enlarged in defence of boxing matches conducted publicly, where there is a large stake and the promise of national or international glory.

In other words, the spectator at a prize fight is elated chiefly by the sight that makes for admiration of the body, as well as for physical righteousness. In this connection it is a pleasure to read the following account of a prize fight that occurred the 23d inst. between Mr. Johnny Van Heest and Jerry Marshall, before the Eurcka Athletic Club of Alexandria County, Virginia: "Two-ounce gloves were used, and, although the mill was bloodless and no knock-downs were scored, it was a fine exhibition of scientific sparring. . . . Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the spectators at the tameness of the affair, and cries of 'Fake' were indulged in."

There was once a man by the name of Thomas Walker, barrister at law; he was one of the Police Magistrates of London, and the author of The Original. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, a man of letters, he was also epicure, wit, a man of the world. Let us quote from The Original of Oct. 14, 1835: "There was a time when pugilistic prize-fights had many advocates, and some of high authority, as tending to promote courage, manly feeling, and a love of fair play. Having long had a wish to judge with my own eyes of the effect of these strictly national exhibitions, I availed myself of an opportunity several years since to go to one which promised all the

advantages of high patronage and first-rate bruisers." And this is his conclusion of the whole matter: "Whilst the fighting is apart, there is nothing very revolting; but the closing, with which each round generally ends, and the falling together, sometimes over the rope which forms the ring, is an exhibition of unmixd brutality and debasement; as indeed is the whole affair, as soon as the combatants become exhausted in everything but their courage. They then appear like drunken men, butchering one another, without much consciousness of what they are doing; and my conclusion, at the end of the combat, which lasted almost an hour, was, that prize-fighting is a barbarous practice." Such fighters are not fakes.

Probably the most graphic and animated description of a prize-fight is that by William Hazlitt of the mill between the Gas-man (T. Hickman) and Bill Neat, Dec. 11, 1821, in 18 rounds, for 100 guineas. The essay, entitled "The Fight," stands appropriately between the essays "On the Fine Arts" and "On the Want of Money." Here is the account of Hickman, as struck full in the face by Mr. Neat. It will be seen that neither was a fake. "I never saw anything more terrific than his

aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's Inferno."

And it is such shows as these that "make for physical superiority," are encouraged right here in Boston, inflame the curiosity and brutality of apparently amiable men, and cause strife between cities concerning the honor of entertaining the blustering bruisers in the year of our Lord 1895.

"Off the word I have spoken, except not one, red, white or black, all are defile. In each house is the ovum, it comes forth after a thousand years. Spots or cracks at the windows do not disturb me. Tall and sufficient stand behind and make signs to me: I read the promise and patiently wait."

It appeared from the testimony in a court not far removed from Boston that a father struck his daughter with a whip; bashed her on the forehead so she fell; again struck her on the head; and stamped on her breast so that a rib was detached. The Judge was cautiously right when he said from the bench that "he thought the father had proceeded too far in correcting his daughter."

Whish! Uncover! For this is the anniversary of the birthday (1703) of Mr. George de Benneville, who became sickly of a consumptive disorder and was favored with several visions in Mons. where in a short time, to all appearance, he died. His body was washed according to the custom of the country, and was then put in a coffin; "and after having laid in that state 41 hours, he began to revive, to the astonishment of all present. What was very remarkable, he had while in that state a vision of Heaven and Hell, and the restoration of fallen souls." For further information concerning this worthy man, who was living in America in 1787, see the account published by the Rev. Elkanan Winchester.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer," as chimed from the tower of the Christian Church (Falmouth Street), arouses a whole and bitter day of profanity in the neighborhood.

This is the day of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin; and her flower is the field camomile.

And this is the anniversary of the death (1680) of the Earl of Rochester, who wrote licentious and profane poems and for a spell of five years was never sober. But toward his end he profited by the sage counsel of Mr. R. E. Morse, an elderly gentleman who visited him assiduously.

It is a pleasure to learn that Miss Tillie Salinger was presented with an "ovation" in Singapore or thereabouts. A singer is not a full-fledged prima donna until she has received at least one "ovation." As Miss Salinger was favored in India by "the patronage of the most exclusive classes," it is only fair to suppose that the audience was made up of Brahmins. Or did she at any time sing before the proud representatives of the fair land of Swat?

What is that mother
"A lark, my child."

Yes, it is the Lark that sings to us its third song from San Francisco. 'Tis an excellent number. "Norea; a poem of the Shore" is worthy of Rotté or de Régner, the style is so full of color and suggestion, yet without affectation or extravagance. Admirable, too, is the "Villanelle of Things Amusing."

"The high-heeled antics of colt and calf. The men who think they can act, and try. These are the things that make me laugh. The hard-bolled poses in photograph. The groom still wearing his wedding tie. And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!"

Or you are indeed sour or bound tightly in conventionality if you do not grin at the "modern" illustration to

"My feet they haul me 'round the House;

They holst me up the stairs;

I only have to steer them and

They ride me everywhere."

An evening contemporary, always un- easily accurate, states that "Signora Alessandro Hora appeared recently in South America, in the tenor role of Romeo, under the direction of Marino Mancinelli." But Marino Mancinelli killed himself about a year ago.

The Rev. Mr. Smith already has his monument.

That Mr. Levi Layman, a New Jerseyite, ate a quart of fried grasshoppers, apparently without either wild or tame honey, and relished them keenly, has excited wonder in the breasts of the uncultured; and he is even called eccentric by his neighbors. And yet Moses, who was rigid in lists of diet, allowed the Israelites to partake freely of locusts, beetles and grasshoppers. See, also, Pliny, Diodorus Siculus and Aristophanes, for instances of such epicureanism. Mr. Layman preferred his grasshoppers fried, but there are many savory ways of cookery. They are smoked, or boiled, or roasted, or stewed in butter. The Badawin follows this recipe: Boil in salt water and dry four or five days in the sun; pluck off the head, draw the stomach, pluck the wings and prickly part of the legs, and the insect is ready for the table; season hot with salt and pepper, or onlons fried in clarified butter. Dr. Kitto and Sir Richard Burton agree that grasshoppers taste like shrimps, and an English clergyman enjoyed hugely the locusta viridissima by boiling and then sprinkling with salt and pepper and adding butter. Our own idea would be to add the juice of a lemon, and eat in accompaniment brown bread cut in thin slices. And yet, according to Agatharctides, the Acridophagi, or locust-eaters, are of a slender make and extremely swarthy; nor do they live beyond 40, being cut off by a sort of tick (rieinus) which forms in their body. Now Mr. Layman told an intimate friend that if he had a few quarts daily, he would soon build up again, for he is an old man and not spry enough to catch his three meals, and he weighs only 115 pounds. We think it would be better for him to consume milk, vegetables and nutritious meat, and let the grasshoppers serve as a dessert, or save them for Sunday. By the way, wingless grasshoppers drunk in wine relieve the bite of scorpions. Take one in a small glass.

"The old face of the mother of many children;
Whist! I am fully content.
Lulled and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences.
It hangs thin by the sassafras, the wild cherry and the catbrier under them.
I saw the rich ladies in full dress at the soiree.
I heard what the run of poets were saying so long,
Heard who sprang in crimson youth from the white froth and the water-blue.
Behold a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
She sits in an armchair under the shaded porch of the farm house,
The sun just shines on her old white head.
Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,
Her grandsons raised the flax, and her granddaughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.
The melodious character of the earth!
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men!"

Thus ends Walt Whitman's poem of Faces, with a description in Biblical phraseology, strained through a transcendental sieve, of a characteristic American scene. The mighty poet undoubtedly had in his mind his own mother one of the sweetest and sanest of women. It is as though King Lemuel had lived in a Quaker family on Long Island.

The Pall Mall Gazette man was not charmed with Emma Eames as Elizabeth in Tannhäuser. "She acted stiffly, and, by a curious woodenness and indifference, she delayed the action of the drama woefully." Mr. Maurel was somewhat appropriately cast as Wolfram.

Cap. Evans thinks Emperor "Bill" is "a wonderful man" he ever met. The Emperor "plainly showed the feeling of admiration" with which he viewed Capt. "Robert Keller, noch zwei Prost!"

They say that Mr. Howells's friend Tolstoi, after preaching vegetarianism all day, eats ravenously, and on the sly, of cold roast beef at night. Such wolfish appetite would be more satisfactorily appeased by pie, as every true American will bear witness. Alas for Tolstoi's consistency! They know not pie in Russia.

Bicyclists in Kansas. It seems, are superior to the law. When the Mayor of Emporia ordered the police to enforce the ordinance compelling riders to ring the bell at street crossings the law was openly mocked. The state of things is about the same in Boston. But as bicyclists are to elect the next President of the United States, pedestrians should not murmur, that is, if they hope for relief.

The Trustees of the Christian Scientists' Church (Falmouth Street) believe that the dwellers in the neighborhood will "get used" to the flagrant and intolerable nuisance of the chiming in the tower. Such faith is not far removed from impudence.

The faith of the congregation of this church is said to be strong enough to remove mountains. Would that it might remove the chimers!

Let us be truthful and just. Yesterday the chimers were silent. Was this the act of charity and compassion? Did the law interfere? Or were the chimers so fatigued they would fain rest?

This is the festival of the seven sleepers, Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine. They went to bed in 250 A. D. and slept sweetly till the year 479. They were in a cave, and far, far from any chimers.

This is also the anniversary of the death (1844) of Mr. John Dalton, chemist, who, because he himself was color blind, and could only see yellow and blue in the rainbow, read a paper in 1794 entitled "Extraordinary Facts Relating to the Vision of Colors," and thus was primarily the cause of distress to locomotive engineers and pilots who today are similarly affected. From his name were derived the words "Daltonian," "Daltonism," and "Daltonist." "Daltonism" as a name for color-blindness, especially inability to distinguish between red and green, was introduced by Prof. Prevost of Geneva, but objected to by English authors on the ground that it associated a great name with a physical defect. And so we find Dixon in his "Diseases of the Eye" (1855) saying: "Of all the unfortunate inventions of pathological nomenclature the word Daltonism * * * seems to me the worst."

Mr. Gaston Tissandier, a writer on scientific subjects, entered a den of wild beasts in the Jardin d'Acclimation, patting the lions and smiling sweetly on the spectators as the lions gnawed his wrists. An heroic case of applied science!

THE GISSINGIAN THEORY.

The lamentable hero of Mr. Gissing's powerful novel "In the Year of Jubilee" tells his wife that the only married people who can live together with impunity are those who are rich enough, and sensible enough, to have two distinct establishments under the same roof. "The ordinary eight or ten-roomed house, inhabited by decent middle-class folk, is a gruesome sight. What a hindrance of male and female!"

Many will agree with Mr. Tarrant, although they may call him a wretched weak. Happiness in marriage depends largely on the number of rooms for the exhibition of domestic character and emotion. Let us now develop this theory. Many young men, more than young women, shrink from marriage because they will not live in two rooms at a boarding house, or even in a small flat, and yet they will not entertain the idea of a little house in a modest quarter of the city or in the suburbs.

No thoughtful person will dispute the proposition that continual, enforced proximity is a stirrer up of strife, as well as the chief of disillusionizers. The sight of the loved one in unseemly employment or ridiculous attitude disturbs the young man veneered with refinement after the fashion of the day, because to him homely domestic life is unseemly and ridiculous. He would rather see his wife only on parade, robed

in a becoming costume, ready to discuss Shakspeare and the musical glasses. During the wooing, he was charmed by her conversational power; after the ceremony he begins to think her a chatterer. Jones is finally surprised when an acquaintance speaks of Mrs. Jones as a clever woman, with something to say. Or the constant revelation of the infirmities of human nature kills romance. As long as men and women are raised in disagreement with nature, they will be slow to realize that if the Emperor is not a hero to his valet, neither is Arabella wedded a heroine to her Algernon. Morning irritability, noonday restlessness, the boredom of long evenings after all thoughts have been interchanged, all tunes played as solos or duets, the hours leaden, or as though one of the pair were chained to the other, a corpse—these are the results, it is said, of undue propinquity. The husband regrets that he cannot have the pleasure of calling on his wife and experiencing a new emotion.

If husband and wife lived apart, separated by more than a cab limit, there would be the inevitable curiosity, the not unpleasing jealousy, the compulsion of attraction that feed the flame of love. Think of the joy of Jones, who has not seen his wife for three or four days, although it was daily in his power to visit her, when he writes: "Dear Maria: I hope to dine with you next Tuesday. I am counting the hours. Don't disappoint me." His step is lighter Tuesday morning; he is even courteous to the elevator boy; and as the hour of 6 approaches he is nervously impatient, until, disdaining electric cars, he hails a cab and hurries to the adored one. Meanwhile Maria orders for dinner the dishes dear to Jones, and meets him as a bride adorned for her husband. Then is there a reunion as of lovers who cross continents to clasp each other.

Would not such a life make for greater independence of soul? Would not the man be more diligent in business, freer from the petty and unnecessary care that tarnishes the finer emotions? Would not the woman be less selfish, less weakly dependent? Then, if there were children, there would be little or no conflict of authority, no harsh words that open childish eyes, no silly recrimination before receptive minds. Man and wife would each be on good behavior, as when, before marriage, they were at work ensnaring each other. At the weekly, or say fortnightly, dinner Jones would be unusually brilliant, far beyond any possible rival. Maria's simplest remark would be colored with the passionate resonance of the sirens' song. And it might be advisable occasionally for either man or wife to put off such ecstatic pleasure for a month, as one that dallies with sure and appreciated pleasure.

There is a precedent for such domestic life. Read Plutarch's tale of the matrimonial customs and habits of the Lacedaemonians. To quote from Sir Thomas North's brave translation, the husband was all the daytime and sleeping most of the night with his companions; "onles he sometimes stale to see his wife, being affrayed, and ashamed ever to be scene, by any of the house where she was. And hereunto his younge wife did helpe for her parte, to spyne meanes and occasions howe they might mete together, and not be scene. * * * This secret meeting in this sorte did serve to good purposes. * * * It continued also in both parties, a still burning love, and a newe desire of the one to the other, not as it were luke warme, nor wearie."

And so the modern of the moderns point the way backward to the precepts of Lycurgus, the Lawgiver.

"AN IMAGINATIVE MAN."

Mr. Robert S. Hichens achieved sudden and evanescent fame by writing "The Green Carnation." For a time there was a mystery about the authorship of that pleasing satire. Some thought the author was Mallock; and others went so far as to ascribe the glory to the very celebrity satirized therein, the man who in accordance with the will of 12 men in a box is now doing abhorred and

abhorrent labor in the service of his Queen. Finally the name of Hichens was shouted in the streets; his portrait appeared in a weekly paper, and to him were other attributes of modern fame.

Now Mr. Hichens presents himself to the public as the author of "An Imaginative Man," a book with an attractive cover published in this country by D. Appleton and Company. The scene is in Egypt; the characters are few, and, we are tempted to say, blackguards, male and female after their kind. The imaginative man has married a woman whom he thinks he loves because he cannot understand her; for it was his delight to hunt the soul in women, as Rath Krespel hunted the soul in violins. She, amiable, beautiful, silly, easily perplexed, jealous, soon tells all she knows. Her husband, who enjoys the reputation of a cynic, wearies of her. To the inn in Egypt, where they stop, comes a singular couple, a widow with a son doomed to die of consumption. The son develops vicious tastes, and the mother thinks it her duty to encourage, or at least wink at his loose life in Cairo or wherever he can sin. For this she is taboo in the inn. The imaginative man insists on staying in the same inn, although by so doing he breaks engagements. Naturally the wife believes he is infatuated with the widow, who appears to outward view as the Spanish Condesa described by Major Muldoon when he was with Sir Arthur on the Peninsula: "I looked in her eye and I saw that she was game." Injustice is thus done the woman who likes the imaginative man because her son likes him, a liking that is checked only by the former asking the latter, as he neared the end, why he was afraid to die, at the same time expressing envy of his condition. Yet is the imaginative man unfaithful to his wife, for he is in love with —, the Sphinx, whom he visits nights, and at last dashes himself "with arms stretched out, as if in an embrace, against the mighty rock that has defied the perpetual intangible embrace of the gliding ages." This is the last we hear of him. Apparently he did not fare as well as did Professor Papyrus in the ingenious operetta sung lately at the Tremont Theatre. The wife, on this eventful night, goes into the widow's room in search of her husband, and she finds only the mother watching the death agony of her son. "And Enid stole out into the dark corridor alone."

On this slender frame are lighted innumerable verbal fireworks. The characters speak in epigram even in order-

ing servants or at table d'hôte. It is true that there are many instances of brilliant fencing, bits of analysis that show an intimate knowledge of the character of poor mortals, and there is a vein of cynicism that is not displeasing. There are admirable descriptions of Egyptian scenes, descriptions subtle, impressionistic, free from conventionality. The most striking as well as carefully elaborated chapter in the book is that which tells, with greedy devotion to detail, of the pornographic visit of the imaginative man and the youth to Cairo. 'Tis an extraordinarily clever piece of workmanship; glowing in color, drawn with rare strength, courageous in spirit, and deliberately and purposely repulsive in final effect. Mr. Hichens has taken such pains with the description of the orgies at the "Hotel de Londres" that it would seem as if he had written the story for the sake of this one startling picture. It may also be added with truth that the novel is interesting from the beginning to the end to all that delight in felicities of expression in the characterization of morbid men and women.

For this hook Mr. Hichens has been praised loudly in certain quarters. The strength of "An Imaginative Man," however, is cleverness, almost diabolical, rather than the virility found in Nature. Even when the reader is dazzled to the point of blind admiration and boisterous applause, the question creeps into his mind, "But after all, is Mr. Hichens sincere?"

ABOUT MUSIC.

Sage Advice to All the Handel and Haydn.

Nikisch's Vanity Observed in London Town.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

These words from the Saturday Review of July 13 should be read diligently and pondered by the officers and the members of the Handel and Haydn Society, by the men, women and children who are in the habit of attending the concerts of this society, and by Mr. Benjamin Johnson Lang, the new conductor, who will no doubt devote to the society all the time that he can spare from his engagements with the Apollo, Cecilia, King's Chapel, and his pupils, after attending to the primary wants of Nature:

"Like the Americans, we are a big people and like to do things on a big scale; we are also a bourgeois people and like to do them in a bourgeois manner; and, as we flatter ourselves that we are a musical people, we elect that the things to be done on a big scale in a bourgeois manner shall be musical things. This is my explanation of the popularity of our 'great musical festivals' and of the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals and performances of other composers' works on 'the Handel Festival scale.' The critics who accept such phenomena as signs of 'progress' in England would surely point to the Salvation Army as the worthy fruit of a quarter of a century of Board Schools. They are inartistic orgies, these boasted festivals of ours, indelicately gluttonous feasts where inartistic and even anti-artistic people may gorge themselves, to a musical accompaniment, upon false sentiment and grocer's plety. Especially is this true of the Handel Festival, though for the prostitution of art to unlovely ends no blame attaches to the artists who take part in the concerts, and least of all to the splendid artist who now conducts them.

"The conditions under which the performance takes place are alone responsible. For instance, when the 'Messiah' is given by 3000 voices in that vast echoing area, how can such choruses as 'For unto us,' 'He shall purify,' or 'His yoke is easy' be sung at anything like the proper pace without reducing the roulades to an intolerable muddle? It cannot be done, and Mr. Manns knows it cannot be done. Therefore, determined that at any rate the correct notes shall be sung, even if the correct rhythm and motion are out of question, he takes 'For unto us' at such a funeral pace that the great shocks at 'Wonderful, Counselor,' are no shocks at all, but long-drawn wobbling chords, while the gigantic stride is taken out of 'And the Government shall be upon his shoulder.' Every chorus where the tempo is faster than the most moderate moderato is ruined in an analogous way; and after hearing two or three of these examples of our national talent for chorus singing, the artistic listener is driven forth from the palace with every nerve in a state of quivering irritation, and the Handel Festival is left to those who are not artistic, who go there to hear 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' sentimentalized, or to grow maudlin over 'He was despised.'

"Since these orgies will be continued until we cure ourselves of the delusion that we are a musical people, I wish that the enthusiasts who arrange them could be induced to leave our glorious pagan Handel alone, and try a little more of the amiable, harmless, pietistic Mendelssohn. Handel's music has been tried and has proved eminently unsuitable, partly because (as I have just said) it cannot be sung at the correct pace, partly because Handel, who had in view a small chorus of about 25 trained voices, wrote music that needs to be sung with all possible expression, and a large chorus cannot sing expressively. But Mendelssohn's choruses contain few florid passages, and for the most part can be sung at the speed he intended without loss of clearness; while as for expression, Mendelssohn wrote for the large choir of the Birmingham Festival, and was so delighted with their singing that we may safely assume that he did not want much expression. And as, in addition, his music is sentimental, pretty, never really tender or really powerful,

Mendelssohn would seem precisely the composer for festival use. When his 'Hymn of Praise' was given a week or two ago at the Crystal Palace by a band and chorus of 300 performers, it sounded on the whole every whit as well as I can possibly conceive of its sounding under any conditions whatever.

"The choruses, with the exception of one brief passage in 'The Night is departing,' were free from confusion; the songs, sung by Madame Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd, made the last inch of effect such expressionless music can make; and the symphony, with its fine introduction, trifling Allegro and Allegretto, and Sugary Adagio, was admirably played by the band. Some numbers were ineffective, but the fault lay in the music, not in the performers. A chorus so wretchedly harmonized as 'Now Thank We All Our God' will always make one wonder whether one has got into a church where 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' are used; and the declamatory chorus 'Ye People, Bring Unto the Lord,' invariably leaves the impression that the trebles have been screaming on one note amidst the storming of the other parts. But 'I Waited for the Lord' is not bad music—for Mendelssohn; and the fugue on 'Praise ye the Lord' is really quite stimulating, for if it has no real power it contains plenty of nervous excitement. I was glad to notice that in the final chord of 'I waited for the Lord' Madame Clara Samuel sang the B flat as Mendelssohn wrote it. In spite of pedantic theories of how that chord ought to sound, the truth is that the fifth sounds much better than the third. To conclude with Mendelssohn, I trust that the organizers of the Handel Festival will substitute him for Handel, and as soon as possible, for his reputation is sadly on the wane. Neither 'Elijah' nor 'St. Paul' is so good as 'The Hymn of Praise'; but anything by Mendelssohn is good enough for an English Musical Festival, while the least inspired of Handel's work is much too good."

And Mr. Runciman again pays his respects to Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the celebrated Hungarian and magnetic conductor. It is interesting to learn that the personal vanity and musical impudence which offended all but the hysterical in Boston offend now in London.

"It is with a sense of blessed relief that I turn from Mendelssohn and our choral festivals to Mottl, Nikisch and Paderewski. Here at least we have no apostles of the gospel of humdrum, of sentimentalism, of Methodistic plety. Mottl, with his unflinching health, strength, energy and passion; the less imposing, but daring Nikisch; Paderewski, frail but inspired; who would not change all our festivals and choruses and their conductors for three such men—nay, for any one of the three? A day with Mottl is better than a thousand with Sullivan at Leeds; and I would rather hear Nikisch play a Beethoven symphony than listen at Gloucester to infinite oratorios by Parry. Of course, Mottl has been the popular success of the season. It could not be otherwise, for that rich, masterful personality carries success with it.

"Nikisch is a genuine artist, but he must gradually worm his way into public favor, for he has not Mottl's strength to carry the stronghold by storm; and he will have to abandon that notion of doing something fresh for the sake of mere freshness. His playing of the 'Lohengrin' prelude was clear and full of sunlight; the prelude and finale from 'Tristan' were picturesque, though nobly picturesque, rather than passionate; but the Kaiser's march, surely the grandest march ever written for a national rejoicing, was ruined by being treated as a Chopin nocturne. A march is the last place to use the tempo rubato without ample justification, and Nikisch used it recklessly, without the result in one case justifying its use. The rallentando at bars 8-10 took the rhythmical swing out of the march at the very beginning; and at that lovely passage where the sweet, one might almost say affectionate, melody enters above the deep booming of the bass instruments, Nikisch spoiled the whole point by slackening the time once more on the alternate B flat and F, and then, as it were, drawing a double bar before the entry of the melody. This sort of thing does not constitute a new reading; it is mere willful mutilation, and makes one afraid that Nikisch's vanity is stronger than his artistic instinct. Still, his version of Brahms's dreary symphony in D showed that his artistic instinct is strong, and I hope that it may ultimately triumph."

Here is an opinion, also by Mr. Runciman, that confirms reports—not by passionate press agents—concerning the hypnotic Paderewski:

"To come to Paderewski, temperament is what he has in overwhelming measure; but he will make a mistake if he

trusts to that and neglects his piano playing; and at his last recital some of his piano playing was very deplorable. With Rosenthal here to show us how those Brahms variations should sound it was worse than a mistake to give us that scuffling, splashing and screaming version. The fugues in the Beethoven sonata were perfectly given in an anti-Leipzig manner; but the Chopin selection was a dead failure. I found it impossible to resist the impression that Paderewski has neglected his practice of late; and if the impression is correct I trust he will drill himself into form before he comes here again."

PHILIP HALE

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. C. A. Ellis is in London.

Mr. Antonio de Novellis is spending his vacation at Westbrook, Conn.

Alfred Grünfeld goes to Marienbad after his return from Russia.

A new opera, "Mother Milo," by Bendal, met with success at Prague.

Fritz Struss, concert-master of the Berlin Opera, is now a "Professor."

Widor directed a festival devoted to his own works at Ostend the 23d.

"Tannhäuser" at the Opéra Paris, has been bringing in about \$4000 a night.

Mrs. Motte née Standhartner will sing Freia and Gutrun at Bayreuth next year.

Johann Strauss has received the Turkish Medschidic order of the third class.

Sir Augustus Harris has received the Commander's Cross of the Saxon Hausorden.

August Wilhelmj has married an American girl, Miss Mauch, a pianist. At least, so they say.

Mrs. Marchesi was in London this month for a week, the guest of Mrs. Melba at the Savoy.

Hans von Bronsart has resigned his position as General-Intendant of the Weimar Court Theatre.

Ernst Eulenburg of Leipzig has been made an honorary member of the Accademia St. Cecilia, Rome.

"Due Italiani in Africa" is the title of a new operetta by Severa and Matrazzi produced at Castiglione Fiorentino.

Gailhard is trying to secure Melba for a revival of "Hamlet" at the Paris Opéra. Queen Victoria will not interfere.

They were all ready to sing "Aida" at Costanzi, Rome, when the information was given that the impresario had skipped.

The tableau à sensation of the ballet "Venus," to be produced at La Scala, Milan, will be a scene with female bicyclists.

Schlaffenberg is the name of a tenor with a good voice and little art, they say, who made his debut at Munich in "La Juive."

The second international competition for the Rubinstein prize will take place at Berlin, Bechstein Hall, Aug. 20, 10 A. M.

Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, has returned from Europe. He visited Budapest, and says that he may play in that city next year.

Maurel, the baritone, is said to contemplate a series of articles on his American travels, recording his impressions, artistic and moral.

At Odessa they gave lately at the opera house, Seroff's "Rusneda," Rubinstein's "Maccabees," and Tschalkowski's "Queen of Spades."

Fischbacher, Paris, has just published "Quelques remarques sur l'exécution du 'Tannhäuser,' à l'Opéra de Paris en Mai, 1895," by Eugène d'Harcourt.

The well-known Lamoureux concerts in Paris will be resumed on Oct. 13. In 1897 Lamoureux intends to give theatrical performances in a special theatre.

The three-act opera, "Le Pilote der Loothe," by J. Ulrich, text by Armand Silvestre, translated by Boiten Baekers, will be produced by Pollini at Hamburg this year.

Franz Ondricek, the violinist, will make his debut in America by playing Dvorak's A minor concerto at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Nov. 16.

Mascagni is at work on a one-act opera, "Il Viandante," the subject of which is taken from Coppée's "Passant." Paladilhe has already treated the same subject.

Pietro Florida is uniting the librettos and the music of two operas; one comic, "I Sapienti," subject from "a comedy of Shakespeare," the other dramatic, entitled "Donna Juana."

Carvalho has engaged Miss Douste for the production of "Hänsel and Gretel" at the Opéra Comique. About a year ago he heard her with a view to her singing Virginie in Massé's opera, but she did not please him.

The interment of Gené took place at the cemetery of Baden, near Vienna. Among those present were Johann Strauss, Millöcker, Komzak, Manager Schreiber and the company of the Baden Theatre.

Hebert Johnson's Quintet. One will be made up as follows for the season of 1898: Bertha E. Mason, first soprano; Lilian B. Cooke, second soprano; Kathleen M. Russell, first alto; Grace C. Cooke, second alto; and Herbert Johnson, tenor and director.

After the Revolution of 1830 friends of Rossini de Lisle tried to give him a benefit at the opera. He refused in a letter of great civility, appreciating the honor, but wishing the box office receipts of two evenings to be given to the wounded, widows and orphans. And yet he was in great financial straits.

This is sad news about Anton Bruckner. He has recovered from a long illness sufficiently to begin the composition of a new symphony. Bruckner, who is nearly 71, is now living, through the kindness of Emperor Joseph, at the Belvedere Palace in Vienna.

Leoncavallo announces that it is more than probable that the first performance of his opera, "Chatterton," will take place late in December or early in January at St. Petersburg. He has delayed till he can have Di Lucia for the title role, and that artist is engaged in America till November.

Rudolph Aronson has been devoting much time to composition of late. He has just completed the "Gallant and

Gay," "Conqueror," "Light and Airy," two-step marches; "Up to Date" and "Society Queen" waltzes, and the "Little Duchess" gavotte. Mr. Aronson has an article on "Johann Strauss" in Munsey's for August.

There will be a season of opera at the National Theatre, Rome, from Nov. 1 to Feb. 15 ('98), under the direction of Alfredo Collina. Anna Stehle and the tenor Garbin are already engaged. Among the operas to be given are Massenet's "Manon," "I Pagliacci," "Mignon," "L'Amico Fritz," "Fornarina" (a new opera by Collina), and three new works.

The following are the dates of the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin under Arthur Nikisch as conductor: Oct. 14, 23; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9; 1896-Jan. 13; Feb. 3, 17; March 2 and 23. These soloists will assist: d'Albert, Brahms, Paderewski, Willy, Burmeister, Sarasate, Auer, Erika edekind (coloratura singer, Hofmann, Damond, von Zur-Mühlen, Gérardy. The orchestra will number 84.

Dr. F. Kauffmann, the music director of the University of Tübingen, thinks that he has discovered in his father's musical library the missing aria "Ah, non lasciar mi no," written by Mozart for Dorothea Wendling in Mannheim, Feb. 27, 1778. The manuscript is a copy, however. The words are from Metastasio's "Didone abbandonata." The instrumentation is for strings, two flutes, two bassoons, two horns.

The tenor de Lucia has almost finished his three-act opera "O bella Napoli!" The Ménestrel says: "It is truly astonishing that he did not entitle it 'O bella Santa Lucia' because Santa Lucia is a popular suburb of Naples, with a fine view of the bay, and the allusion to the composer's name was not to be despised. Let us wager that the tenor part in this opera will not be the worst."

Here is a list of words that have been borrowed or adapted by German theatrical managers and critics from the French: Regisseur, entrée, première, opérette, intendunt, ballet, soubrette, scène, benefiz, coulissen, contremarke, controlleur, abonnent, prospect, direction, souffleur, début, loge, galerie, parterre, claque, decoration, garde-robe, repertoire, repetitor, solisten, dirigent, billet, passpartout, etc.

These singers are engaged for the carnival season at La Scala, Milan: Félla Litvinne (chosen by St. Saëns to sing in "Henry VIII."); Mrs. Huguet and Kaschmann for "Hamlet"; Lola Beeth for "Fidelio"; and Giordano's new opera, "André Chénier;" Elisa Frandin for "Carmen," and the tenors Garrull, Dombrowski; the baritone Sanmarco; the bass Tisel-Rubini; and Mrs. Armida Parsi-Pettinelli, mezzo soprano.

The Baroness de Tusco has written to Sonzogno informing him that the murder recorded in "I Pagliacci" actually took place at Mortallo, near Cosenza. The murdered lover was in the service of Leoncavallo's father, and was sitting by the side of his master's son in the theatre when he was called out and stabbed. His name was Gaetano Schlavelli. The original of Canio, is Giovanni d'Alessandro, who is still living in the service of the Baroness de Tusco.

In May last a young Pole, Leon Gieksztar, arrived in Milan. He was rich, 19 years old, very short and very fat, had carriages and horses and a palace in the Passarella. Then, to his misfortune, he took lessons in singing, and at his singing master's house met Lell Lejo, who had just come back from Barcelona. He never told his love till noon on June 11, and then he did it so effectually that the lady had to take refuge in the porter's lodge, and left him no resource except to blow his silly brains out.

In Copenhagen on St. John's Day two members of the orchestra blow from the balcony of the palace on lures from 2000 to 2500 years old, which belong to the choicest treasures of the museum. Such instruments are also discovered in moors of Sweden and Mecklenburg, but the best are found in Denmark. They show skill and taste in make, and they seem to have been modeled after the horns of animals. The usual length is seven feet, and the metal is only a 25th of an inch thick. It is a remarkable fact that these instruments are always found in pairs, and it is probable that they were used in pairs. The tones are natural tones, and resemble those of the tenor trombone, with a generous compass. Some of the lures are in C, E flat, others in D, E or G. The tones form a chord, never a scale.

The Pall Mall Gazette of July 5 speaks as follows concerning the question of pitch: "The last of the arranged series of Wagner concerts—we have, however, that two more are to be expected

during November—took place last night at the Queen's Hall, when the following notice, which we think well to give in full, was circulated through the house: Owing to the high English Concert pitch it has been necessary to depart from the original plan of performing the entire closing scene from "Die Meistersinger." Thus did Mr. Schulz-Curtius and Herr Motti make their first movement in their most justifiable agitation to persuade this exclusive nation into conforming with the general concert pitch of the Continent. We applaud that movement; and therefore it is that we turn aside to mention the incident."

Philipp Scharwenka says the Americans have no esthetic sense. "This morning a charmingly pretty girl came in to take a harmony lesson at the conservatory, and she had disfigured herself by putting on a pair of spectacles. She should have worn eyeglasses. I am continually shocked at young girls appearing in spectacles as they do here. Spectacles make a line at right angles across the side of the head, while eyeglasses follow the droop of the eyelids, therefore eyeglasses are much less objectionable and do not jar against the artistic sense. I said to the young girl, 'Um Gotteswillen, don't wear spectacles any more! Where is your sense of beauty?' To which the young girl might have replied, 'But, dear master, where is your sense of musical beauty? I find no traces of it in your compositions.'"

Le Ménestrel says of Charles Réty, the music critic ("Charles Darcours") of Figaro, who died the first week in July. "He was upright and sane; he did not fall into the extravagances of the day; he was neither in the extreme front, nor did he step backward in exclusive devotion to the glories of the past. For Wagner he had just admiration, but that did not prevent him from esteeming other masters, nor did he feel it his duty to despise French music. His judgments were expressed discreetly and modestly, although they were based on a musical knowledge that might well be envied by others. His only thought was to give his opinion since it was demanded of him, and he did not regard those who disagreed with him as idiots." Mr. Réty was for some years manager of the Théâtre Lyrique. His eulogy at the funeral was pronounced by Léon Kerst.

Le Ménestrel of July 7 says: "Whatever may have appeared in the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung to the contrary, it seems that Rubinstein's 'Christus' met with very great success at Bremen. This journal has stated that Rubinstein would have done well if he had not composed 'Christus' or 'The Demon.' Now several contemporaries, among them the Signale, agree that the performance of 'Christus' had to be prolonged a week, so great were the audiences, and so marked was the enthusiasm. Then, too, another journal thus speaks of the performances of 'The Demon,' at Dresden: 'I should like to know in what part of the opera house the correspondent of the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung sat that he did not hear the stormy applause, the recalls, the cries of admiration, and in a word all the testimony of a public eager to do justice to a superb genius. If on the second evening there was perhaps less extravagant enthusiasm, the hall resounded with applause during the three acts, and after each fall of the curtain the singers were called out five or six times. Perhaps such a reception is 'indifference.'"

July 29-95
"The farmer stops by the bars, as he walks on a First-day loafe, and looks at the oats and rye."

Secretary Morton will paradoxically reap a harvest from the seed he did not sow.

And so the Administration may slip on a piece of squash.

Those lusty cannibals, the Seris Indians, are again "becoming troublesome," which, being interpreted, means that they will take a little more of the white, if you please.

But cannibalism should not be rashly condemned. If men of great experience, like Burton, are right, cannibalism is indispensable to the growth of a new country, and is a necessary step to future civilization; in this respect it is not unlike polygamy. "Without cannibalism, how could the Zealander have preserved his fine physical development? Certainly not by eating his bat and his rat."

Mr. Guerrita, the distinguished bull-fighter, asks \$50,000 for each performance in Atlanta. His terms are higher than Patti's. And yet nothing has been said about his diamonds. He should engage at once a press agent of passionate pen and hot imagination.

Any novel that related the incidents in the Holmes case would be derided by the critics as too horrible and incredible.

In the Sussex dialect, to "bunt" means "to rock a cradle with a foot." The Bostoners are probably afraid of disturbing the baby.

Within three months Mrs. Fannie Thompson of Louisville "has spit out 400 teeth." She should be engaged in the office of a "practical dentist." And how versatile she is! For she could supply all classes—men, women, little children, dogs, alligators, cows, bears, hogs, horses, sheep, and, no doubt, curry-combs. Truly, this is a wonderful world!

This is the summary of the alleged death (1578) of Don Sebastian of Portugal. Historians say that he was killed near Tangiers, but the common people are wiser; they know he simply disappeared; that he will return and claim his throne. In Brazil as well as Portugal visionaries watch the sky at night, and if a bearded meteor or intoxicated star whizzes by, they shout: "There he comes!" For, with the late Harry Bloodgood, they know "He's got to come." Sales of horses are sometimes made, payable at the arrival of Sebastian. This is a great convenience to the debtor.

It was on the 29th of July, 1717, that Mr. Addison, Secretary of State, addressed a letter to the Commissioners of Customs in England, requiring them to take measures against the introduction from Italy of the deadly poison Aqua Tufania. The makers of this liquor, following the recipe of a Greek woman, alleged their purpose as "conscientious and religious." They sought peace by the removal of disputatious wives, irreverent sons, disagreeable neighbors, and other cumberers of the earth. The poison found a ready sale in Naples, where at least 600 drank of it and ceased from troubling.

And here is a delightful shot at Mr. Bayard, Ambassador to England, who now disputes with Dr. Depew the honor of being the great North American diner-out:

"How much longer are the music hall 'serios' to wait, we want to know—we want to know, as one of their number has said or sung. For yesterday the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained a big company of 'comedians' at the Mansion House at luncheon, and it is the conventional rule for each Lord Mayor to go one better in the way of novelty, which is much the same as variety, than his predecessor. The Daily company were the guests of the day, but our faithful Chronicle tells us there were many other comedians present, including Mr. and Mrs. Beer-bohm Tree, Mr. Harold Frederic, Sir James Whitehead, and (as they say on the playbills) the United States Ambassador. The last-named, in proposing the health of the hosts, related how but a few weeks earlier he had himself stood on the ramparts of the Castle of Elsinore. He omitted, however, to state whether he saw visions, abused his parents, and used bad language, as became the situation. As it was, we are relieved to read that the toast was 'cordially received.' Yes, indeed, these English love us dearly, for blood is thicker than water, or even 'bittah beah.'"

If you wonder how a second-hand bookdealer is able to leave a large fortune behind him, take to one some one of the choicest books from your shelves, and remark the difference between the buying price and the selling price.

There was a grand competition of bell-ringers in Brussels the 23d, and the carillonner chosen will have the proud office of ringing the chimes in the tower of the Maison du Roi for the consideration of \$750 a year. And now, oh Trustees or officers and congregation of the Christian Church (Falmouth Street), heed this description published by Le Ménestrel and ponder it: "These chimes are not those setting-teeth-on-edge automatic instruments that play every quarter hour, by night as well as by day, fragments of tunes without interest and without connection; they will play every day between noon and 2 o'clock, when offices and workshops pour into the street the employes, so the population can enjoy the music in common."

Why in the year 1895 offer a prize for an epic poem, which as a form of art is as dead as the oratorio?

July 30-95
"The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp."

Why do passengers in a "barge" at a seaside resort glare at each other so demoniacally as they are driven to the railway station for an early town-bound train? Would they thus vent their rage at the prospect of enforced labor? Or are they vexed because time did not allow of a second cup of coffee or a third plate of flap-jacks? Whatever the reason, they might, from their facial expression, be on a tempest-tossed barge far out at sea, without water or food, no sail in sight, and they might meditate an attack on belts and russet boots to sustain life. Any painter who wishes to paint "The Survivors of the Eliza Ann" should take a few trips in a "barge," say in the one at Swampscott.

And, by the way, when was the word "barge" first wrenched from its proper meaning, and applied loosely to stage or long, open wagon?

Newspaper men, when writing that Jean de Ruske was born in 1833. It will not be long before Jean himself believes this story.

"Mr. Abbey said that an eminent baritone had heard her before, whose name he did not remember, had been engaged." That's the singer we are all dying to hear.

The age of chivalry is not dead, the late Mr. Burke to the contrary, notwithstanding. Nothing can exceed Mississippi chivalry. Did not the mob near Hattiesburg give Mr. Johnson the choice of death at the end of a rope, at a fiery stake or at the end of a gun? To be sure, they might have let him die by gauching, after the manner of the Turks, who let fall the victim from on high upon hooks; or they might have applied to his head the Chinese trap inhabited by a long-hungry monstrous rat; but for an impromptu affair they were generous in lethal hospitality.

It was on July 30, 1827, that Mr. James Howell wrote Daniel Caldwell, Esq.: "For this present condition of life, I thank God, I live well contented, I have a fee from the King, diet for myself and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the King's House for my lodgings, and other Privileges, which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I must tell you, the perquisites are nothing answerable to my expectation yet." It's the old story; 'tis the "perquisites" that count. Mr. Howell's letter might well serve as gloss to Dr. Holmes's poem, "Contentment."

A passenger car named "Dante" goes out of the Union Station. Does it suggest to the passenger the "Inferno" or the "Paradiso?"

A new "Elite Directory" includes towns in New Jersey. It will be invaluable to Henry Joe and his brethren.

William Ludlum White, who, in his 15th year, is 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 262 pounds, has always one song in his mouth: "I'm getting a big boy now."

Oh, no, dear neighbor, smelling is not a neglected sense; its terminology is found in the arts. There is much music that is popularly described as rotten. In Rossetti's "Dante at Verona," the jester "stank in speech."

An hysterical Bostonian thus cries out against the death penalty: "Is there a man or woman whose heart is so unsoftened as to look upon a poor hunted-down soul in his cage during his last weeks, days and hours of agony and a quish, waiting, still waiting, to be led to a deliberately planned death?" Well, now take the case of Mr. Holmes!

Some one that is devoted to chimes before and after breakfast protests against the "Silencing of treasured remembrances and hallowed influences"—a lovely phrase. His indignation is only interrupted by bursts of poetry, and he closes as follows:

"And as your mellow'd tones
Mount upward to the sky,
You teach to one and all, the truth,
Our home's eternity."

But the tones are not "mellow'd," and while they may teach "eternity," they also hasten violently the neighbors toward "eternity," which, in the majority of cases, is to be deplored.

To "Student:" We have not space enough to answer all your questions; here are a few of the desired derivations. Cochineal from French cochenille, which is adapted from Spanish cochinilla or Italian cochiniglia. The Italian is derived from coeclino, Latin coeclum, scarlet robe or vesture. Cayuse (a common Indian pony) is said to be from the language of the Chinook Indians. Calumet is from French calumet (Norman form of chalumet), given by the French in Canada to plants of which the stems serve as pipe tubes, and to the Indian pipe—a parallel form to ehalumeau. Cacique is from Spanish cacique, native Haytian word for "lord chief." Caoutchouc is from French caoutchouc, adapted from Carib cahueha.

Peter Lombard had some excellent remarks in the Church Times recently in defence of the day-in-the-country, and he tells this story by the way: "My dear friend Chasuble, who formerly had a parish in the East End, took a party some 20 odd years ago down to Addington Woods. A great many of them were something like professional thieves, and he put them on their honor not to 'do any business' the whole day. They promised and most religiously kept their word. Not only 'portable property,' but flowers and birds' nests were left intact. But human nature remained. A good lady, long since gone to her rest, gave them a good dinner of beef and pudding, and then they were left to amuse themselves. Chasuble lost sight of them presently, and went in search. They had gone into a retired corner, and had got up a series of fights!"

All the (100-100) revenue of (100-100) all the (100-100) after the secrets known to Hindu fakirs, should read this story told by a London newspaper, even though they wonder and take the next steamship for the East: At Madaru there is a gentle Gantu girl who is passing through some strange experiences. Plying in her boat the other day, she was accosted all unawares by a Pandaraswami. She treated this lightly, and when the Pandaraswami asked an alms, as it is the nature of Pandaraswamis to do, she smilingly told him that alms were off, and that it would be well if the Pandaraswami were off also. He took the hint, and after a long, lingering look at her, his departure. She followed him with straining eyes, though why at first she knew not. But when presently her eyes began to secrete pebbles the size of peas, and shed them all around, she understood better. She had offended the Pandaraswami. After the pebbles her eyes got more and more weedy. They dropped cotton seed, coriander seed, paddy seed, gingerly seed in quantities sufficient to attract the notice of an oculist, who did not happen to be a Gantu. She got much better while he was in attendance, but since he left she has been as seedy again as ever. Anybody who does not believe this story can go to Madaru and see the seed for himself.

July 31 - '85

"The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stooped for me;
I tucked my trower-ends in my boots, and went and had a good time;
(You should have been with us that day round the chowder kettle)."

Alas, Miss Susan B. Anthony has at last betrayed her sex. She claims the feminine privilege to faint; and what is more deplorable in the eyes of all the members of the shrieking sisterhood, she regrets that she did not learn in her youth the art of fainting gracefully.

Joe Howard's constant flings at "the \$20 a week reporter" are in execrable taste. The \$20 a week reporter earns his salary honestly.

The Liverpool Echo—an ever welcome visitor—brings pleasing material to every thoughtful student of sociology. How superior, for instance, are the simplicity and the heartiness of elections in England to our own crude practices at the polls! What an absence of class feeling at a great democratic moment! Thus, "as Lord and Lady Mountmorres were leaving the carriage in which they had been drawn to the Mile End Constitutional Club after the declaration of the poll for that division of London, a man rushed forward, calling out, 'She's the one that done it.'" The well bred aristocrat never quivered at the solecism. The disturber of preterites then struck Lady Mountmorres, in breezy familiar fashion, on the head with his fist, knocking her down. "She did not regain consciousness for some time." Nothing is said as to what happened to the gentleman who so successfully "done it."

Or observe this episode in life among the lowly of Liverpool, a humble, cottage incident. Mrs. Catherine Merriek was peacefully peeling potatoes at the honeysuckle door, not in a spirit of destructive wantonness, but for a household purpose, regardless of the fact that in the days of Queen Anne potatoes were eaten only by hogs and convicts. Mrs. Bridget Norton came along and indulged herself in ill-timed pleasantry. Perhaps she commented on Catherine's manner of peeling; perhaps she alluded to some disagreeable emotional chapters in the history of the Merrieks; or, perhaps, there were hot words concerning the right of an Englishman to marry his deceased wife's sister. At any rate Catherine dropped the potatoes and carved with considerable skill the neck and the left arm of Bridget. The Magistrate said that the use of the knife seemed to be getting too frequent in Liverpool, and Catherine, for her lack of originality in assault, was actually sent to "gaol" for two months.

Mr. Bailey prophesies the natural death of the circus. Now the glory of the circus departed with the introduction of two rings and the disappearance of the Shaksperian jester.

By making Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor France honors the order.

It was on the 31st of July, 1812, that five French fishermen saw this sea monster in the creek of Mellin (Morbihan): Its shape resembled that of a man; it had arms, and the bust was human, but the lower part ended in a fish's tail. Its head was bald, with the exception of the fore-part, on which was a bunch of black hair; and the strange thing had ehin-whiskers. The

ly for a moment, a very little in the boat, until the Mermaid slowly disappeared, taking with him a petrified smile and a low, gurgling laugh.

The New York Recorder declares that "Emil Paur is richly loyal to his composer, and so is his right wrist."

The Prompter in the Recorder adds this "piece of authenticated news": "Henry L. Higginson is in Europe looking for a successor to Emil Paur. Herr Paur has only one more year to stay—so his contract says—and then—I hope for a big gun in his place. Pleasant and mediocre is Paur."

Just how was this "piece of news" authenticated? It would be a pleasure to have an expression of opinion, strong and terse, from Mr. Higginson. At the same time there are many stories afloat concerning the precise nature of Paur's contract. Some say that the contract is for five years, and if at the expiration of the term it is not renewed, Mr. Paur will receive \$10,000 forfeit; if it is broken before the expiration by Mr. Higginson, Mr. Paur will receive the balance of salary due on five years' account with the forfeit of \$10,000. This story appears to us incredible. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Paur is persona non grata to several of the composers of this town, and to many of the "patrons and patronesses" of the Symphony concerts. Under his direction the concerts in New York do not receive hearty support from lovers of music, nor do they invariably command the respect of the local critics, who were so thoroughly hypnotized by Mr. Nikisch, the eminent Hungarian. After all, is there not too much fuss and pother about the conductor? Thanks to Mr. Higginson, Boston may well boast of one of the great orchestras of the world. The orchestra survived the loss of Mr. Nikisch. It would undoubtedly bear with equanimity the removal of Mr. Paur to some foreign sphere of usefulness. But why is it necessary to look always to Germany for a conductor? Why not try a Frenchman, a Russian, an Italian, a Scandinavian, or even an American?

Some time ago Miss Harraden wrote a hysterical romance of a consumptive's home which was the meeting place of eminently disagreeable people, disagreeable mentally, bronchially and pulmonally. "Ships That Pass in the Night" was the title of the book, if we are not mistaken. It appears from an indignant letter written by the dame that "the colossal sum of \$139" represents her share of the profits "in Great Britain, the United States, the British Colonies, and the Continent of Europe," not to mention Arope, Irope and Orope and the island of Java. And to many calm, judicious persons it would seem as though she had been well paid.

To H. G. C.: Reddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" says that the phrase "Put none but Americans on guard tonight" occurred originally in one of Gen. Washington's "Orders of the Day." But this book contains so many loose statements, that we do not vouch for its authority in the present instance.

By the way, they have figured out that the cost of man in Great Britain is about minimum, \$35 a year, average, \$60 a year, maximum, \$200 a year. As Mr. William Muir expresses himself, "we may fairly take the imaginary case of a man who lives entirely on the most costly agricultural produce that is garnered in quantity—namely, beef steaks at 6d. per pound, farm value. At three pounds per day such a man's annual cost for food will be £27; £13 more which would make £40 in all will cover everything else that he personally consumes, for he shares his big house with scores of other people and parts with his clothes to others while they are as good as new."

Aug 1 - '95

"The butcher-boy puts off his killing clothes, or sharpens his knife at the stall in the market;

I loiter, enjoying his repartee, and his shuffle and break-down."

The English, as we know, entertain singular ideas concerning amusement. Only the other day Victoria, after hearing the jest of a maid-of-honor—and no doubt it was an excellent one—said coldly, "We are not amused," which is a queerly paraphrase of "Chestnut." Then there are many Englishmen, as well as some poor misguided American anglomaniacs, who find Punch amusing. Our esteemed friend, the Liverpool Echo, tells of the appearance of Miss Minnie Cromwell before High Bailiff Harris. Miss Cromwell is a young lady of originality and force. The primary causes of her apparition in court were "disturbing the peace and using obscene language in the public street." Did her proud spirit quail when she was dragged remorselessly to the bar? Perish the thought! She appeared in court "making the most horrible grim-

aces, and when she came to the witness chair, she said, 'I am not a maid-of-honor, I am a maid-of-honor.' The first of the trial was a 'pleading of guilty' to the charge of being a 'maid-of-honor' to a 'maid-of-honor' who had locked her up, she said, for 21 days. You want to go to another trial? You thought I was drunk, and you struck me across the face. They put a monkey in clothe when they put the clothes on your back.' Miss Minnie, however, was 'advised' for a moment to be silent; probably by the use of chloroform or a gas. The Superintendent said, 'She's an old offender,' and the Worship, who had evidently had the pleasure of meeting her before, replied, 'I know it.' Fine of 5 shillings and fees, or 21 days' imprisonment. And how do you suppose the Echo headed this police report? 'An Amusing Defendant.'

Why is it that anyone grows hot under the collar when he hears himself described as 'a rising young lawyer,' or 'a rising young physician,' or 'a rising young plumber'? Is it because he himself is sure that he has already 'arrived,' as our Galle neighbors say? Or is it because there is a galling touch of patronage in the praise?

It will be remembered that the tragedy in John Brington's life—see "The Phantasies of Philarete" in the 5th volume of "The Yellow Book"—followed his published description of previous criticisms of *Hypocritism* West as "Attempts made by inability or incompetence to crush a rising author." West was immediately the enemy of the kindly reviewer, for "the word 'rising' was gall and wormwood to the man who believed himself to have been for at least a year on the apex of fame's pyramid."

How easy it is to scoff "The Yellow Book;" and those that never read it are the most nimble in their wit! Yet the quarterly flourishes and has a marked influence over the young writers of today; although the loss of Aubrey Beardsley must be a serious one to the publisher.

To S. D. G.: We do not know the origin of the term "hunky," and yet you may use it freely, for it is found in American classic. Did not Artemus Ward on a memorable occasion say to the Shaker, "Hunky boy! Go it my gay and festive cuss!"

Nor do we know the origin of "hunkidori" and "hunkidorum." "Strange words," as Mr. Farmer says, standing in "the great American language" for superlatively good.

Why, this is August! "The first of the sporting months, according to an English calendar. Not so, oh pundit! To the true sport of the dead game species, each month brings its own delights, nor is there invidious distinction.

A fog in August indicates a severe winter and plenty of snow.

This is Lammass-day. Lammass-eve is the anniversary of the birth of Juliet Capulet of Verona, a young lady who by her forward conduct has given considerable trouble to commentators and critics. Thus some say she acted in an extraordinary fashion like Miss Nethercole, and others affirm that she was neither kittenish nor hysterical, but simply impulsive. At any rate, we have the testimony of the Nurse—a jovial, yet most extraordinary person, by the way, to chaperon a respectable maiden—that

"Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammass-eve at night shall she be fourteen."

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But as I said, On Lammass-eve at night shall she be fourteen."

And it was on Aug. 1, 1611, that "The Society of the Trade of Cobblers" (France) met, as was its custom, in the church of St. Peter of Arsls. After mass the members went to a pot-house and ate turnip-soup, cow-beef, ox-foot and fricassees of tripe, cow-beef, ox-foot draughts until their stomachs and manners were disordered.

Is it not high time to take down the singular decorations on the main Arlington Street entrance, and the bridge of the Public Garden? Or are they to remain. "Welcome" and "Mizpah" and all the rest, for the benefit of the approaching army of visitors? It would be better to take them down. Cheap and tawdry, they mar the effect of grass and trees and water.

And this is the anniversary of the death (1821) of Mrs. Inchbold, actress, playwright and novelist, who in 1753 when she was 35 years of age, on a certain Sunday dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. "At dark, she, and I, and her son William walkt out; and I rapped at doors in New

...and the ... away ...
... perhaps, did not take
... in those days.
... Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger,
... or any modern vendor
... poetry or prose-with-a-
... in such lines.

The ... of the office of the
... Company may be fitly
... as cool.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Carter of
... actually put his old uni-
... the fire. If he is to coach the
... for two years, he may need it.

August 2 '95

The ... of the ...
... in perfect condition.
... to meet his op-

The ... of Urbana, Illinois,
are not familiar with the parable of
the wise daughter and the foolish
father. Miss Josie Neff loved Charley
Cruger, who, it appears, did most of
his ... on a bicycle. He
... and the responsive
... learned the use of the
... knickerbockers, and
never was she so fair. But Mr. Neff
did not look kindly on Charley's suit,
or for that matter the suit of his daugh-
ter, and the enamored bicyclists ped-
aled for Urbana, where the law smiled
on them and presented them with a
marriage license. Late, oh so late, was
the arrival of the father, although he
dashed madly the spurs into his gallant
saddle. In rage and exhaustion he re-
marked to the bystanders "They've
elope!" and thus imparted no news.
What would he have done had he over-
taken the pair? Would he have punched
holes in Charley or the pneumatic tires?
The moral of this pleasing story is that
fathers should learn to ride the bicycle.

The friendly trial of athletic skill be-
tween Professor Dixon and Doctor Tun-
ney Connolly was indeed a disappoint-
ment. True, there were some wicked
drives and stiff punches with an occa-
sional tummy-roaster, but neither
knight at any time looked like a chop-
ping block, and the referee evidently
thought the sooner 'twas over, the
sooner to sleep.

We have used advisedly the term
knight, because a thrilling contempo-
rary assures us that the two gentlemen
were "esquired" on this occasion, and
it falls the esquires by name. This is
... no doubt, as a pleasing re-
turn to the days of chivalry, when men,
uncomfortable in armor and mounted
on foaming chargers, tried to stick
sharp poles into each other, or whacked
each other with swords and axes. Alas,
"esquire" is hardly the word. "Squired"
is the older form; but let that pass.
Now, just what does "esquired" mean?
(1) To raise to the rank of an esquire.
(2) To address as "Esquire." (3) To
attend (a lady) as a "squire." No, no;
it has all stick to the good old words,
"second" and "bottle-holder."

And these words mean much. To
quote from that invaluable work, "Fis-
tiana," which should be in every gen-
tlemen's library, seconds and bottle-
holders must "be firm, but cool and
passionate in their demeanor, confin-
ing their attention to the principal, on
whom they should constantly keep their
eyes, and not suffer themselves to be
put out of temper by any observations
made by others, nor indulge in foul and
irritating language, which may provoke
a fight."

Now when the Journal said yesterday
that the Honorable Jack Levy, who re-
ceived en passant a hard punch from
Senator Joe Elms (Chelsea), "had a
pear case of heart," the phrase was ad-
mirable, sturdy, picturesque, in a word
... For heart means more than
the muscular part in the animal body,
located in the thorax, wherein the veins
... and from which all the
... Astrologically the heart
is the same as cazami, the centre of
... Hieroglyphically, the heart,
... though on a chafing dish of
... represents the perpetuity
of the heavens, and on the lips of man,
it marks truth. On armor, it told of
... The condition of the Honorable
Mr. Levy could not have been more
... described.

Who should the visit of John L. Sulli-
van ... to be more respectful to his
... Sullivan, at Police Headquar-
ters ... surprise? Has he not had
for years the freedom of Boston? Has
he not received here, ay, in the sight
of the people, the highest honors from
the City Government? No doubt he
... to talk over the dramatic out-
look for the coming season. Or, he is
... of material for a new reallis-
tic play. The suggestion that he was
looking for a ... absurd. Sullivan
has always had ...

Some of us own real estate in Dallas,
Texas, and naturally we watch with
almost personal interest the erection of
the amphitheatre which will hold
Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons and
many other leading citizens, if it can.
Let it be no flimsy affair, the gourd of
a night. It should be of grand propor-
tions, solid and enduring in material.
Arles has its amphitheatre; so had
Verona. Dallas should see to it that
Macaulay's New Zealander, visiting the
mighty ruin, should exclaim, "And
here it was that Corbett shield his cas-
tor into the ring!"

This is the time for disappearing.
"Southern women of note" were
tempted to spell Mrs. Ruffin with an
"a." Sisters, these things should not
be.

As Mrs. Rooker T. Washington said
at the meeting, "The temperament of
women is impulsive."

To H. W.: As we have before re-
marked in the words of the poet Eng-
lish is "the speech of the proud and
melancholy races, and of all who as-
pire." We regret, therefore, that we
cannot tell you the origin of "fungo
hitting," a phrase in base ball ter-
minology. An old man is sometimes
described by the irreverent, who are
not afraid of bears, as a "fungus,"
but whence and why the term "fungo"?

This is the anniversary of the death
(1788) of Thomas Gainsborough, known
to many as the inventor of the Gains-
borough hat. He was of a sanguine
temperament, for on his deathbed he
remarked: "We are all going to heaven,
and Vandyck is of the party."

And this is the anniversary of the
death (1819) of Mohammed Ali, the
great Pasha of Egypt. His life was
symmetrical and symbolical through-
out. He began as a tobaccoconist, and
his glory ended in smoke.

August 3, '95

"Onward we move! a gay gang of black-
guards!
With mirth-shouting music, and wild-flap-
ping pennants of joy!"

Good news from Dallas. Mr. Holland,
the Mayor, corrects the impression that
Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons will
enter the Amphitheatre there as prize-
fighters, burning with lust to maul and
bash each other. The affair will be "an
athletic exhibition, the greatest physical
culture exhibition, the most scientific
boxing contest in the world." And in
his boyish joy, the Mayor leaps in the
air and cracks his heels together thrice.
As he returns gracefully to Mother
Earth, he bursts into French, real good
French: "It will be the premier event
in the domain of sport." Now, what
have the preachers of Marshall, Texas,
to say for themselves? Do they not
hide their diminished heads?

A most agreeable feature of this
"premier event" will be the appearance
in the Amphitheatre of the Dallas Sym-
phony Orchestra, under the leadership
of Mr. Edwin Cahn. The orchestra has
just been formed, or, as they say in
Dallas, "it has entered life under bril-
liant auspices." The members are
practising night and day, that they
may be ready, with the Amphitheatre.
Mr. Leonidas Swett, a talented musician
of the great Southwest, has composed
a symphonic poem expressly for the
occasion. It is entitled "Die Schlacht
bei Dallas," and, with statesmanlike
precaution, it is dedicated "To the
Victor." The musical feature of the
performance will be enjoyed hugely by
visiting Bostonians, who are said to be
fond of symphonies and symphonic
poems.

This "Bayard," who knows all about
Mrs. Gardiner, is undoubtedly "sans re-
proche," but if he were "sans peur" he
would not seek shelter behind anonym-
ity.

The effect of alcoholic drinks on the
human system is to be shown in New
York State in all grades of schools be-
low the second year of the high school.
Now's the chance for any shocking ex-
ample. The individual may suffer, as
did the drunken Helot who served as
warning; but the State thinks it will
gain. Will the object lesson be chosen
by public competition, or will the teacher
have the privilege of naming a "gen-
tleman or lady friend?" The liquor will
probably be furnished by the State. As
there are to be not less than four les-
sons per week for ten or more weeks in
the year, many thirsty souls will be
comforted; for surely there will be ro-
tation in office.

And thus in New York attention will
be paid to the Science of Psokology,
which includes the study of the stom-
ach and liver and an investigation into
the theory of breathing as well as mo-
tion and color effects. We understand
that Prof. John Collins Prokes, D. T.,
will deliver the opening lecture, and ar-
rangements are now making with
Prof. Thomas and Jerry.

Second Lieutenant Hine of the Sixth
Infantry, U. S. A., has left the army,
as he could not endure peace and inac-
tion. Of adventurous temperament and
eager for shock, carnage, and horror,
he is now a brakeman on a local
freight.

A contemporary that rolls up the
whites of its eyes at the mention of
"The Yellow Book" finds Kenneth Gra-
hame's "Golden Age" charming, "how
charming!" and it speaks of "simple,
healthful chapters." But some of Gra-
hame's most delightful articles were
published in this same abused "Yellow
Book." Indeed, there is an article by
him in the last volume, Volume VI.

The English, it is said, look suspi-
ciously at the New York Athletic Club's
champions, suspecting they are not
"gentlemen amateurs." This reminds
us of a story told in Albany, N. Y., in
1876, when the Beverwycks outrowed
the London crew at Philadelphia. An
English visitor fell in at a boozing ken
near the Central Station with a stanch
supporter of the Beverwycks. "Yes,"
said Bow-bells, "tis a fine crew no
doubt; but you know they are all arti-
sans!" To which the Albanian Greek
replied, "You lie, you sucker; every one
of 'em 's a citizen of Albany."

The Dutch once shattered English
vessels by firing Edam cheeses from
their cannon. Does Campos, who has
ordered 1300 pounds of quinine, propose
to bombard the rebels with pills?

Mr. James Martin of Wilmington,
Del., made complaint to the Police De-
partment the other day that a neigh-
bor's dog had barked steadily for 13
years, "causing him considerable an-
noyance." Either the bark had become
gnarled, or Mr. Martin feared, with
the unjust Judge, that future continual
barking would weary him; at any rate
he entered his first complaint.

Justice Chitty practically told dear
Lady Henry to consider the conduct of
the Ferguson (accent on the first syl-
lable) family of Pennsylvania, whose
members acquired a handsome fortune
by minding their own business. But
we fear Lady Henry is incorrigible.

This is the anniversary of the death
(1806) of Michael Adamson, a man of
distinguished botanical learning and
enormous industry. His favorite at-
titude for reading and writing was that
of body bent in an arm chair, and his
legs raised high on each side of the
chimney-piece. This attitude, however,
should not be adopted by young en-
thusiasts fired by the example of the
author of "Famille des Plantes," for the
position is apt to deposit humors on
the loins, and the articulations of the
thighs.

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ABOUT MUSIC.

What Volbach Says of Handelian Ornaments.

Mr. Huneker Praises the Pieces of Arthur Farwell.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of
July 19-26 contains an article by Fritz
Volbach on the true performance of
Handel's oratorios. In effect the article
is a puff for Chrysander's arrangement
of "Deborah" and "Hercules." Dr.
Chrysander needs a defender sadly, as
all who have read the bitter attack of
Julius Schaffer on the new German
edition of Handel or have laughed over
Dorn's biting essay on the said editor
will readily admit. Without going into
the merits of the case, let us note the
points made by Volbach.

Handel was a composer for occasions,
a "Gelegenheitskomponist." His ora-
torios were written for special occa-
sions. He was influenced in composing
them by the resources at hand, espe-
cially by the soloists. The oratorios
were often changed at each perfor-
mance to suit the singers. Numbers were
blue-penciled, others added; solos were
changed, transposed; numbers from
other works were introduced without
regard to congruity.

Chrysander, keeping this in view, and
recognizing that the taste of this age
demands movement, dramatic action,
has cut fearlessly, especially in recita-
tive.

In Handel's time the melodies were
not sung as written. The singer was
supposed to know the art of ornamen-
tation and inventing cadenzas. The

melody as written was only a ...
without ornaments.

And Chrysander has written in varia-
tions in what he considers the spirit of
Handel's time. He has even gone so far
as to compose 15 different cadenzas for
the close of one of Deborah's airs, that
the singer may have a liberal choice.
Specimens are given by Volbach, and
they do not increase whatever respect
the musician may have had for the
inventor or his panegyrist.

Volbach claims that the work done by
Mozart in filling out Handel's score is
to be preferred to the work done by
Franz.

He speaks at length of the character
of Handel's instrumentation and the
way it should be tinkered for modern
enjoyment. You may not agree with
Volbach, but the article is full of sug-
gestion, and his remarks concerning the
singing of Handel's oratorio-arias are
sound and pertinent.

There is too much feticism in the
modern performances of these orato-
rios. The English use in this connection
the terms "reverence" and "tradi-
tions." But the "reverence" is synony-
mous with ignorance, and the "tradi-
tions" amount practically to nothing.
No, feticism, blind, ignorant, con-
ceited, stubborn, is the proper word.
As examples, take "I know that my
Redeemer liveth," and "He was des-
pised," as they are sung in a maudlin
fashion at the concerts of the Handel
and Haydn Society.

Mr. James G. Huneker writes in the
Musical Courier, July 31, as follows:

"Arthur Farwell is a young com-
poser of Boston. His opus 7, Tone Pic-
tures, after Pastels in Prose, for piano,
is a collection with a title that would
drive old Daddy Nordau wild.

"Pictures in Tone, Pastels in Prose! Surely this is decadentism gone mad. You remember, of course, Stuart Mer-
rill's charming little volume made up
of translations from the French.

"And how admirably they are done!
"Much of the color and music of the
originals lurk in the pages of this book,
for which Mr. Howells wrote an intro-
duction.

"Mr. Farwell has selected some of
these Roses and Lilies by Banville,
several of Judith Gautier's paraphrases
of the Japanese, Baudelaire and Ber-
trand's delicate cameos, ironic, bitter-
sweet tears in ivory, and set them to
music. He prints the prose poem, and
then gives you the music evoked by it.

"He has taste, much feeling and a
genuinely graceful talent. Graceful
rather than profound. Echoes of Schu-
mann and Chopin there are, but fancy
reigns. I like especially The Red Flow-
er. Do you know it? Listen, then.

"While working sadly by my win-
dow I pricked my finger, and the white
flower that I was embroidering be-
came a red flower.

"Then I thought suddenly of him
who has gone from me to fight the
rebels; I imagined that his blood was
flowing also, and tears fell from my
eyes.

"But methought I heard the sound
of his horse's steps, and I arose joy-
ously. It was my heart, which, beat-
ing too fast, imitated the sound of his
horse's steps.

"And I resumed my work by the
window, and my tears embroidered
with pearls the stuff stretched on the
frame."

"To this Heine-like poem Mr. Farwell
has made a very pretty tone picture.
The simple story is told simply in a few
phrases throbbing with emotion. The
episode of the horse's hoofs is sug-
gested, and the return of the theme in
the minor very neatly put.

"The Stranger," after Baudelaire, is
redolent of Chopin's second study in C
sharp minor—the one in op. 25. The
most elaborate piece is "The Round
Under the Bell," by Louis Bertrand.
It has an eerie atmosphere.

"Altogether this 7th opus of Mr. Far-
well is promising.

"The volume privately printed is got
up in an attractive and bizarre style.
Louise Cox, the wife of Kenyon Cox,
the well-known painter and demolisher
of Nordau's silly talk about art, has
furnished a striking figure in black and
red for frontispiece. The volume is
really something quite unique."

The New York Mirror speaks thus
jocosely concerning "The Sphinx":
"These post-matinee receptions at the
Casino, held by the different ladies of
"The Sphinx" company, make a charm-
ing oasis in the present amusement
Sahara. In Boston they were a
gr-rreat success. Molasses candy and
gold watches were given away to the
lady visitors with great prodigality,
and the audience was allowed to come
upon the stage after the performance
and actually shake hands with the real
live actresses. Why, it was lovely!
In Boston, too, they gave away euf-
buttons and hat pins and no end of
other things and the prima donna al-
ways sang a little ballad by special
request. And now they're doing it all
over again for the benefit of those peo-
ple who are not fortunate enough to
dwell in Boston. Life's worth living
after all."

There are extracts from an interview with Mrs. Marchesi Marchesi published in The Sket a July 17. The interviewer neglects to state, as did Mrs. Marchesi, that the famous teacher was born at Frankfurt March 26, 1826. Her husband was born at Palermo Jan. 15, 1821.

"I began as an amateur, and studied singing with Nicolai, the composer of The Merry Wives of Windsor." Then sang to Mendelssohn, and he persuaded me to become an artist. I went to Paris and studied for four months under the celebrated Garcia. From Paris I went to Milan, to make my debut there, but my parents made me sign a letter that I never would go on to the stage. So I went to London to make my debut in concerts. There I had great success, during three years in English oratorio and miscellaneous concerts. Then I sang in Germany, and became a great friend of Liszt at Weimar. That friendship lasted till his death. In London I married an Italian political refugee, the Marquis de Castre, who was singing under the name of Marchesi, and I adopted his professional name. After my marriage I went to Vienna to give concerts. That was in 1854. After giving four concerts, I was engaged at the Vienna Conservatoire as a professor. There I remained seven years, producing several pupils, including Ilma de Murska, Gabrielle Krauss, Antonietta Frickl, now First Professor at the Turin Conservatory, Amalie Stahl, and others. Then I went to Paris, as I wanted to sing rather than teach. I traveled with my husband, giving concerts in various parts of Europe. My health failing, I accepted the position of First Professor at Cologne, where I remained three years. Then a deputation recalled me to the Vienna Conservatoire, where I remained 13 years. Among my pupils during that time were Nevada, Rosa Lapier, Caroline Salla, and countless other celebrities. The death of a daughter made me wish to leave Vienna, and I came and established this school, which has been in existence now for 21 years. Among my pupils I must mention Emma Eames, Jane Horwitz, Emma Calve, Sibyl Sanderson, Mary Howe, Frances Saville, Julia Wyman, and Nellie Melba. I put her last, because she is the most successful of them all. I now have 50 pupils, very few of them amateurs. I take only good musicians, and I like to hear them months before they come to me. The only way to learn is in classes. I never give private lessons. I have auditions, to accustom my pupils to face a crowd. I know some teachers have elaborate rules of diet, but that is simply humbug. If a girl has not learnt what food suits her by the time she comes to me, she never will. Another thing is that I never allow my pupils to use their voices more than an hour a day, and I prefer them to split up that hour into four periods of 15 minutes at different times of the day. Some teachers give three hours; that would injure any voice. You may mention that I adore teaching, and hope to go on for many years yet. I had a fete the other day for the 40th anniversary of my teaching."

It is strange that Mrs. Marchesi did not mention the names of her distinguished pupils, Clementina Proska (Ernst Schuch's wife), and Etelka Forster. It will be remembered that Emma Eames, when she was here last season, spoke a piece about Marchesi, in which she commented violently on the wrong method" and consequent injury to the voice which resulted from taking lessons of her former teacher. Mrs. Marchesi is more generous. Yet an allusion to Mrs. Melba is a feminine thrust at Emma Eames.

Mr. J. F. Runciman thus sums up the opera at Covent Garden:

"There we have gathered from the ends of the earth a score of artists with reputations, genuine or dubious; and whether his (or her) reputation is dubious of genuine, each artist is bent on increasing it, and on that alone. Some, like Maurel and Tamagno, seek to increase it by doing their parts incomparably in whatever opera they may be singing; but most, like Melba and Alvarez, care nothing for their parts provided they afford opportunities for vocal display. Each wants to be in encores, and, incidentally, to prevent them being won by others. Consequently a perfect or even a passable ensemble is rare; not the operas, but certain numbers from the operas, get sung; the performances, when they are the best, lack unity, and leave no distinct impression on one's mind, and when they are of the worst they fail beneath anything perpetrated by a Saxe-Coburg company. Technically, a performance of Lucia di Lammermoor was almost perfect, and the evening was an instructive one. Except when Melba sang, the audience chatted and laughed, just as in the bad old days of Italian opera; and those who did not care to chat and laugh could sit and wonder why when even a

poor opera should wish to sing in such vulgar, coarsely conceived, coarsely drawn, and coarsely colored music, and what kind of ears the critics had who found Wagner noisier and less melodious than Donizetti, who never wrote a tune, and seldom scored half a dozen bars of simple accompaniment without burying the voice under ponderous chords for wood-wind and brass. What I remember chiefly is a quartet which was sung by the principals with hungry eyes upraised to the gallery, imploring the favor of one, only one, encore. Evidently the appeal went to the hearts of a few disinterested persons, who applauded for a couple of moments after the rest of the house was silent, and then the singers came forward with an alacrity worthy of a fire brigade when an alarm is raised. Whether bouquets were presented afterward in the traditional way I cannot say; but I trust so experienced a prima donna as Melba would not neglect so important a detail. In "Tannhäuser" prima-donnism dragged Covent Garden down to its lowest. The opera was sumptuously mounted; the band under Manicelli (the only conductor Sir Augustus has who can hold the baton) played magnificently; Maurel's Wolfram was a splendidly imagined and as splendidly executed a piece of acting, though owing to illness his singing was not so good as I have heard it in the past; and even if Eames was a little too modern for Elizabeth, and the Tannhäuser of Alvarez seemed to have come from Whitechapel, these little drawbacks need not have made impossible the unusually fine rendering I anticipated. But Adini wailed otherwise. What aberration of mind induced Sir Augustus to put this lay into the part of Venus I cannot guess. She may have looked young enough for it 20 years ago, but certainly at no time can she have had voice to sing it or art to act it. She bleated steadily through every bar, so that one could scarcely ever guess what note she thought she was singing, and when in the last act some trifling hitch occurred in the working of the scenery, she screamed out directions with such energy that a number of people, who presumably did not know the opera, seemed to think that she was beginning to act rather finely, while for those who did know it the performance was ruined. I sincerely condole with Sir Augustus Harris on his really heroic efforts to do "Tannhäuser" perfectly being frustrated by this exhibition, the most disgraceful I have ever seen at Covent Garden, and I suggest that he should give us the opera again as speedily as possible with a Venus who can sing and act the part, and with a more mobile Tannhäuser than Alvarez. Further, I put it to him, that since he has shown us what the Germans can do without voices, histrionic art, scenery, or skill in handling stage machinery, he should straightway form a stock operatic company to show the Germans how very much better we can do the thing than they can if only we make a commencement. Even if we did no better at first, German mediocrity is preferable to Italian circus, and with our English voices and operatic artists, and the scenic resources of Drury Lane, we ought to be able to give opera in a fashion more satisfactory on the whole than either the German stock companies or the scratch company of Covent Garden, with which I have, not to the advantage of the Italians, contrasted the Germans."

And it should be remembered that the casts at Covent Garden were as a rule far inferior to those arranged last season here by Messrs Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, although some of our "leading citizens and citizenesses" waxed hot with rage because the de Reszkés and Emma Eames did not sing every night and at each matinee.

PHILIP HALE

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Felix Mottl will conduct a festival in Munich Oct. 20.

London's Philharmonic Society has finally adopted the French pitch, the diapason normal.

Mrs. Jenny Sanda-Norden, née Stühr, a concert singer, died July 5 at Preinwald. She was 27 years old.

Frida Simonson, the child pianist, is a guest of the Princess Marie von Meiningen at her palace in Berchtesgaden.

Hermann Kretzschmar and Eugen d'Albert have been elected directors of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein.

Arrigo Boito is at work on the first and second parts of the "Divina Commedia" for Verdi. Take this cum grano.

Jean de Reszké has just traveled, with his brother Edouard, from his Polish estate to the Mount Dore on a wheel.

The Konzert-Gesellschaft of Cologne did well last season. The receipts were 58,718 marks, the expenses were 55,771 marks.

Miss Marguerite Hall is back from London, where she and Mr. F. F. Powers had several drawing-room engagements.

The Dresden Conservatory during its last school year—the 39th—had 110 male students and 112 female, taught by 96 teachers.

The "Konservatorium der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" in Vienna had over 800 pupils last year. It was founded in 1817.

August Glück, conductor at Frankfurt, and formerly editor of the Schweiz Musik-Zeitung, has been appointed a royal Musik-Direktor.

Zumpe, as soon as his contract with the Stuttgart Opera House expires, will be the chief conductor of the Kalm Orchestra at Munich.

The Trovatore declares that Boito's "Nero" is really and truly completed, and is a superior work to his "Mephistofele." At last! At last!

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin will give three concerts in Leipzig next winter. They will be conducted in turn by Arthur Nikisch, H. Kretzschmar and Leopold Auer.

The Apollo Club, Memphis, Tenn., has just given a first-class concert, who is also "an up-to-date vocal teacher." He will probably be required to teach topical songs.

Dr. Oskar Fleischer, the custodian of the royal collection of ancient musical instruments in Berlin, has been appointed "Extraordinary Professor of Music-History" in the place of the late Philipp Spitta.

Miss Edyth Walker, the young American contralto, who made so pronounced a success at her Berlin debut in "Le Prophète" last winter, has been engaged for the Vienna Imperial Court Opera House.

The Festival Concert Company for the coming season will include the following musicians: Miss Nettie S. Bartlett, soprano; Mr. Wulf Fries, cello; Mrs. Lillian P. Hennigar, reader; Mr. Lester M. Bartlett, tenor, and Miss Lida J. Low, pianist.

Mr. Edmund Braham, "extemporaneous pianist," will give concerts in Boston at an early date. "He has played during the last eleven years in European capitals, South and East Africa and Egypt." But why did he not play in Northwest and West Africa?

Miss Lillian A. Whitman gave a recital July 31 at the Congregational Church, West Barnstable. She was assisted by Miss Jewett, Miss Wilcox, Messrs. Wing and Goldstein. Miss Whitman, a soprano, sang with marked success, and the others contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

The news to the effect that Paderowski will be the soloist at one of Mr. Wolff's series of ten Philharmonic concerts in Berlin is contradicted in a letter from Mr. Paderowski's private secretary, who writes "the arrangements made for the United States preclude the possibility of a Berlin appearance of Paderowski."

The 80th anniversary of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" will be celebrated gayly at La Scala, Milan. The first performance of this most delightful work of genius was Feb. 5, 1816, at the Argentina Theatre, Rome. The first performance at La Scala was Sept. 16, 1820, when Pellegrini, Monticelli, Tacchinardi, Levasseur, Cavali and Bassi were the singers.

During the last season of the Royal Theatre at Stuttgart 318 performances were given. There were 166 plays, 133 operas and 19 entertainments of a mixed nature. The novelties included 25 plays, seven operas and one ballet. Among the operas new to Stuttgart were "Die verkaufte Braut," "Hänsel und Gretel," "Konradin von Schwaben," "Janle," "Iphigenie in Aulis," "Parinelli."

Two works, "Die Sirenen," a symphonic poem, and "Maskenfest," a symphonic Dithyrambus, by Giovanni Favner, have been accepted for the symphony concerts at Dresden. The composer is a Piedmontese, and brother of the painter, Andrea Favner, but lives in Dresden, where he studied under Draseke and Kretschmer. He has already displayed in some chamber music considerable creative talent.

Lilli Lehmann will be back on the boards next fall. She has signed a contract with Pollini, and he will take her to Russia, and may possibly take her later on—viz., in the spring of 1896—to the United States. Paul Kalisch has bound himself for six months to Director Hofmann of Cologne. The first three months he will sing at the Cologne Opera House, and the next three he will go on a tournee.

Friedrich Lux, for many years opera conductor and director of male vocal societies, died at Mayence July 9. He was born Nov. 20, 1820, at Ruhla. A pupil of Friedr. Schneller at Dessau, he began his career there as conductor at the opera house. He was a celebrated organ virtuoso, and wrote many pieces for that instrument as well as for the piano, but his organ pieces are showy, and for the most part without real strength or depth. He also composed songs, choruses, anthems, masses, and these operas: "Schmied von Ruhla" (1882), "Käthchen von Hellbronn" (1846), and "Fürstin von Athen."

Sousa's Band at Manhattan Beach has made a success of "The Naval Cadet March," composed by J. A. Clinton Morse. Perhaps no new march this season has received a more enthusiastic reception or more hearty approval. The composer is a graduate of Yale, '95, and is devoting himself to the study of music. He is the son of Lieut. Jerome E. Morse of the Navy, and the grandson of Gen. Augustus Morse, who was a well-known resident of Worcester county thirty years ago. The title page bears a beautiful design in half-tone with the United States cruiser Columbia as a central piece.

The fire which destroyed the Opéra Comique, May 25, 1887, produced a most painful impression on Madame Carvalho, the more so that her husband was, to a certain extent, held responsible, and condemned to "three months' imprisonment, a sentence which was, however, entirely commuted on appeal. During the last few years Madame Carvalho has lived a retired life, but she was generally to be seen at most important first nights, and among her latest artistic pleasures was an afternoon spent with Verdi during the veteran composer's production of "Otello" at the Grand Opéra.

Eugen d'Albert has again resigned his position as chief conductor at the Weimar Court. Perhaps by this time the people are resigned. Mr. Floer-sheim gives the following statement of affairs at Weimar: "Well, now, all this is more or less of a tempest in a teapot, all the more so as neither d'Albert nor Stavenhagen may be classed among the truly great conductors. This is said with all due respect for d'Albert as an extraordinarily fine musician, as a first-class pianist and composer, and also with the less great respect due Stavenhagen in the same three capacities. It is true Stavenhagen did conduct 'Lohengrin' well, but 'Lohengrin' is so well conducted himself, and is, besides, so easy and so well known by orchestra and all concerned, that most anybody who can beat four-fourths time can conduct 'Lohengrin.' More-

over, the 'Kaiser di Flauto' Stavenhagen immediately afterward met his Waterloo, and the performance I said must conclusively have shown that Stavenhagen cannot conduct Mozart. Why, then, these tears? Give us a rest, gentlemen—oh, do give us a rest!"

The Saturday Review, July 20, publishes this review of "Talks With Handmen, a Popular Handbook for Brass Instrumentalists," by Algernon S. Rose, published by Wm. Liddell & Son, London, 1895. "Mr. Rose delivered a series of eight lectures on brass instruments to an audience of workmen in a London manufactory, and then conceived the happy idea of constructing a little book from the verbatim reports. For there are, as he says, many things that every intelligent brass-bandman wants to know, and these things are generally not to be found in the shilling 'Music Tutor' whence the intelligent brass bandman is wont to derive knowledge and inspiration. Henceforth the intelligent brass bandman will go to Mr. Rose's manual for both inspiration and knowledge, and he will do wisely, for it is emphatically the most valuable work extant dealing with the subject. Written, as its title implies, in a conversational style, it tells all that the most brazen of instrumentalists need know about the origin and manufacture of brass instruments in use at the present time; and the chapter on how to form a brass band, and the appendix, a sort of bandman's directory, are simply invaluable. The one fault we have to find with the book is that it contains no recipe for destroying the vermin known as German hands, which infest the public streets at present. Is it the County Council of the Board of Agriculture that should issue a leaflet informing us how to make a fluid which, when sprinkled from under windows, would be as a gentle shower of scent to natives or unmusical aliens, while having deadly effects upon aliens who carry brass instruments?"

"SENTIMENTAL STUDIES."

"Sentimental Studies; and a Set of Village Tales," is the title of a volume of eleven stories, written by Hubert Crackanthorpe and published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The second part of "A Commonplace Chapter," as well as "In Cumberland" and "Modern Melodrama," appeared originally in "The Yellow Book," although there is in this volume no mention of the fact.

"Sentimental" studies. But it all depends on your interpretation of sentimental. Here there is no respectful languishing; no "thread-bare crape and tears;" no pretty talk so dear to the romance-reading maiden aunts of past generations. Perhaps "Yew-Trees and Peacocks" would answer more than the others to the conventional requirements of the old-fashioned sentimentalist; but even here the sentiment is in the suggestions afforded by glory and death, of clouds and mocking beauty of landscape rather than in the dialogue between Hallam and Constance. To many the sentiment in "A Commonplace Chapter" and "In Cumberland" is but a passing nuance in the o'ermastering dull gray of domestic infelicity. Some will deny that in the lives of the heroines of "Battledore and Shuttlecock" and "Modern Melodrama" there can be such a thing as genuine sentiment; and to them the stories will be most "unpleasant," although the latter shows in fulness the courage, the strength, the skill of the author.

Nor is it unlikely that many readers will shy at themes and treatment dear to Mr. Crackanthorpe. There will be talk of "taint," and "pessimism." There are many who are willing to assent to the speech in the play of Terence: "I am a man and nothing that pertains to humanity is foreign to me;" but they insist that humanity should here be restricted to man. It is true that Mr. Crackanthorpe is a child of this generation, and he studies life wherever he finds it. If pessimism enters, it is the pessimism of the facts, conditions, situations and results; the author does not contribute foot-notes to exploit a theory or confirm a philosophy by making the puppets dance to his own sad tune.

The men and women seen by him are very real. They are in Boston, Chicago, Portland, Mobile. Perhaps you only see the events of a day, perhaps you watch the growth and the influence of a passion; in either case you remember the faces; you realize the verity of the temptation, the suffering. A sentence often photographs the soul of the character. What was there left for Dick to do in "Modern Melodrama" but to smoke? He could give no comfort to the wretched girl whom he loved in stolid, animal fashion. Seldom has utter hopelessness or the impossibility to give relief of any sort been so faithfully and dramatically expressed as in the last sentences of this realistic, grim and ghastly tale.

You read a description like this: "She saw the orchard trees bathed in blue-kness, and above a square of sky, blue-gray, quivering with stifled light, flecked with a disorder of stars that seemed ready to rain upon the earth. After a while, little by little, she distinguished the forms of the trees. Slowly, monstrous, and sleek, the yellow moon was rising." When you read this and such as this, you are at once aware that Mr. Crackanthorpe does not throw words about as a maniac flinging firebrands; he uses words as counters; and they tell. He belongs to that class of modern writers described loosely and contemptuously by all those who either from laziness or inability see nothing in words but names of concrete as decadents. And yet the old woman who rejoiced in the mere sound of the word Mesopotamia is nearer the kingdom of literature than are these scoffers and impotents. Ideas are thick and common. Patent Office reports are full of them. It is at least an open question whether Mr. George Moore is not right in claiming that ideas are the ruin of what might otherwise be haunting poetry or passionate, melodious prose. Mr. Crackanthorpe is often fortunate in his hunt after the one, the fitting phrase. When he describes a landscape, he avoids the barrenness of the surveyor's notes, he steers clear of the exaggerated detail that hides a landscape as in a dense mist.

Our admiration for his style is hearty, as our respect for his observation, skill and courage is large. Yet are we sorry to see Mr. Crackanthorpe indulging himself occasionally in tricks with punctuation, separating words or short sentences by spaces and many points, in the belief that he thereby gains intensity. Charles Reade was a grievous sinner in his dependence for expression on type varying in size directly with the degree of emotion; but he never was guilty of such ineffective and splashing spacing. Mr. Crackanthorpe needs not such silly props. He is abundantly able to stand on his own strong and well-formed legs.

A GROSEIAN PROBLEM.

In the second edition of Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (1758) the word "bet" appears. It is defined "a wager;" and "to bet" is "to lay a wager." Was "bet" then a vulgar word, or slang?

In John Pickering's "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America" (1816), we find the word "wage, to lay a wager, to bet," and the comment reads, "The English use the word 'to bet.'" In less than thirty years did the verb "bet" escape in beauty from the grub of slang? Bailey's Dictionary, second edition (1736), and Ash's Dictionary, second edition (1755), include the verb "bet;" there is no word of comment as to its respectability or vulgarity. Is it possible, then, that Capt. Grose, a painstaking antiquarian, was mistaken? His theory still lives; for children today are told that the phrase "I'll bet you" is vulgar; but parents and instructors are priggishly mistaken.

Shakespeare, it is true, preferred "wager," the noun, to "bet," for the latter substantive only occurs once in his plays, although it appears earlier in English literature than the verb; and, by the way, whether the substantive or the verb was the starting-point is uncertain, as is the origin of either. But Shakespeare uses the synonyms in singularly contrasted fashion in the fifth act of "Hamlet." Osrice, fastidious and affected in speech, says to the Prince, "The King, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses." Hamlet, a moment after, replies to Osrice, the "waterfy," "That's the French bet against the Danish." The noun "wager" is used 19 times in the plays. Was Hamlet's choice of "bet" a rebuke of Osrice's fastidiousness, when one says "I'll go to bed" after a rude announces her intention of retiring? In "Henry IV." (2-III-2) Justice Shallow in doddling remembrance of old Double exclaims, "John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head." Would Shallow, in his infirmities, have indulged in such verbal vulgarisms?

In 1735 the precise Pope in his "moral essays" spoke of "Judgment at a Bett," and in 1727 he used the verb of the same spelling. In 1623 Bishop Earle, a man of sanctified learning, in his carefully worded "Microcosmographie," spoke of the person who enjoyed gambling, "that looks on and bets not." On the other hand, Addison preferred "wager" and "to wager."

Here is a singular fact. Neither "bet" nor "wager" occurs in the Bible, yet Samson bet with thirty companions that they could not guess his riddle, and he lost the stakes, "thirty sheets and thirty changes of garments," on account of the treachery of his wife.

But this is all far from the question. Why did Captain Francis Grose consider "bet" a vulgar word? May not this be an explanation? His habits in early life were convivial. He was what is known as a good fellow, and many a jaded rounder could answer Burns's question,

"Ken ye aught of Captain Grose?"

Wearied, finally, of wet nights and dry mornings, although often sorely tempted to wash away antiquarian dust, he pondered in graver years the speech of tosspots and menfish. He remembered how bets took the place of arguments, he thought of the quarrel that followed refusal to pay a bet; the whole vulgar scene in a dive rushed upon him, and even the short monosyllable "bet" seemed as vulgar as the drunken fools who had it constantly in their mouths. Or perhaps in his enforced acquaintance with the genteel he persuaded himself that "bet" was a low term, one that would have been abhorred by Tony Lumpkin's friend. Just as some people today have no "house," but acknowledge proudly a "residence." Just as any little "fire" is to some a "conflagration."

In the American language, "bet" is the one, the preferred word. There is no need of abundant proofs. There is one salient bit of evidence. Of what force would "You wager" be as the verbal essence or expressed purpose or the quintessence of approbation? The phrase would be feeble, affected. But hark! What was that? "You bet!" resounds through the atmospheric medium. There is at once a sense of spontaneity, resolution, terseness. The arguments are over; the charge has been heard; the verdict has been handed in. There is no appeal from a thunderbolt to a higher meteorological court.

Aug 5 - 95

"Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession—rapt and austere in the woods, a gymnosophist,
To the mass kneeling, or the Puritan's prayer rising, or sitting patiently in a pew,
Pleased with the tune of the choir of the white-washed church;
Pleased with the earnest words of the sweating Methodist preacher."

Mr. T. McCarthy Fennell, the father of the Cornell oarsmen, caught no crab in his denunciation of Courtney. "Fennell," in the language of floral symbolism, means "worthy all praise, strength." In the present instance, the father bears away the honors.

Attorney-General Harmon is now "roughing it." This probably means that he has left his celebrated manicure case at home.

To "Duty": Professor Ladd, it was, who startled the inhabitants of Plymouth by speaking of "the feeling of oughtness."

A committee of the State Board of Agriculture visited a colony of gypsy moths the other day; and now the moths are about to return the call. That hardly any preparations are made for the visit here, does not speak well for vaunted Bostonian hospitality.

The race is, indeed, degenerate. A New York newspaper finds it necessary to explain how Copenhagen, that good old game, is played.

The Chief of Police in Chicago was right in refusing the offer of "a well-known local hypnotist" to secure a confession from Quinlan, the janitor. Such exhibitions do well enough in the theatre along with the torture scene in "La Tosca," but there should be no place for them in daily life.

That the wild screams of a girl bashed as to her head by a chisel should be ignored at the time because a dentist's office was in the building speaks volumes for the success of painless and practical dentistry in Cambridge.

It was on Aug. 5, 1811, that Mr. Nicholas Hart of London town was first seized with a sleeping fit. A gentleman who attended him made the following invaluable observations in writing: "On the 1st he grew dull; on the 2d he appeared drowsy; on the 3rd fell a yawning; on the 4th began to nod; on the 5th dropped to sleep; on the 6th was heard to snore; on the 7th turned himself in bed; on the 8th recovered his former position; on the 9th fell a stretching; on the 10th about midnight awaked; on the 11th in the morning called for a little small beer."

Mr. Joseph Addison, who noticed the periodical account of this sleeper with an itching palm, says "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle, in Little Britain." Mr. Addison was evidently on to Mr. Hart's languorous curves, even beneath the bed clothes.

They managed the personal column with more delicacy in the last century. The London Chronicle of Aug. 5, 1758, published this advertisement, which, to be sure, begins in customary fashion: "A young lady who was at Vauxhall on Thursday night last, in company with two gentlemen, could not but observe a young gentleman in blue and a gold-laced hat, who, being near her by the orchestra during the performance, especially the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention." But see how the amorous youth, cooled long ago by the earth, eclipses the terse and commercial announcements of today: As his views are founded upon the most honorable principles, he presumes to hope the occasion will justify it, if she generously breaks through this trifling formality of the sex, rather than, by a cruel silence, render unhappy one who must ever expect to continue so, if debarred from a nearer acquaintance with her, in whose power alone it is to complete his felicity.

They say that the old "roaring" or "screaming" farce, one so dear to all English speaking theatre-goers, is as extinct as the dodo, though some fine observers claim it is transformed into that peculiar form of entertainment described by managers as "comic opera." But the Liverpool Echo proves to us that the farce still flourishes in English law courts and provokes shouts of laughter from the spectators. As some insist that the English preserve greater dignity in their court proceedings than do the Americans, the following extract reprinted verb. et lit. from the Echo is of contemporaneous human interest:

"Annie Horrigan, aged 34 years, an ironer, of no fixed abode, was charged at Clerkenwell Police Court, yesterday, with stealing from 56, Winchester Street, Clerkenwell, a feather bed, a clock, two dresses, two vases, a couch, and a quantity of bedding, value 18s., the property of Minnie Duggan. The prosecutrix said she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment at the beginning of the year for attempted larceny, and while she was in gaol Horrigan, 'sold up her home.' The Magistrate: How do you know that? The prosecutrix: She worked for a woman to whom I gave my keys. The prisoner: Your worship: She gave her keys to Mrs. Clarke. The prosecutrix and I were in prison together. None of us are any good. We are all thieves (laughter). Mr. Horace Smith: Where is the woman to whom you gave the keys of your room? The prisoner: She had three months' (renewed laughter). The Magistrate: How is it you haven't given the prisoner in custody before? The prosecutrix: I only came out of gaol this morning (laughter). The prisoner came out too. I had 21 days for assault, and she did five days (laughter). The prisoner said she sold the articles with the permission of the prosecutrix. The prosecutrix: You did not. The prisoner: I did, and spent the money. You are one of the 'Forty,' and the biggest thief of the lot. You are wanted now for a diamond pin (laughter). Your worship, we are a lot of thieves together (laughter). Mr. Smith: This is evidently a breach of trust. I cannot rely upon the evidence of the prosecutrix. The prisoner must be discharged."

And Aunt Lavinia said: "Woman's dramatic sense was not slow in coming to the rescue of her neglected vanity, and the attractive contrast between the daring of her sentiments and the decorum of her bonnet could not long fail to make its successful appeal. To combine the glorious tail of the peacock with the aggressive habits and irascible morals of the peahen, is indeed to score all round. But this is the privilege of the wealthy and the few. A step lower in social distinction, to that better instructed class, where theories have an importance unlessened by continual distractions, you shall find hundreds, thousands, of intelligent, active women, tailor-gowned, hard-hatted, firmly booted. Discontent and idleness are the tap roots of chinking fashions, just in the same way that a taste for athletic games or a stout professional interest preoccupies a woman and tends to make her uniform and unimaginative."

There are plenty of plain women in the world, but the plain woman in this sober acceptance of the unvarying. To be plain is never to be absolutely sure about oneself. It is to be exposed to a hundred trivial accidents. The rose-colored ribbon, which seemed to bring a dash of color to a pallid cheek on Monday, may on Tuesday so easily become a trial and a reproach. Excitement, happiness, dejection, fatigue, a thousand daily turns and chances keep the plain woman alternating fearfully between the pitiless and the merciful version of her own inchoate face. While, on the other hand, to be beautiful—ah, to be beautiful is such a radical economy of time!

Aug 6 - 95

"I do not snivel that snivel the world over, That months are vacuums, and the ground but wallow and filth;

That life is a suck and a sell, and nothing remains at the end but threadbare crape and tears.

Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids—conformity goes to the four—remov'd;

I wear my hat as I please, indoors or out."

'Tis hard work living up to the requirements of your friends.

Yet it appears that Mr. William C. Whitney is in the hands of his friends.

The Cape Cod Canal languisheth. Why not connect it with the Boston Subway, which seems in a flourishing condition? Some of our readers may ask how Bass River and the Common can be easily connected, but with the mere matters of detail we have nothing to do. Such matters should be left entirely to the engineers, who, we understand, are competent to deal with all large questions.

President Cleveland should look to his laurels. Although he is a formidable builder of Johnsonian sentences and shakes continents with plantigrade phrases, although he is a Tupperian prose laureate of domestic bliss, he has a rival in the Honorable William McAdoo, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Has not the Honorable William chanted in the North American Review for August the praise of those that go down to the sea in yachts? In speaking of the "true yachtsman" the Honorable William makes this mighty ado: "If he is worthy of this royal sport, his soul has heard and responded to the voice of nature, and to him the olden gods of wind and wave are no longer myths but eternal verities, speaking to him of mysteries and secrets that the profane heart cannot understand." In other words, the Honorable William is a "Pagan suckled in a creed (Democratic) outworn" and he has glimpses that makes him less forlorn: he is able to

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

But why has the Honorable William held these gifts so long, as though there were "a curtain before 'em'"? Because, no doubt, he is conscious of the objection of American Warwick to "Them literary fellows." And why now does he flash like a bearded comet across the literary sky? Because he knows the inevitable overturn, and would fain show his full powers. A "private letter" from Washington assures us that the Honorable William is already laying pipes for the position of yachting editor on a New York daily. His experience was unquestioned; now there can be no dispute about the picturesqueness, the gorgeousness of his style. Take the sentence above quoted. How admirably it would fit in the introduction to a sensational account of the great International yacht race!

Are you inclined to scoff at Lourdes? Turn your attention to Old Orchard.

And, pray, how did Holmes show after "the lapse of an interval, which seemed like an age," that he had left behind "the sweet piety of the home of his birth and boyhood?" A thrilling contemporary tells a panting word. He wore "a silk hat of fashionable shape."

To E. C.—Emma Eames was born in Shanghai, China, not Bath, Me.

Come, brethren, let's agree at least on the spelling of the word: Is it Gardner, or Gardiner? We now refer to the Christian Endeavorer.

Some are surprised because Holmes has "a well shaped head and pleasing eyes" and does not possess "striking criminal attributes." Did they suppose that he was necessarily crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, and born with a complete set of teeth, hair, and nails, all in working order?

This is the anniversary of the death (1818) at Dunkirk of Mr. David Ferguson, who had enough of life at the age of 124.

It was on the 6th of August, 1848, that Captain McQuhae and his merry men of H. M. S. Daedalus saw on their way from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena the sea-serpent. The impression produced was that the animal belonged rather to the lizard than to the

ent tribe. Its movements were
ady, rapid, and uniform, as if pro-
ed by fms. The size appeared to be
y great.

Auguste Comte is extolled by a con-
emporary because after the principal
of the day he would take a crust
bread and a cup of water in his
ls and say: "I eat this bread and
nk this cup in remembrance of the
ions of my fellow-men who have
ing but a crust and a cup!" But
as easy for him to do this after he
ad dined well.

It would be well for Mr. Fred D.
rant, Police Commissioner of New
ark, to remember the masterly sil-
nce observed by his father on trying
asons.

The Pall Mall Gazette alleges these
cts concerning Trinidad:

It seems that the English hoisted their
ag there as long ago as 1700, but that
subsequently the Portuguese (who then
owned Brazil) occupied the island for
some years as a convict station, before
availing themselves of the much more
accessible and fertile island of Fern-
nando Noronha for a similar purpose.
Trinidad is 700 miles from the Brazilian
coast, and so can scarcely claim to be
territorial waters. It is one of three
stepping-stones across the South At-
lantic, the others being Ascension and
St. Helena. In configuration it re-
sembles Ascension, save that it is even
more barren, and the landing more
difficult. It produces beans and turtle
and an abundance of insipid tropical
fish. The largest mammal is the do-
mestic mouse, and the much advertised
land-crabs are precisely the same "vio-
let crab" (so called because they are a
brilliant saffron) which is found on sim-
ilar tropical islands and elsewhere. St.
Helena is regarded by the British Gov-
ernment as a Crown Colony; Ascension
rates as a man of war, and till a short
time ago Trinidad was considered "no-
man's-land." Nevertheless, it has al-
ways had a red line under its name in
our small atlases, and (Br.) against it
in the bigger ones.

Aug 7. 95
"Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her, it is just as
lucky to die, and I know it.
I pass death with the dying, and birth with
the new-wash'd babe, and am not con-
tain'd between my hat and boots;
And peruse manifold objects, no two alike,
and every one good;
The earth good, and the stars good, and
their adjuncts all good."

That strain of the Columbia comes to
the Bourbon Dukes
"Like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

Mrs. Mary B. Eddy thinks that three
"lesser doses of sweet sounds" daily
from the church tower in Palmouth
Street would "soothe the sufferings of
the sick, and suggest the final bliss of
our harvest home." It is true that such
doses would reconcile the neighbors to
the idea of death. Where is there
authority for the anticipation of bells
in Paradise? There are harps, in
heaven, some say, and in old pictures
angels play on fiddles. But St. John in
his ecstatic vision heard no chimes.
There were golden bells and pome-
granates on the priestly robes of Aaron
and his sons. The high priest's ephod
bore 72 bells, according to the Rabblis,
but they were little ones, and used
within the temple. They made no din,
nor did the pomegranates stop or shat-
ter the interior clock-work of man.
Zechariah speaks of bells with the in-
scription, "Holiness unto the Lord;"
but these bells were upon horses, not in
church towers; besides, there is a dis-
tinction as to the proper rendering of the
Hebrew word Englished "bells."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is fond of
ry subjects, but he should let philo-
sophy alone. When he wonders at the
privation of "bronco" from the
Spanish he wonders at all accepted
authorities.

Oh, men of Swampscott, if you are to
nabble and make faces at each other
over the spending of Sunday, pray let
there be a higher principle involved
than the sum made by selling a few
lasses of soda water, with or without
rup.

Any who contemplate joining the
appists, that propose to build a mon-
tery on Long Island, should read "En
oute," by J. K. Huysmans. And who,
ixed by the strifes and pettiness of
e, can read the admirable description
of such pious, blameless days without
perceiving the temptation to with-
draw from the world and anticipate the
peace and the quiet of the grave.

The Anti-Concierge of Paris has done
little in checking the insolent pride of
the true owners of the houses. In Bos-
ton there is a Janitors' League, or at
least there was. Is it not high time to
form here a Society for the Relief of
Tenants Oppressed by Janitors?

A physician of Boston sends the fol-
lowing advertisement to the Journal.
As the case seems worthy of the atten-
tion of the benevolent, we gladly give
the advertisement prominence: "Wanted,
by an invalid idiot, a position of com-
panion to a well and wealthy lady.
Lady must be able to make good gruel
and arrange a tray temptingly. Home
of no consequence, as only a salary is
required."

It was on the 7th of August, 1777, that
General Putnam sent the following
masterpiece of literary composition to
Sir Henry Clinton:

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the
enemy's service, was taken as a spy
lurking within our lines. He has been
tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and
shall be executed as a spy; and the
flag is ordered to depart immediately."

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S.—He has, accordingly, been exe-
cuted."

A fastidious contemporary is an-
noyed because a newspaper published
the word "assassinator," and it cries
out, "The English language is not good
enough for some newspapers." Dear
sister, "assassinator" is an English
word of ripe age. It was used as long
ago as 1676 and it has been in use ever
since.

As for that, the obsolete word "as-
sassinacy" has more color, is more
murderous in hue than "assassination."

To S. A.: We regret that we cannot
give you the desired information.

This is the festival of St. Afra, who
in the early years of the fourth century
led a gay life at Augsburg. One even-
ing the Spanish Bishop Narcissus enter-
ed her house, like and unlike Dr. Park-
hurst of New York; for the Bishop sat
down at the wild feast and he prayed
so mightily and yet so tenderly that
the women were immediately baptized,
and they formed a religious sister-
hood. But this was obnoxious to the
police and priests who required Afra
to sacrifice to pagan duties, although
they were careless as to any worldly
life that she might lead. As she would
not, they bound her, in company with
her once dissolute colleagues, and suf-
focated her by smoke from vine
branches. So Bacchus, whom she once
worshipped, was very present at her
death.

This is the season of mountain travel.
Would you know how to be comfort-
able in journeying? For without com-
fort you will see everything through
blue glass. Take the advice of an ex-
perienced traveler: Let no weak regard
for sex or age deter you from taking,
or at least from trying to take, the
strongest beast, the best room, the supe-
rior cut, the last glass of sherry. When
riding lead the way, monopolize the
path, and bump up against all who ap-
proach you. If a companion choose a
horse, a saddle, or a bridle, endeavor
to abstract it—he had evidently some
reason for the choice. Never go to a
hotel if there be a private house within
a league, and above all things keep the
accounts. Finally, if you invite a man
to dine, score up his liquor on the wall,
staring him in the face, so shall or
may it deter him from the other bottle.
And then Sir Richard Burton, writing
in Brazil, added, "And thus your trip
will cost you 123 milreis, when your
friend is minus 750 milreis ahead."

Aug 8-95
"Do you guess I have some intricate pur-
pose?
Well, I have—for the Fourth-month showers
have, and the mica on the side of a
rock has.
Do you take it I would astonish?
Does the daylight astonish? Does the early
redstart, twittering through the woods?
Do I astonish more than they?
This hour I tell things in confidence;
I might not tell everybody, but I will tell
you."

August, 1764, saw the death of George
Elrton, Esq., of Oxenop-Hall, Yorkshire,
who at the age of 125 was truly a dead
game sport. He followed the chase on
horseback till he was 80; from that pe-
riod to 100 years he regularly attended
in his single chair the unkenneled fox;
and no man, till within 10 years
of his death, made more free with his
bottle." An heroic character, one of
the many that have made England
what she is.

What a pity it is that the Public Li-
brary cannot afford to purchase the
philological collection made by the late
Prince Lucien Bonaparte. It is one of
the great collections in the world.
Never mind, some will say; the library
is provided with mural decorations.

We cannot agree with some of our
contemporaries in acknowledging the
rapid degeneration of the South. The
old family shot-gun is still revered
and the marksmen have not lost their
cunning. Take, for example, the late
event at the Church of Antioch,
not in Syria, not in Psidia, but in our
own Mississippi. It is true that Albert

Oneal and his brother Henry, and Bill
Picou, with his brother Wallace, went
to a Saturday evening prayer meeting,
but they were all "heavily armed."
Nothing could have been more exem-
plary or devout than their behavior in
meeting, although the sexton could not
persuade them to leave their guns and
pistols in the umbrella rack. But after
the closing hymn was sung and the
benediction was pronounced, they all
"reached the open air" and chose their
targets. Albert Oneal's forehead was
shot away. Henry was plugged in the
mouth and in the abdomen so that he
was unable to take any active interest
in the affair. It will be noted that
those who were killed were provided
only with pistols, while the Picous were
armed with the family shot-guns. This
shows that it is not wise to fly in the
teeth of tradition.

And the afternoon of the following
Sunday Messrs. William McCrew and
Gus Weaver were a-riding along with
their guns near Baton Rouge, chatting
amicably on topics of the day. Sudden-
ly one bethought him of an old feud,
and the firing began. Mr. Weaver fell
dead from his horse, the result of four
bullets judiciously aimed. Mr. McCrew
rode away bleeding profusely, and prob-
ably fatally wounded.

But it was at gay Versailles, Ky., last
Sunday that Mr. William Newton Lane
tried to sleep after a glorious drinking
bout at Lexington. It occurred to him
that it would be a chivalric act to ask
the amount of his hotel bill. The clerk,
Mr. James Rodenbaugh, a cripple, told
him his debt, and after an interchange
of repartee the conversation grew
leaden. Mr. Lane's first shot struck Mr.
Rodenbaugh in the neck, just above the
collar bone, and Mr. Rodenbaugh, shoot-
ing ineffectually, fell backward a corpse.
Mr. Rodenbaugh, the father, opened the
door to see the sport, and Mr. Lane,
who was evidently in fine form, put one
bullet in the old gentleman's mouth
and another in his spine. This Mr. Lane
was a staunch supporter of Col. Breck-
inridge, who, when he heard of the af-
ternoon's diversions, remarked: "I am
very sorry; no, I have not yet been en-
gaged to defend him." The cause of the
gallant Colonel's sorrow seems to be
dubious, or perhaps compounded of two
elements. In the face of all this testi-
mony, we cannot admit the alleged de-
generation of Southern life.

What a beautiful time Mr. Bayard,
the Ambassador, is having in England!
And he will see the Bostons play base
ball in the fall.

Massenet tells this story about Renan:
"One night in my presence a very pre-
tentious lady asked him, 'Monsieur,
what do you think about Shakespeare?'
'Oh, do you want to find a wife for
him?' asked Renan."

Women are used as letter carriers in
Aix-la-Chapelle. And the letter that
he looked for never came.

There is this difference between put-
ting a cigarette into a naphtha barrel
and one's mouth: in the former case
the shattering of the human system is
instantaneous.

When it rains in August it rains
honey and wine.

Why should the sale of beer by the
Benedictine Brothers of St. Vincents,
near Latrobe, be regarded as an "un-
becoming, scandalous business?" Un-
less, perchance, they do not brew it or
the brew is of an inferior quality. For
years the cordial made by the good
monks of the monastery at F&champs
has been world-famous, and a glory
rather than a disgrace to the order.
But perhaps to the fastidious, beer
seems a gross and sensual drink.

Mr. Shoemaker, counsel for Holmes,
says his client has a gentle manner
and a kind heart, which "preclude the
idea that he has ever committed a
murder." Did Mr. Shoemaker ever read
the case of Thomas Griffith Wal-
wright, the friend of Lamb and Hood,
and the brilliant contributor to the
London Magazine? His atrocious crime
was incited by lust after £18,000 insur-
ance money. Bulwer, by the way,
studied Walwright for his character
Varney in "Lucretia." It is only fair
to say, however, that some claimed
Walwright was only guilty of forgery.

Dear, dear! All this time we have
been forgetting the farmers. Let us see
what honest old Tusser had to say to
them in August:

"At first hand he buyeth, that payeth all
down,
At second, that hath not so much in the
town;
At third hand he buyeth, that buyeth of
trust,
At his hand who buyeth, shall pay for his
lust."

And this explanation, we hope, will
be satisfactory to all.

"How beggerly appear arguments before a
defiant deed!"
How the floridness of the material of clothes
shrivels before a man's or woman's
look!
All waits, or goes by default, till a strong
being appears;
A strong being is the proof of the race, and
of the ability of the universe;
When he or she appears, materials are over-
aw'd,
The dispute on the Soul stops.
The old customs and phrases are confronted,
turned back, or laid away."

We observe regretfully that in spite of
overwhelming evidence to the contrary
a local contemporary persists in pro-
claiming the degeneration of the South.
Yesterday we gave proofs of the healthy
condition of the abused sister States,
proofs that should convince the way-
farling men, though fools. We now call
the attention of all unprejudiced stu-
dents of sociology to the Louisville
Courier-Journal of the 5th inst. Look
at its first page. The word "Blood" is
the first line of four displayed heads.
The word "blood" occurs 11 times in
double heads on the same page. The
word "bloody" is found four times in
double heads on the same page. It is
true that some of the events that called
forth these headlines did not happen in
the South. But the more startling and
the more gory are claimed proudly by
the States south of the line, and they
bear adamant testimony to the rever-
ence still paid the old family shotgun
as the arbiter of disputes and the regu-
lator of households.

And yet the old family shotgun is not
the sole corrector of immorality. The
same number of the Courier-Journal
publishes gratifying proof of the respect
in which woman is held in Pineville, a
pleasant town in Kentucky. It appears
that some of Pineville's leading inha-
bitants "have made themselves conspic-
uous of late in trying to reform the
morals of the community;" and in
Pineville lives a young woman (white)
who would hardly answer the perhaps
unreasonable requirements demanded of
his wife by the late Julius C&asar. Did
these men waste time in vain remon-
strance or prayer that would have fall-
en on dull ears? Oh, no! "Without
waiting for the ceremony of a trial the
woman was pitched into by one of the
party and thrashed with a black-snake
whip;" the sentence is constructed
loosely, no doubt in symbolism of the
episode. This flagellation for the pub-
lic good was not administered in the
woman's chamber, neither was the spec-
tacle seen only by the moralists, insects
and night birds. It occurred in the City
Court Room.

Reverence paid the shotgun, and the
same old skill in marksmanship; rever-
ence paid woman, and the unchaste
flogged in the sight of the people—does
all this look like degeneration? Or
should the people of the North hesitate
to invest money in the South?

On Aug. 9, 1877, it was officially an-
nounced at Leghorn that the Lake of
Canterno, also called Porciano, after a
loud detonation, totally disappeared. The
lake is now to be found in the country
seen to the east from the Isle of
Atlantis, and Prester John is to be ob-
served a-swimming in it pleasant sum-
mer afternoons.

And this is the birthday (1593) of
Izaak Walton, the passionate angler.
"Angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gul-
let
Should have a hook and a small trout to
pull it."

Has any one remarked in the case of
the Defender, "A Yankee ship and a
Yankee crew?" Can this be said of the
Vigilant?

President Cleveland will press the
button, but the bull will not roar at At-
lanta.

A negro hotel cook felled Mr. Hamil-
ton Fish, Jr., three times to the floor
with a can opener. He should have
used a fish knife.

"Dr. F. J. Furnivall has come to the
conclusion that we have been mispro-
nouncing Shakespeare's name. He
called himself Shakspsair as though he
were a Frenchman." There are mis-
guided people that persist in pronounc-
ing it Bayon, with the accent on the
first syllable.

Rose Haig Thomas assures us through
the medium of The Yellow Book (vol.
VI.) that she cares little for this earth.

"No, a mad career
In another sphere
Rather than linger here."

And why is she discontented with
lodgings, bloaters, tea and the omni-
bus? She gives her reasons by express-
ing a distinct desire to live in or on—
probably on—the planet Mars.

"Then heigh for rosy Mars!
The King of all the stars!
Where prisms play
Pranks with the day—
There would I stay."

For she knows that she would see
there "malachite beings," as well as

...of her favorite planet.

The superficial wonder at pyromania as disclosed in the neighborhood by the fiery deeds of firebugs of tender years. These boys—we do not excuse their conduct—are students of a practical course in pyromancy. Here is an easy experiment for beginners. Let the wood be lighted, and if in doing this the fire ignites with difficulty, or makes ugly or little flames, it is a bad sign, either as regards events or what we may have in our minds. If the fire burn with one flame, clear and fine, it is a sign of good fortune. Several flames, or now on one side and then on the other, with a snapping, mean that relations or friends will soon visit you. In the late instances in the neighborhood the police came.

Farmers can tell easily by pyromancy whether the crops will be good. Take from this year's crop a few grains of sesame, lay them on the coals, and if they burst or pop well, it is a sign that the crop for the next year will be a good one. And if they do not burst it will be bad.

August 10, '95

The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum, a confirmed case. (He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's bed-room!)

Mr. Gardner proposes to take his wife to "the best specialist" in Chicago. There is no cure for chronic farm-melancholy except removal of the patient from the farm.

The castaway on tossing plank hopes for a passing ship. The marooned sailor looks for a sail. The victim of farm-melancholy sees nothing, expects nothing beyond the boundaries of the farm. "Does not nature comfort and sustain?" asks a sentimentalist, who knows the country through an agreeable summer outing. Does the horse in the brick yard rejoice in the "gorgeous, indolent sun" or watch with the dreamer's eye the ever-shifting panorama of the sky? The harvest that delights the visitor is the result of drudgery to the farmer and his folk.

Do you doubt that such continual monotony of tedious labor incites strange crimes, cracks brains, inspires atrocious sins? Gain the confidence of any old village doctor and learn from him the life of isolated families.

President Diaz says that Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons cannot fight in Mexico. Down there a bull fight is savage enough even for a naturally cruel race.

That's a nice state of affairs in Spring Valley, Illinois. The Italians are ready to shoot any negro that wishes to work; the Mayor asks the Sheriff for Winchester rifles, and the Sheriff says the Mayor is a coward; the Mayor and Aldermen ride in hacks—indeed, an Alderman who is not in a hack looks as out of place as a sailor on shore or a hymn book in a bar room—and they are hooted by the Italians. Remember all this is not in an Italian opera buffa; it is not in China or Turkey, but it is in the town of Spring Valley, in one of the United States, and in the year of our Lord 1895.

Why should Lowell Mason have his "due share in the perpetuation of the national anthem?" If we are not mistaken at this late and irreverent day, the tune "America" was simply stolen from the English. If any name is to be joined with that of Dr. Smith on the proposed monument, it should be that of either Bull or Carey. It might be well to curve the names of the two Englishmen with an interrogation point after each.

"The Long Arm" was suddenly withered. In spite of the fuss made about it, it had a mighty small reach.

A bridegroom who does not appear at the wedding ceremony and afterward admits frankly that his courage was not screwed up to the sticking point deserves compassion, not censure. Men have told us in confidence that such a ceremony is a nerve-shattering ordeal.

Those young fellows in Edmiston, N. Y., who are boycotting girls for wearing bloomers when they go bicycling, are butting their heads against female obstinacy which is stronger than Chinese wall or burglar-proof safe.

On railroads the vestibule leads to life, not death.

Let us hope that California will not be nipped in its bud.

Will there be "a wave of sympathy" for Glampata, who stabbed Kate Weil in New York? He loved her, oh, sentimental ladies, he loved her; therefore he stabbed her.

This is the anniversary of the birth (1654) of Bernard Nieuwentyt, the Dutchman from whose "Religious Philosopher" Archdeacon Paley stole, besides other things, the celebrated illustration of the watch that appeared in his "Natural Theology."

The New York Sun, in its admirable imitation of Shmel, the son of Gera, who cursed and cast stones at mighty men, is throwing vitriolic paragraphs in the eyes of great cities. The attack on Chicago seemed weak after the famous onslaught of the Sun in Exposition days; but Philadelphians will be pleased that their city has at last received attention. According to the Sun—and therefore it must be true—"everything in Philadelphia stops at midnight, except possibly the clocks and the two rivers. The only people on the streets are policemen, detectives and crooks. There are very few crooks, except of the burglar variety, for they stop work at 12 o'clock, too. * * * Gout is the rarest of the ordinary diseases that afflict man in Philadelphia, despite the fact that the people live well and drink old Burgundy. Looking around for a reason for this exemption from gout, the writer encountered a bath tub. It was a nice white porcelain-lined tub. He let the water run until the tub was half full. Then he saw that the water was thick and brown. It felt mushy when he cautiously put a finger in it. He looked at it for a minute or two and pulled out the plug and let the liquid run off. There was two inches of mud in the bottom of the tub. Here was the explanation of the exemption. Mud baths cure gout, and every Philadelphian has a mud bath in his house."

This is the festival of St. Lawrence, who was cooked at Rome on a gridiron. After he had been pressed down with fire forks for a long time he said to the chief cook: "This side is now roasted enough. O, tyrant, do you think roasted meat or raw the best?" There are fastidious critics who forget the heroism in deploring the use of the superlative for the comparative.

If on St. Lawrence's Day the weather be fine, fair autumn and good wine may be hoped for.

It was on Aug. 10, 1575, that Peter Bales wrote the Lord's Prayer, the creed, the decalogue, two short prayers in Latin, his name, motto, the day of the month, year of our Lord and reign of the Queen, all within the circle of a penny, encased in a ring and covered with a crystal. The writing was so legible as to excite the great admiration of the Queen, her Ministers and several Ambassadors.

On Aug. 10, 1813, nine persons were buried in a coal pit at Bradley, England. They remained there seven days before they were rescued. The most remarkable feature of the event is that in the long account of the rescue no allusion was made by the reporter to the "willing hands" of the rescuers.

Aug 11 - 95
LYRA BICYCLICA.

"Lyra Bicyclica: Sixty Poets on the Wheel," is the title of a book written by Joseph G. Dalton, and published by E. C. Hodges & Co. of this city. It appears from the preface that Mr. Dalton was one of "the very first Bostonians who, in the latter part of the year 1877, began to ride and write into notice the bicycle in this country." A passionate wheelman, he sings like Ezekiel of wheels, and the motto of his book is "Rota non furor brevis est."

Nor does Mr. Dalton think small beer of the poems. To quote from his note to this, the second edition, "All are now distinctly scrumptious, and some are 'corkers,' and there is a larger proportion entirely mine than before." If the reader is tempted to smile at this burst of confidence, let him remember that Horace and Martial have been admired for similar assurance. It must be admitted that Mr. Dalton is not without reason for his boast; truly some of the parodies, in which he has pressed well-known poets to chant the praises of the bicycle, are excellent. Is there not doubt for instance whether this quatrain:

"Up! and the dusty race
That sat in horse-cars long—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as steam-engines strong,"

did not really owe its birth to Concord?

What other poets sing through Mr. Dalton's throat? Holmes, Dante, Longfellow, Tennyson, Poe, Dryden, Moore, Alice Cary, Knox, Dobell, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, Shakespeare, Byron—'tis a long list. Here is an example of Mr. Dalton at his best:

"Turn, Cyclist, turn thy wheel long miles from town;
With that high wheel we go not up—or down;
Our speed is little, but our prudence great."

Or is there any mistaking the source of

"Seated, but erect, I take to the open road,
Sturdy, free, the wheel beneath me,
The long brown path before me, leading wher-ever I choose?"

And it may be said that the parodies of Whitman's lines prove that the poet has absorbed thoroughly the spirit of the bard of Democracy, who, ironically enough, is even yet best appreciated by the aristocracy in letters.

Or is there doubt as to the origin of

"In heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose great wing is a wheel.
None flies so wildly well
As the Angel Elisakel,
And the giddy stars, so legends say,
Slowing their course, attend the play
Of his wondrous wheel."

Then again there is considerable rhyming that is simply jejune or silly. Often is the pneumatic tire of his flying muse exhausted; the muse drags, or she finds herself mired.

In the above quoted note to the second edition Mr. Dalton says: "Some of the poorer things are dropped, and a few passages in vile taste reformed." It is to be regretted that he was faint-hearted in dropping. There are still passages in vile taste unreformed. We refer to the burlesques of Bishop Heber's "The Son of God goes forth to war" and Toplady's "Rock of Ages." These parodies will inevitably distress many to whom the hymns are fraught with solemn and sacred associations. Nor are they so witty as to readily find pardon for the irreverence displayed therein. They are, indeed, "passages in vile taste."

LIP SERVICE.

Dr. Reilly of the Health Department of Chicago declares that kissing must go. Osculation is dangerous as well as brutal and vulgar. If there must be in extreme cases the ceremony of kissing, kisser and kissees should first steep their lips in carbolic rosewater. The learned leech does not tell the world how he would regulate the touching that mingles souls; whether he would grant licenses after examination, or insist that the operation should take place in the presence of a physician.

There is much sense in Dr. Reilly's observations. There is today too much indiscriminate, unnecessary, impertinent kissing, as in fact there always has been. The kiss of lovers is sacred, not even to be talked of lightly; and if Death sits grinning on a sweetheart's lips, a devoted and chivalrous swain will rush to meet him there. But the kiss as a token of friendly welcome, the ceremonious kiss, the obligatory kiss of relationship—these and their kind are indeed abhorrent things, an insult to the sacrament of love.

And yet kissing the lips by way of salutation was customary amongst near relatives of both sexes among the Hebrews in Patriarchal and in later times. In the Christian church there was the kiss of charity. The kiss of condescension still exists in the East. How was it to jump over lands and years—in the days of Queen Elizabeth? Erasmus tells us in an epistle to a friend: "To touch on one thing out of many here, there are lasses with heavenly faces. * * * There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place you are received with a kiss by all—if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss—you return, kisses are exchanged—they come to visit you, a kiss the first thing—they leave you, you kiss them all round. Do they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses—and if you Faustus had but once tasted them!" Erasmus has been taxed with cowardice. He was evidently not afraid of bacilli!

Nor was this custom confined to England. When Erycius Puteanus educated a young girl, he wrote to his

friend that he did not allow her to be kissed. "Th[s]," said he, "is dangerous for Italian ladies; our Flemish ladies may suffer it without any danger." Adrianus Heereboord, Professor at Leyden, proposed this question: "Is the custom which suffers strangers in the Low Countries, and in other places, to kiss other men's wives, widows and maidens, when they make them ceremonious visits, agreeable to the rules of chastity?" And he answered it in the affirmative. The author of the Saint-Evremonia (1701) affirms that "a kiss at Paris is nothing but a mere piece of civility." Kornmannus wrote, "I have seen many places in Germany, as for instance, Cologne, Tubingen, etc., where it would be looked upon as great unpolliteness for a young man to meet with a maiden without embracing and kissing her."

Ludovicus Vives complained, of "the scandalous custom: It was among the ancients lawful to kiss only relations; but now it is the custom throughout Burgundy and England to kiss everyone you please."

Such promiscuousness was best rebuked by Montaigne. Listen to the brave Englishing by John Florio of the Gascon's French: "See but how the forme of salutations, which is peculiar unto our nation, doth by its facility bastardize the grace of kisses, which Socrates saith, to be of that consequence, weight and danger, to ravish and steale our hearts. It is an unpleasing and injurious custome unto Ladies, that they must afford their lips to any man that hath but three Lackies following him, how unhandsome and lothsome soever he be. Nor do we our selves gaine much by it: for as the world is divided into foure parts, so for foure faire ones, we must kisse fiftie foule; and to a nice or tender stomach,

as are those of mine age, one ill kisse doth surpay one good."

Impertinent, defiant, dangerous is the kissing between women in presence of a man. Here insincerity often is a snare for the male. We pass over the trick so enjoyed by women of kissing all babies in public.

But shall hand-shaking be the only physical manifestation of joy in welcome, sorrow at parting, and general good faith? Hands are not always clean, they are sometimes clammy; then there is the man that mistakes your arm for a pump-handle, and the woman that gives you cold finger-tips. Why not revive, as an expression of endearment, the old habit of biting the ear? Or if the Scilian custom, as revealed in "Cavalleria Rusticana," is misleading, and such biting suggests eternal hatred, let there be gentle pulling of the ear. As small ears are held to be signs of selfishness, elongation of the organ is by many to be desired. That this custom was formerly common is proved by passages in the Elizabethan dramatists. Besides, did not Napoleon, when in high good humor, pull the ears of women as well as those of men?

ABOUT MUSIC.

Calve and Mancinelli Talk of Various Things.

How a Music Critic Is Often Worked Successfully.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

This is the story about Bolto's opera "Nero," and the new work of Verdi. Believe as much of it as you please.

Some months ago Bolto proposed two librettos to Verdi, "Purgatory" and "Hell," founded on Dante's poem. Verdi said he should never again blacken music paper. After a long controversy Verdi ended the matter with the jest, "All right; when you have finished your 'Nero,' you can bring me a libretto." Verdi thought no more of the promise, because no one believed in Bolto's "Nero." But Bolto went back to Milan, and some weeks after he returned to Verdi's house with a thick

...with he p...
...played from h...
...was "Nero" sure enough Verdi was
...lighted, but his jaw dropped wh...
...to produced a very thin volume, the
...bretto of "Purgatory." It was then
...Bolto's turn. If the old master has
...ill strength and time to finish
..."Purgatory," he will finish perhaps
...with "Heil."

...Apropos of the marriage of Miss
Elizabeth Hamlin of this city, a con-
temporary states that she was "the
leading soprano in St. Peter's Church,
Albany, five years ago." But five years
ago there was a boy choir in St. Peter's.
Miss Hamlin did sing at the said church.
She was engaged there as leading so-
prano in 1881.

...Mr. Marc Blumenberg interviewed
Calvé in London. She spoke as follows:
"A great many errors have been
published about me in the papers, and
I will therefore tell you that I made my
debut at the Theatre de la Monnaie in
Brussels, as Marguerite in 'Faust,' as a
substitute for an artist who suddenly
became ill. I was never a pupil of the
Paris Conservatoire, as has so fre-
quently been stated. I intended to go
on the dramatic stage originally, but
subsequently studied under Puget and
Mme. Laborde.

"My debut in Paris was at the Opéra
Comique, where I shall sing again in a
month from now, and I originally ap-
peared in Joncières's 'Chevalier de
Jean.' I must say that I was at first
considered a contralto, but at a concert
in which I participated I was told that
my voice was a soprano. Queer, but
true."

"It is generally considered that your
repertory is limited to a few operas
that fit your particular genre."

"Oh, yes," said Calvé, "I am aware of
that impression, and it has come to me
in America; but I sing, besides Carmen
and La Navarraise, Marguerite, and
not Gounod's but Goethe's. Gounod
made a lady of that peasant girl of
Goethe's. I adhere to the tradition and
represent her as a country girl. I also
sing 'Mignon' and 'Le Cid' and a dozen
or two other operas. In my last St.
Petersburg engagement my greatest
success was as Ophelia in Thomas's
'Hamlet.' In fact, I consider that one
of my chief and most important roles.
I hope to have an opportunity to sing
it in the United States this coming
season. You see, therefore, that the
view taken of the extent of my repertory
is altogether false, just as the esti-
mates regarding my health are false.

"I think the season will open (Nov.)
with 'Carmen,' and 'Le Navarraise'
will be produced, but I hope to be able
to appear in other roles, such as
Ophelia and in 'Le Cid.' As I under-
stand, there will be many novelties next
season. Regarding the various sums
allotted as my salary, you asked, it
is impossible to mention any. It would
be proper. Mr. Damrosch wanted
for the 'Walküre,' but I preferred
the present repertory—at least this sea-
son. I shall probably go to Bayreuth
next year to observe the music dramas
there and learn more of them."

The ingenious Mr. Huneker is respon-
sible for the following imitation of ap-
proved "musical anecdotes," which ap-
peared in the Musical Courier of the
7th:

"Mendelssohn's opinion of Liszt as re-
lated by Dr. Teufelbach, the well-
known manufacturer of fugues, forks,
and fringes—a contemporary of Liszt,
Dante, Carlyle and Rabelais.

"One stormy afternoon I was busy
at work on a fugue ordered by Handel,"
says the worthy but loquacious doctor.
"Suddenly the door opened. Doors al-
ways do open suddenly, and in wandered
Mendelssohn. He was wet, fatigued
and carried a copy of Charles Auches-
ter in his hand. In the other was an
umbrella. I like to be precise as to all
this, else another Präger-Schreiber-
Ashton Ellis squabble may arise as to
the sort of pants (not pantaloons, just
plain pants) worn by the composer of
'Ellijah.' To set all contingent disputes
at rest I may state on the authority of
my eyes that Felix had on a pair of
dingy pants—the sort to be found in
Hester Street hand down shops. He
coughed as he entered.

"Got any whisky, Doc?" said he. You
see he was familiar. I stood it because
of the high price he paid for five part
medieval fugues (warranted not to
back in the parts or break in the coda).
"Yes," says I, quite heartily. 'I've
got a wee drop,' and with that I
fetched it.

"Well, sir, it fetched him.
"He sat down and began gabbling.
First he cursed all the Jews in Chris-
tendom for claiming him as a com-
poser; then he damned all the Chris-
tians in Jerusalem for believing that he
was a convert. Liszt's name came up.
"Hew! how Mendelssohn laid him out.
He said he was a fake piano banger,
that his compositions were ridiculous,
that his own G minor concerto would
outlive a wilderness of E flat concertos
by Liszt, and wound up by calling Cho-
pin a —

"No, I shan't repeat what I called
Chopin, for just then Liszt was in, and
up bobbed Mendelssohn as sweet as
pie, and says he:

"I was just a-talking about Frank.
What will you have?" And Liszt an-
swered:

"Seeln' as how it is you, Felix, my
son, I'll take any old thing,' and then
they both drank whisky.

"My, but ain't composers funny
chaps!"

"And the quaint old doctor whistled
merrily as he filed down the strettia of
a one-voice fugue that he was making
for Mr. Dussek."

Grace Alexander, in Music for August,
gives this graphic account of the man-
ner in which a music critic is often
worked:

"Let us suppose a concert is to take
place in L—. For more than a month
before the time announced the music
critics of all the papers in the town
have received from the press agent of
the company, or star, glowing accounts
of concerts which have been given else-
where. These accounts often consist of
isolated sentences taken from the lead-
ing newspapers of cities previously vis-
ited, and skillfully put together in a
way to lead all but the most skeptical
into thinking that the singer has really
received favorable and extended notice.
Arriving at intervals during the several
weeks previous to the concert, these ex-
tracts are intended to have a cumula-
tive effect upon the critic—to be like so
many bandages, blinding him to all de-
fects. Finally, on the day of the con-
cert, the press agent arrives in person.
He is usually a rather small, quick-
moving and glib-spoken man, who is
abashed at nothing short of violent re-
moval from the office. Long experi-
ence has taught him how to penetrate
the armor of icy politeness in which
the critic instinctively incases himself.
The agent has been impressed, greatly
impressed (this with a side look to de-
termine its melting effect) with the
critic's reviews.

"He is delighted to have an op-
portunity to talk with one who
really loves music. He loves it.
With a tact that would do credit
to one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers,
he gradually approaches the pur-
pose of his visit. The critic is promised,
as a sort of reward, that 'any little
pleasant thing he may have to say
about Madame' will be placed prom-
inently in future collections of press
notices. Above all, he is urged, with a
cordiality like that of a bear about
to hug its victim, to meet 'Madame'
either at the hotel or after the per-
formance. She will be honored by his
presence. In vain the helpless critic
(who in his heart, let us believe, wants
to be honest) yields so far as to ex-
press with feeble politeness a desire
for the promised introduction.

At night an intermission comes in the
concert. The critic is tired, probably
bored. People, as well as verbs, have
their moods and tenses. He knows that
around the prima donna in her dressing
room he will find a congenial group;
an occasional chat with these people,
into whose company he drifts readily
by the principle of instinctive selection,
is one of the few sweets of his profes-
sional life. Once there, he is again in
the toils of the press agent, who by this
time has arrived at a degree of intima-
cy warranting the use of 'dear' before
the critic's name. A photograph defen-
sively presented completes the pur-
chase. The critic goes to his office with
a decided notion that the trouble of
writing a careful, discriminating re-
view is after all, not worth while; so
the paper comes out next day with the
usual amount of lavish praise. Thus
is the cause of music betrayed and the
standard lowered. It would be unfair
to say that every writer of music re-
views fails to discriminate from this
cause, and that every advance agent
seeks to buy the critic's opinion. There
are advance agents who are welcomed
by critics wherever they go as the fore-
runners of good tidings. They are usu-
ally the representatives of musicians
whose name is sufficient to insure them
an audience."

The Westminster Gazette man inter-
viewed Mancinelli with these results:
"The secret of opera conducting?"
said Signor Mancinelli, in answer to a
question on this point. "In my opinion
the essential qualities are self-control
and self-repression. In Italy they have
a way of thinking that warmth and
enthusiasm are the main things, but
that is not my belief. Without the ca-
pacity for self-restraint the utmost fer-
vor will do nothing. The great aim of
conducting should be to reproduce as
nearly as possible the composer's—not
the conductor's—desires. It is essen-
tial, also, if a conductor is to do his
work properly that he shall be himself
acquainted with the science of com-
position, with harmony, counterpoint and
the rest, so that he may understand
fully the details of whatever composi-
tion he has to deal with. In fact I do
not hesitate to say that he should be a
composer, or at any rate able to com-
pose himself."

If the belief in some quarters, that
Signor Mancinelli's attitude toward mu-
sic of the German school is one of
antipathy. This is an entire mistake.

Asked his views on this subject, Signor
Mancinelli had no hesitation in re-
plying: "I like," he said, "all that is
good—everything in music that is of
the best and greatest. Wagner? Yes,
him I admire almost before all others.
In Italy, indeed, they say I am not an
Italian at all, but a German."

And Signor Mancinelli might have
gone on to say on this point, had he
cared to, that no man has done more
than he to popularize the works of
Wagner in Italy and Spain—not only by
means of the multitudinous operatic
performances of his works which he
has conducted, but by the innumerable
concerts embracing excerpts from all
Wagner's works, from "Rienzi" to
"Parsifal," which he has conducted from
time to time. As to the notion that the
works of the great Bayreuth master
can be properly conducted only by Ger-
mans, Signor Mancinelli laughs at the
idea, the truth being in his opinion that
many even of the most eminent Ger-
man chiefs d'orchestre conduct Wagner
detestably. Wagner himself, at any
rate, as Signor Mancinelli assures you,
was under no illusions on this point—in
proof of which he produced from his
escritoire a photograph which was
given to him by the great composer
after a performance of "Lohengrin" at
Rome, which he conducted in Wagner's
presence, bearing on one side Wagner's
portrait and on the back the open bars
of the famous prelude and the enthusi-
astic comment added thereto, "Bravissimo!"

"Wagner, in fact," said Signor Man-
cinelli on this point, "was used to de-
clare, as regards his earlier operas at
any rate, namely 'The Flying Dutch-
man,' 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser,'
that it was most necessary that those
works should be sung and not bawled,
and for this reason he was always
delighted to hear them performed by
Italian singers." From which it fol-
lows that opinions current on this sub-
ject in some quarters are certainly de-
serving of reconsideration.

Speaking of Verdi, Signor Mancinelli
said: "Did we not know it for a fact,
it would seem incredible that such
works as 'Trovatore' and 'Otello'
should have proceeded from a single
brain. No, I do not fancy there has
been any conscious or deliberate change
of method on Verdi's part. It has been
instinctive—the product of his ceaseless
mental growth and cultivation rather
than the result of any conscious change
of method or conviction. 'Falstaff' Yes,
that must be regarded among his most
wonderful achievements, of course. In
form it will always remain the model
of what a musical comedy should be,
and if it lacks the melodic inspiration of
some of Verdi's earlier works, who, re-
membering the age of its composer,
shall wonder at this?"

Asked his opinion of opera in England
as we know it at Covent Garden, Signor
Mancinelli had the most comforting
things to say. In his opinion there is
none other in any country to equal it
in certain respects. Nowhere else are
things done with such unstinted regard
for absolute perfection in all particu-
lars.

"For the rest," Signor Mancinelli ob-
served that at the conclusion of the
present season he intends to take a
good long holiday in the first instance,
after which he will address himself to
the completion of the new cantata,
"Hero and Leander," which, in conjunc-
tion with Signor Bolto, he has engaged
to write for the next Norwich festival.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The harpers, Schuecker brothers, are
in Vienna.

A syndicate will produce Pizzi's new
opera, as yet unnamed.

Dudley Buck is journeying through
Holland and Germany.

Clementine de Vere Sapio will return
to the United States in September.

Christine Nilsson has revisited Swe-
den after an absence of eight years.

George Grossmith, now in Switzer-
land, will come to the United States in
March.

Phinket Greene will leave London
early in January for his fourth Ameri-
can tour.

London is now listening to Signor
Fabozzi, a Neapolitan pianist, born
blind.

The new musical Théâtre-Libre at

Paris will produce Ibsen's "Pere Gynt"
with the music of Grieg.

Gallhard, of the Paris Opéra, per-
suaded the celebrated tenor, Alvarez,
not to go to the United States.

Mr. Antonio de Novellis will be the
musical director of Francis Wilson's
comic opera company next season.

Melba has chosen a conductor from
Paris for her concert company that will
sing in the United States and Canada
next season.

The experiment of reviving "Mous-
quetaires de la Reine" and "La Fan-
chonnette" at the Théâtre de la Répu-
blique, Paris, failed.

Giuseppe Cerchetti runs three opera
houses in Italy—the Dal Verme, Milan;
the Amphithéâtre Fenice at Trieste;
the Pagliano at Florence.

Nikita has won her lawsuit against
the Moscow impresario who refused to
stick to a contract. She is in 1100
roubles, with interest and costs.

...Family intends to...
...stage Sir Arthur Sullivan...
...posing an operetta for her...
...at the Savoy Theatre, London.

Nahum Franko will not be the concert
master of the Metropolitan Opera House
Orchestra next season, Carlos Hu-
brink has been engaged to succeed him.

Julien Tiersot has been commissioned
by the French Minister of Public In-
struction to examine into the folk songs
of the French Alps, Savoy and Dauph-
ny.

The subscription fund for Donizetti's
statue at Bergamo now amounts to
29,587 francs 80 centimes. One hundred
and sixty francs were sent lately from
Berlin.

The Weber Quartet the coming season
will include three old members. The
quartet now consists of L. M. Bartlett,
first tenor; E. E. Holden, second tenor;
L. G. Ripley, baritone; W. E. Davidson,
bass.

Bicycles are said to have seriously
affected the sale of pianos in England.
The reason given is that when a girl
is asked to choose between the two for
a present she invariably selects the
wheel.

August Ifert, of the Royal Conserva-
tory, Dresden, has published a "Ge-
sangschule." The work consists of one
theoretical and six practical parts, for
soprano, mezzo-soprano, alto, tenor,
baritone and bass.

These are the singers engaged at
Madrid for the opera season of '95-'96:
Harcloée Darclée, Regina Pacini, Lina
Cerne, Eugenia Mantelli, Tilde Carot-
tini, Stagno, Colli and Garulli, tenors;
Menotti, baritone, and Bavarini, bass.

Mr. A. K. Virgil and Miss Julie Geyer
gave their last lecture and recital for
this season in St. James Hall, London,
on the 12th ult. This was Miss Geyer's
last recital before departing for the
Continent, where she is going to take
a further course of study.

The newspapers of Stuttgart demand
the resignation of von Puttitz, the in-
tendant of the opera house. He was
the means of the withdrawal of Zumpe,
conductor; Rosen, tenor, and Pröll,
baritone. Obrist, conductor at Augs-
burg, will conduct operas at Stuttgart
in September, on trial.

Bodenmüller, the German painter, ex-
hibited lately in Munich three pictures
in illustration of Beethoven's "Moon-
light Sonata" (so-called). The first re-
presents the composer playing his sonata
to a blind girl. The chief central
picture (presto agitato) shows a sea
view, and idea force is about to slay
a marine monster representing Banality.
Above, in skyward flight, are six
fair women symbolical of the fine arts.
The remaining picture portrays a group
of children sporting in a flowery meadow
on a spring evening.

The Journal is in receipt of the fol-
lowing communication in respect to the
musical display at the Atlanta Expon-
sition: "As the Chairman of the Com-
mittees on Music and Law for the State
of New York to exhibit Woman's Work
at the Cotton States and International
Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., I would re-
quest you kindly to aid this worthy
object by assisting me in securing all
important musical compositions, books
on music or law, or printed essays on
woman's work in music or jurispru-
dence, photographs and autographs of
all the women composers, or singers,
or pianists of world-wide reputation; or
photographs and autographs of women
who are practising law; or bas-reliefs,
or busts, or plaster casts of any of
these talented women; or any matters
of importance pertaining to the above
subjects. All exhibits must be sent by
me to Atlanta, Ga., for the Woman's
Building, during the first weeks of
August, 1895, and they will be returned
in December, unless the exhibits are
donated. Yours truly, Florence E.
Sutro. Send exhibits to Mrs. Theodore
Sutro, 20 Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Sr John Stainer made an interesting
address of welcome to the American
musicians at the special meeting of the
London Musical Association. The fol-
lowing quotation is worth reading:

"The day must come, and it may not
be so far off as some imagine, when
the natural resources of Europe shall be
exhausted, and the story of the great
nations now thriving on its soil shall
be as the story of Rome or Greece, or
Egypt or Assyria. Then will America
have to render to surviving national-
ities an account of her stewardship in
art. Please do not think that this re-
sponsibility is so remote as to make no
call on you, you our guests here to-
night, for if indigenous American art
is only as yet in its infancy, it behooves
you nevertheless to see at once that it
is trained in the way it should go.
We all have learned from the pages
of history how sadly a nation is thrown
backward by adopting a false standard
of taste, an untrue ideal of the beauti-
ful, by neglecting the higher walks of
art in order to revel in its lower pleas-
ures. It may take centuries to bring
back to the right path sentiment mis-
directed during one generation. See to
it that you safeguard your present
young children against incompetent
teachers; see that your youths are not
allowed to set their affection and waste
their enthusiasm on worthless com-
positions; raise the general level of
concert programs; do not allow your
opera houses to be merely the wrestling
ground of rival German, French or
Italian schools; make the talented
students of your nation realize that
there is something better than partisan-
ship in art, namely, the discovery of
the direction of its next legitimate de-
velopment and the new departure thus
involved."

Aug 12 - 95

"This is the day and I am one of its children."

What interests the rest interests me—politics, wars, markets, newspapers, schools. Be it said, societies, improvements, banks, tariffs, steamships, factories, stocks, stores, real estate and personal estate. The little plentiful mannikins, skipping around in collars and tail'd coats. I am aware, who they are—they are positively not worms or fleas."

Corporations have no souls, they say. Hate the officers of corporations that irritate organ known as a conscience?

The Treasurer of a corporation uses its funds to pay his own debts. He may have an extravagant wife; he may have cultivated an absurd thirst for champagne; he may have flattered himself that he was invincible at poker; or he thought he could go into the street and make a fortune in a day. He therefore stole money. That is the plain blunt word for his deed.

Rollo says: "Why, he ought to be sent to jail." Innocent, naive Rollo. Uncle George should have corrected your boyish impressions. There's Mr. Hustler, Rollo. You say he stole. "Yes, but he had an excellent character." He stole. "Yes, but he belongs to a very respectable family." He stole. "Yes, but his imprisonment would be a terrible blow to his wife." He stole. "But his health might suffer, if he were sent to jail."

This news from China is, indeed, sad, and "vigorous measures" should at once be taken by our Government. Let's see. How many Chinamen have been wantonly butchered along our Pacific coast during the last dozen years?

The revolver is not a plaything for a little boy. True; but how about the man that sells a cheap revolver to a little boy?

It appears that when the Bostons win Mr. Tucker is a perfect gentleman. When they lose, he's a terrible fellow.

The modern woman is strong. She can always open a railway car window if there's a stiff breeze as well as a dusty track.

Frogs' legs are in the market, and there are complaints about the smallness of the portions served in restaurants. Instead of a jig, a grand ensemble should be presented to the eater. Never should there be less than a quadrille.

Not long ago sealskin sacks were as common as diamonds in street cars, and they usually were seen together. It looks as though the sack would now become an extravagance.

We again call attention to the fact that the ideal street-car fender admits of identification of the corpse.

A contemporary remarks: "Yellow Book No. 6, well primed and warranted to inoculate one with the severest attack of hollowness, is almost ready to be shipped over to this country." Why are you always so late to the fair, dear sister? The Yellow Book, Vol. 6, has been in Boston for at least three weeks. There has been no marked perturbation of Nature, and we are pretty well, thank you.

Again there are reports of deaths from the bites of wasps and spiders. When a New Jerseyite of 72 years was stung by a wasp, wet earth was applied. The remedy is old and well approved; but in this case it did not bring relief. Other remedies recommended by the ancients are the juice of figs; the triturated leaves of sycamore, or of mallows; or a cataplasm of barley flour mixed with vinegar; or foment with brine or sea-water; or use Armenian earth with vinegar, not necessarily Turkish. Rhases employed with success opium, henbane, and camphor, along with a cloth moistened in snow-water.

If you are bitten by a spider apply ashes of figs mixed with salts triturated in wine; or try the pounded root of the wild pomegranate; or mix birthwort with barley flour in vinegar. The juice of the river-crab in milk with juniper seed will be effectual. But the best cure is a potion thus composed: Seed of Southern wood, dill, birthwort, wild chick-peas, Etheopian cummin, pitted cedar berries, the bark of the plane-tree, the seed of the herb trefal, the fruit of tamarisk; give two draughts of each of these with one hemlock of wine, or a decoction of the green parts of cypress, or of its balls mixed with wine. This is a simple remedy, and the ingredients are of course in every house.

But let no fear of bite deter you from employing the spider in playing policy or lottery. Such keen observers as Rudolph Heringa endorse arachnidian divination. Take a spider—let it be very small—and put it, without hurting it, in a glass bottle, the bottom of which is covered with a piece of paper, numbered

from one to ten. Cover it with a transparent veil, and give the spider time to weave a web. The insect in going here and there will turn up certain numbers. These must be noted. Do this three times, and then let the spider go.

It is necessary to success to let the spider go. Do not be tempted, after the fashion of certain people in Germany, to carry it in a walnut-shell as an amulet. True, after several years, it turns to a gem. But resist the temptation, if you would conquer at policy.

At the same time if you simply wish a charm for good luck, take a great spider, put him in a walnut-shell (if possible, the shell should be of three pieces) and also put in cummin, frankincense, salt, a little bit of a red woolen garment and a bit of an iron magnet. Then close the shell, glue it up, and say:

"I do not bear the nut.
But I carry the good luck,
That it may never leave me."

This charm is within the reach of all, even the poorest, or those whose names never appear in the Sassietty column.

Deny not the solar divinity of Apollo. There was a profound German scholar named Ottfried Müller, who attempted to destroy by a pamphlet this pagan tradition, and he died from a sun-stroke.

Aug 13 - 95

"I do not say these things for a dollar, or to fill up the time while I wait for a boat.
It is you talking just as much as myself—I act as the tongue of you;
Tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosed."

We do not hesitate to call the attention of all defaulters to Boston as an ideal summer resort. Here they will not be obliged to take their exercise after dark. No allusion may be made to their brilliant but mistaken financial operations, it is true; on the other hand, there is no city in the United States where they will be so free from jarring words or indignant looks. There are many things here to interest them; they will enjoy seeing Bunker Hill, the Public Library and the Chamber of Commerce.

The defaulters will also have an opportunity of looking at some of the relics of our mercantile prosperity, such as the famous article known once throughout the land as Bostonian Commercial Integrity. Indeed, their stay here will be so pleasant, that they may be induced to settle and indulge themselves in business. They need not bring letters of introduction. A certificate of defalcation will be a sufficient voucher.

The English are never weary of boasting of their superiority over us in all matters of sociology. It is, therefore, an agreeable task to look at phases of English life as revealed by the Weekly Times and Echo (London), "a Liberal newspaper of political and social progress," for July 27. This is indeed a weekly of contemporaneous human interest. It publishes invaluable remedies for obesity and scatica; it tells "Tiger Lily" how she can cure her eczema; it advises the sister of "H. E. B." to "hold her nose, puff out the cheeks and try to make the ears crack" for a singular itching in her ears.

"The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!"

This reminds us that the Times and Echo publishes an account of the proceedings in Bow Street in the case of Lady Frances Rose Gunning, charged with forgery. It was only the other day that a "lady of title" was accused, in court, of writing and sending through the mail anonymous letters of a defamatory character.

Let us glance for a moment at cottage life in England. Mr. Richard Stephen Sparks, it appears from the Times and Echo, was not satisfied with the architecture of his daughter, aged 8, so he tried to change the curve of her neck, and made three attempts with a table-knife, thus diverting it from the proper receptacle, his mouth. A neighbor remonstrated and took away the tool. Mr. Richard Stephen Sparks, however, is a man of infinite resources, for he then kicked his Julia in the eye, and under the chin that should have received only kisses. Mr. Sparks then took off his boot—for he is no canary bird—and beat Julia, until his wife, a courageous woman, pulled him away. A physician swore in court the child was badly cut; he also found an injury to the jaw, bruises on the face, body, limbs; her right eye was completely closed; and two bones of her right hand were broken. The friends of Mr. Sparks "could not account for his conduct." They said in excuse that it was a hot day and Mr. Sparks had partaken

heavily of "spirit above proof." His animal spirits had risen accordingly. Mr. Sparks disclaimed the apology. He claimed that Julia had been disobedient. Now comes the only incredible incident: The "learned Chairman," ignoring the fact that man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward, actually sentenced the child-beater to 18 months at hard labor. If Julia had been wife instead of daughter, the punishment would not have been so at variance with traditional English justice.

Anber, Rossini, Mozart, Beethoven, Verdi and Wagner are to be seen in the redecorated Boston Theatre. The composers are well chosen, though some enthusiastic persons will miss the face of Mr. de Koven. However, if it were to be added, it would have to be a composite.

It was on Aug. 13, 1822, that an earthquake destroyed 20,000 human beings in Syria and maimed and wounded as many more.

Oh Thrilling Contemporary, why "erotomania?" Is not "erotomania" a good, or bad enough word?

It was on Aug. 13, 1812, that Mr. J. Toupin of Exmouth, Eng., wrote for the Exeter newspaper an account of a remarkably fine specimen of a mermaid seen by him and others, males and females, when they were a-sailing about a mile to the southeast of Exmouth Bar. The head was a long oval, with a face like a seal, though it possessed "a more agreeable and peculiar softness." The upper and back part of the head appeared to be furnished with hair, and the fore part of the body with down. The creature had two arms, used with agility and grace. From the waist it tapered to a tail, which was covered with strong, polished scales. From the upper part of the neck down to the loins the body was covered with short, round feathers of the color of the down on the fore part of the body. The length of the mermaid was about five feet or five and one-half feet. And the mermaid uttered singular sounds, "compared by one of the ladies to the wild, melodious notes of the Aeolian harp, combined with a noise similar to that made by a stream of water falling gently on the leaves of a tree." And the mermaid ate, in a ladylike manner, of boiled fish thrown to her by a boatman. Tired of the rude stares of the land-dwellers, she swam away; nor was she seen again, although "a medical gentleman of Exeter offered a reward of £20 to whoever might succeed in catching the mermaid, and should bring it to him for dissection."

Aug 14 - 95

"I am enamour'd of growing out-doors,
Of men that live among cattle, or taste of the ocean or woods,
Of the builders and steersmen of ships, and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the drivers of horses;
I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out."

To C. C.: Yes, the word "defaulter" is an excellent word. With the meaning "one who fails properly to account for money or other property intrusted to his care, especially through having misappropriated it to his own use," it first appeared in English literature in 1823. This year, however, the word seems to be obsolete in Boston.

Will Richard Croker hear the Macedonian cry?

The Hon. Charles Crisp wondering at the election of an English Speaker is another admirable subject for an historical painter.

We understand that the Boston Chamber of Commerce will now be added to the many attractions of the Wild East Show.

Poor, torn, uneasy Streets of Boston! Your next invaders will be pneumatic tubes.

With pneumatic tubes below and pneumatic tires on the surface, and trolley wires above, the pedestrian will have to take to the woods.

Even in this wild, whirling world, supreme justice is not always slow in punishment. Gov. Brown of Maryland said that "Trilby" is the greatest book of the century. The news of his failure to secure a renomination followed like a thunder-clap.

And now Mrs. Harmon contradicts all the newspaper biographers. She claims that Mr. Harmon prefers a quiet life to a gay one.

Here is an excellent example of American opera-bouffe. Mr. Debs is in jail. He and his fellow-prisoners run a debating club. They edit a newspaper. And what sort of articles appear in this paper? Anecdotes about Silvio Pellico, Baron Trenck, John Howard or Elizabeth Fry? Oh, no. Mr. Debs writes an editorial article in which he speaks of the members of the Supreme Court as "man-eating tigers," and refers to the "Russian methods of government in the United States."

The New York Times says, apropos of the first performance of "Kismet" in New York, that the operetta "pleased the fastidious philosophers of the Hub of the Universe." In this statement the Times is grievously mistaken.

The Recorder says that the performance of "Kismet" was a good one, "thanks to a course of canicular training in Boston." But the Sun will have neither the operetta nor the performance. "The question of taste in comic amusement is so frequently put aside that Mr. Carroll probably never realized that there are audiences that unconsciously look for this quality in their entertainment. The fun of 'Kismet' depends on a complete and indecorous abandonment of any such idea. There are circumstances under which one might realize that success could be accomplished in view of a motive so innately indelicate, but that would presuppose humor in action and text, fancy and sentiment somewhere in the scene. 'Kismet' lacks all of these mitigating qualities. It might be proved a climax of dullness if it were worth the time to follow its meanderings into the solitudes of density and imbecility into which it fearlessly soars, but it is not worth the effort, and it must be content with its distinction of being the worst yet."

Why does not some one of the survivors of that memorable and tragic expedition from this city to Trinidad in search of pitch, tell now the story of adventure? 'Twould be most seasonable and fit.

It was on Aug. 14, 1765, that a little dun colored mare only 27 inches high, though she was between 4 and 5 years old, was presented to Her Majesty by the Duke of Gloucester. She was brought from the East Indies, where a nabob offered vainly for her £1000.

In the old dictionaries they are called "Templers," "Knights of the Temple," "Knights Hospitaliers."

No musician of this country is more deserving of a monument than was Stephen C. Foster. He was the creator of a school as well as the inventor of a few immortal melodies. It is a singular fact that some who now shout lustily his praise are never sure of the initials of his name.

Mrs. Alice Farr, the landlady of a Brighton (England) boarding house, testified in a divorce case before a Judge and jury that she knew Mr. Hanks and Mrs. Ager were very much in love with each other, because the former called Mrs. Ager his "little dear," and "little tiddleums." Life, by the way, was not dull at this boarding house, and Mrs. Farr did everything in her power to make the boarders happy. At times they all played at cards, but at none of your dignified, scientific games. There was laughter, there was jollity. For one evening, in the course of an exciting deal, did not Mr. Hanks and Mr. Stevenson scuffle so manfully that the latter broke his leg? Ah, merry, merry England!

They say that useless horses in Indiana are killed and then sent to Chicago in the form of roasts, steaks, corned meat, and sausages. And there is an outcry against the practice. But why? In Paris Americans occasionally eat horse meat without knowing it and relish the "beef." Actuaris remarked centuries ago that the meat of animals that are much exercised is to be preferred to that of the indolent. At the same time care should be taken in the pasturage, for Aristotle alleged that the flesh of beast reared upon marsh pasture is less wholesome than that of beasts brought up on higher grounds. Every school-boy who knows the Anabasis remembers that Xenophon says the flesh of wild asses caught in the Syrian desert was delicious; and Martial found it tender. However, we will not press this asinine point, for some may see in it a desire to return to cannibalism.

We, too, believe in dress reform—for men and not for women. Mark how men swelter in hot weather. If the wife borrows the trousers, why should not the husband retaliate by stealing her pongee skirt and shaping it as an outer covering to his chest.

And thus does the Pall Mall Gazette treat flippantly all amateurs of flying. Mr. James Means should at once send over to London a letter of remonstrance. "Herr Andree, who proposes to tackle the North Pole by means of a balloon, has got the man (himself) and he's got the money, too. Stockholm, it appears from his lecture at the International Geographical Congress, has rallied to its Andree, and in 14 days the necessary funds were subscribed. This beats the Grace testimonial in a canter. There remains a certain doubt whether or no he has secured a halloon warranted quiet and free from vice. Herr Andree's mount would appear to be gifted with fine staying powers, since it has wind or gas enough to last for three weeks. But its mouth is not altogether above suspicion. Herr Andree stoutly maintains that he can ride it with a snaffle. Gen. Greely, however, hesitates to warrant a balloon capable of being kept

from a long even with drink-tops and a salt. Mr. Silva White, too, roundly characterizes the whole affair as fool-
narily, and we are inclined to agree with him. No perfect steering-gear has yet been invented for a balloon, and Herr Andr  e may start for the North Pole only to finish at the Tropic of Capricorn. However, he is disposed to back his luck, and we can but join the congress in wishing him plenty of gas and no collisions with icebergs, polar bears, or even the North Pole itself."

"I know I am deathless:
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept
by the carpenter's compass:
I know I shall not pass like a child's car-
cass cut with a burnt stick at night.
My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in
granite.
I laugh at what you call dissolution:
And I know the amplitude of time."

A newspaper correspondent asks
"why thermometers register differently
in the same locality." The Psalmist
gives a reasonable answer: "I said in
my haste, All men are liars."

Novalls affirms that mathematics is
religion. This view accounts for the
devotion of so many to addition, divi-
sion and silence.

No wonder that John Montgomery
Ward, counselor-at-law, finds he needs
active and general exercise. The prac-
tise of law exercises only the jaw.
Still it may, in certain cases, give flexi-
bility to the conselence.

Miss Eustacia writes the Journal a
charming note in which she approves
heartily of dress reform for men. "First
of all, why do you not do away with
that unnecessary and grotesque article,
the vest?" By the way, they that
move habitually in "the empurpled
penetrabilia of fashionable life" prefer
the term "waistcoat." We shall give
this subject of waistcoats our profound
attention. As soon as we have mas-
tered the subject from armholes to but-
tons, we shall pronounce a tripodian
opinion. But are there not sweet girls—
and also sour—who delight in waist-
coats for their own use, and do not
disdain men's shirts, with real studs
and cravats?

However, we do not intend to turn
this column into a series of questions
and answers. We leave this to contem-
poraries. It is a matter of profound in-
difference to us who sold the best pies
in Washington Street in 1853, or whether
the great grandfather of the Honorable
Preserved Fish was a descendant of a
King of Connaught or Duke of Lein-
ster.

Yes, we admit we stole this name. It
occurs in Orpheus C. Kerr's burlesque
of Whittier.

"My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymouth
Rock,

And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserved Fish.

Preserved Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should
do,

And should they swerve from loyalty and
right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in
night."

And yet the Weekly Times and Echo
(London) answers regularly all ques-
tions asked by those who have no
other occupation than writing letters to
the newspapers. (Nor are these persons
found only in England.) Thus "A. Mar-
tin" is told by the editor: "It won't
hurt you to marry a man who eats
much meat and smokes, as long as you
do not do the same." So, too, the fears
of "Arundel" are quieted by this kindly
suggestion: "The skin complaint may
be the itch. Send 14d. for Vol. I. of my
'Essays' on the itch."

The same Times and Echo gives a de-
lightful instance of the survival of
hearty old English tavern hospitality.
Mrs. Mary Ann Leach tried to take her
ease in her inn, which was the Cooper's
Arms, kept by James Bridge. Remem-
bering the dictum of Dr. Johnson and
the pathetic lines of Shenstone,
"Whoever has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn,"

She confidently put her legs under the
table and called for "supper beer."
But Mr. Bridge was tired, and it was
late, and would not serve her. She ut-
tered a mild remonstrance, and then the
genial host bashed her on the head with
a water jug, which he followed by a
masterly stroke with a beer can. Mrs.
Leach may have been a relative of the
two daughters mentioned by Agur, the
son of Jakeb, but she did not cry
"Give, give," for she had "a wound one
and one-half inches long over the left
temple and another wound over the pa-
rietal bone."

This is the anniversary of the birth
(1769) of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, ac-
cording to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, was
not half as big a man as William II.,
now Emperor of Germany.

And this is the anniversary of the
death (1738) of Joe Miller, whose mem-
ory is preserved by the grateful come-
dians in "up-to-date comic opera."

Now that the Bishop of Winchester is
dead, there are reviving stories about
him. Here is one: "On one occasion—
some 16 or 20 years ago—he was visiting
Kansas City for the first time; its
roughness repelled him, and he had not
altogether formed a favorable impres-
sion of the place. His diplomatic
answer to the newspaper man who
asked him point blank his opinion of
the city saved at once his conselence
and his reputation for courtesy. 'I
think,' said the Bishop, 'that it is on
the frontier of civilization.' The inter-
viewer went his way feeling that Kan-
sas City had received a compliment."

Today is the festival of the Assump-
tion of the Virgin Mary. And it was
customary on this day to implore bless-
ings on herbs, plants, roots and fruits.

On St. Mary's Day sunshine
Brings much and good wine.

The "life of a party" at a summer
hotel is often the death of the other
boarders.

Mr. James Medborough of England
claims to have discovered manuscript
poems by Wordsworth. Here is a sam-
ple:

"For me the staunch sirloin of knightly beef,
With vegetables fit in gravy drowned,
The pancake after fiery ordeal brief,

The rolls with steaming teacups ranged
around.

These are enough; nor indigestion's grief,
In midnight watches am I waked to
sound."

And yet there are reviewers unkind
enough to say that Mr. Medborough
wrote the poems as parodies, and is
pulling the public leg.

"Trilby" has happily not caught on
in England as it has in America, but
nevertheless Miss Harriet Vernon is
threatening to personify Mr. du Mau-
rier's heroine. She has not, to our
thinking, quite the figure for the part,
though we are reminded that she had
once the courage to play Pierrot. We
trust, however, that she will not 'give'
Trilby as she is now being presented at
the Casino in New York by a pair of sis-
ters. It will be remembered that Tril-
by's chief pride was in her naked foot,
and we are told that these sisters ap-
pear on the stage with their legs un-
lighted from the foot to above the knee,
and in such d  shabille do 'splits,' 'cart-
wheels' and the rest of the acrobatic
dancing feats of which we are so heart-
ily tired in London. If we are to have
this 'novelty' in London, we shall be in-
clined to join forces with Mrs. Chant."
—London Exchange.

"I have no chair, no church, no phil-
osophy;
I lead no man to a dinner-table, libra-
ry, or exchange;
But each man and each woman of you
I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the
waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes
of continents, and a plain public
road."

The Mora claim, a debt of years' stand-
ing, is appropriately named; for "Mora,"
in Spanish, as Major Muldoon remarked
when with Sir Arthur on the Peninsula,
means "delay."

We have received lately communica-
tions—wise foolish and interrogative—
from persons who neglected to
confide to us their names. No atten-
tion whatever is paid by the Journal to
anonymous letters, though they may be
a-bursting with wisdom or eoruscating
with wit.

The New York Sun is devoting con-
siderable space to brilliant and exhaus-
tive articles concerning the proper
method of eating corn. And yet there
is only one way to eat corn. Assume
the position of a flute player. A fine
ear—"give me three ears of corn,
mother"—treated by a master will re-
mind the spectator of a composition by
Demersseman played by that admirable
flutist, Charles Mol  .

There are fastidious people that shud-
der at the sight of a stout woman at a
hotel table gnawing lustily at an ear of
corn held to the mouth by be-diamonded
fingers. We confess that we are not of
them. Far more repulsive is the sight
of the dainty fellow who ostentatiously
hacks at the ear with a knife, and after-
ward loses the full fruition of the ker-
nels as well as the joy that follows the
successful use of natural physical en-
dowments. Yet see him play daintily
with his knife, as he looks about, perky
and conselous, as though he would fain
cry aloud, "Good people, look at me;
see how I do it." Walter! remove that
man. Dear madam, you enjoy corn; al-
low us to pass you another ear. And
what beautiful diamonds! Don't forget
to clean them after dinner.

Mr. Simeon Ford said, at the New
York Hotel Association meeting at Sar-
atoga: "But while it may be a mooted
question as to the relative superiority
of the best hotels of America and Eu-
rope, I think it is universally conceded
that there is nothing so poor in all Eu-
rope as a poor American hotel. Every-
where in Europe you can find cheap,
clean, plain hotels, where you can get
simple food, well cooked and nicely
served. Go to a small hotel in Europe
and you are given the choice of a few
well-cooked dishes. Go to the average
small hotel in America and you will
have a bill of fare more elaborate than
that of the Waldorf, and yet you are
forced to choose between sudden death
and lingering starvation." And all those
obliged to stay at the hotels of the
small cities and the villages in the
United States will corroborate Mr.
Ford's denunciation.

A village in Maine is said to be model,
because "none of its officials drink,
swear, use tobacco or break the Sab-
bath," which day, by the way, is Sat-
urday. What is the nature of the safety
valve? Are children passed through the
fire to Molech, or do the officials indulge
themselves at midnight in strange, By-
zantine vices?

The people of Minneapolis will not
crowd the theatre to see "In Sight of
St. Paul's" unless the manager explains
the situation before the first perform-
ance.

The symbolist will find intense delight
in the adventures of Mr. Chute, who
left his country home to see the ele-
phant at Lynn. Mr. Chute's name fore-
told the fall. He made his money by
haying, and became himself a harvest
for the reapers of the town. Two
'pretty nice fellows' remembered the
proverb, and made hay rapidly. Mr.
Chute does not mention the precise na-
ture of the drinks that mitigated the
asperities of Lynn haymaking; but they
were probably "stone fences," in grace-
ful tribute to his country home. At
any rate Mr. Chute's stack was injured
to the extent of \$40, on account of his
misjudged generosity. The moral is:
When you make hay don't take the
harvest to Lynn or any other town that
abounds in harvesters temporarily out
of employment.

We spoke in the morning editions of
yesterday's Journal of the "Apathetic
lines of Shenstone." For "apathetic"
read "pathetic." There is a slight dif-
ference.

Today is the festival of St. Roche.
It was formerly observed as a general
harvest-home, with dances in the church
yard in the evening. The saint is the
patron of all afflicted with the plague.
And some are reckless enough to say
that the phrase "sound as a roach" is
derived from the legend of the good
man; but old Bailey puts the proverb
under "roach, a kind of fish," and
quotes the French "Sain comme un
hareng."

This is the anniversary (1759) of the
execution of Eugene Aram, who, as
usher, was liked by the boys, although
on a famous occasion he

"Sat remote from all,
A melancholy man."

In the year 1817, Aram's skull was
handed to Dr. Spurzheim, without a
word about its history. And the learned
doctor pronounced it the skull of a
woman, or of a man whose mind had
entered into a female habitation.

"And whoever walks a furlong without sym-
pathy, walks to his own funeral, drest
in his shroud,
And I or you, pocketless of a dime, may
purchase the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye, or show a bean
in its pod, confounds the learning of
all times,
And there is no trade or employment but the
young man following it may become a
hero,
And there is no object so soft but it makes
a hub for the wheel'd universe,
And I say to any man or woman, Let your
soul stand cool and composed before a
million universes."

You say, Mr. Augur, the newspapers
are dull; "there is nothing in them."
Yet we noticed you reading them stead-
ily for half an hour in the train. Do
you remember a passage in De Quin-
cey's Autobiography? "As I never had
any other answer, I am bound to sup-
pose that there never was anything in
a daily newspaper; and, therefore, that
the horrible burden of misery and of
change which a century accumulates
as its fact or total result, has not been
disturbed at all amongst its thirty-six
thousand five hundred and twenty-five
days—everyday, it seems, was separ-
ately a blank day, yielding absolutely
nothing, and yet the total product has
caused angels to weep and tremble."

You said yesterday Mr. Augur we
heard you: "There's nothing in the
papers." And yet there was the report
of the heroic deeds of Mr. Jennings of
Baltimore, who accepted 20 chances and
triumphed gloriously. Perhaps you are
not interested in base ball; but there
was an entertaining account of the sec-
ond wedding of the Hon. James J. Cor-
bett. The sobriety of the ceremony was
only equaled by the chaste diction of
the reporter.

"Corbett wore a black broadcloth suit
and a black satin scarf adorned his
shirt front." What do you suppose he
would wear? A sweater?

There was no vain and idle ceremony;
there was no vulgar parade, such as
characterizes the wedding festivities of
those whose only eminence is money.
The Justice behaved with neatness and
dispatch. The Honorable Mr. Corbett
put his wife's head in chancery and
basted her twice on the mouth. "Now,
dear, where shall we go?" said the hero.
"I don't care," answered the bride.
Simplicity that was Miltonic.
"The world was all before them, where to
choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide."

The courage of Col. Fitzsimmons is
nothing to that of the present Mrs.
Corbett.

And are there women in Boston who
snap their fingers at the law and ad-
vocate going a-gunning after men?

The reminiscences of Henry Russell,
the once famous singer, now in his 83d
year, will be published in the autumn
under the title, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"
Is not this a direct bid for applause?
And supposing they don't cheer?

What an entertaining book might be
written by Mr. Carl Zerrahn, if he would
only buelke himself to writing, in his
vivacious manner, about the men and
the women met by him during his long
and honorable career.

While there is all this pother about
a little story about a room, and while
there are rival shouts of "She did" and
"She didn't," let us remember calmly and
gratefully that Fitz James O'Brien
wrote once a wondrous tale, entitled
"The Lost Room."

"The one thing," said Grant Allen in
a lecture the other night—"the one
thing utterly unforgivable in a man of
letters, is that he should have an idea
that runs counter to generally received
opinions."

In England bad weather is now less
charged to the moon than to America.

Tomorrow, as you risk your life by
electric car or sailboat, remember a
striking instance of canine fidelity that
happened just 150 years ago. One Carr,
long before Steve Brodie graced the
bridge, saloon or stage, laid a wager
that he and his dog would leap from
the centre arch of Westminster Bridge
(London) and land at Lambeth within
a minute of each other. He jumped off
first; Towser followed. And, as Mr.
Carr had neglected to tell Towser his
little game, the latter, fearing his mas-
ter would be drowned, seized him by
the neck and dragged him to the shore,
"to the no small diversion of the spec-
tators." This teaches us to always
put full confidence in a dog—especially
if he is securely tied.

This is the anniversary of the death
(1786) of Frederick the Great, a man of
undoubted talents, who, nevertheless
oppressed his people sorely by persist-
ing in playing at all hours on the Ger-
man flute.

Vacation
Osterfeld

aug 17. 95

"The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses
me—he complains of my gab and my
loitering.

I, too, am not a bit tamed—I, too, am un-
translatable;

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs
of the world,

I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from
the grass I love;

If you want me again, look for me under
your boot soles."

"Billy Madden has received a letter
from Jack McAuliffe. It simply states
that Jack is clean broke, and anxious
for something to do." This is the end
of every man's desire, to horror from
Mr. Swinburne, though the verse be-
ginning "The burden of much slugging"
is not found in the "definitive" edition
of his poems.

"THE YELLOW BOOK."

In spite of the sneers of editors of rival magazines; in spite of such crushing criticism as "The Yellow Bore" and "the sear and yellow book," Mr. Lane's illustrated quarterly still flourishes, and the sixth volume made its appearance as though it were any one of the conventional monthlies designed and constructed for the delight of the conventional reader. The continued absence of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is to be deplored deeply; with all his eccentricity the strength of this remarkable artist is not to be lightly pooh-poohed or sternly frowned down. Is it possible that the publisher had not the public courage of his personal conviction? Did he, when in this country, take to heart the idle ding of the paragrapher in search of copy? Or is Mr. Beardsley too ill to work?

So far as the illustrations of Volume VI. are concerned, there is no artist that fills Mr. Beardsley's place. Mr. Ryland's "Mirror" is a painstaking imitation of Beardsley's style—or, is the latter masquerading here? We know that he is fond of his joke on the public. Admirable are Mr. Strang's "Going to Church," Patten Wilson's "Penelope," Cotman's "Durham;" nor is Thomson's "Guitar Player" without fascination, although the face is of wild irregularity. But, oh for one page of Mr. Beardsley in his most extravagant mood!

To be preferred are the literary articles. Mr. Henry James has the place of honor, and were it not for pathetic touches and the truth of the view, the story of the high-minded author, who could not do slop-work although he tried to, would be tedious, such is the maddening deliberation of Mr. James in the telling. There is so much brushwood that impedes and irritates. Mr. Harland is not at his best in "Tirala-tirala;" it's the same old tune, but faintly blown through slender pipe. Great-aunt Radigonde does not delight us, neither does the sugar-planter Colonel, nor even the "imfortunate winged insects that abound la-bas." Delightful is the grotesque yet human, manly fancy of Kenneth Grahame, and his escaped Secretary is a most lovable character. Then comes Mr. Enoch Arnold Bennett, who tells a dismal tale in masterly fashion, a tale that shows the influence of de Maupassant. Sad, too, is "The Captain's Book" by George Egerton, but how cleverly told; how judiciously is held the balance between the real and the purely fantastic! Evelyn Sharp's "A New Poster" is a disappointment to those who know her work, but "The Dead Wall," repulsive as it may be to many, is worthy of Marriott Watson, and this is saying much; for no more powerful sketch than his "House of Shame" has appeared in English literature of the last dozen years, and Mr. Lane should be always held in honor for his courage in printing it.

Charles Miner Thompson contributes a bit of melodrama entitled, "In an American Newspaper Office," in which the realism of description of office fur-

niture and surroundings will appeal to newspaper men, who might well be tempted to smile at Master's posthumous revenge on his employer. R. Murray Gilchrist's "Crimson Weaver" is a blood-curdling, abstinence-inspired, decadent symphony in words, glowing in verbal color, and of high imagination. The first of Mr. Le Gallienne's "Prose Fancies" shows restiveness under the gadfly of criticism, and we turn gladly to his "Arbitrary Classification of Sex," for he preaches with sanity and wit on the text. "Surely the essentials of 'manliness' and 'womanliness' belong to man and woman alike—the externals are purely artistic considerations, and subject to the vagaries of fashion. In art no one would think of allowing fashion any serious artistic opinion. It is usually the art which is out of fashion that is most truly art."

Mr. Waugh is very serious in considering "The Auction Room of Letters," and Mr. Street enters a "defence" of Oulka, but why? There are other prose articles without particular distinction; and there is poetry that neither soothes nor irritates, although "Mare," by Rose Hailg Thomas, will fur-

nish genuine amusement for the moment to those naturally cruel, and to all sitters in the seats of the scornful. It is funny, that's a fact; and the funniest part of it is that Miss Thomas is so grimly in earnest.

IN THE TEETH.

When Capt. Richard Burton left Congonhas do Campo in Brazil the amiable vice-director gave him, by way of memento, a parcel of toothpicks made of a highly prized flauta; and Burton asks the reader, "How comes it that the 'pallio,' cleanly and comfortable, is still (1869) obnoxious to popular prejudice in England?" If this prejudice exists in England, it is apparently of little power in our own country, for this is a nation of toothpick chewers.

The confirmed victim of the toothpick habit might answer to a fastidious objector, "But, my dear sir, the toothpick, which you cannot endure, has been known and esteemed in all ages." It is true no mention of this implement is to be found in the Bible, possibly because the Hebrews, according to the learned Ezra Ben-Jadad, were so occupied in taking a tooth for a tooth that there seldom was sufficient dental playground. The Romans esteemed the toothpick; they preferred those made of mastic, but Martial tells us that quills were also used. Ponce-rates, instructing Gargantua, taught him table manners, so that the hero, after eating, "picked his teeth with mastic toothpickers, and washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water." And it was Gargantua who, through such education, afterward dislodged the pilgrims whom he had eaten in a salad. Charles V. of France owned four toothpicks of great value; they were of gold and silver, carried in a case or suspended from the neck by a ribbon; they were in the shape of a knife and a claw, and he bequeathed them to Charles VI., who piously preserved them and undoubtedly used them till his death. In the 15th century there was a revolution: the "aiguille" was in fashion, and it was a silken thread, but there was a speedy return to the classic comfort, which was embellished gorgeously and given in many cases as a love token. Erasmus, in his "De civilitate morum," objected to certain loathsome washes, thundered against the use of a table knife, and urged the employment of a toothpick of mastic, quill, or the bone of a capon's foot.

What more majestic figure in the history of France than the admiral Coligny? Yet he was never without a toothpick, which he chewed, or stuck in his beard. So distinguishing an object was it that the Italians had a proverb, "God keep us from the amiability of the Prince de Condé and the genius and the toothpick of the admiral!" And Feuilleton de Conches goes so far as to claim that after the slaughter of Saint Bartholomew's Day, the body of Coligny was exposed with a toothpick in his mouth.

Francis II. used those made of gold or silver, although metal for this purpose had already been condemned. The physician of Henry IV. expressed himself firmly against metal. In the first half of the 17th century among the requirements of "bon ton" was the constant chewing of a toothpick, which "should be made of a wood that has an astringent virtue and pleasing smell, as mastic, rose, cypress, rosemary or myrtle." Others preferred fennel, which, according to classical authority, is desiccative in the third degree, as well as astringent, stomachic and lithontriptic. In the 18th century Crispin says in a play by Destouches:

"When one really wishes to please
'Tis well to pick the teeth with ease."

Here are instances galore from the annals of the politest nation of Europe, and other instances may be found in Franklin's "Variétés Gastronomiques." But Franklin says (1891), "We have renounced the passion for nibbling incessantly a toothpick." This passion rages, however, in this country. What restaurant could hold for a moment its position without ice water and toothpicks? Many men do not consider they have dined, unless they flaunt the fact in the street by wooden proclama-

tion. Some in street cars do not think themselves dressed, unless they carry the abomination in the mouth. They chew it for want of thought; they chew it because they are nervous; they chew it they know not why; or 'tis like the rum-habit, or the mania for attending fires, or Symphony concerts; at any rate, they chew it. Alas, even the pretty shop girl, returning from her luncheon, disfigures thus a kissable mouth. True, the method of chewing is not always the same; some attack the toothpick viciously, and carry a stock to relieve those that are so soon fatigued; others moisten it with bovine placidity. The necessity of the private toilet is changed into a defiant public parade. There was, perhaps, a dignity in the employment of the old-fashioned ivory implement, not unlike a four-bladed jack-knife, that was once worn as a watch-chain ornament. The vulgarity of today is hideously common.

But, stay; all these matters are things of geography. The Banyans call black teeth beautiful; and they dub the white-toothed Europeans "bondra," which, being interpreted, means "apes."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Irritated Mascagni Rails at the Poor Critics.

There Are Sphinxes Besides the Well-Known Operetta.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

As is well known, Pietro Mascagni plunged from Egyptian darkness into the lime light of Fame. "Cavalleria Rusticana" swept everything before it. Few are prepared for either fortune, and it is not surprising that the composer's head was turned. No one of the operas by him that followed rapidly met with the same success, and some were condemned unreservedly by the critics. And now Mascagni thinks he has taken revenge. The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News (London) Aug. 3 published the following article, signed "M. de N.," and entitled "Musical Critics." We publish it here in full.

"MUSICAL CRITICS."

Under this title Signor Mascagni contributes an article to the Italian review Scienza e Diletto, and the gist of the thing is that he has not a good word to say either for musical criticism or for musical critics. Considering how much the high-spirited young maestro owes to the press in general, and to the musical press in particular, the onslaught may be considered uncalled for; on the other side, the very fact of Signor Mascagni's indebtedness to the only efficient mode of publicity puts his ingratitude on a different basis—namely, it may be taken that the man is quite sincere in his opinions and that his attitude would be just as uncompromising if he ever meets with a spell of undiluted, unquestionable and universal praise from those whom he abuses now.

The maestro's case, stated with genuine Tuscan brio is briefly this: "As vinegar is only wine gone wrong, so musical critics are but composers gone astray, and that is why I cannot stand the former at table and the latter in the theatre." We are told what is to become of salads if vinegar were abolished; but of critics Signor Mascagni would fain make mere reporters, registering the number of encores and recalls. What are they to register if there are none? And, are they to chronicle also hisses or other marks of protest?

But let us quote the writer: "I consider a critic a maestro mancato, a failure as a composer; * * * they say: this critic knows perfectly well harmony and counterpoint; that other improvises a fugue with greater facility than a cashier; that one has composed some songs which have 'caught on,' and that one again plays by heart the most complicated and the most German scores. And then everybody finds that with so much knowledge one has the right to criticise; from a certain point of view this may be true, for here, at least, criticism is written with knowledge of cause.

...prove that the above-mentioned gentlemen are but failure-composers, this one had no fancy, that other did not study enough, and it is certain that if they had had one point more they would have all become composers. . . . From these we can pass to teachers of pianoforte or even of mandolin, or descend lower still, to the amateur who gets no pay, and to the beardless student who becomes a critic in order to be on the free list of a theatre. They all derive from the music master, and are an impoverished, bastard race. . . . I may well be asked now—What I understand by musical criticism, and what would be my ideal of a musical critic? Well, I should be very much embarrassed, for I swear I could never understand what criticism means; at least, as it has been done so far, as it is done now in my time. But I believe firmly that the only ideal critic is the public who, taken as a whole, judge dispassionately and is always right."

It is not our purpose to argue out the matter with Signor Mascagni, but we cannot help pointing out at this juncture that so far as his own works are concerned, with the exception of "Cavalleria Rusticana," they have suffered much more from the criticism of the public than of the press. But, after all, if he is satisfied with the verdict of the public in this matter, the press need not take up the cudgels on his behalf. "According to my idea," he continues, "the newspapers ought only to chronicle the performance; then, perhaps, one would be able to understand exactly how a given work was judged. And I underline perhaps because I hope that in this case only real, genuine chroniclers would go to theatres, and not partisans or excessive gentlemen, that the exact chronicle of the evening might be registered, giving the exact judgment of the public, who would remain thus the only true critic; but if the critics of today were employed for the office, it would be as it is, and nobody would be any the wiser for reading newspapers."

Here follow some illustrations taken from Italian journals, of course to prove the writer's thesis, and again comes the refrain: "There is maybe some egotism in all this, so far as I am concerned, but I give you my word of honor that I would be the happiest of men if one could abolish, and for good, these blessed critics." Why, then, may we ask, are invitations sent out to the world's musical press from Milan to New York, St. Petersburg or Madrid each time a new work by Signor Mascagni is produced? In the following paragraph there is the first semblance of good sense in the article: "I know excellent young men who have studied and who study, and who lavish the treasures of their intelligence and of their knowledge on the compiling of musical and theatrical criticisms; those critics, who are the best, without doubt, are classified as intransigents, and that is why, according to my opinion, they cannot fulfill impartially their mission. They have ideas, tendencies, artistic ideals pure or even sublime, but it is not given to them to convince all composers and to bring them under their flag. Every artist has his own ideal, . . . and what amount of evil would there accrue if a composer adopted their persuasions and conceptions for his own. Music is the most liberal of all arts."

The worst of all critics, according to Signor Mascagni, are the "optimists," whatever that may mean, and it seems that the maestro offered 1000 francs to one of these that, instead of persisting in writing well of him, he would write an article that would "demolish" Mascagni. "Thus, I would have gained at least a hundred friends against the (apparent) loss of one. And this infame would not accept my proposal!" Are we to infer that an "optimist" is a musical critic who refuses 1000 francs for a slating article? The paragraphs attacking single critics are of little interest and not in the best of taste, and, though names are not mentioned, the allusions are transparent enough for those concerned and for those au courant of things theatrical in Italy. The end of the article, however, will disarm much ill-humor, and is the best apology for all that precedes: "But I see that the mania of criticism is an integral part of human functions; look

at me bothering you for an hour per fare la critica alla critica! In spite of my fervid wishes, I have not, however, the least hope that criticism will disappear. May I be allowed at least to wish that Messieurs the critics will forget soon what I wrote here, unless I turn up to disturb them . . . with a new opera!" And the critics will be invited again, né Pietrino?

In summing up the Covent Garden season, the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News says:

"Madame Gemma Bellincioni, on the other side, appeared before an audience well prepared and even eager to greet a revelation; it is needless to dwell on the disappointment which the lady's debut provoked, except to mention that this eventuality had been fully anticipated in these columns in some advance comments on the Covent Garden company."

"A pleasing reappearance has been Miss Marie Engle's, who, despite the exiguity of her vocal capital proved an accomplished prima donna."

"Miss Florence Montelth made good progress in the favor of the public with her singularly charming impersonation of Micaela, and many are those who would have liked to see the gifted young artist oftener and in other parts."

"Of new-comers Mme. Lejeune was stated to have come from Brussels, and there is little doubt that she has returned thither by now; Mdlle. Brazzi made an excellent impression at the time of her debut, and proved that there is salvation in mezzo-sopranos beyond Giulia Ravogli. Mme. Adin's vocal qualifications are not of a kind which are likely to please an English audience, and they did not; nor can it be said that the extreme passiveness of Mme. Eames has found many admirers; but the lady looks well, at least, and has a sweet, steady voice. Mmes. Albani and Oltzka have done good service; and, finally, Miss Macintyre made a genuine advance in her position in a series of interesting, if very uneven performances. On the gentlemen's side the palm belongs to Signor Tamagno, whose Otello and Manrico drew la cour et la ville to Covent Garden."

"The next in point of merit comes M. Plancon, absolutely irreproachable as a singer, and capital actor in the majority of his parts. M. Alvarez had to step in M. Jean de Reszke's shoes, and if his Romeo cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the ideal creation of the great Polish tenor, one must also say that it is difficult to imagine a finer Don José; and altogether in parts where energy and vigor are required instead of charm and tenderness M. Alvarez need not fear rivals or comparisons. Signor Ancona was sometimes very good and sometimes not, but the beauty of his voice remained as it was. M. Bonnard advanced from an utilite to an artist of rank, and did most excellent work. Messrs. Pini-Corsi, Arimondi, Gilbert, Bispham and Brezel can be all embraced in one praise for the admirable services rendered to the impresario, and we wish we could say the same of M. Maurel. The French baritone, however, seems to be passing through a period of vocal eclipse, and can claim to his very great credit only two really fine performances, to wit, in 'Otello' and 'Nozze di Figaro,' the less said of the others the better."

Of course the honors were borne away by Melba and Calvé.

As "The Sphinx" is now here—and what a relief after the vulgar and dreary "Kismet!"—the following article "Of Sphinxes: Notturno Simbolico," from the Pall Mall Gazette, may be of contemporaneous interest:

Everybody knows there are boarding houses and boarding houses; but not all are aware that there are sphinxes and sphinxes. Instruisons, as per subjoined list of past, present and future sphinxes, there is:

1. The vegetable sphinx, a kind of agaricus, or parasite mushroom.
2. The butterfly sphinx, of the crepuscular lepidoptera, with brightly mottled superior wings.
3. The ape sphinx, very well known to the Greeks.
4. Sphinx, the natural daughter of Laius, to whom this King explained the oracle of Cadmus, known to nobody except the lawful heirs to the crown. When, after the death of Laius, many pretenders to the throne presented themselves, Sphinx asked for the words of the oracle, and whoever did not know them was killed. Edipus alone repeated the words.
5. Sphinx, courtesan and highway-woman, killed by Edipus.
6. Sphinx, daughter of Typhon and Echidna. This monster, let loose by Hera upon the Thebans, who had offended the goddess, lived near a lake, killing every passer-by who could not explain in pentameter the riddles she propounded in hexameter: an excellent symbol to represent those who bore you with reading their own poems. Creon, regent of Thebes, had promised the hand of his sister, Jocasta, and the throne of Laius to whoever would deliver the country from the terrible scourge. Hundreds had already perished, victims of the cruelty of the Sphinx, when Edipus happened to stumble across her. In the course of the interview which followed, the monster asked, always in hexameter,

"Which is the animal who has four feet in the morning, two at noon and three in the evening?" And Edipus, in pentameter, "It is the man, who as a child crawls on all four, stands upright on two feet as an adult, and uses a crutch in his old age." The Sphinx, abrutit, slipped into the lake and was heard of no more.

7. Sphinx, daughter of Typhon and Chimæra—vide No. 6.

8. Sphinx, daughter of Orthrus and Chimæra—vide No. 7. N. B.—These three were composed of a woman's head and breast, a lion's body and wings, and the five are variants of the same legend.

9. The Egyptian sphinx, who had no wings and who personified bountiful power at the epoch of the harvest. Her woman's head and breast were symbols of Neith, Athor, Isis—i. e., of mother nature; the lion's body expressed strength, the heat of the sun and the color of the ear of corn.

10. The Androsphinx, who had neither wings nor breasts, and whose head, always coiled with the pschent, was bearded. This was the emblem of force and wisdom combined.

11. The great sphinx of Memphis, with the Ethiopian's head and of the well-known flat-nosed profile.

12. The sphinx of the medals of Adrian and Faustina. This one has wings, and a woman's bosom; she is seated, and holds between the paws a wheel, attribute of Serapis.

13. The sphinx of the medals of Marcus Aurelius and Domitian; this one is in the orthodox recumbent fashion, and on his forehead one sees an asp. On the chin he has that kind of bag which the Egyptians persist in calling a beard.

14. The sphinx of the classical "Walpurgis Night." "We sit before the Pyramids, judging peoples, inundations, wars, and peace, and our face is unmoved."

15. The symbolical sphinxes, representing impassibility, impartial judgment, and mystery.

16. The heraldic sphinxes who have a dog's body, a bird's wing, lion's claws, a dragon's tail, and—a man's voice, say some experts. When sphinxes are found in coats of arms—Savalette of Ile-de-France, for example, and Appia of Naples—they are, however, voiceless.

17. The sphinxes on Empire bronzes and furniture.

18. The Bonapartist sphinxes holding Turkish emblems of one, two or three tails, as, for example, in the arms of Arrighi de Casanova—a souvenir of the Egyptian campaign.

19. The sphinxes fire-dogs, paper-weights, scarf pins, and other gimcracks.

20. The political sphinx, the most dangerous beast of modern mythology.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Worcester County Musical Association, Mr. A. C. Munroe, President, has completed the following program for the 38th annual festival, which will begin at Worcester on Monday, Sept. 23, and continue the four following days. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has been secured, with Carl Zerrahn as principal and Franz Kneisel as associate conductor. C. L. Safford will be the organist, and I. Luckstone the pianist.

The following choral works will be performed: "Israel in Egypt," Handel; "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; "Faust," Berlioz; "Eve," Massenet; "Barbara Frietche," Jordan; Symphony No. 7, Beethoven; Symphony No. 3, C minor, Schubert; Symphony No. 4, G major, Szabatti; overture, "Occasional," Handel; overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner; overture, "Festival," Dvorák; overture, "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; overture, "Sappho," Goldmark; "Festzug," orchestra and organ. Van der Stucken; Tambourine Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Serenade, for wind instruments, Mozart; "Suite L'Arlésienne," Bizet.

The artists so far engaged are sopranos, Nellie Melba, Elene B. Eaton, Mrs. Seabury C. Ford and Lillian Blauvelt; contraltos, Mrs. Carl Alves, Carlotta Desvignes; tenors, William H. Rieger, J. C. Bartlett, A. G. Thies and J. H. McKinley; baritones, Carl E. Guff, William Keith and G. Campanari; Dr. G. R. Clark, bass; Richard Rumlister, piano; Franz Kneisel, violin; E. M. Heindel, flute; H. Schuecker, harp.

Mr. Jordan will conduct his "Barbara Frietche" and Mr. Van der Stucken his "Festzug," which will be performed for the first time.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Massenet is at Dieppe. Emma Eames is resting in Paris. Gullmant is again a grandfather. Wm. Lavin will sing next season in provincial opera houses of France. Mr. Virgil will open a piano school in London.

The Carl Rosa Company is said to be looking for a conductor. The first Bavarian music festival will be held at Bamberg, Oct. 27-29.

A young harper, Miss Lavinia Bonamini, killed herself at Pesaro. She was only fifteen.

Henri Marteau, the eminent violinist, is now a regular correspondent of the Song Journal.

Richard Bärtich of Mannheim will be the conductor of the Cecilia Society of Ludwigshafen.

Robert Goldbeck will be one of the chief piano instructors at the Chicago Conservatory.

They say Abbey & Grau are negotiating with Patti for a series of appearances in the season of '96-'97.

The successful competition for city chime ringer at Brussels was Charles Demette. Fourteen competed.

company will be the first to be organized by Padre Martini on his entrance-composition for the Bologna Academy.

Peter Benoit's Flemish music school at Antwerp has been raised or, has fallen—to a "Royal Conservatory."

Hans Richter has engaged Miss McIntyre and some of the London Orchestra for the Bayreuth Festival next year.

"Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" will be given in English next season in London, with Mrs. von Januschewski as the soprano.

The name of the conductor of the Melba Concert Company is London Ronald, who is the maestro concertatore at Covent Garden.

Margus Meyer will manage the tour of Miss Jeanne Blaneard, the child pianist and composer, in the United States the coming season.

L. Plunket Greene, Villiers Stanford, and Horwich, the pianist, will give an "English Concert" in Berlin toward the end of December.

The Wagner festival at Munich opened on the 10th inst., with the production of "Die Feen" and "Rienzi." Crowded audiences were present.

Carolina Ferri-Giraldoni, the singer and violinist, has been named teacher of singing at the Imperial Conservatory of St. Petersburg.

Joseph Henri Altès, ex-professor of flute at the Paris Conservatory, died the last week in July. A pupil of Tulou, he was born at Rouen, Jan. 18, 1826.

Adelina Patti will appear this winter in Sarah Bernhardt's Renaissance Theatre, when the musical pantomime by Georges Boyer, lately given at Craigynos, will be presented.

Count Abriani purposes to bring his Italian company to Berlin for 20 performances. He will produce "The Barber," "Don Bucofalo," "Pipulet," "Don Pasquale" and "Crispino e la Comare."

The pianist Joseph Weiss has recovered from a sickness, and has for the last few weeks been in Hungary. He has finished a concerto and a Kaiser Friedrich Symphony, which will be produced next winter.

Mr. James M. Tracy, formerly of Boston, now Director of Music at Highland Park Normal College, Des Moines, Iowa, gave a piano recital at the college chapel the 10th, when he played pieces by Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin.

The first of three concerts given by Mr. Edward Brahm, "extemporaneous pianist," will be given in Horticultural Hall, Sept. 17. A feature of Mr. Brahm's recitals is his invitation to members of his audience to offer themes for improvisation.

Alessandro Busi, professor of singing and of composition at the Bologna College, died lately. He was born in Bologna, Sept. 28, 1823. His sacred compositions are well spoken of, and several of his operatic pupils brought him renown, as vocal teacher.

The first of three concerts by Mr. Edward Brahm will be given in Horticultural Hall, Sept. 17. A feature of Mr. Brahm's recitals is his invitation to members of the audience to choose themes for improvisation.

The news of the engagement of Jeanne Douste by M. Carvalho, to create the part of Gretel in "Hänsel and Gretel," at the Opéra Comique, reproduced from "Le Ménestrel," turns out to be incorrect. Douste has made an American engagement with Sir Augustus Harris.

Karl Rehncke has resigned his positions as conductor of the Gewandhaus Orchestra and teacher at the Leipzig Conservatory. He may spend the rest of his days in Eisenach. Hans Sitt will conduct the concerts for a time. They say that Brahm's been invited to succeed Rehncke.

Prof. Dr. Gustav Engel, the music critic of the Vossische Zeitung (Berlin) for 34 years, teacher of singing and philosopher, died in Berlin July 19. He was born at Königsberg, Oct. 29, 1823. An accomplished and most amiable and upright man, his chief work is "Ästhetik der Tonkunst," based on Hegelian principles.

Massenet is at work on his opera, "Cendrillon," Cinderella, with a libretto written by M. Cain, author of "La Navarraise." The best known operatic version of the fairy tale is Rossini's "Cenerentola," which furnished Lablache with one of his most famous parts, Don Magnifico.

Anton Seidl is to conduct the American performance of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," for which Augustin Daly has obtained the rights from Sir Augustus Harris. He will have an orchestra numbering 48 musicians, and the two principal members of the London cast will probably be seen in the performances. The Boston engagement will be played at the Hollis Street Theatre.

M. Flon of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, who conducted the first performance of La Navarraise at Covent Garden last year, was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as assistant conductor for the London season just finished. Flon was to have conducted Massenet's opera, but suddenly disappeared before the performance, and has not been seen at Covent Garden Theatre since. He, however, conducted the "Moody-Manners" prize opera.

Minden City, Mich., has just organized a brass band composed entirely of young women residents of the place. The woman's brass band hobby seems to prevail to a considerable extent in the West, judging from the number of announcements of such bands in the Western newspapers lately. Nothing has been said yet about the performances of the bands, nor the sentiments of the communities in which they exist—and practice.—New York Sun.

Sir Augustus Harris has already made several of his arrangements for the next opera season at Covent Garden. Among those who have signed engagements for 1896 are: Alvarez, De Lucia, Bonnard, tenors; Ancona, Gilbert, Pini-Corsi, baritones; Plancon, Arimondi, Castelnary, Vascetti, basses; Calvé, Melba.

Greef met with such success in Norway that he visited it again in the following year, where he met with triumph after triumph. * * * A large crowd saw him off to the boat, and he was showered with "hurrahs" and cries of "au revoir!" Now in spite of this nonsense Mr. de Greef is a genuine artist. Only, as he is not a great artist, nor indeed anything better than the best of the foreign crowd which comes here once a year in search of fame and fortune, and fortune rather than fame, I suggest that he should drop a mole of

advertisement with a warning of a leap-
scap, and at most leads us to expect
more than he can possibly give us.
His second recital was most interest-
ing, though one can hardly call his
version of the 'Appassionata' an inter-
pretation; for he merely led us through
it as a guide might lead a party from
the country through Westminster Ab-
bey, pointing out 'the features' with a
certain well-trained accuracy, but with-
out much enthusiasm or sense of their
beauty. His Bach playing and Chopin
playing are alike hopelessly dull, and
without atmosphere or light."

The Pall Mall Gazette (July 18) pub-
lished this interesting article on "Color
and Motion." But Mr. Rimington's idea
was hinted at by Newton and Goethe,
and Johann Leonhard Hoffmann wrote
his "Versuch einer Geschichte der
malerischen Harmonie" in 1786. See
also "L'Audition colorée," by Dr.
Suares de Mendoza, Paris, 1890, and Dr.
Millet's "Audition Colorée," Paris, 1892.
**THE MUSIC OF COLOR AND
MOTION.**

"It seems well," says Mr. Wallace
Rimington in the prospectus advocat-
ing his performances at St. James's
Hall, "that I should state as briefly as
possible the position I am desirous of
claiming for the new art, which I have
called 'Color Music.' . . . It is, I
would submit, nothing less than an en-
tirely new art, which deals with color
as it has never been dealt with before."

The worst of anything new, nowadays,
is that it has always been dealt with
before. There are very few things
which somebody has not already done,
and is ready to write to the papers to
claim; and if they have not been ac-
tually done they have been thought of.

In spite of his confident originality,
Mr. Wallace Rimington himself is by no
means the first in the field with color
music. The idea, to say nothing of Lady
Campbell's "brochure of 34 pages," is
at least as old as 1879, in February of
which year a paper was read before
the Philosophical Society by Professors
Ayrton and Perry, entitled, "On the
Music of Color and Visible Motion."

The two pioneers of electrical science
Japan had constructed, and left be-
hind them in the land of lost novelties,
color-organ of the most desperately
scientific kind. It need not be de-
scribed here; but a comparison of their
as on the subject of color music
those of Mr. Rimington is inter-
esting.

he paper begins by elaborating the
trine that although emotions can be
duced by all of our senses, that of
ring is the only one that has really
n cultivated, owing to the infinite
ber of easy ways of producing
nd. At the same time, the different
ards of music which prevail
ong different nations is sufficient
of that cultivation has been really
essary.

he music of Japan, highly devel-
d as it is, sounds vile to English
s; and the Shahzada can hardly
tain himself at a State concert for
nt of the inspiring flavor of tom-
s. The difference in appreciation
ch exists among us for the work
great composers is another sign that
eation and cultivation have much
do with the pleasure derivable from
sic.

o produce regular changes of motion
color, rapidly variable at will and
able of being modulated and intensi-
like the sounds of music, would
ure very complicated apparatus.
t is what has chiefly been lacking.
re seems no reason to doubt that if
hanical means were devised where-
rhythmic, harmonic motions of
es, motions in curved paths, com-
tions and masses of color, etc.,
d be controlled and represented,
eye would in time become culti-
d enough to convey distinct emo-
s just as now the ear does.

may appear at first sight, say our
essors of Color Music at the Court
apan, that in placing motion on a
ng of equality with what we call
its sister graces—sculpture, paint-
and music—we offer an indignity
hese latter; and it may appear in-
eivable to many how any amount
tudy of moving bodies can ever
e an art as powerful and enchant-
as music. But it must be borne in
t that our present form of the fine
probably only owes its existence
e accident that Western nations
more assiduously educated the
lional side of their minds in cer-
particular directions."

sculpture and painting, the nearest
aches to emotion conveyed by
ye, they say:
ulpture can never create an emo-
nconnected with thought, and the
gs produced by it vary in different
e . . . A piece of sculpture is
y suggestive—it introduces some
e emotion which acts in a con-
g way upon the human mind; so
a fine picture induces a dreamy
and sets one thinking."

the effects produced by the Jap-
color and motion organ in its
st state we need only say that

one has to make a track round
on a wall to career in motions
"are pure harmonic, or combination
of harmonic motion, produced by giving
the shadow two independent motions—
one in a vertical line, the other in a
horizontal line, each consisting of a
combination of linear, harmonic mo-
tions, the amplitude, period, or phase
of which can be varied at will." Some
of the figures given as illustrations are
pretty in themselves, but stripped of
their motions and changes of velocity
they convey about as much idea of the
effect, we are told, as the chirp of a
sparrow does of Beethoven's sonatas.

It will be seen at once that the idea of
Professors Perry and Ayrton differs
from that of Mr. Rimington in the im-
portant feature of making the changes
of rhythm and color independent of
anything but the natural laws which
govern them. They were to be the all-
important object per se, capable of in-
finite combination and variation within
definite rules. In this way they ap-
proximated to the possibilities of music.
Mr. Rimington, on the other hand,
starts with a plausible but quite
imaginary analogy between the mus-
ical octave and the range of the spec-
trum band. He cuts the latter into
divisions corresponding with the notes
of the octave, and plays them as the
notes are played, expecting beautiful
effects. Few people will be found to say
that his effects were beautiful. Where
the plethora of colors did not induce a
blur of gray, the change of the colors
was so rapid and so arbitrary that the
eye was merely dazzled and fatigued.
As a mechanical contrivance his "or-
gan" is doubtless clever; but as a rational
means to an end it must be
absolutely wrong.

The blending of colors does not cor-
respond to the blending of notes. In-
stead of gaining richness, like the chord
of music, the colors are swamped and
dulled. Take sufficient, and they
produce white light; does the striking
of all the notes of the octave produce
silence?

It may be suggested, in all serious-
ness, that to take such an analogy as
Mr. Rimington has chosen, and to offer
it as the basis of a new art, is as bad
as if a person composing music to a
poem were to put the note C to every
word beginning with C, and the note D
to every word beginning with D.

This would be analogy, and yet the
result would be abominable—not more

disagreeable, however, than the flick-
ing of colors before the eye to represent
a Chopin prelude, which is the supreme
achievement of Mr. Rimington's color
organ.

MUSIC NOTES.

Della Fox may give a few perform-
ances of "The Little Trooper" during
her forthcoming season.

Alma Webster Powell, a young Ameri-
can singer, recently made her debut at
Frankfort-on-the-Main, in "The Magic
Flute."

Joseph F. Shehan, formerly with "The
Bostonians," will sing the leading tenor
part in "Rob Roy," formerly taken by
Barron Berthold.

The asylum for old and distressed
musicians at Milan, erected by Verdi,
will cost about \$100,000, and the master
will endow it with \$400,000.

Max Eugene, for 12 years baritone of
the Carl Rosa Opera Company, has been
engaged for the Tavery Company, and
will make his American debut in Sep-
tember.

Pauline Hall is said to have traveled
2307 miles on a wheel during her Eu-
ropean tour, and to have visited Fried-
richshuh, where she sang for Prince
Bismarck.

The royalties paid to the heirs of
Richard Wagner for performances in
Paris for the last half year amounted
to \$20,000. "Did they?" queries the Mu-
sical Courier.

The directors of the Paris Grand
Opera, Bertrand and Gailhard, will
give every fortnight concerts at which
neither the orchestra nor the chorus of
the opera will appear.

The manager of a European company
giving "L'Africaine" introduced a com-
pany of Dahomey warriors from a
traveling circus. The success was mar-
velous and money making.

J. C. Duff contemplates an elaborate
production of "The Bartered Bride,"
the Bohemian operetta by Smetana,
which has had such a great vogue in
England and on the Continent.

The Bayreuther Blatter denounces
savagely the production of Christus at
Bremen, which it regards as given not
to honor Christ, but to puff Rubln-
stein, who called the Bible "a wonder-
ful comedy."

Tamagno is engaged for a concert
tour throughout Austria, Germany and
Switzerland, for which he will receive
\$100,000. As there will be 100 concerts
he has come down from his demands
for \$1200 an evening.

Marcus Mayer has once more inter-
ested himself in grand opera, and dur-
ing the coming season will be general
manager of the Imperial Grand Opera
Company that is being organized to
tour the English Provinces.

The first novelty to be produced at
the Carl Theatre, Vienna, will be the
unfinished opera by Suppé, "Das
Modall," completed by Julius Stern.
It is said to contain nine excellent
numbers by Suppé, four in the first,
three in the second and two in the last
act.

There is some talk in Paris of a
lyric theatre, in which the Fervaal of
Vincent d'Indy, the Pelléas et Melis-
andre of De Bussy and works of the
younger French masters, Georges Hue,
Charpentier, etc., can be given.

He has completely abandoned
his artistic profession. He intends to
manage himself the large iron works
of which he is the proprietor at Chante-
ville, near Bethell. Since his return
from America he has declined all of-
fers of engagements, saying that he is
devoting himself to chemistry, zoology
and geology. "Science," he writes, "has
conquered art; music now occupies the
second place in my life; as regards the
theatre, memory is the only bond which
unites me to it."

W. T. Carleton, who was an intima-
te friend of the late Alfred Cellier,
is the authority for this story: "When
I was rehearsing in 'Iolanthe' at the
Standard Theatre in 1882, we saw that
the part of Strephon lacked importance,
and cabled to Sir Arthur Sullivan for
instructions. In the original score there
was a song for Phyllis called 'Thou
the Tree, I the Flower.' Sullivan re-
plied: 'Tell Cellier to write a duet for
Phyllis and Strephon from the theme
of Phyllis' song.' Cellier sat down
and wrote the score in an hour. It
was a success, and Sir Arthur got all
the credit."

Walter Damrosch's Wagner Opera
Company will be made up as follows:
Sopranos, Katharina Klafsky of Ham-
burg, Milka Ternina of Munich, Frä-
Johanna Gadsch of Bremen, Gisela Stoll
of Zurich, and Mina Schilling of New
York; contraltos, Elbenschuetz of
Strasburg, and Marie Maurer and Marie
Matfield of New York; tenors, Max
Alvary of Hamburg, Wilhelm Gruening
of Hamburg, Paul Lange of Munich,
and Barron Berthold of New York; bary-
tones and basses, Demeter Popovici of
Prague, and Wilhelm Mortens, Conrad
Behrens, Gerhard Stehmann and Emil
Fischer of New York. The Boston en-
gagement will be at the Boston Thea-
tre late in January.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Runciman Discourses of Mozart and Weber.

How Mozart Influenced Even Richard Wagner.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

Mr. Runciman, in an article pub-
lished in the Saturday Review in the
course of the Covent Garden season, dis-
coursed thus wisely and in an enter-
taining manner on Mozart, Weber and
Wagner, the opera-makers. Such criti-
cism is of permanent value:

There are critics, I suppose, prepared
to insist that Weber, like Mozart, is a
little passé now. And it is true that no
composer, save Mozart, is at once so
widely accepted and so seldom heard;
for even Bach is more frequently played
and less generally praised. At rare in-
tervals Richter, Levi, or Motti play his
overtures; the pieces for piano and or-
chestra are occasionally dragged out to

display the prowess of a Paderewski or
a Sauer; and one or another of the
piano sonatas sometimes finds its way
into a popular concert program. But
the pieces thus made familiar to the
public may be counted on one's ten
fingers; and the operas are scarcely
sung at all, though they contain the
finest music that Weber wrote. The
composers who have lived since Weber,
even if they differed on every other
subject and did not agree as to the
value of his instrumental music, united
to sing a common song in praise of the
operas. Indeed, so enthusiastic were
they, that after listening to them any
one who does not know his Weber well
may easily experience a certain disap-
pointment on looking carefully for the
first time at the scores of "Der Frei-
schütz," "Oberon," and "Euryanthe";
and it is perhaps because they have ex-
perienced that disappointment that
some critics whose opinions are worth
considering have come to think that a
faith in Weber is nothing more than a
part of the creed learned by every
honest Wagnerite at the Master's knee.
But it need be nothing so foolish, so
baseless. If you look, and look rightly,
for the right thing in Weber's music,
disappointment is impossible; though I
admit that the man who professes to
find there the great qualities he finds
in Mozart, Beethoven, or any of the
giants, must be in very sad case. Grand-
eur, pure beauty, and high expressiveness
are alike wanting. You look as
vainly for such touches as the divine
last dozen bars "Or sai chi l'onore," in
"Don Giovanni," or the deep emotion
of the sobbing bass at "the first fruits
of them that sleep" in "I know that
my Redeemer liveth," as for the stately
splendor of "Come and thank him" in
the "Christmas Oratorio," or the pas-
sion of "Tristan." His music never de-
velops in step with the movement of
the drama he treats; if he writes a
tragic scene he is apt to commence with
a scream, and if he is not at his best

even the strains of his music are new
whimper before the moment for the
climax has arrived. Like Spohr, with
whom he had much in common, despite
the difference between his mercurial
temperament and the pedagogic gravity
of the composer of "The Last Judg-
ment," he set great store upon his
learning, and was fond of trivial themes
that admitted of obvious contrapuntal
treatment. Even when he avoided that
falling his music is often uncouth and
ponderous, while on its surface lies a
superfluous highly colored froth. The
basses move with leaden-footed reluc-
tance; the melodies consist largely of
ineffective arpeggios on long-drawn
chords; the embroidery seems greatly
in excess of modest needs. All this
may be conceded without affecting
Weber's claim to a place amongst the
composers; for that claim is supported
in a lesser degree by the gifts which he
shared, even if his share was small,
with the great masters of music, than
by his miraculous power of vividly
drawing and painting in music the
things that kindled his imagination.
Drawing and painting, I say, for where-
as the other musicians sang the emo-
tions that they experienced, Weber's
music gives you the impression that he
depicted the things he saw, that melody
and harmony were to him as lines and
colors to the painter. He is first and
perhaps greatest of all the musicians
who have attempted landscape; and
that froth of seemingly superfluous
color and excess of melodic embroidery,
instead of being in excess and super-
fluous, are the very essence of his
music. Being a factor of the Romantic
movement, that mighty rebellion
against the tyranny of a world of foot-
rules and ledgers, he lived and worked
in an world where two and two might
make five or seven, or any number you
pleased, and where footrules were un-
known; he took small interest in drama
taken out of the lives of ordinary men
and enacted amidst everyday surround-
ings; his imagination lit up only when
he thought of haunted glens and ghouls
and evil spirits, the fantastic world and
life that goes on underneath the ocean,
or of men or women held by ghastly
spells. Hence his operas are not so
much musical dramas as series of table-
aux, gorgeous glowing pictures of
unheard of things; in them we must
expect only to find the elfish, the fan-
tastic, the wild and weird and gro-
tesquely horrible; and to look for
drama, captivating loveliness, and emo-

tional utterance, is to look for quali-
ties which Weber did not try to attain,
or only in a small measure, and not
very successfully. And not very suc-
cessfully. And if we consider carefully
the remarks of the best critics amongst
the later masters, Berlioz and Wagner,
we can see that they knew Weber had
not attained these high qualities, that
what they grew enthusiastic over was
his astonishing pictorial gift, shown,
first, in the pictures his imagination
presented to him, and, second, in the
way he projected those pictures on to
the music paper before him, using the
common musicians' devices of his day
to suggest line, color, space and atmos-
phere.

The precise provocation of this article
was a performance of "Lohengrin" on
Tuesday evening, Covent Garden has
rarely reached so high a degree of in-
terpretative excellence. Manelini, Sir
A. Harris's only conductor, was, if not
inspired, at least industrious, moderate,
and careful; Plancon's King, in spite of
Plancon's curious effeminacy, was noble
and almost king-like; and if Vignas
made an amusingly vain Lohengrin,
and Eames looked too much the modern
society lady, to be of any great use as
the medieval Elsa, at any rate Giulia
Ravogli both looked and acted Ortruda,
and Maurel's Telramund was vital and
full of barbaric dignity. The chorus,
too, showed occasional signs of life, and
the quaint animal which Sir Augustus
annually offers us in place of a swan,
resembled a goose less than usual.
During the first act the drama pro-
ceeded with charming, almost Mozart-
ean, smoothness; and I was surprised to
find that the smoother it went, the more
irresistibly the music reminded me of
Weber, until I remembered that "Lo-
hengrin" is Wagner's most Weberish
opera, and that in his youth Wagner
heard Weber sing, not as he is sung
now—that is like an early Wagner music
drama—but as Weber intended it to be
sung, like a later Mozart opera. For
Weber stood very near to Mozart,
modern as he often seems. He was
born before Mozart died; he worshipped
him and absolutely refused to speak
to Salleri because Salleri had been
Mozart's enemy; and it is easy to see,
when once we rid ourselves of the idea
that he was a rudimentary music dram-
atist, that in his music he adhered as
closely to Mozartean simplicity as his
very different genius would permit.
Perhaps, after all, it is his greatest
glory that he is the connecting link
between Mozart and Wagner, between
the greatest composer born into the
eighteenth century, and the greatest
born into the nineteenth; for the musical
pictorial art, which he evolved from
Mozart's technique, was used by Wagne-
r with only the slightest modifications
in the making of his music-dramas.

whereas Weber was a factor in the Wagner movement when it was most unreasonably unreasonable. Wagner came later, and though he felt the force of the current, it did not carry him into the absurdities that weaken for they do weaken—much of Weber's work. Wagner has been described as Weber, as Weber might have become; but the truth is that he was Weber's younger brother, who took Weber's art and used it to nobler ends, with a degree of intellect, dramatic power, invention, and passion, which Weber did not possess. To Weber the scenery was the important thing, and humanity almost seemed to be dragged in, because the human voice was indispensable; but Wagner, going back to Mozart, restored humanity to its proper place, thus making his opera into real drama, and kept the fantastic creatures, who haunted Weber's woods and glens and streams, only as emblems of the natural forces that war with or against humanity. Above all, he got rid of Weber's stage villains—for Samiel is merely the stage villain of commerce; and instead of the dusk and shadow in which Weber's fancy loved to roam, he gives us sunlight and the sweet air. "Lohengrin" is full of sunlight and freshness, full, too, of a finer mystery than ever Weber dreamed of, the mystery with which the most delicate German imagination invested the broad rivers that flowed through the black forests from some far-away land of unchangeable stillness and beauty, some "land of eternal dawn," as Wagner calls it. No more Mozartean music is in existence, save Mozart's own, than that first act of "Lohengrin," where Wagner by dint of being Weberish came nearer to Mozart than ever Weber came; for Weber never wrote anything which, regarded as absolute music, apart from its emotional significance, or the picture it suggests to the inner eye, is so purely beautiful as, for instance, the bit of chorus sung after Lohengrin concludes his little arrangement with Elsa. Both the first and the second acts are full of such melodies, any two of which would prove Wagner to be the greatest melody writer of the century; and those critics who say that Verdi is greater because his melodies are more like Mozart's in form, would have said, had they lived last century, that Salleri was greater than Mozart, because Salleri's melodies were more like Hasse's in form. Perhaps the last act might be quite as exquisite on the stage, for it is even more exquisite in the score; but that we shall not know until our operatic singers abandon their vanity and their melodrama, and by reading an occasional book, and sometimes going out into the world, learn how much they themselves would gain if they always worked with artistic sincerity for the perfection with which the first act of "Lohengrin" was given on Tuesday evening.

MUSIC NOTES.

After 41 years of activity Carl Mayerhofer has retired from the Court Opera, Vienna.

Brahms has just composed the music for a series of 29 songs by the Prussian peasant poetess, Johanna Ambrosius.

Brahms has just composed the music for a series of twenty songs by the Prussian peasant poetess Johanna Ambrosius.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan has promised to furnish a new grand spectacular ballet for the season of 1896-7 at the London Ambra.

Sir Augustus Harris promises a Wagner cycle in London. The operas will be sung in English, and Januschowsky will appear in "Walkure" and "Siegfried."

Calvé is studying the part of Valentine in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" during his vacation, while Jean de Keszke is at work on the principal part in Mascagni's "Le Cid," which he will sing in New York next winter.

The Melba Operatic Concert Company will consist of Mme. Melba, Mme. Scalchi, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. D'Aubigné and Sig. Campanari. There will be an orchestra, Mr. Landon Ronald, conductor.

An American is at present building for Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, a piano to cost 300,000 marks," says the Berlin Courier. "The wood-work is artistically inlaid and the legs are of ivory."

A friend of the Wagner family, Von Gross, of Bayreuth, contradicts the report that the royalties on Wagner's works produced in the last six months amounted to 160,000 frs. They came to only 12,280 frs., 15,850 contributed by Paris and 2430 by the provinces.

Franz Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, who will tour America during the coming season, has an enormous repertoire, which comprises almost the entire literature of the violin, and includes a number of compositions never played by any other artist.

Paderewski's New England concerts will be as follows during the coming season. Nov. 19, Boston, with Boston Symphony Orchestra; 21 and 22, Portland, Me.; 23, Boston; 25, Worcester; 27, Springfield; 29, Boston; Dec. 2, Hartford; 3, New Haven; 5, Providence; 7, Boston.

A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London, has published the sketch of a work for piano and orchestra on Scotch motives, which he was orchestrating during the vacation. The piece was written at the request of Paderewski, who hopes to produce it at the Royal Albert Hall, London, next

It is said that Minnie Hank was prevented from fulfilling a London engagement by a sad misunderstanding. She tried to kiss her favorite parrot, but the wicked bird, in a fit of jealousy, bit her lip and hung on till removed by force. Thanks to the skillful doctors of Lucerne, the luckless mistress will be kept to her bed for several weeks.

The operetta "Der Vagabund," by Carl Zeller, had a fair reception at the New City Theatre, Leipzig, Aug. 3. It was no novelty, having been already given at the Carola Theatre when it was independent. The tenor, Moers, of Dusseldorf, is engaged after three favorable appearances in "Tannhäuser," "Walküre," and "Fidelio."

Jacob Fjeld, the Norwegian sculptor of Minneapolis, has been selected to design a statue of Ole Bull, the famous violinist. Norwegians all over the United States are to be asked to subscribe to a fund to meet the expenses of erecting the memorial, which will be of bronze and will be placed in Minnehaha Park or one of the other parks in the city of Minneapolis.

In the forthcoming representations of "La Navarraise," at the Opera Comique, Paris, the cast will be: Anita, Mlle. Calvé; the General, Herrmann Devries; Carbone, Ramon; Bustamante, Belhomme; Araquil, Jerome or Leprestre. After Calvé's departure for America her role will be taken by Mme. De Nuovina. After "La Navarraise" the "Xavier" of Theodore Dubois and Louis Gallet will be given, and later the revival of "Orphée," with Mlle. Delna.

The text of Massenet's new opera, "Cendrillon," is by Henry Cain, the author of the libretto of "La Navarraise." The old Cinderella story is blended by Cain with a love intrigue. The fairy tale of Cinderella has attracted several composers, as Rossini, whose "Cendrillon" furnished Lablache with one of his best rôles. Besides Rossini, Lurieu in 1759, Steibelt in 1809, and Nicolo in 1810 have composed operas on the same subject.

The successor to Nikisch at Budapest will probably be Julius Kaidy, director of the Hungarian Music School. In an interview he says that he has not been in an opera house four times since 1888; that first of all he must learn to know the artists and then exercise his best judgment. "It is no easy task to be opera director at Budapest," he said. "The demands of the public are too great; it demands brilliant voices, great intelligence and perfect beauty—three things not to be found every day."

Operatic novelties promised for next season in Germany are Mascagni's "Wanderer," based on Coppée's "Le Passant," at Berlin; a new opera by Johann Strauss, "Waldmeister," at Vienna, and Humperdinck's "The Wolf and the Seven Goats." In Italy, Sammarco, the composer of "La Martire," will bring out a new "Taming of the Shrew," Leoncavallo "La Vie de Bohème," Giannetta "Madonetta," based on a drama by Boito, and Rossi "Fadette."

Arrigo Boito, it is now reported, is determined not to allow a performance of "Nero" during his life. He is too old, he says, to expect such a resurrection as took place in the case of his "Mefistofele." That opera was hissed down at its first production and again at its second, and never had a third. Twelve years elapsed before it was revived with brilliant success. A banquet was given in Boito's honor and toasts drunk to his "immortal work." The composer in reply made a speech of 12 words, "one for each year lost," and said: "Twelve years ago you hissed down my opera. Your good health, gentlemen."

Vacation over.
Sept 3. 95.

"THE TZIGANE."

"The Tzigane, a Russian comic opera in three acts," libretto by Harry B. Smith, music by Reginald de Koven, was given last evening for the first time in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, by the Lillian Russell Company. Paul Steindorff was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Vera.....Lillian Russell
Maryska.....Flora Finlayson
Kazimir Androvitch.....Edwin W. Hoff
Vassili.....Charles Wayne
Gen. Buguslav Schlemvitchikoff.....Fred Solomon

Count Giulio Cesarlo.....Joseph Herbert
Ninetta.....Marie Celeste
Sergius Suvoroff.....Al. Holbrook
Naryschkin.....Cesare Beria

This operetta was first produced in New York at Ahhey's Theatre May 15, 1895. Miss Russell, Miss Finlayson, Mr. Solomon and Mr. Herbert were in the original cast.

Baudelaire once said that whenever he saw a dramatic performance he admired the chandelier beyond measure. Last evening it was not the chandelier that was worthy of the highest praise, it was the scenic gorgeousness, as well as the brilliancy of the costumes. Scenery, if ever, has an operetta been so sumptuously mounted in this city. The decorations alone would repay a long journey to the Tremont. Perhaps the most glowing tribute to the enterprise and the taste of the managers and their able assistants is the statement that the stage splendor almost prevented the audience from sullen meditation on the utter inanity of the libretto, and the rare receptivity and memory of the composer. And so the heroes of the evening were Mr. Hoyt, the painter, Mr. Siedle, the purveyor of properties, Messrs. Castlebert and Luzzan, the costumers, and Messrs. Freeman and Holbrook, who managed the stage.

Such was the enthusiasm of the audience at the sight of the admirable setting at the end of the second act that there were repeated raisings of the curtain. Finally a young man appeared and bowed, but he was not Mr. Hoyt. And this little episode was the most humorous feature of the comedy of the evening.

It is a pity that such lavish expenditure and a company of more than ordinary excellence should be thus wasted on a poor, foolish thing. Messrs. Smith and De Koven are not beginners in operetta. If the years are counted, but Mr. Smith in "The Tzigane" displays an absolute talent for inconsequentiality.

Perhaps Miss Russell ordered this operetta as she would order a tailor-made gown. In this case Mr. Smith, knowing her capabilities and limitations, started off with the idea of a romantic work that should deal with the adventures of a blonde and well-dressed gypsy. So far, so good. For Miss Russell, though she stands high in the ranks of operetta singers, is not a comedian. Give her a languishing ditty and a situation in which her physical charms are accentuated by the skill of the dressmaker and not disturbed by any impertinent demand for emotional display, and she acts well her part. But as Miss Russell is neither coquettish, nor robust in humor, nor sly in suggestion, the comedy element must enter otherwise, even though it be thrown violently upon the stage. Mr. Smith probably put his finger knowingly to his nose, and said, "Come, come, this will never do; the audience must laugh; for this is a comic opera," and so we meet again our old friends, the corporeal actors, to use a phrase of Queen Anne's time—the bombastic general, the singing clown and pantaloons.

So far as Mr. Smith is concerned, the first act is not so bad. There's an idea in it, and this is saying much for Mr. Smith. After the first act, chaos reigns. The gypsy is in an incredibly short time an opera star of the first magnitude. Her word overrules a mandate of the Tsar. In the third act she is a vivandière; but why? Gentle shepherd, tell us why?

The Mascotte is a pleasing operetta, and so Mr. Smith is in despair of pulling the strings of his puppets effectively, introduced in his own third act the comic business in the third act of the French work.

Even the license granted cheerfully to operetta cannot include such wild absurdities in the serious development of the slender plot. In the terrible year 1812 a serf and a buffoon is put at the head of Russian troops without imperial commission. So Mr. Smith reads history; and this is only one of his solemnly grotesque conceptions of dramatic writing.

I do not know how far the librettist is responsible for the clowning and ground tumbling of the funny men. The result of the probably combined efforts of author and actors is weariness to flesh and spirit. Such comic opera sinks far below the level of farce comedy.

Mr. de Koven is at home in so many lands of song that it is not surprising to find him perfectly at ease in Russia. If he took some Russian folk songs, he exercised his right in the pursuit of local color. The question is, What did he do with the tunes after he got them? And the answer is, Not very much. The pursuit after color in the first act was fine and long; hence monotony. Yet there were moments when Mr. de Koven visited England and Italy, Germany and Spain. He is, as ever, eclectic. He is eminently catholic in taste. He knows no such word as Chauvinism when he girds his loins before taking music paper in hand. Wagner and Sullivan, Bizet and Leoncavallo, the merry composers of Vienna—he knows them all. And the curious thing about it is he forgets that hearers have also the gift of memory. He likes the Russian hymn; then why does he misquote it? The numbers that gave most pleasure to the audience were Miss Russell's song of the ring, her song in the second act and the ditty of the vivandière, the Neapolitan tune, and the Czardas.

Mr. de Koven is still the composer of one operetta, and that is "Robin Hood."

The performance was smooth and in all respects, barring the clowning, very creditable. To be sure, the electric lights went out soon after the appearance of Mr. Hoff, but there was nothing personal in the misbehavior. Miss Russell was in good voice, and it was a pleasure to hear Miss Finlayson again. Miss Celeste made much of a trifling part. Chorus and orchestra were under firm control.

Of the funny men, Mr. Solomon was easily first, rather from his comparative refraining from doing than in the very action. Mr. Herbert spoke broken Italian with a rich and fruity Irish accent. Mr. Wayne has evidently seen Mr. Jefferson D'Angels and Mr. Francis Wilson. He should see them again.

PHILIP HALE

Dr. Forbes Winslow says he is personally acquainted with Jack the Ripper. This shows the advantages of going into society.

And is the Ripper hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, swarthy, hirsute, and with his upper jaw one continued bone, like unto the jaw of Eurypheus, the Cyrenian? Oh, no. He is a young man with light hair and blue eyes; his architecture is gothic; and he is a religious enthusiast, moved mightily by medieval stained glass windows.

Eggs might be sold by weight.

New Jerseyites, who batten on mosquitoes, lightning and applejack, are not likely to be disturbed by an earthquake.

"Count Bela Zichy announces his engagement to Mrs. Yznaga." Bela, by the way, is a Hebrew word, which, being interpreted, means "a swallowing up."

So Sembrich is not coming. Melba will be very sorry, but she will not cry.

Mr. James G. Huneker, the brilliant Raconteur of the Musical Courier, is no longer the Prompter of the Recorder.

He is now the Editor of the Morning Advertiser (N. Y.). The Advertiser is, indeed, to be congratulated.

To "Clarence!" The greatest living American cattle painter is Henry Bisbing, a Philadelphian, who has lived in Paris for several years, and now has his studio in the rue des Martyrs. His cattle do not look like cow skins stuffed lightly and carelessly with hay. His animals live. They give forth sweet breath and rich milk. They chew the cud of contemplation. "And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue."

Yes, admirable, thrice admirable, is Bisbing, the painter of cattle. And yet we saw last week a dangerous rival. 'Twas down on the Cape. There the flies bite cruelly and torment the cows so they will not yield their milk. The farmer stood in mellow pasture light, not far from a promising cranberry bog, and the gentle, balmy southwest breeze just stirred his zymos. With a firm, masterly hand he painted a cow with flyine. His technique was absolute, his imagination was sane. To be sure, the effect was mono-chromatic, but it was unmistakable. That night the milking pail was full. Bisbing must look to his laurels.

The crowd yesterday learned to wait. Did it learn to labor?

To the thoughtful working man Debs is a very cheap and noisy hero.

"To look at a really beautiful woman is the completest holiday."

No, no, contemporary, the hobby of Mr. Nicolini-Patti is not a new one. He has had a craze for buying fiddles for years. And he is probably one of the worst fiddlers that ever drew a bow across the intimate feelings of the cat.

Do you ask, "Who is Ben Butterworth, anyway, that he should hope to be a Senator?" Why, he is the father of Mr. Butterworth, the eminent foot ball player.

"Thé Prince of Wales always smokes his own cigars." Has he no confidence in his friends?

Labor Day was not over with the sinking of the sun. New plays were produced here last night.

This is the anniversary of the execution (1803) of John Hatfield, born at Craddenbroke, England. "an uncommon Imposter, Swindler, Seducer, Bigamist, Hypocrite." And why recall his taking-off at this late date? Because the report of his execution shows the power of the press, even nearly a century ago. When his irons were struck off in Carlisle jail Mr. Hatfield showed no alteration or increased agitation whatever. But in a rash moment he sent for the Carlisle Journal "and perused it for some time; and then two clergymen prayed with him for about two hours."

If the citizens of Boston are so stirred by Dr. Hale's remarks that they wake up in the night, and strike clenched fists against headboards, crying out "Cromwell must have a statue in Copley Square," they should not forget the meaning of September 3, for it is the anniversary of Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, his victory at Worcester, and his defeat by Death.

And it was on Sept. 3, 1808, that Mr. Wardell's pony raced from Hyde Park Corner, London, to Exeter, with the Exeter mail, for a bet of 500 guineas. The pony won by 45 minutes. The distance is about 174 miles. The time of the winner was 27 hours. The pony was accustomed to drink ale and beer, and frequently drank a pint of port at a time. They did not pump ozone into horses in those days.

The Chap Book of Sept. 1 contains the story of another episode in the life of Dick Ryder, gentleman of the road, as told by Marriott Watson. Tales of bold robberies delight the smug, prosaic citizen. This is why accounts of embezzlements are devoured greedily even by those who do not suffer thereby. And yet the masked highwayman is not as extinct as the dodo. Witness the late adventure on the Swamp road, Burlington. 'Tis a pleasure to note the instance; for your daring highwayman is a far finer fellow than your sneaking, cringing, whining defaulter.

"Mlle New York" is not a happy title for the new audacious fortnightly. Some who would fain buy it at the news stand shy at the pronunciation of the title and turn away. They are foolish, for there is much entertainment in the speech and the drawing of the laughing, high-colored, dissipated damsel. She speaks out freely, as one stirred by strong wine. "I object to Mr. Richard Harding Davis," says Mlle, "because he is essentially bourgeois and ridiculous. His appeal is to the suburban mind—the commuter's intelligence. He walks abroad and shows himself—which is not a proof of his wit. He has written books which demonstrate that he is a formidable imbecile."

Sept 4. 95

Mr. Charles Amery of New Jersey believes, with Daedalus, Leonardo da Vinci, Pietro Dante, James A. Leans and others, that man should fly through the air with the greatest of ease, and for some time he has shown constant and gratifying improvement in personally conducted experiments. Last week he fell and sustained only a few scratches and bruises. But Monday he essayed a bolder flight. When "willing hands" raised the inventor tenderly from the unsympathetic ground, it was discovered that he had two broken ribs; blood flowed from his mouth and nose. Mr. Amery hopes to do even better, for he said, as soon as he mastered his breath: "I had a poor start."

"Mr. O. H. P. Belmont says that the favors at his ball cost \$7000." Such a boastful speech shows the intrinsic vulgarity of life among the "smart set" at Newport. No wonder that the Duke of Marlborough "seems tired."

The wild man of Connecticut—he has just been engaged, at great expense, for the Wild East show—is in one respect inferior to his late brother in Indiana. The latter, when pursued, would ascend rapidly a tall tree, and, uttering a frightful yell at his baffled hunters, disappear, taking the tree with him.

The Brooklyn nine has Lachance. Canadian papers please copy.

A young Western gentleman applied the other day for a position on a Boston newspaper. He said that he was competent to be either horse editor or dramatic critic. The one knowledge supplements the other in these days of melodrama. Nor is an acquaintance with military and naval affairs to be despised by the dramatic critic who wishes to be really *terres atque rotundus*.

Eggs should be sold by weight.

The sons of Dr. Hale are fertile and versatile. Mr. Philip L. Hale, the alderman, writes entertainingly on art in the last number of Moods.

If the storms in September clear off warm, all the storms of the following winter will be warm.

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for next year.

This is the anniversary of the birth (38 B. C.) of Pindar. It is also the anniversary (1819) of the exhibition of a lobster during Bartholomew Fair, London. The lobster was three feet three inches long. Its weight was 30 pounds.

At last Herr Most, the great Anarch, is happy. Labor Day was one unalloyed joy. The beer did not give out or bring a hate-feast to an untimely end, as it did at the last Anarchist celebration.

Zella Nicolaus seems to have made out as much of a success on the stage as did Eva Ray Hamilton.

Mayor Swift of Chicago will go down to posterity as a famous man. He has declined the Hon. Stephen Brodie's invitation to make a visitation of the Bowery and Chinatown under escort from the handsome bridge-jumper. Mr. Brodie—occasionally familiarly referred to as "Steve"—as he explained to the mayor, merely desired to reciprocate the hospitality which the Hon. Alderman Sol Sprague extended to him during a recent visit to the Windy City. Chicago's Mayor would not have been compelled to buy any gold bricks against his will.

Perhaps the oddest thing in prison methods in the always novel West is the treatment of inmates of the county jail at Cathlamet, Ore. Three times a day, every day in the week, they are taken out of jail and escorted to the dining room of one of the several restaurants and hotels in town, and there they take their meals in more comfort and ease than many of the people who have to work for the privilege of eating. The keepers of the restaurants and hotels refused to make bids for furnishing food to the jail, and this picnic for the prisoners is the result.

Heinrich Schultze and Anna Regina Dorothen Heise of Brooklyn have each been married twice, neither of their first partners has died, they never were divorced, and yet neither is guilty of bigamy. These complicating situations come of the fact that they married each other twice, the last time a few days ago. The groom is 66 years old and his wife is 70. They were married 41 years ago, and have lived happily together ever since. Some time ago they lost their marriage certificate. As the husband was fast growing feeble, Mrs. Schultze says they decided that the only way to die possessed of a marriage certificate was to be married over again, and that is what they did.

Our best favorite should remember that "The Legitimist Calendar for 1895" is out. "It begins with the calendar," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "which is full of names of kings we never heard of, and then goes on to give a list of the rightful sovereigns of the world. We noticed the familiar names of Don Carlos and King George of Tonga. The rest of the world appears to be mainly ruled by impostors. Of these King Humbert comes in an easy first, usurping no less than eleven thrones, while the Kaiser is a fair second with five, including the Holy Roman Empire. We are sorry to see the last kick directed at the Shadow of God upon Earth, who appears to have usurped the Eastern Empire ever since 1453. We enjoyed this part of the book, only it does not seem to us to go far enough. For instance, every schoolboy knows that Constantinople belongs, not to the Eastern Emperor, but to Greece, since Megarius built it in 600 B. C. or thereabouts. From the rest of the book we gather that Legitimism, as a cause, is a little off just now. But it is very strong in the Balearic Islands, where its organs are 'Las Noticias and forty others.'"

Sept 5. 95
Eggs must be sold by weight.

This reminds us that the flesh of the white heron is tender and delicate. Farmers should raise them for the market.

So garroting on the Common is not a lost art. Some years ago garroting was a fashionable amusement throughout the country, but lawn tennis and golf have superseded it. It is best played by four people. There is the victim, the one who is "it," either an old or feeble man or woman. The victim is chosen without his or her consent, which adds to the excitement. There is the "front-stall" who looks out in that quarter; there is the "back-stall" at the rear; and there is the "ugly" or "nasty-man," who does the work by passing his arm round his subject's neck from behind, and so throttling him to insensibility. This game is best played in the dark.

To "garrote" is also to cheat by concealing certain cards at the back of the neck.

New York is becoming "Philadelphiaized." She liked "The Princess Bonnie."

They knew the meaning of Sunday laws in London in 1825. A man was put into prison Sept. 4 for trying to sell gingerbread.

Today is the anniversary (1583) of the birth of Richelieu. The pronunciation of his name perplexes the playactors in Bulwer's piece and provides the element of humor.

That a 900-pound elephant, just landed here, answers to the name of Romeo should not excite surprise. Ernesto Rossi once played the part in this country and Brigholi sang it.

A singular case was tried in the Palace Court Sept. 5, 1817. The plaintiff, Miss Cox, spinster, between 38 years of age (to borrow a phrase from Artemus Ward), brought an action against a barber to recover damages. It was the habit of the defendant to shave old Mr. Cox at his house. One morning the plaintiff called out in the hall, "Here is the barber waiting for you." Then waxed the barber wroth because he was not called a hair-dresser, "the more honorable title," he pranced, he pawed the air, he addressed Miss Cox in language painful to a refined ear. Papa came down, and, during the shaving, listened to his daughter's tale of woe. The barber let off minute guns: "You are a liar, you are a liar." And then Miss Cox allowed that if it were not for the law she would pull the barber's nose. The barber quitted mowing, and, forgetting the famous dictum of the playwright, bashed Miss Cox as to one of her cheeks. Papa got up in a rage, "but reason and reflection instantly arrested his progress." Then, too, he probably knew that half-shaved he would be a sight in any trial of athletic skill. Besides, he remembered that the barber still held lovingly the razor. So he sat himself down and submitted himself to the mercy of the assailant, turning his own cheek to the man that had slapped the cheek of his daughter. The Judge said the action was frivolous, and the jury found for the plaintiff—Damages, One Farthing.

"Beautiful women can do as they please, but a plain woman must please to do a great deal."

Some of our New York contemporaries, in discussing the new play, "The City of Pleasure," give erroneous definitions of the French word "gigolette." They claim that the term describes an unfortunate girl that supports a ruffian lover; but such a girl is a "marmite." A "gigolette" is simply an emancipated young woman who finds dancing at the public balls her

chief pleasure, and she attends them with a "gigolo," who is a cross between cherubino and Don Juan, with an added dash of silliness. "Gigolette" does not carry with it any such sinister suggestion as does "marmite."

There has been much controversy of late in London newspapers over this fine electoral point: "Did Mrs. Strauss, wife of the newly-elected member of Parliament for Camthorne, put her thumb to her nose and then wiggle gracefully her fingers at those who cheered for the late member, Mr. Conybeare?" Some say she did, ably abetted in this courageous defiance by Mr. Strauss. The alleged pantomimists deny the charge. But Mrs. G. Emily Conybeare says she saw them in the act; she avoids the phrase "red handed."

Now this form of silent repartee, or expression of defiance or contempt, was known to the boys of old Pompeii, as the preserved and decorated walls assure us. The position is known in English as "Queen Anne's Fan," and wise men tell us that the contempt is intensified by twiddling the fingers or applying the other hand. The action is also called "taking a sight." Our volatile French neighbors call the action "un pied de nez." The sentimental German speaks of a "lange Nase." Strauss, by the way, is German for ostrich, but Mrs. Strauss did not propose to bury her head in the sand.

Sept. 6. 95
We hope to see the day whenever self-respecting farmer will have a yard full of herons.

The heron should be served at table with head and neck in imposing beauty. Protect these natural ornaments in the baking by wrapping them in buttered paper.

Will there be a cigarette war? Where there's so much smoke, there must be some fire.

Some think the Wild Man of Connecticut was once a painter. He is still an artist in his way.

The press agent of the Wild East Show assures us that garroting on the Common, "boxing" at the fashionable clubhouse in Boston, and scenes from the life of the Massachusetts Highwayman will be given prominent place in the grand olio in the main tent.

Garroting is not a parlor game, neither is playing at robbery on the highway. But we saw yesterday a novel entertainment for children that we recommend to all affectionate parents. There is a pretty little safe, which in itself is a decoration to the drawing room. It is provided with imitation money, books and locks. By an ingenious contrivance the safe is blown open, but the noise of the explosion is not disagreeable to those of normal nerves. Even a very young child can put the machine together again. By removing the cover and contents the shell will serve admirably to hold a rubber plant and umbrella.

Ah, Miss Eustacia, proud, beautiful, and poor, envy not your wealthy sisters because they look scornfully out of carriage windows at pedestrians dodging the prancing be-docked horses on the crossings. The joy—nay, wilder, horrid joy is yours. Choose a herdic driver, whose natural recklessness floats on the surface of alcohol. The terror you inspire as you are borne madly through the street will feed your stomach. And the pedestrian will be the more incensed on account of the sublime though voiceless arrogance of inanimate humility. And all this need cost only a quarter.

It was on the 6th of September, 1855, that one of the de Goncourt brothers wandered about the Montmartre Cemetery and found copy. "Nothing discourages you so about immortality as this spectacle of death. Indifference as to the survival of your name possesses you. This field of tombs preaches the dénouement of the will. Melancholy is soon swept away by the stupid nonsense of bourgeois sorrow. I see the tomb of a son; it occurred to the father to surround it with two rows of bells pierced with little holes, to lull the dead boy by aeolian music. * * * And then the Marquis de Bouillé is by the side of Alcide Tousez, the games of Death and Chance. In its confusion, a cemetery is most like a collection of autographs!"

Bui de Goncourt enjoyed himself in healthier fashion Sept. 6, 1860. He was at Heidelberg. And he compared the castle to the work of Victor Hugo as it will seem to the future literary world—mighty, awe-inspiring, yet enchanting; massive, yet graceful; strong, yet ravaged by Time.

And Aunt Lavinia smiled and said, "Although the wife does not exist in order to contribute to man's happiness, yet she continues to exist because she contributes to it."

Give the famous batsman says no ambitious cricketer should play at billiards as a light exercise. He would undoubtedly say the same to a base ball player. But you know better, don't you, Captain Anson?

Hero worship is not dead in Boston. Hark to the applause that greets Anson whenever he goes to bat.

Is the old American slang term "angeliferous" ever heard today?

Eggs have been sold by weight.

A contemporary inquires why Mr. H. B. Smith named his operetta "The Tzigane," and did not use the "Russian article." Valentin wrote (1865) an operetta, "La Tzigane," and "Die Fledermans," by Strauss, was produced (1877) in Paris as "La Tzigane." Mr. Smith made no mistake in the title of his operetta.

And one excellent reason for Mr. Smith's conduct is that in the Russian language there is no article.

The gypsies brought with them from India this legend. In Mekran their leader, Chen, owing to the misrepresentations of a sorcerer, was made to marry his own sister Guin, or Kan, which brought the curse of wandering upon his people. Hence, says Mr. Leland, the Romany are called Chen-Guin. The name Chen-Kan, or Zing-an, or Zigeuner, is known all over the East.

Advice to farmers: If you cut your nails today, or on any Friday, burn the parings and mingle the ashes with the fodder of cattle, who are thus insured against theft or attacks of wild beasts.

Speaking of Mr. Smith's operetta reminds us that the death rate of European towns for 1894 has been published. Bristol has the lowest: 15.4 deaths per 1000. Then comes Berlin, 17.2. London's is 17.7. Other rates are Rome 19.6, Paris 20.2, Vienna 22.8, Liverpool 23.8, Dublin 24.7, and last of all come St. Petersburg and Moscow, with 31.4 and 34.1 respectively to their discredit.

The 6th of September, 1769, was the first of the three-day Shakespeare Commemoration Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon. Certain of the inhabitants of the town imputed the violent rains that fell during the jubilee to "the judgment of Heaven on such impious demonstrations."

In a contemporary we read the tremendous announcement that Miss Marie Corelli has formally and of her own free will severed her connection with the firm of Messrs. Bentley & Sons. This accounts for the recent thunder storms.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An exchange says: "Some of the newspapers seem to have found considerable difficulty in giving the former Mrs. P. T. Barnum her new title. Her husband is Demetrius, Callias Bey, which is the Greek way of saying 'Hon. Mr. Demetrius Callias,' but at least one weary reporter referred to 'Mr. and Mrs. Bey' with all the complacency a Greek might have felt on being introduced to 'Mr. and Mrs. Mister.' Hon. Mr. is good."

Sept 7. 95
The Wise Man said to the Daughter of King Cophetua, "If a thing is, it is." Her answer, alas, is lost.

The Historical Painter is crowded with work. Keir Hardie, shaking hands warmly with Eugene Debs in Woodstock Jail, is the next subject for his brush.

When you would eat swan, choose a steak, and be sure the bird is young. Believe not Burton or Lord Bacon, as the Detroit oracle spells it, when he says, "Though these be fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites, white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat." Consult Castellanus "De Carnalium esu." Still we prefer heron.

'Tis not a pompous, marmorean eulogy on the late Miss Bennett of Portland, who had lived in the poorhouse 71 years: "She was contented with her lot." But might not George Sand, or George Eliot, or the Russian woman that took in Paris the famous prize, have envied her this summing up?

So the Duke of York is "a fine child and already repeats a number of words." Among these words are "Papa, mamma and Goo-goo." Pretty Poil!

Azote would trot just as fast if his name were nitrogen.

One newspaper says Miss Gurnee, the station agent that saved a train, "slipped off her white petticoat" and gave it to her brother as a danger signal. Another newspaper says the petticoat was "red." Accuracy, gentlemen, accuracy.

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams asks "the dear patrons" of "our beloved country" whether "we are uniformly intelligent," and if we are not, "whose fault is it?" It is certainly not the fault of Mr. Adams. He is constantly shedding invaluable information.

The Katydill is said to be in the long list of strange disappearances.

Watch well the weather tomorrow. "As on the 8th, so for the next four weeks."

Our English contemporaries are a mine of information to the earnest student of sociology. No future historian of the manners and customs of the English people in the 19th century can afford to turn his back to these mirrors of daily life. Here is, for instance, Mrs. Eleanor Adams, a pianist, who brought suit against her singing husband. She charged him with cruelty and alien, fugacious ties. His first specific act of cruelty was loading her with his name at the altar, for he spells it George Auckland Donald Maguire De Bergh Adams, which resembles a panorama of all nations. He used to stay out late at night. At Milan "he left her a great deal to herself." But he was probably seeing the Cathedral by moonlight, and, indeed, it's a fine sight; or perhaps he was interested in the "Last Supper." In 1886 he locked her out of the house for two hours, and when he thought she was weak and tired he went out and knocked her down, possibly with his name. At any rate, she was insensible for some time. Eight years after he used her again as a punching bag. Faithful in her love, she endured all, even his singing, until she found some letters written by "a young woman"—Mrs. Adams would define her as "a person"—who signed them, "Your wife, Florrie." And then Eleanor knew that her own Donald Maguire wandered from his own fireside. Now he bears his name alone. Still he has this excuse for his shocking conduct: Eleanor was a pianist.

They venerate age in England. Mr. Thomas McAllister, in taking his walk abroad, met an old woman named Bridget McDonnell. He did not like her face, or possibly her costume was a discordant tone in the symphonic landscape. So he slugged her, and she fell, she lay down; at his feet she bowed, she fell. Then Mr. McAllister, deeming his work incomplete, kicked her and succeeded in breaking one of her arms. But the majesty of English Law revenged Mrs. McDonnell, you say. Yes. The punishment was terrible. Mr. McAllister was sent to jail for three months.

Capt. Sumner evidently forgot that the modern cruiser is a fragile thing when not water-borne.

A contemporary has mixed those children up. Mr. Otis Kimball is known "in club circles as a wit and raconteur," and he is a man of fine literary taste. But it is his brother, Mr. Benjamin Kimball, who is the "lawyer of reputation" and admirable amateur photographer.

"The Valkyrie is dressed in white." May she soon wear the sults and the trappings of woe.

A contemporary gives prominent display to the following startling fact: A man, looking at the cup in Tiffany's window in New York, said "They will never get it." And yet Lord Dunraven proposes to race.

Is it surprising that bookkeepers are tempted to steal, when, as a rule, they are so poorly paid?

"It is in his home that Senator Gorman appears at his best." No lover of pure government will dispute this statement.

To "Mayflower": Mayor Strong probably chews tobacco to steady his nerves. We do not know whether he plugs or fine-cuts. Plug offers the greater resistance and compels concentration of thought.

MODERN SHAMANISM.

An English newspaper reveals an interesting episode in hum-drum life at Wigan. A respectably dressed person—mark you, not woman or lady, but person, identified as to sex by the name Theresa Holland (although in England a person, we believe, is always a female)—was placed in the dock charged with "imposing upon a number of young ladies"—you see the social distinction—by pretending to tell their fortune. Theresa pleaded guilty, and

said "They came to my house, however, and are proper enemies." "Proper enemies!" Note the local color. Oh, how far is all this from our own town!

And what was the "proper" evidence against this "person?"

Miss Brinkman, "a pleasant looking young woman"—you see she is a peg higher in the social scale—swore she told Mrs. Holland what she had come for; prisoner asked her to shuffle a pack of cards; then assured her she would be married to "a dark young gentleman" (evidently a refined and wealthy man, in the habit of eating water ices and reckless in the amount of his weekly wash); he would die, but "a light gentleman" would make her happy. "Light" undoubtedly here means "light complected," and not light in head or character. Miss Brinkman liked the conversation so much that she revisited the witch a fortnight after, and again there was talk about dark and light young gentlemen; she learned that she was to be married soon, her husband would not live long, she would marry again and have a child in 11 months. The witch asked if she were satisfied, and Miss Brinkman said "Yes." But what more would she have had? Miss Brinkman had certainly cause to be satisfied with two deaths, two husbands and a birth in her family.

Then appeared as witness Miss Margaret Jones, a young woman, not a person, and she allowed that she, too, had visited the witch. The cards were again shuffled, and Theresa, inspired, no doubt, by Satan, told her two men were in pursuit of her; she would marry the light one and have a lot of trouble. This shows that the Prince of Darkness is not always on the side of the blondes. And after Margaret heard that death would visit her family, she handed over a shilling without a murmur.

We do not know whether Miss Isabella Jaffrey is a woman or person. The only information given is that she is about 19 years of age. The cards warned Isabella against a young man of dark complexion, who was to have plenty of money; they also were confident she would find herself in a strange room drinking tea. Altogether Isabella's future is murky; although there is promise of an engagement ring. This was the evidence. Now what did the prisoner say? "I did tell their fortunes, but I did not send for them." And a good answer, although a purist may object to the vagueness of "them." Theresa made a mistake when she added: "The young women were sent to me by ladies in the neighborhood who are my enemies, and want to harm me." The pathetic simplicity of the original defence was thus frittered away. Yet by her elaboration, the social steps are found complete: person, woman, lady. The Judge actually sent her to prison for a month. Did Theresa wax hysterical? Did she reflect unpleasantly on the Magistrate's antecedents or present mode of life? Did Satan, in the shape of a black-cat, shriek horribly and run across the ceiling? There was no perturbation of nature. Theresa said "Thank you."

What was the significance of this "Thank you?" Was the phrase uttered in irony? Did she covet the comparative seclusion of the prison? Or were the words the foam that dripped from tortured lips? There has been discussion over Goethe's dying cry "more light." Some say 'twas the yearning of his soul for complete spiritual revelation. Others claim that it was growing dark in the bedroom and Goethe called for a candle. John Phoenix says Randolph's muttering "Remorse" on his deathbed referred to a visit made during his sickness by Mr. R. E. Morse, an old Virginian friend. So, too, the simple farewell to society pronounced by Theresa Holland in her trouble is of a nature to incite dispute, to inspire the zeal of commentators. And this heroic figure is only "a person."

MILLE NEW YORK.

Mlle New York is a saucy jade with gaily painted face. Her speech is audacious; she kicks in the face of conventionality. Listen to her a moment. "My objection to William Dean Howells is based not so much upon his intellectual prigishness as upon his moral snobishness." And again: "Charles Wesley prayed in the hymn, 'O Lord! the dark Americans convert.' This is the aim and end of Mlle New York." Mam'zelle is of the opinion that Amerlea has produced in two hundred years two men of genius—Poe and Whitman: "both she has disowned." Longfellow and Lowell are "flatulent rhymsters." Yet in a breath she talks seriously and wisely about the uses of eriticism. Does her mask, then, hide contemplative eyes? Is her kick aimed only at the bourgeois in literature and art?

Now, Mlle. New York is a fortnightly, edited by Vance Thompson, illustrated by Thomas Fleming and T. Powers. Her birthday was early in August. The foreword declares that Mlle New York "is not concerned with the public. Her only ambition is to disintegrate some small portion of the public into its original component parts—the aristocracies of birth, wit, learning and art, and the joyously vulgar mob." For she feels that the mob, "that glorious clientage of Shakspeare," is dead; once it had a fine force of instinct; "it was ignorant and it avowed it; and by this very avowal it attained a high state of intellectual receptivity and appreciation." The mob worked with Luther, hence the Reformation. The mob applauded Shakspeare, and lo, and behold a drama. Today the mob is the public. And what does Mam'zelle think of the public: "It corrupts the language it has inherited from the mob and the poets; it has debauched the stage to the level of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's poetry and looks upon the drama merely as a help to digestion, a peptic or aperative; not content with having vulgarized literature and arts, it has begun to 'popularize' science." And these are only the minor sins of the many-beaded beast.

If you do not like such fierce denunciation, read the grim, pathetic tale by Mr. Edward W. Townsend in the same number, or Mr. Hamlin's clever article on the great American opera, "Dred," composed by Dvorak in 1895, and "produced at the Metropolitan in 1905." If "The Spider" perplexes you and you feel like saying "Decadent" without knowing exactly what the word means, you will surely admire Mr. Thompson's fantastic lines beginning "I am the fool of Pampelune."

"The risen dead
(Long dead, long risen) troop for us;
Their shrouds have rotted shred by shred,
Their faded souls are dolorous
And gaunt from going to and fro
Along the inhospitable skies;
We meet the question in their eyes—
The anxious eyes that question so—
And bid them ask the cryptic suns.
Ho! irony—the cryptic suns."

Nor will the second number disappoint you. No musician should fail to read "Wagnerian Poets and Painters." "Lights in the Fog" are like unto pictures seen in sleep-chasings. Mr. Huneke, who paints gorgeously with words, is strong, sure, daring, Byzantine in his "Venus Victrix." And in this number Mr. Thompson has accomplished triumphantly a bold feat; he has given the substance and the suggestion of Verlaine's "Cortège" in his own "Verlainesque," which is and is not a translation; it is as though Verlaine dreamed his fantastic dream in a New York dance-house, and, awake in the wan, early light, told the dream in rare and precious English lulling to dreams.

The artists draw in sympathy with the text even when they are wildly digressive; the paradox of their irony accentuates the seriousness or fancy of the author.

Will Mam'zelle live? Not if the bourgeois has anything to say about it. Hands off, ye that believe the cream of literature is condensed in the smug magazines! Mam'zelle has no time to waste on you, and you would not understand her were she to talk with you by the hour. But all those that know the glory of perfume and scound and color, individuality and fancy, will join with us in "Your health, Mam'zelle, and many, many anniversaries of your birth!"

ABOUT MUSIC.

Melba Is "Dead Against" the "Coup de la Glotte."

What Other Singers Say for and Against It.

Various Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

In an interview with a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette Melba gave the following opinion: "I am dead against the system known as that of the coup de glotte, and I maintain that more voices are ruined through that system than one can imagine. The coup de glotte means every possible injury to the vocal cords, and it is difficult to conceive all the disastrous results following on adopting it as the means of production of vocal sounds, and it is precisely because I have seen so much of these results that I conceived the idea of writing a book on the subject. The system is against the very nature of the art of singing, for, according to its precepts, what happens is that the act of phonation begins by a sudden and complete closure of the glottis, so that the vocal cords instead of being brought gradually from a state of relaxation up to the required degree of tension, are brought abruptly to a maximum condition of extension and approximation and as abruptly relaxed to suit the pitch of the note which is to be given."

This declaration of war naturally stirred up strife. Mr. Charles Lunn wrote in hot haste the following reply: "I cannot understand Madame Melba's attitude. The free ribs at birth are made to contract by external force, which, when removed, causes these ribs to rebound and expand; this sucks in the first inspiration of independent life, for 'nature abhors a vacuum.' It is this 'resident air' by which medical men prove independent life. This first act of inspiration causes a recoil, for the air inspired, being colder than the heat of the body, acts on the nervous system, and reflex action closes the larynx (false and true chords). The heat of the body, heating this imprisoned air, expands it, and the larynx is then no longer closed by reflex action, but by aerial pressure within and below it. The heart, wanting to go on with its work, now causes reflex action, and the larynx opens and the child cries, the power being dependent on the compressed air and the amplitude of vibration of the elastic substance (vocal cords). This first cry of independent life is the coup de glotte. No one would ever have lived without it, and is independent of the will. It is the application of this in the adult that I scientifically prove to be the basis of all teaching. The attack is used by every good singer who commences a word beginning with a vowel at its loudest, and it is impossible to sing a loud, unspirited word like 'I' without it, or we get 'high' instead. Anyone who can remember Titian's opening of the second part of the 'Elijah,' or the passage 'I am He that comforteth,' will know what I mean. Melba has the most perfectly balanced voice on the operatic stage, judging from her depth of chest and width of forehead. I do not think she has half its quantity, and she always, in staccato passages, employs the coup de glotte. Notably in the duet with Rigoletto, in the passage, 'Presso Dio veglia un angiol protettor.' I have not heard her sing 'Gli angiol d'inferno.'

"The attack, then, is self-revealing automatic voice, subordinate to the will that possesses and informs it. It is as the eyes see and the ears hear. It is the opposite to violence, effort, or will-force. It is the means to an end, and is not the end itself. Melba learned of Marchesi, and she was trained by Manuel Garcia, who wrote 'this first lesson should be insisted on, as it is the basis of all teaching.' The modern vibrato is caused by the absence of the coup de glotte, the weakness of modern voices is caused by the same."

Some, following Mr. Lunn, were against Melba, others agreed with her. And there were those that sat on a fence and threw stones impartially in all directions. "Scientist," for instance, wrote as follows:

"None of your correspondents has in my estimation satisfactorily explained from a physiological point of view this very wonderful complex action of the glottis upon the vocal cords of the are of the larynx. As to whether there is any assimilation between the purely mechanical cry of the new-born child and the indescribably liquid production

of tone which Mme. Maurel so manifestly achieves is a point that can only be decided by the future development of exact science. Most important results have already been attained in the comparative measurement of both these waves of sound by the help of the phonograph, and the time is certainly not far distant when many questions now defying the comprehension of scientists will be set at rest. I cannot agree with your correspondent "Augur" that the action of the venous blood on the respiratory centre is responsible for the spasmodic gasp for breath in the new-born child's introduction into the world. No, sir; obstetricians have long ago given up this theory, and now attribute the babe's first walls, so often and so unreasonably to be repeated, to pure cussedness."

Now the great, "the one book on the history of singing is "Le Chant, ses principes et son Histoire," by Théophile Maurel and Henri Lavoix fils, published in Paris in 1881. It has been long out of print, and a second-hand copy, rarely found, commands a high price. Let us see what it says about this "coup de glotte," or to speak properly, "le coup de la glotte."

"It is necessary to good attack of tone, after breath has been taken, to hold the air behind the glottis, which closes for a moment; then articulate the tone, but not abruptly, by a light movement of the lips of the glottis, which should open without jolt and without contraction, to give a passage-way to the voice. Manual Garcia advises the attack of the tones, using the vowel a, very clearly, by means of what he calls 'le coup de la glotte.' 'It is necessary,' he says, 'to prepare this coup by shutting the glottis, so that the air stops and accumulates in the passage; then as if there were a rupture by means of a trigger, you open the glottis by a quick, vigorous blow. The action is like the energetic pronunciation of p by the lips. This stroke also resembles the action of the arch of the palate, in executing the movement necessary to articulate the letter k.' Concone, Lamperti, Holtzem, Battaille combat this manner of attack. 'In opposition to the opinion of Garcia,' says Holtzem (Bases de l'art du Chant, 1865), 'I believe with Lamperti that the pinching of the glottis has its disadvantages, as it makes the sound guttural and arrests the vibration in the passage. Furthermore, it is well to remember that this operation demands a certain experience from the singer, which adds to the difficulty of its application.' Panofka is the only teacher after Garcia who advises this operation, which, by the way, we do not allow at the beginning of study.

"For this coup de la glotte, very difficult at first, produces, if it is badly executed, a kind of laceration of the vocal cords, painful to the pupil and disagreeable to the ear. Garcia, in advising this manner of attack, wished to obtain greater cleanness and to get rid of that fault, so common among pupils and even among certain singers, of taking the tone a second or a third too low, and then arriving at it by dragging the voice upward, a trick insupportable to the ear and injurious to song.

"There are other means of correcting his fault without using the coup de la glotte, and we think we have shown in preceding pages how this disagreeable trick may be avoided.

"It is necessary to say, however, that the coup de la glotte can be employed with happy results in giving greater force and energy to certain passages of musical speech, but only when the elementary studies have been mastered and the pupil possesses a certain amount of experience. We do not then completely reject this coup, and it is only just to Garcia to say that he was the first to point it out; no one before him gave fixed rules for the attack of a tone.

"Lamperti, to shun the disadvantages of the coup, advises beginners to attack with the syllable la, not with the simple vowel a; but only at the very beginning of study, so as to avoid the waste of unsonorous air which nearly always precedes the emission of sound."

Steele once wrote an essay that shows the "silly dramatic season" was known in London in his time. In the Spectator for August 11, 1711, are found these words: "In the present emptiness of the town, I have several applications from the lower part of the players, to admit suffering to pass for acting. They in very obliging terms desire me to let a fall on the ground, a tumble, or a good slap on the back, be reckoned a jest. These gambols I shall tolerate for a season, because I hope the evil cannot continue longer than till the people of condition and taste return to town. The method, some time ago, was to entertain that sort of the audience, who have no facility above eyesight, with rope dancers and tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the postures which the body is capable of from those who were

to represent the passions to which the mind is subject. But though this was prudently settled, corporeal and intellectual actors ought to be kept at a still wider distance than to appear on the same stage at all; for which reason I must propose some methods for the improvement of the bear-garden, by dismissing all bodily actors to that quarter." These words were brought to mind by the contemplation of the perspiring funny-men in "The Tzigane."

Here is an admirable analysis of the art of Maurel; it appeared in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"In discussing the qualities of the—what shall we call them?—gentlemen artists who adorned the opera season of 1895, we naturally deal, first of all, with M. Victor Maurel. M. Maurel ranks among the great artists of his time, and he takes that position by reason of an extraordinary, even a unique, personality. Within certain limitations it may be said that M. Maurel's is a perfect art. He combines with an actual artistic accomplishment a curiously stealthy and critical outlook upon himself, which checks, warns, arranges, and guides to that artistic accomplishment.

"If the subtlety of the thought is a little strained, it may be said, for the sake of its explanatory effect, that on the stage there are two personalities—Maurel, the artist, and Maurel, the critic. It is this double role which gives to Maurel's impersonations so complete a satisfactoriness. Take, for example, such a part as Iago, in Maurel's assumption of which there is none who is not an admirer. From the start to the finish the part seems not so much spontaneous as carefully, providentially directed. If Iago steps to this side or that, makes this or that gesture, declares thus or thus orders the volume of his voice, you feel that there is a guiding principle deliberately ordaining each change, each expression. You are aware, in a word, of the presence of a subtle and somewhat cynical critic, whose name is Victor Maurel.

"If you come to the mere quality of his voice, the truth is that it is not much. It lacks power; in any strife to assert or emphasize itself there is a very apparent sinking away, a hollowness that no art can completely conceal. For art is the only word to explain the use to which M. Maurel puts the possibilities of his voice. He has invented and patented what may conveniently be described as the dramatic voice. This is as much as to say that he takes out in drama what he lacks in the pure quality of his voice. It is quite a frequent experience to hear the unguarded listener declare "how beautifully" Maurel has sung this or the other song, when the fact is that he has actually sung it far more by elegant and appropriate gesture, and by expressive vocalization, than by any great beauty of voice or clearness of diction. It is Maurel's greatest triumph that he has utilized defects to make his art seem more beautiful."

And the Pall Mall Gazette moralizes concerning the repertory of the late opera season at Covent Garden:

"For this season, then, Sir Augustus Harris decided to turn us out for a stray in the meadows that were beloved of our grandfathers. He presented us with only one novelty, Mr. Cowen's 'Harold,' and that we could have very well done without. Wagner was reduced to a fraction in its lowest terms; Verdi's 'Falstaff' was performed but twice; and, generally speaking, it was 'Il Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and works of that peculiar class which, by the grace of the star system which we reverently buried the other day, brought most popularity to the season of 1895.

"Some critics have forgiven surprise over this somewhat laughable development in the popular taste. It was said so safely and so fervently but a few years ago that Wagner had at last conquered the world and that the half-century-old opera was destined to no future success, that the new attitude struck some earnest souls with frigid disappointment and surprise. After all, there was nothing in the world to justify such an emotion. The public, looked upon as a body, does not care for what is sung, but for the way a thing is sung. It flocks to music halls to hear compositions which would disgrace a Chinese musician, so long as a clever man or a clever woman is singing them, and the same public flocks to hear a 'Tamagno' in 'Trovatore,' and waits 24 hours outside the opera house doors to hear a Patti in 'La Traviata,' where Pessina in 'Falstaff' scarcely attracts the faintest excitement. The only conclusion to be drawn is that Sir Augustus Harris knows his public."

"Heart and Hand," the opera at the Castle Square this week, is an Englishing of Lecocq's "Le Coeur et la Main," first produced Oct. 19, 1882, at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Paris. Mrs. Vaillant-Couturier then made her debut as Micaela. The piece ran 75 nights that year.

A critic writes in the Morning Miss de Lussan's Carmen. "We almost shudder while we admire." When Miss de Lussan sang the part here last season we shuddered and did not admire.

Mr. Atwater of London thinks Mr. Wood, the conductor, has a temperament like that of Nikisch. It is not likely then that Mr. Wood will stay long in any one town.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Miss Amanda Fabris will sing in "Kismet."

Emile Sauret will play in New York Jan. 10, 1896.

The organ in Trinity Church, Libau, has 131 stops.

Clementine de Vere Sapio is again in this country, after an absence of two years.

A memorial to Hummel was unveiled at Weimar Aug. 15.

Nikita will be the prima donna of the Amsterdam opera.

Albert Vizzanti is now manager of the Lyons Opera House.

The Rubinstein composition prize, \$1000, was awarded to Stanislas Melzer of Warsaw.

Boieldien's "Le petit Chaperon rouge" (1818) will be brought out at the Vienna Opera House.

Mengelenberg is the new conductor of the Concertgebouw orchestra, Amsterdam.

Arthur Sullivan is to receive £2000 for the ballet music he is writing for the Alhambra.

Xaver Schnrwenka's opera, "Mataswintha," will be produced at Weimar in December.

Granville-Pantock's one-act opera, "The Pearl of Iran," has been published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

Rimski-Korsakoff's music is played in London. Wake up, Mr. Paur. Let us hear something modern.

Patti threatens to publish her memoirs. She could tell many mighty interesting stories.

Georges Marty, composer and chef de chant at the Paris Opéra, has married Rosine de Wulff.

Lucie Pailicot, who once played the pedal piano here, is now the wife of D. G. Henderson of New York.

Rivarde, the violinist, will make his debut in the United States at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House Nov. 24.

André Messager, the composer of "La Basoche," has married Hope Temple. They say their first child will be an opera.

There will be no Italian opera season at the Aquarium, St. Petersburg, next winter. Cause, no confidence in receipts.

Dresden will celebrate the eighty-fourth anniversary of Liszt's birth, Oct. 22, by listening to his oratorio, "St. Elizabeth."

Busoni, who nearly starved in Boston, was one of the judges at the competition for the Rubinstein prize at Berlin, Aug. 20.

Franchetti's "Asrafi" and Verdi's "Aida" and "Otello" will be given at the Dal Verme, Milan, in a season beginning Oct. 29.

Valera's story, "Peplita Ximinez," furnishes the libretto of an opera by Albeniz, which will be produced in Barcelona next month.

They dug up Paganini at Parma Aug. 11. His countenance was perfectly preserved; but he said nothing about certain mysteries of his art.

Zöllner's two operas founded on the Franco-Prussian war are to be heard this month: "At Sedan" in Leipzig; "The Surprise" at Dresden.

Mr. Braham intends devoting a portion of the proceeds of the second and third recitals to the Emergency Hospital and some other charitable institution.

Someone finds fault with the Ashton Ellis translation of Wagner's prose works, and speaks of it as "Incoherent trash." But what is much of the original?

"Lucrezia Borgia," "Lombardi," "Rigoletto" and "Traviata" will be given at the Costanzi, Rome, this month. The chief singers will be Mrs. Elisa Ferrari, the tenor Gennari, and the bass Rossi.

"Zanetto" (one act), by Mascagni, will be produced in Berlin probably this month, as will Coronaro's "Claudia," Samara's version of "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given in Milan in November.

Massini, the baritone (not Masini, the famous tenor), has killed his mistress, the singer Pauline, and the child, so as to marry another singer with whom he is in love. The tragedy happened in Turkey. The police may prevent the marriage.

Godard's "La Vivandière" will be produced at Covent Garden next season. This posthumous opera met with great success in Paris, partly, no doubt, on account of its intensely patriotic spirit.

Victor Maurel, it is announced in Paris, has succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements with Abbey & Grau, and will again be a member of the company at the Metropolitan this season.

It is reported that Frau Seidl-Krauss, the wife of Anton Seidl, who has not sung in six or seven years, will return to the stage this winter and sing with the Abbey & Grau company in the German opera.

Mr. Edward Braham, the extem-

poraneous pianist, has now decided to give three extempore recitals here in Boston, before proceeding to New York. The first takes place at the Horticultural Hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 17; the second and third, Oct. 15 and 25.

Mme. Helen Hastreiter, who will be remembered as one of the greatest successes of the old season of English opera given by the American Opera Company at the Academy of Music,

and especially well-known for her performances of Orfeo and Ortrud, returns next season to this country. She will reach here in October.

The Intendant of the Berlin opera gave a tenor, Holdack, money enough to study singing. Holdack made his debut as Lohengrin lately. His success was very moderate. The voice is agreeable, but light, and his phrasing by no means sure. Yet the Signale adds he impressed one as "an intelligent and well-rounded singer."

Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, teacher of singing, proposes to form an opera class. When in his judgment it is warranted, the pupils will be trained vocally and dramatically for the operatic stage. Experience will be gained through occasional public performances, the first of which will be early in October. The first and third acts complete, the church scene and the fifth act of Gounod's "Faust" will then be sung. The date and the place of performance will be duly advertised in the Journal.

Mrs. Katharine Klafsky, one of the prima donnas of the Damrosch Opera Company, is now at Long Branch. Her early arrival was a little unexpected. She is said to have broken her contract with Pollini of Hamburg in order to come. Mr. Damrosch has denied the rumor that she had signed a contract for the season with Abbey & Grau, and the prima donna's early arrival on the scene is intended to offset any such stories. Her husband, Lohse, will be the assistant conductor of the Damrosch Company.

The cast of "The Chieftain," operetta by Burnand and Sullivan, to be produced at Abbey's Theatre, New York, tomorrow evening, by the Francis Wilson company, is as follows: Francis Wilson plays the part of Peter Adolphus Grigg, the other parts being assigned as follows: Count Vasquez de Gonzago, Rhys Thomas; Ferdinand de Roxas (the chieftain), John E. Brand; Sanchez, Joseph C. Miron; Jose, Edward P. Temple; Pedro Gomez, W. A. Laverty; Blizzo, A. Amadeo; Escatero, Osborne Clemson; Rita, Lulu Glaser; Inez, Lillian Carlsmith; Dolly, Christie MacDonald; Juanita, Alice Holbrook; Maraquita, Agnes Martyn; Zeltia, Jeanette Emery; Anna, Martha Stein.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of four well-known singers: "Mesdames Albini, Calvé, Melba and Eames, each in her own way, proved extremely attractive, though with differences. Perhaps the ordinary Englishman is a little tired of Mme. Albini's voice and her method of acting; nobody can ever tire of Mme. Calvé. This year her acting was as superb as ever, and, if her voice seemed to have suffered in the slightest way by her recent illness, it still retained its marvelous incisiveness of quality and dramatic significance. The combination of these two great gifts makes for such a part as La Navarrese or Carmen some excellence that seems at times even superhuman. Mme. Melba, on the other hand, cares to do little more than merely sing. But she can do that with such splendid skill and accomplishment that, particularly in the operas which were selected by her this year for her appearance, one does not think of more than that wonderful voice, produced with such facility, utilized with such an infinity of resource, so pure and full in quality, so marvelous in its range and power. Mme. Eames may be described as even more of a pure singing-machine than Mme. Melba; but though her voice is very beautiful, particularly in her dwelling upon notes sostenuti, it has not the brilliance of resource which belongs to Melba, and to her alone!"

The Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 5 says: The musical novelties, which are to be produced at the forthcoming Leeds Festival, do not, in the announcement, exactly fill us with excited enthusiasm. The four composers, who are to be represented by new work, are Dr. Hubert Parry, Mr. Edward German, Mr. Arthur Somervell and M. Massenet. Dr. Parry's composition is to be known under the style and title of "Invocation to Music," and it contains three choruses, two soprano solos, a tenor solo, a baritone solo, and a duet, "Love to love callioth." As one reads, a vision of learned and shades of Sir Alexander Mackenzie!—of academic music, encompassed with conscientious left-motif, and sometimes a little difficult to follow, swims before the weary mind. May we hope that it is not such a vision which, under the title "Vision," M. Massenet is about to provide for us at the same festival in his "Symphonic Poem"? It sounds natural that Mr. German should seek our suffrages with an orchestral suite, though we endeavor to endure the tidings with fortitude and calmness. Mr. Somervell's contribution is a "lyric" in six parts, upon the prospects of which we dare not venture to remark at present. For the rest, we rejoice to note the inclusion of Bach's Christmas Oratorio; but mingled with much that is excellent, we fear there will be a certain amount of sawdust. This is perhaps inevitable in so large a festival; as inevitable as the performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend," conducted by its author.

We have seen no allusion to the fact that the late William Henry Hurlbert was the author of two hymns published in the revised edition of the Hymn and Tune Book for Church and Home (American Unitarian Association). These hymns are numbered respectively 640 and 734. Here is the first verse of one of them:

"We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight.
We will not doubt—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light."

The poet's name occurs in this Hymnary as "Hurlhut" as well as "Hurlbert," a fact that does not speak well for the thoroughness of the revision.

These two poems were written probably while Herbert was at the University School in Cambridge. Strange stories are told of his conduct when studying for the ministry.

And some say that the sinister and mysterious character who plots and counterplots in "Cecil Dreeme" was drawn by the lore Winthrop from the sinister Herbert.

Dunraven finds his first taste of Yankee Haff and Haff a little bitter.

'Twas a posthumous illumination of Masonic Temple.

It all depends on how you see a thing. A Boston artist looked at the Atlantic cup in Tiffany's window, and he says he prays night and day for the success of the Valkyrie.

"Mr. Iselin kissed his wife." Under the circumstances all would have been forgiven, even if he had kissed the wife of another.

Gilbert and Sullivan are at work on an operetta. They have not yet got so far in it as to quarrel, but there's time enough for that before November.

This is the anniversary of the death (1790) of Mr. Thomas Bradbury, an eminent dissenting minister of London, who was supposed to sing "The Roast Beef of Old England" better than any other man.

Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show was wrecked the other day, but the Wild East Show is all right. The latest addition to the long list of stupendous attractions is the pneumatic-tired burglar's wagon, which will be seen in action but not heard.

As the Sun appropriately says, "If the eagle isn't screaming yet, he's filling his lungs."

That's right, Henry. Never mind the "Sir." We all liked you over here, before you were a knight bachelor.

Is it really necessary to cable across the Atlantic every word that Dr. Denew says about the weather, Swiss hot-air balloons, and German patriotism? He is either "impressed" or "surprised" every 10 minutes.

Mrs. E. B. Graunis, that profound student of sociology, says there's a New Man. He was discovered "with a big, white apron pinned about his neck, wiping the dinner dishes, while his wife washed them." Such men are, indeed, rare. As a rule, the prudent housekeeper will not allow her husband to undertake such a delicate task.

An Illinois farmer has enriched the language, or, at least, has added to it, by coining the word "defuelize." Senator Palmer, according to the story, is partly responsible. It seems that the farmer had for several years been selling wood to Senator Palmer for \$6 a cord. This year," says the Senator, "he came to me with a load, and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at \$2 a cord. I still refused, and he wanted to know why I would not take it at \$2. I told him I was using soft coal, for which I paid \$1.37 a ton. 'Gee!' he exclaimed, 'I heard you was trying to defuelize silver, but now you're trying to defuelize wood.'"

A severe but not unfriendly lesson might be given to the "educated" woman if her letter-writing might but be offered to herself as it looks in print. No doubt a certain number of girls have been lately better taught—though even these are more slovenly in letters than any Frenchwoman could be without losing caste. But take the letter of a young man either young nor old—a letter dashed off under some kind of literary inspiration—and let it be the work of a woman whose father was a man distinguished at one of the universities, and who must have received at least the education of her equals and contemporaries. "As the years roll on, I am more up to you—and you through character fleas and 'dilettante things' farther off from me—I care for human emotions—human lives—What a lovely thing the Manxman is—I have read reviews of Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry—the Manxman entrances me—as for poetry—my beloved Tennyson—and of course my greatest beloved Shakespeare, but I do not understand modern 'abstract' poetry to my mind—poetry—I love and understand every word of Shakespeare and Tennyson—and I am I know, ignorant about modern poetry—but I should not care at all what reason the poet or novelist or dramatist is giving as he is moral and lovely and as good as to my heart and mind—I think the study of man is the most interesting of all."

Here is another delightful glimpse at life among the lowly in England: Mrs. Mary Ann Knowles seems to have aspired to the position of champion little knock-out of the Mile-end-road, as the song hath it. When she stepped into the dock at the Thames court with a graceful bow to Mr. Haden Corser, it was observed that she was a remarkably small lady, and was carrying two newspaper parcels and a walking stick longer than herself. By that stick hung a tale. 110 K found her in the Mile-end-road striking vigorously with it at an admiring crowd of women and children. She was sober enough, he added, and Mrs. Knowles vehemently backed him up with the remark that water was her only wild fowl, and that she had just been 10 months in the infirmary with rheumatism. The point she wished to make, no doubt, was that rheumatism is not gout. She also agreed in the policeman's statement that he had had to carry her on an ambulance, explaining that she had walked from West Ham, and had told him that she would not go with him unless carried. Then she expressed her belief that 140 K must have had a mother at some time, her conviction that he had run away from her, her pious hope that the Lord would keep that poor lady, and her wonder as to the reasons which could have induced her to bring 140 K into the world. As to the stick, the workhouse master had given her that, telling her to hit the people if they hit her, on the head if possible, and if not, where she could. Mr. Corser let her go with a caution, and she said that she was off to Regent's Park to see why her money was stopped, and left him with her blessing.

Sept. 10, 1895

"HEART AND HAND."

Lecocq's Operetta Produced at the Castle Square Theatre—Miss Lane and Mr. Murray Make a Favorable Impression.

"Heart and Hand" was the operetta given last evening at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. Hirschfeldt was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

The King.....Wm. Wolff
Don Gaetan.....J. K. Murray
Morales.....Thos. H. Persse
Don Mosquitos.....Arthur Wooley
Micaela.....Clara Lane
Josefa.....Edith Mason
Dona Scolastica.....Kate Davis

This operetta is not so well known that some remarks concerning its history will be impertinent. "Le Coeur et la Main," text by Nutter and Beaumont, music by Charles Lecocq, was first produced at the Théâtres des Nouveautés, Paris, Oct. 19, 1882, and it ran almost without interruption till the end of the year. It was given 54 times in 1883, and it was revived at the same theatre in '86 and '87. Miss Vaillant-Couturier created the part of Micaela.

The first performance of this operetta in its original form in Boston was by the Maurice Grau Company at the Park Theatre, Nov. 10, 1883, when Jeanne Fouquet was the Micaela; but the operetta had been given before this in an English version at the Boston Theatre, May 7, 1883, by Duff's Standard Opera Company, of which Marie Connor, Rosa Cook, J. H. Ryley, George Sweet, H. W. Montgomery, and Wallace Maccreery were members.

When Col. McCaull produced "Heart and Hand" for the first time in this country (New York, at the Bijou, Feb. 15, '83), Mr. Duff endeavored vainly to restrain him from "infringing on his rights." Mr. Catenhausen re-scored the work, as the original orchestral score could not be used or, perhaps, obtained. Mr. Duff is said to have paid Lecocq \$100 for a special orchestration from the piano score, for use at the Standard Theatre, Feb. 26, '83. Among the members of Col. McCaull's company were Marianne Conway, Laura Joyce, John Howson, Digby Bell, and C. J. Campbell. Emma Abbott has also sung the part of Micaela.

The operetta has also been known as "Micaela."

The French libretto is very like unto Marivaux's comedy "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard." There is nothing novel in the situations; there is nothing original or characteristic in the treatment of the story or the development of character. Dull as the original version is, the adaptation is duller. The dialogue is absolutely without point, and the comedians at the Castle Square are left to their own devices. And so we heard last night the old familiar jests about poker, only relieved by allusions to the yacht race and such dismal business as the echo trick of Mr. Wolff.

Nor is the music worthy of the man that wrote "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Giroflé-Girofla," and "Le Petit Duc." Lecocq wrote this operetta after "Le Jour et la Nuit," which first marked the decline of this composer of talent. The spontaneous numbers are few and far between. Perhaps the most noticeable are the sextet and the final duet of the second act, although the "Complète du Cadeau" are not without a vulgar dash. As a rule the music of the operetta is cheap and perfunctory. Lecocq not only borrows at times from Vasseur and other contemporaries; he also steals from his earlier works.

It will always remain a mystery why Col. McCaull and Mr. Duff disputed earnestly over such a worthless thing.

The performance of "Heart and Hand" last evening would have been satisfactory if it had been better.

Miss Davis, Mr. Wolff, and Mr. Wooley had showed either humor or discretion. Mr. Murray is a singer of taste and experience. His voice is sympathetic, and he often uses it with an intelligence not often found on the operetta stage. His bearing is easy and yet authoritative. He is a welcome addition to the company. And so is Miss Clara Lane, who sang with considerable skill and acted in conventional fashion. A little more coquetry would not have been amiss in the finale of the second act, but as a whole the impression made by her was favorable. Miss Lane and Mr. Murray were called before the curtain, and Mr. Persse was applauded after his drinking song. The chorus sang with unmitigated vigor, and the words "piano" and "forte" were as Egyptian hieroglyphics to the ruler of singers and orchestra.

Miss Davis was distressingly bolsterous and common in the second act, perhaps because she has already studied in the school of Mr. Wolff.

Mr. William Wolff is terribly in earnest. Would that he were not! He sings through a megaphone and jests through a horse collar. He is without imagination, wit, humor, suggestion or versatility. He is armed with cheap jokes, which he shoots from a blunderbuss.

He is so sorry that it would be unfair to dub him a corporeal comedian. He has no sense of historical perspective, for ancient gags are to him as new. Silly and dreary business that was long ago discarded by circus clowns is still dear to him. Nor are his imitations, possibly unconscious, to be commended; for he no sooner begins with De Wolf Hopper than he betinks him of Harry Brown. It's a pity that in this beautiful theatre, devoted now to respectable performances of light opera at reasonable prices—a most laudable ambition on the part of the management—so much opportunity is given for the display of the buffoonery of Mr. William Wolff. As for Mr. Wooley, he aids and abets Mr. Wolff.

There were a few cuts. The only one to be seriously deplored was the song in which the King gives advice to the newly-married couple, with the refrain, "I would be useless for me to push the explanation farther." But when one thinks how Mr. Wolff would have delivered it, there is thanksgiving for the omission.

"Heart and Hand" will be given the rest of this week. The opera next week will be "Martha."

PHILIP HALE.

"No woman is plain to whom a man is making love."

We regret that Signor Carmimereci Laurano of East Weymouth should have carved his boarders instead of the steak. If the error was due to imperfect vision, he should allow the Signora to take his place at table, or he should serve only spoon food.

It's a pity that John C. Heenan is not living. He could then answer from personal experience the English shouts about fair play.

This is the anniversary of the death (1797) of Mary Wollstonecraft, who, in her stormy life, anticipated the theories of Grant Allen and George Gissing. She was the woman who did. And when afterward, with William Godwin, she yielded to the demands of popular prejudice, she believed with her husband that it was possible for two persons to be too uniformly in each other's society. "We agreed," says Godwin, "in condemning the notion, prevalent in many situations in life, that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from, than of complying with, this rule."

Dr. Forster is of the opinion that autumn begins on the 10th of September.

If you have read "The Woman Who Did," by Mr. Allen, you will surely wish to read "A Woman Who Did Not," by Victoria Crosse. The heroine's ideas will not suit the shrieking sisterhood. Neglected by her husband, suffering, knowing that she is loved by another to whom she herself is drawn, she clings fast to principle, and exclaims, "Suppose I take the communion with another, and I see that he spills the wine, I would not overturn the table for that reason."

And in these days, when novelists are apt to represent all women as struggling against the yoke called marriage, Miss "Crosse" puts these words into the mouth of Eurydice Williamson when she is sorely tried: "Love, absolute love, is so difficult to find, only to be obtained by the fortunate, to be envied by the unfortunate, but if you have found it, then surely this marriage that it's the fashion to laugh at, this knitting together forever of the two half-lives, this absolute dedication each to the other, this open unashamed union, blessed and ratified in the sight of all men, this undenied and eternal devotion and surrender of the two existences to each other, surely this is the most satisfying sphere in which two love-inspired minds can move."

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks pleasantly of the Rev. W. H. Milburn, who preached last month in England: "He has a remarkable power of illustration, a clear and forcible delivery, untainted

by any suspicion of cant or hypocrisy. His pure English vocabulary and the tender would need to be told before he perceived that the eloquent preacher was denied the sense of sight."

"Nos Artistes," by Jules Martin, Paris, 1895, supplies much valuable information to all those interested in the drama and the opera. But its unflinching accuracy, alas, is to be questioned. Here is a statement about Emma Eames: "She was born in Pekin, China, where her father was American Minister." For Pekin read Shanghai, and then strike out the rest of the sentence.

We learn from "Nos Artistes" that the brothers de Reszke are steadily growing younger. It now appears that Jean was born in 1855 and Edouard in 1856. So, too, they steadily approach each other: for whereas some time ago there was a difference of a dozen years between them, now they are only separated by a year. In 1896 they will be twins, and the year after Edouard will be the elder, so that in time he will carry a gray beard, when Jean is just beginning to shave. These things, Miss Eustacia, happen only on the stage.

Dr. Denew is said to be contemplating a compilation of "Old Jokes of All Countries." It will be made up largely of his own epigrams and stories.

Ah, the cottage homes of England!

John Cox, a laborer, age 51, is, in spite of disfiguring toil and the envious years, lovely in the sight of his sister-in-law. And she wrote him amorous letters, in which she acknowledged gladly that he was a "fond pet;" and she lauded his "loving eyes." But Mrs. Curma Cox, the wife of John, found the letters, and although 'twas all in the family she "spoke to him about it," no doubt through a megaphone. Mr. Cox is a man of few words, but of considerable reserve force; so he blacked her eyes, disdaining explanation. The Magistrate would not admit the defendant's excuse, "my wife aggravated me." "A man at your time of life ought to know better" was the judicial reply. And Mr. Cox will have to pay a fine of 40 shillings, apparently for the atrocious crime of being 51.

Sept. 11, 1895

"The President of the Bell Telephone Company is a fine Greek scholar." This is eminently fitting. The word "telephone" is of Greek origin. So is "monopoly."

"As a rule, children's dresses are outrageous effects of ostentation, not designed for the happiness of the wearers, but rather contrived to shed glory or respectability upon the household to which they belong."

An English hotel keeper has just been robbed by burglars. Is there then no honor among thieves?

William II. wishes to controvert the general opinion that there is no such thing as German humor. Mr. Poultnie Bligelow now has material for an article to be entitled "The Emperor as a Wit."

It is a singular fact that while in this country there is encouragement for railway companies to run by electricity, the results of recent trials in France of automatic vehicles have discredited electric traction, and have shown that it is incapable of competing with petroleum, and even with steam.

We must again remind our readers that no attention will be paid in this column to anonymous requests for information.

What's this? Francis Wilson in a comic opera without topical songs and gags?

After all, the Spanish King was right, and Nature is sadly imperfect. When you are almost overcome by the gas escaping from a street car neighbor inflated, with yachting intelligence or rather non-intelligence, how you long for a stopcock in his neck that you might check the flow.

The attention of the intelligent foreigner is called to this admirable exercise in translation. The excerpt is from the oration delivered at Milwaukee by the Honorable Steve Brodie on the Life and the Character of Mrs. Clara McArthur, the daring "lady bridge jumper."

"She is a corker. There don't nobody but me and her know how it feels. Talk about the new woman. Say, when they get to stepping on the ozone from the Brooklyn Bridge and the landing in the damp below they come pretty near being in it. I tapped the wire to my wife and told her to get a move on and have Mrs. McArthur take charge in my place and play the limit. She won't do no more jumping, you can gamble that. Why, I would not jump off a trolley car or on to a good thing without a net."

There's been thunder in September, so the crops are all right next year.

Why this hysterical puffery for Mr. D. Gibson? Much of his work of late has been Death-in-Life.

And here are long discussions by learned persons concerning the modern novel, and yet the more exhaustive and exhausting critics seem to have never heard of Thomas Hardy. There are persons who in considering the tragedy of "Hamlet," spend their time in talking about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Surely Dr. Forbes Winslow, the friend of Jack-the-Ripper, has tradition on his side in the dispute over the cause of Shakespeare's death. Here are Near Ward's words, heard and noted down half-a-century after the death of the poet. "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feverish ther contracture." 'Twas an age of heroic and almost universal drinking, and such 'sad consequences, though uncertain, were not improbable."

It appears that Mr. Crum, the runner, wears a shabby linen cap and moves with bird-like lightness. His legs are not gross, but as good as ever adorned the Olympian games. In view of all these circumstances, he is undoubtedly a Crum of comfort.

Harper's Magazine regards Mr. Richard Harding Davis as the greatest discoverer of the century. In this connection it is interesting to note that the records of Mr. Davis's discoveries are published by Harper & Brothers.

This is the anniversary of the death (1680) of Mr. Roger Crab of England. In the great Civil War his skull was cloven by a royalist trooper. The idea that it was sinful to eat any kind of animal food then found easy passage to his brain, and for the rest of his life he consumed only bran, dock-leaves, mallows, grass and water.

Here is a simple remedy, within the reach of the humblest: If grass growing on the head of any statue be plucked in the waning of the moon and, taken away, be bound about the head, it removes pain. And so, even the statues in the Public Garden and in Commonwealth Avenue may yet be of use to the community.

In Boylston Street, between Clarendon Street and Massachusetts Avenue, no car runs directly to the Union Station.

Not on account of the smell do we object to the young Anglomaniac smoking a briar-wood pipe in the street. The perfume of tobacco, even from a T. D., is a corrective of the stench of the pavement—and this is a filthy city. We object to the young pipe-smoker in the street because, nine cases out of ten, he looks conscious and ill-at-ease. Therefore he is a blot on the landscape, a discordant tone in the atmospheric symphony.

Dr. Albrecht Günther expects to ride to the temple of Fame astride of his treatise on Tortoises. It will be remembered that in the great race the tortoise got there.

It is the opinion of La Framboisière, physician to Louis XIII., that fried oysters are coarse, hard to digest, provoking in the eater terrestrial and melancholic humors.

If there is wringing of the nose in London dwelling houses and blacking of the eyes in cottage rural homes, surely there is peace in Suburbia, the comfortable abode of the happy middle class. But Miss Florence Harrison, an actress, would not admit this conclusion, for, although she is in the happy district, she has a neighbor, a Mrs. Lyons. One day Florence was at her door, no doubt meditating her art in general and the paradox of Diderot in particular, when "a gentleman friend" drove up for they have "gentlemen friends" over there; the species is not confined to America. And Mrs. Lyons called her "all sorts of things," truly in oburgation of elasticity and catholicism. Florence made no reply. Mrs. Lyons continued in the habit of screaming after her in the street. One day she could call out, "There goes the brazen cat;" another time she would shriek, "Hold your frock up," to Florence on horseback. Mrs. Lyons has a faithful servant, Jane Clapham. Jane has a pe volubility, as well as an unerring sense of the one and desirable word. Thus Jane would jeer at Florence in the presence of the g. f.: "Mind your horse, hold it tight." She called her (Florence's) servant a name that Florence blushed deeply to repeat. "The magistrate fined Mrs. Lyons 20 shillings and dismissed Jane with a caution, and on the receipt of this intelligence Mrs. Lyons became so noisy that she was removed from the court. But the Fall Mall Gazette finds nothing extraordinary about all this; it refers to it merely as a "characteristic story of life in suburbia."

"The world is full of other people's plain sisters, and not to marry the Venus of Milo is, after all, but a very general misfortune."

When Ida Shapiro chased her divorced husband on a New York ferry boat, whacking his new plug hat and his shoulders with an umbrella, she was endeavoring to persuade him to support their child. But we cannot applaud her method of argument, although the spectators enjoyed the debate hugely, and "screamed with laughter." Her process of thought reminds us of a story told in the Fliegende Blätter of Sept. 1. Three cronies sit together in the inn. One, fat and bespectacled, says, "My old woman has again refused to give me the latch-key." And to him a hunter replies, "You don't understand how to manage her; you ought to be diplomatic." "But how?" "Well, I should wallop her until she handed it over."

The only real danger attending these lightning runs on the New York Central is that Dr. Depew will surely blow off steam and possibly his cylinder head.

Mr. Brander Matthews has cause to wonder at the maimed and most imperfect judgments in this world.

The late Harrison Millard was a man of more than ordinary musical accomplishments. First of all, he had the gift of melody. There was a time when "Waiting" was heard in every concert room, and the pupil looked forward to her performance of it as a diploma. So, too, his "sacred music" was popular in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. As a singer he showed taste as well as skill. His first appearance in Boston at any important concert was at the performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn during the season of '54-'55. Miss Marie Millard, who is remembered here pleasantly, as the Spirit of the Sphinx, is not his only child, as some of our contemporaries state. She is the only one, however, in public life.

So, in spite of reform, it still depends on Senator Hill whether Mr. Hornblower will be confirmed if nominated for the vacancy in the Supreme Court. The report that the Senator is now "much pleased" with Mr. Hornblower is the most damaging charge that has yet been brought against the lawyer.

This is the anniversary of the death (1798) of John Kent of St. Albans, England, an antiquary of more than local renown. He was also "a convivial and social companion," whose songs were received with "thunders of applause." But why speak of him at this late day? Because, oh questioning reader, Mr. Kent was by trade a plumber.

This is also the anniversary of the birth (1494) of Francis I., who was passionately fond of veal. He introduced in France the habit of wearing the hair short and the beard long. When he was in Italy he put snow in his wine. He threatened incorrigible drunkards with amputation of an ear. Other interesting reminiscences of this valiant monarch are unfit for publication.

They were a queer lot, those French Kings. Take the case of Henry IV., whose statue is seen by Attorney General Harmon whenever he enters his office in Washington. Now Mr. Harmon is a man of great personal refinement. The adjustment of his daily bath is a matter of nice thermometrical investigation. His delight is in manicured hands. Henry IV. was so averse to soap and water that Madame de Verneuil, in a burst of anger, likened him to carrion. Nevertheless it would be rash to conclude from these premises that in the twentieth century the name of Harmon will eclipse that of Henry of Navarre.

Discussion concerning street car etiquette is not confined to the United States. Many and perplexing questions constantly arise in London. There is Mrs. Kate Garcia—is she of the famous family of singers?—who was charged before a magistrate with assaulting Police Constable 376 K. The officer, in plain clothes, boarded a car, and saw Mrs. Garcia sitting on a "garden seat." With the fine courtesy of a Briton he asked her to make room. He pushed the seat back, and she struck him on the head. She also hit his companion, an officer, in the face. And then they ran her in. This was his story. But it appeared on further investigation that he did not ask her politely, and did not know whether it was his duty to ask if she objected to the seat being reversed. The magistrate, a Daniel come to judgment, heard no witnesses for the defence. He discharged Mrs. Garcia with this advice: "Mrs. Garcia, another time, if men are discourteous to you, do not slap their face." This is only one of many episodes in contemporary English life as reported in London newspapers to the great advantage of the earnest student of sociology.

The top of the separation of Dr. Burnett and his wife, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, was not unexpected by many who knew the peculiar relationship existing between the doctor and the author. Practically the separation has been of long standing.

Mr. O. H. P. Belmont did well to honor the memory of his ancestor, the sailor hero of a watering place in 1813.

"The Plain Woman represents the masses as against the classes," said Aunt Lavinia. "She is the victim of arbitrary privileges. She is the real democrat among women—with the same old burning and futile perception of the injustices and the impassable divisions of life. For the plain woman belongs to the middle class of her sex, whether she be born a duchess or a dairymaid; exactly as the lovely duchess or the lovely dairymaid belong equally to an unimpeachable aristocracy of beautiful faces. And talent won't alter this fact; still less education or the protests of the omitted and the indignant. Beauty is power and privilege and exemption—while it lasts. One man may steal a horse, as we know, and still more, one woman. Yet in all the centuries to come that woman's unbeguiling sister woman shall not be allowed, in safety, so much as to look over the pasture hedge. Therefore is the flat high road considered the safest promenade for the average feminine, and the patient plain-visaged woman walks there daily, and, if she be sensible, accepts her curtailed entertainment with a stoic heart."

Sept 13, 1895

"Yet beauty is scarce to be considered as a household furnishing; the sort of thing no gentleman's establishment should be without. For, if the Average Man, as is natural, desires the best, and would be but cheerfully content with the divinest goddess, still there remains the question of how much and how long the goddess would care to contemplate the Average Man."

There are joys here in early rising, and chief among them is the sight of the procession of shop girls who, fresh, agile, show they have passed the invigoration of the night and the chemistry of the night, to use the fine phrase of Walt Whitman. Here are types of the supremest beauty. Even the plainest girl is admirable; for her life is not aimless or futile. And this procession is in all large towns. In Paris the morning descent from Montmartre assumes epic proportions. But late in the afternoon the army of those returning home is a less brilliant sight; there are jaded battalions; there are stragglers; there are the victims of foul air and the carelessness or inhumanity of employers.

The theatrical firmament is now most thickly studded with stars. True, one star differeth from another star in glory, but the magnitude is of little importance, as long as there is a perceptible twinkle. The time will soon come, it is almost here, when there may be no supporting actors. We therefore advise earnestly any ambitious young man to apply himself to the art of supporting, and on no account to dream of stellar possibilities. Fierce will be the struggle between the stars to secure a good supporting actor. Then can he command his price, conscious of the laws of supply and demand.

The dog thief is now known as the victim of zoophilic impulse. A Mr. Carton was arrested recently in London on the charge of persuading dogs who were already owned to follow him and abide with him. His counsel urged that Carton suffered from acute zoological mania. As a boy, the defendant harnessed flies in gocarls, exhibited the spider on the slack wire, turned white mice into accomplished pantomimists, encouraged the guinea pig to look beyond the alleged ultimate goal of vivisection. Finally he began to study the dog. "He always brought home a dog; he couldn't help it; and his inability to help it resulted in his becoming the detainer of a pack." The owners, however, objected to this zoophilic impulse selling their property. The magistrate saw only the commercial side of the transactions. Zoophily was to him not so familiar as the zoetrope. And so he said, "Three months."

And Prof. Kelly of Nahant said to Mr. Dick O'Brien, "Who ever heard of you?" Then there was slugging; there were unjustifiable liberties taken with the Professor's nose. Another scene for the Historical Painter, who has here at hand the always welcome element of local color, for the disputants debated over an Italian peanut stand in Sudbury Street.

Mr. H. M. Stanley seems to be a man of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote. "I was in hopes Valkyrie III. would win the cup this year, although my sympathies are with the American boat."

Here is a charming episode in the child-life of England. Little Richard Aldridge, age 9, left his home one beautiful Sunday morning, dressed in a shirt and a very old pair of trousers. In the course of a contemplative walk he met Harry Messer, age 7, whose trousers were a delight to the passer-by and a glory to the wearer. Envy fired Richard's breast, and he proposed an exchange. There are traditions, scriptural and historical, which should have influenced Harry to noble self-denial and immediate acquiescence. Saints and kings have stripped themselves for beggars, and if Harry had been truly good he would have added the gift of hat and hoots to the trousers. Churlish fellow, he refused. Richard, deeply moved, drew his jackknife and tried to improve on the cut of the boy's tailor. Harry said, "Nay, nay," and Richard stabbed him in the leg, inflicting a wound 1½ inches long and ½ inches deep. A hobby laid violent hands on Richard, who showed his craven heart by alleging that another boy made him do what he had done. And then the magistrate, without entering into the comparative merits of the trousers, ordered four strokes from a birch rod. This story teaches the value of contentment with what one has.

Today is the anniversary of the birth (1791 at St. Chads, Shrewsbury) of the "theatrical phenomenon" William Henry West Betty, commonly called the Young Roscius. Our old friend Kirby, awestruck at the contemplation of such a being, thus began his biographical sketch: "In a repository particularly designed as a record of whatever is striking and extraordinary either in the empire of nature, art or science, the resplendent meteor which has recently risen above the horizon of the dramatic hemisphere may justly prefer a claim to notice." The terms of his first engagement at Covent Garden were 50 guineas a night for 12 nights and a clear benefit. Twenty-eight nights of his performances at Drury Lane brought into the house an average of nearly \$15 per night. The 13-year-old boy earned for his managers in 56 performances £30,000. But in this case the child was not the father of the man. Mr. Betty the play-actor was a dismal failure.

It was on Sept. 13, 1769, that Lieutenant George Spearing went into a wood near Glasgow to gather hazel nuts, but an old coal pit, 17 yards deep, gathered him, and in it he remained seven days and nights without food. "Thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind, so much so that on the Tuesday afternoon, when I had been six nights in the pit, I very comely, by way of amusement, combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer in the Beaux Stratagem." His recovery was slow, and a leg was amputated, but after pain and tribulation he was well enough to take lodgings in the country, where he drank plenty of warm new milk. "And to this day, I bless God," wrote the Lieutenant in 1793, "I enjoy perfect health, and have since been the happy father of nine children." Truly a man of contented disposition.

27 14, 1895

"The Ideal Wife, my dear child, nine times out of ten, is just the Plain Woman—transfigured."

"Welcome the sour Cup of prosperity."

Once more to the health of Sir Richard Sutton, wherever he may be!

When someone tells you that oratory is dead, you might mention the name of Henry Watterson.

The two famous streets in Bohemia are called Queer and Easy. Many are they who live in the dark and narrow way, in houses of suspicious shutters and smokeless chimneys. But, lo, and behold, there is an Easy street in Dorchester. "It is no doubt lined with the mansions of millionaires," you say. No, 'tis a singularly short street, and few, if any, dwell therein.

Well roared, British lion.

Dunraven "cannot get a show." Why does he want one? The unkind say he made a show of himself.

Sir Douglas Galton, the new President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered an inaugural address of such length that he fainted before he reached the peroration. Nothing is said concerning the condition of the audience.

Do you remember the delightful words of Elia about a circulating library Tom Jones or Vicar of Wakefield? "How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight! of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in

some of them up in spelling out their own meanings. Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in? Then consider the report that the City Librarian of Omaha died from consumption contracted while handling books which had in them the bacillus tuberculosis. Readers had coughed consumption into them. But Ella wrote before everyone was really conscious of death grinning in book, pot, flower, water, air, or on the lips of lovers. Bishop Heber, it is true, sang,

"Death takes on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower."
But this would have been regarded by Ella as poetic license, the exaggeration of rhetoric.

When man is tired of upheavals in Central America, kindly Nature steps in and spells him.

This is Holy-Rood day. And once it was the fashion to celebrate it by going a-nutting. The boys of Eton went out and gathered nuts, "with a portion of which they were to make presents to the different masters of the seminary." Before this leave was granted them, the poor fellows were obliged to write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn and the deadly colds of winter. And on this day carpenters were allowed drink-money above their wages.

"If the hart and the hind meet dry and part
On Rood Day fair,
For six weeks, of rain there'll be nae mair."

Will Irving's appearance in "Macbeth" be used to boom a certain lamp-chimney?

"True bills against Cubans" are often issued by cigar dealers.

No one envies the World the scoop on its fire.

The Prince of Wales is traveling in Germany and Denmark. Lucky man! He can take his own cigars with him without fear of confiscation.

A Canadian humorist (an unconscious one) declares that "the cause of an Anglo-American alliance for the preservation of peace will be set back a hundred years." And all on account of two yachts!

"My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that!"

We are glad to learn that the Wild Man of Connecticut eats onions three times a day, although we deplore the social conditions that compel him to steal them. Dioscorides recommended onions for the bites of rabid dogs. Onion juice is useful in suffusion and dimness of vision from thick humors. The Wild Man seems to be on the road to recovery.

A foreigner in London thus speaks about a subject of genuine contemporaneous interest: "The secret of the non-success among English workers in dressmaking is want of thoroughness and attention to detail: they are indefatigable toilers, but their soul is not in it." The foreigner here touches a jumping nerve: "their soul is not in it." Your true workman throws his soul into whatever he does, whether he writes an immortal tragedy or paints an engine house red. The foreigner has soul, and a shrewd soul, too: "My price for making a costume," she adds, "is 21 shillings without any materials, and I would strongly advise all dressmakers to avoid cutting the price lower."

A "Treatise on Suspendology" is now in the market.

Messrs. Hutchinson of London announce a translation of "Au Bonheur des Dames." It was for Englishing and publishing Zola that the late Henry Vizetelly was sent to prison; but since that outrageous sentence Zola has been feasted in London, and there are now half-a-dozen translations on sale in virtuous book shops. This leads the Pall Mall Gazette to remark, "When Vizetelly came out he went to live on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire; but no one would speak to his daughter, so he left. But we all speak to one another's daughters now."

Sep 1795

"YELLOW AND WHITE."

Such is the title of a new volume of the Keynote Series published in this country by Roberts Brothers. It is not the title of a symphony in words; it is not a sign-post to the region of symbolism; it is merely the title of the first of nine short stories by W. Carlton Dawe.

These tales are of adventure and love in the East. The scenes are Japan,

China, Siam. The heroes are Englishmen; the heroines are of any color but white; the villains are terrible fellows, who in certain instances are base enough to object to Englishmen poaching on their marital preserves. The tales of love are fervent and, to us, would be unpleasant were it not that Mr. Dawe is unconsciously a humorist, and we cannot take him very seriously.

Here is the formula for one of his stories: Take an Englishman, well seasoned with alcohol, profanity. Let him be sure that the earth and the fullness thereof was created solely for the glory and the use of his nation. Let him accept the hospitality of a Chinese or Japanese merchant, at whose house he eats and drinks freely and with fine, hardly disguised contempt for his host. Let him see by chance the wife of his host, always a superb creature, with eyes slanting, "languorous and blue," or with that "long oval look which gives to eyes their dreamy languor," or eyes that are "smouldering globes of fire," words full of undreamt-of potentiality. Then the result is easy to foretell:—Abused hospitality, enraged husband, gallant Englishman escapes assassins, and the wife is doomed to the mines, or is horribly mangled. England's supremacy is always maintained. What right had the greasy, bead-eyed foreigner to have a wife with any pretensions to beauty?

Then there are two stories of Japanese dancing girls who are suddenly convinced of the error of their ways because an Englishman—a rare type, by the way—looks gravely at them and will not even acknowledge that they are beautiful. So they repent, grow serious, fade away, die; the pathetic stop is pulled at the end of the fantasia, and the angelic chorus is heard singing in the distance as the stern Englishman sheds a solitary tear.

No, Mr. Dawe, such stories have been better told by others. We do not allege that you have borrowed the themes, but the development and the orchestral coloring remind us of other composers. De Maupassant and Mr. Kipling are more at home in tales of oriental passion, and they are not constantly entering a plea for the special rights and prerogatives of the Englishman.

Was it not enough for Bouverie to rob Kling of his wife's love without afterward chasing him and killing him? It is true Kling was running "amoke," but he had been maddened by the treachery of the Englishman; and after all, he was only indulging himself in a national time-honored custom. Oh, the cheapness of your final sentence: "But Bouverie often says that if he should live for a thousand years he will never forget the last dying look Kling flung at him."

We frankly prefer your stories of adventure, "Fan-Tan" and "Coolies," for they are free from tawdry eroticism, and yet they are but specimens of fair newspaper yarns, which generally begin, "I shall never forget that night at Yanki-Hi," said Capt. Monsoon, as he mixed his second stiff glass of grog, and thwip in a few grains of gunpowder to keep the fog out of his throat." The attempt at robbery by the half-breed and the subduing of the coolies by streams of hot water are not masterpieces of narration or marvels of invention, but they are not disfigured by cheap sentimentalism; they do not preach strange doctrines concerning the privileges of Englishmen; nor is the sacred word "love" used recklessly, when a basic term is the proper and fitting word for the inspiration to unworthy action.

ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

Was it not Byron who said of Moore, "Tommy dearly loves a Lord?" And Tommy was not the only one. Even in republics there are many who are insatiably curious concerning the manners and the customs of the titled aristocracy. With the view to give such persons pleasure, we now raise the curtain on a scene of contemporaneous human interest played lately in London, in which one of the comedians was a lady of rank and position.

Lady Robinson, wife of Gen. Sir George Robinson, was charged in open court with having damaged some oil-cloth, the property of Mme. Alice Mionnet, the Court dressmaker. That

a lady of rank and position was found in such a place will not excite the surprise of those who are familiar with social life in London. It seems that there had been bad blood between the women for some time, and the landlord had been obliged to remonstrate with Lady Robinson. She has a soul above such impertinent interference, and so she went out of her way to mitigate the asperities of a career of dressmaking. She threatened to knock the lovely eyes of Mme. Mionnet into one, to tear the nose from her head, and to generally and impartially smash her face. These threats were made in the showroom, which thus deserved its name. Verbally exhausted, Lady Robinson then tore up the floorcloth in the passage on the landing.

A summons was served on Lady Robinson, who immediately went to the complainant's room and allowed that she would give her "a jolly good hiding," and in other ingenious ways "make it very hot for her." It also appeared from the dressmaker's testimony that Lady Robinson was in the habit of throwing ashes down the stairs; that she had called her a "fat cat," and Mme. Mionnet, by the way, is described as portly; that she used disgusting language, and pulled the gas-pipe down. In cross-examination the dressmaker referred to Sir George as the "poor old General," and a wave of sympathy ran over the court room.

Lady Robinson said in reply that Madame Mionnet had broken open her letter box, made offensive insinuations, and the oil cloth was flimsy, anyway; that as before marriage she had been an actress and singer of renown, she naturally now received many visitors, male and female, and thus she had excited the spite of the complainant.

Listen to the decision of the Magistrate, who is evidently a humorist of the first water. He first stated this dictum, full of philosophical observation, abounding in intimate knowledge of female character; a dictum of universal application, appropriate to all ages. "Everybody knew that the ingenuity of the woman who wanted to annoy other women was inexhaustible, mysterious, and unfathomable, and that seemed to have been the case in this instance." His next statement shows the learned Judge to be a keen critic of the drama. "The only explanation there seemed to be why Lady Robinson should tear this oil cloth was supplied by the defense wherein she was described to be a distinguished ornament of the stage. He could only suppose that at the time Lady Robinson must have forgotten she was at Prince's Street, and thought she was on the stage at Drury Lane, in an imaginary rage pulling up carpets." In his opinion she then belonged to that vigorous school of play actors known as "scenery-biters" or "soap-chewers."

And this was the end of the comedy. Lady Robinson was ordered to pay a fine of five shillings, pay five shillings the damage, with two shillings cost. Alas, the "poor old General!" Brave warrior as he is, that day he undoubtedly buried himself in the recesses of his club. There are foes more terrible than insane Africans or rebellious Sepoys; there are deadlier weapons than poisoned lance or repeating rifle.

"ABOUT MUSIC."

S. V. Makower's Novel,
"The Mirror of Music."

Mamzelle New York Talks
Saucily Against Leaders.

Various Notes and Comments
on Men and Compositions.

Musical novels, so-called, are as a rule a weariness to flesh and spirit. They are usually inaccurate and mawkish. A composer or performer is raised as an idol on a pedestal and hysterical woman of all ages dices corybantically about him; or, finally exhausted, abase themselves in the dust, moaning, "Master! Master!"

Yvette was a day when "Charles Acheester" found many readers; when Ellse Polko's name was mentioned with respect; when the German who built a romance on the legends of Mozart's amatory adventures was regarded almost as an ideal biographer. Then there is "The First Violin," and there is the little book of the ingenious Mr. Alfred Morris Bagby.

"The Mirror of Music," by Stanley V. Makower, is a volume of the Keynotes Series, published in this country by Roberts Brothers, and sold at a dollar. For no apparent reason, except possibly friendship or irrelevant admiration, the book is dedicated to Yvette Gullbert, who has an international reputation for singing very improper sentiments in a highly decorous fashion.

They that care only superficially for music; they that regard music only as an agreeable episode at a social function; they that are pedagogues and revel in the beauties of the sonata-form, and they that, knowing other books of the Keynotes Series, are desirous of sensual shock or titillation, will do well if they do not look into this "Mirror." The superficial and the friends of Mrs. Leo Hunter will see nothing, not even the reflection of their own careless or patronizing faces; the pedagogue will find fantastic, cloud-formed shapes therein; the erotically curious will go away ungratified and angry.

Nor will the reader that devours novels by the stint as a man saws wood care for this book. The story is of no more importance than was that of the knife-grinder. But any sensitive person, professional or amateur, who recognizes the correspondence between music, perfume, color; any one to whom the splendid metrical line "Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is" is as a symphonic poem by MacDowell or a fantasia by Loeffler; such and such as they will find delight and suggestion in rhapsodic words concerning music, rhapsodic and highly imaginative that pour forth from the soul of Sarah Kafkal.

Sarah Kafkal is musician by heredity. Her parents urge her to marry and stop practising on the piano. She composes an opera, and screams at night while she writes, to the discomfort and distress of her father and mother, who would call a concerto a disconcerto. She has worshiped Severine, a fascinating fiddler, from afar. She is thrown in with him, and runs away with him, preferring Moscow to London. In Moscow her opera is brought out with overwhelming success. Tolstoi begs an introduction, and she is pelted with flowers. She goes mad and dies a prisoner. And these are the last words in her journal: "I am ready to die now, for I have labored and a child has been born to me. Its name is Truth."

Our readers should have an opportunity of hearing Sarah Kafkal speak, face to face.

"My mother was so pleased to see me away from the piano that she tried to show herself grateful by talking about music. She said it was one of God's best gifts, and that the music in church always made her feel spiritually exalted. I did not argue with her. What can be the meaning of this spiritual exaltation? Is it because we have always associated music with an after life, and sing hymns in church, that we have lost all idea of what the actual sounds really are, and so we subordinate them to the sense of the words? I always feel inclined to clap in church when they have sung something that pleases me.

"I should like to go on the stage and sing, but it should be in an opera with no words. I would write the music, and it should have a deep meaning, like the C Minor Symphony. Words cannot interpret, they can only mislead. Wagner's greatest triumphs were crying condemnations of his theories on art. When Tristan drinks the love-potion there is music so intense, so maddening, that Tristan, Isolde, the gift cup, and all the tawdry wings on the stage vanish from my sight.

"When I think of the images that music has sometimes suggested to me, I find they are all images of natural phenomena, by which I mean to exclude entirely the suggestion of men and women. As I write, Mozart's aria 'Dove Sono,' in the 'Nozze di Figaro,' is running through my head. When I hear it I think of a sunbeam on a green field after rain. But when I first heard it, I was only conscious of being moved in a very exquisite way. Afterward it struck me that I was moved in much the same way when I saw a sunbeam on a green field after rain. Since then I have connected the two things. If I see one, I hear the other. If I hear one, I see the other. But the sound seems to contain the picture, while the picture does not contain the sound. Most music does not suggest any image to me, because it gives me new sensations such as no things I have ever seen produced upon me. This is particularly the case with Beethoven, and I cannot find in him a single clue to my admiration, for he does not even suggest himself.

My opera includes images of trees all colors, and flowers of all shapes and smells, and rivers of all paces. And there are sun, stars, light, darkness. The rest I understand perfectly, but cannot set down. It will be quite intelligible to musicians, who will not try to associate actual objects with the music. There is a chorus of men and women, and they sing, but they do not act. They are treated purely as an instrument. Of course there are no words; but I have arranged and selected a number of sounds for them to use—a 'song' language, in the making of which I have taken trouble. It is often difficult to hit upon the appropriate sound for a note; but I make each member of the chorus sing to me alone, using such sound or fictitious word as may suggest itself to him in a particular passage. As a rule, I can see a principle running through them all. This 'song' language is simple, on the whole. It consists chiefly of liquid consonants and different vowel sounds. To make the people who sing fall in love with one another would be just as false as to make the violin fall in love with the flute. When they sound together they express a sort of completion, nothing more. So it is with my human voices. I have often felt while walking in the streets as if the objects around me were only illustrations of some idea, object which we cannot see; a queer, uneasy feeling, as we had sunbeams, and were forever vainly struggling to see the sun. So I have often felt that the life in a crowd of people is a feeble, flickering thing, as it were, an imperfect impression only of the universal life dimly reflected in a mirror. Words, action and scenery are like restless shadows of humanity to me. I am always groping after the substance which seems to lie concealed behind them. So, when associated with music they only clog my appreciation of the truth which the sounds express directly and simply. But then there is no opera in which the libretto and the scenery are in themselves artistic enough to convey truths; so that I can think of no example to prove that even under these conditions the combination would be a wrong one. Yet it seems to me improbable that the separate portions of which each art, in itself perfect, might be composed, should fit one another when brought together; and unless this is so, must not the three things—music, words and scenery—remain independent throughout, as they actually do in Wagner? This would be more obvious in his operas, if his libretto were not so full of gods, demi-gods, and other conveniences by which he seeks to make faint the border-line between the rationalism of the dialogue and the mysticism of the music. In this he shows a marvelous cunning; it where he tries to be purely human in the dialogue, the falseness shows rough. Here and there we catch a hint gleam of truth; but, on the whole, his passages are meaningless; the music meaningless without the words, useless to interpret when combined with the words. But why do I seek proof for what I know to be true? Do I feel that music illustrates its ideal more clearly to me than poetry and painting can illustrate theirs? This is reason enough for my reluctance to combine the three, and in this lies the error of Wagner's mistake; for he is never a poet and never a painter, though he thinks he is both; but he is ways a musician, and I cannot think any musician who was either poet or painter.

But this singular book must be read from beginning to end. Excerpts only reveal passing moods in the breast of an unhappy diarist.

Aucy Mile. New York thus throws as at the Lord's anointed: Mr. Seidl was Wagner's private secretary once upon a time. With this in favor it was quite natural that New York should accept him at Mr. Krehbiel's valuation. Mr. Krehbiel has an instinct—an intuition—for mediocrities. You and I will have none of Mr. Seidl. He is but a poor, serious creature, tangled and confused in Wagnerian formulae and tradition. He does interpret because he himself has understood. Boston has Emil Paur, who is a sort of human, or inhuman, romance. Neither Mr. Seidl nor Mr. Damrosch can compose a program; neither them is acquainted with the trend of modern music. They do not know you and I know, that Wagner said the last word but the first. But we all that aside. * * * Mr. Damrosch has left unregarded the true school of Russian music, which has in these days renewed the traditions of the race and applied to Slavonic melody the resources of modern musical art. Of Glazounoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Balakireff, he has given us nothing. This magnificent music, known in his decade to Paris and Berlin, is still unknown in New York and London, these capitals of Suburbia. Bitter and tender, naive and complicated, spiritual and sensual, violent and mystic—near Lord! none of this. * * * In re-

ward to German to Mr. Damrosch prescribes the attitude. Not César Franck, but Gounod! These are bitter words, but are they fair? Has not Mr. Damrosch shown, especially during the last two years, a truly catholic spirit? Should the concert hall be abandoned to the Cossacks? But, after all, Mr. Damrosch has an easy revenge within reach. He need only point smilingly to this opinion of Mamzelle: "Tschalkowsky, this tentative and prolix musician, who had neither musically breeding nor personal and racial inspiration."

Mlle. New York is more fortunate in this "practical symbol:"

"The cruel cannibal takes his place above the others of his tribe; after having dragged his prisoner from the box where he had lain, closely confined, he grips the poor wretch with hands and knees. He smiles a confidential smile, as one who should say, 'You observe my might; I handle him as I please.' He raises his shining sword, the edge so fine it would have cut a flying rose leaf, and while his left hand clutches the victim's throat almost to strangulation, the right hand passes the blade—gently, oh, so gently!—across the abdomen of the unfortunate captive; gently and slowly, that the poor wretch may feel the shining agony sink inch by inch into his flesh."

"The prisoner cries aloud, a dolorous cry that rises and falls, piteous, interminable—"

"And so, bent over his violoncello, from which he draws plaintive, marvelous sounds, he seems to be a cruel savage in the act of martyring a missionary."

PHILIP HALE

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its 15th season Oct. 18. The weekly concerts of this great organization, perfect in every detail, provide musical entertainment of the highest order, and the arrangements for the coming season insure a continuance of the favor in which they are held by all classes of the musical public. The high standard of musicianship required in every player long ago gave it a membership which can hardly be improved, and few changes are made from year to year. The season will comprise as usual 43 performances, 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings. The programs have been arranged with care by Mr. Paur during the summer. They embrace a wide variety of standard works by old and modern composers and many attractive novelties. All worthy schools of music are represented and all tastes have been considered. Some of the works which will have a first hearing during the season are the following:

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| Overture, "In der Natur" | Dvorak |
| Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini" | Tschaikowsky |
| Prelude, "Der Rubin" | D'Albert |
| Prelude, "Gounod" | Richard Strauss |
| Fantasia in F minor, op. 103 | Schubert |
| (Orchestrated by Felix Mottl) | |
| Ballet Suite | Rameau |
| Symphony No. 4 | Glazounow |
| Symphonic Poem | Zelner |
| Overture, "Kiss" | Smetana |

The list of solo artists engaged is as follows: It includes the names of Mrs. Melba, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Marie Brema, Mrs. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Miss Antoinette Szumowska, Messrs. Davies, Henschel, Fischer, Joseffy, Ondrick, MacDowell, Faellen, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder and Schulz.

The sales of season tickets will be by auction. There will be two classes of tickets for each series, \$12 and \$7.50, according to location of seats. The \$12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, Sept. 23; the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 24; the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, Sept. 26 and the \$7.50 concert seats on Friday, Sept. 27.

The sales will all be held in Music Hall and will begin each day at 10 A. M. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a large diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be resold.

In addition to the Boston concerts the orchestra will give a series during the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Metzerott Hall, Washington; Music Hall, Baltimore; the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Infantry Hall, Providence; Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and single concerts in several other cities.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

John Marquardt, the violinist, is giving concerts in Australia.

Luigi Chessi, professor and composer, died lately, age 72, at Placenza.

Alexander Bull, the son of Ole Bull, will visit America this month.

Vincenzo Venturini, composer of songs, age 44, killed himself at Mantua, July 5.

Count André Festetics is now the Director of the National Opera House at Budapest.

Mr. Julian Story, the husband of Mrs. Eames-Story, is in Italy, attending his father, who is sick.

Mr. Samuel S. Sanford of Bridgeport, Conn., who teaches the piano at Yale, was in town last week.

Eugene de Taub had nearly finished an opera, "The Prodigal Son," which will soon be given in Vienna.

Edward Lloyd, through engagements in England, will not be able to come to America the coming season.

Miss Edith MacGregor will sing the part of Ruth in "The Pirates of Penzance" at Newport, R. I., the 17th and 18th.

A new opera has been given in the Argentine Republic. It is "Tosca" by Gogol's story.

Mr. J. W. Burgoyne has written a mass in E flat, dedicated to Rev. J. J. Garrity. It is published by Louis H. Ross.

A complimentary concert will be given to Mrs. Clara Fernald the 27th by Fairhaven and New Bedford people at Fairhaven.

Pauline, daughter of the Princess Metternich, lately appeared as violinist at a charity concert in Mannheim. She was accompanied by Alfred Grünfeld.

A workman at the arsenal in Venice, by name Cocolo, has written an opera, and a subscription is now taking to defray the cost of producing it.

Mrs. Mantelli is among the singers engaged for the Madrid season beginning Oct. 17. Campanini, a brother of the tenor, will be one of the conductors.

Augusto Machado, composer of "Lauriane," an opera given some years ago at Marseilles, is at work on a new one, "Mario Wether," on a text supplied by Leoncavallo.

Widor played the organ in Berlin while acting as a judge in the Rubenstein prize competition. He is now at work on the third act of his opera "Les Marins."

Mason & Hamlin have just received word from their branch house in Amsterdam, Holland, that they have been appointed purveyors to the court by the Queen of Holland.

"Alvar," by Paul Gilson, and "Sint Nikolaas," by Jan Blockx, will be among the operas produced at the Flemish Opera House, Antwerp, this coming season.

Prof. Ludwig Abel, Inspector of the Royal Academy of Music of Munich, died Aug. 13, at Neu-Passing, near that city. He was an excellent musician and a good and kindly man.

"La Femme Compositrice," by Eugene de Soleniere, has been issued. It contains portraits of Mme. de Grandval, Augusta Holmès, Cécile Chaminade and Gabrielle Ferrari.

Signor Fabiani, "harpist from the courts of Europe and the Paris Conservatoire," will give a musical reception Monday morning at 11 at 3 Huntington House, Cortes Street.

Lachaux will play with Rivarde, the violinist, in the Metropolitan Opera House on Nov. 24. Lachaux will afterward accompany Sauret in March to California.

In October occurs the 50th anniversary of the first production of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at Dresden, and in November that of Wallace's "Maritana" at Drury Lane.

Marsick, the celebrated violinist who will arrive in New York next month, gave a recital on the 31st of August at St. Peter's Cathedral in Geneva. The cathedral was crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

Mrs. Clara Fernald, who has been singing under that name in England, will be known in the future as Mrs. Clara Mansfield, that being her family name. Mrs. Mansfield will reside in New York the coming winter.

Levinne of Moscow was awarded the Rubinstein prize for piano playing in the competition at Berlin. He is a pupil of Saffonoff. The competitors were handicapped by the fact that Klindworth led the orchestra.

Miss Pettip, a French dancer, has been engaged to reinforce the ballet of the Opera. She is daughter of the ballet master who arranged the Baobabale in Tannhäuser in 1881, under the direction of Richard Wagner. He is living at Versailles.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke have been investing their earnings in Polish landed property, says the Kurjer Warszawski. They have purchased estates near Czestochow. Edouard has purchased Garkel, an estate near Plawna, and his brother is negotiating for Skrzydlow, one of the finest domains in the same district.

Mr. Arthur Weid, formerly music critic of the Post and musician at large, is of the opinion that the gold mines. His gain is music's loss; for his criticisms were marked by courage of opinion and expression, as well as intelligence and a sympathy with all that is good and noble in music.

The editor of the Bayreuther Blätter appeals to the public for pecuniary assistance for one of the earliest Wagnerophiles, Edmund von Hagen. He desires to obtain a list of those who will subscribe definite sums for a series of years to aid his afflicted comrade. This will be heaping coals of fire on a head that has assisted in writing stupid books.

Miss Helène Gingold, the composer of the new gypsy love song, "Benita," set to words of her own composition, has already earned laurels as poet and novelist. Her grandfather, the Chevalier Sulzer, was a singer and song-writer, and collaborated with Schubert in many works. Miss Gingold's mother, like the other daughters of Sulzer, was a singer and was prima donna at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna.

The following orchestral works by living composers will be produced at Berlin symphony concerts led by Weingartner this season: "Tyll Eulenspiegel," R. Strauss; variations on a theme by Schubert, Heuberger; overture, "Husitzka," Dvorak; "Wandlungen," symphony by Rémy; Scherzo by Goldmark. "The Damnation of Faust" will be given March 9, the anniversary of the death of Berlioz.

Albani has been engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for the next season of royal court opera at Covent Garden, when she will appear in "Tristan und Isolde" in conjunction with Jean de Reszke. In October and November next Madame Albani will make a tour of the English provinces, assisted by Clara Butt, Aimée Loidore, Norman Salmon, Johannes Wolff, Joseph Hollman, Raoul Fugno and Mr. Lane Wilson. In January and February next year Albani will make a concert tour through the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Mascagni has written an article on opera librettos for a newspaper at Cernigola, in which he says that over 1500 librettos are written in Italy every

year, and that 200 of them are sent to him. He has had looks from a railroad porter, from a sailor, a shoemaker, and a pig doctor. One dealt with Italian unity, among the characters being Garibaldi, a burlesque; the Pope, a basso, and Victor Emmanuel, a tenor. Another called "May Day" was about a strike, and had a chorus, "We want an eight-hour day."

Rudolph Aronson has received the following note from Johann Strauss: "Heartfelt thanks for the dedication to me of your enchanting 'Strauss Jubilee Waltz.' Jean de Reszke writes Mr. Aronson: 'I thank you extremely, and so does my brother, for your charming 'Polish Mazurka,' which you so kindly dedicated to us. The composition will recall to us the sympathy (which the Polish title suggests) we have met with in America, and the composer friend who has so well illustrated it.'"

Tickets with secured seats may be now obtained for each or all of the seven concerts or the seven public rehearsals of the Worcester Music Festival, Sept. 21-27. The first concert will be devoted to "St. Paul," with Mrs. Eaton, Miss Desvignes, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Duff as the soloists. "The Damnation of Faust" will be sung the 25th, and Mrs. Blauvelt, Messrs. Rigler, Campanari and Duff will be the soloists. "Israel in Egypt" will be sung the 27th, with Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Thies, Duff and Clark as the soloists. The other concerts will be of a miscellaneous nature. Melba will sing Thursday evening, the 26th, and Friday afternoon, the 27th. Apply for seats or information to C. L. Gorham & Co., Worcester.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus sums up the work last season at Covent Garden of Tamagno, that heroic tenor who was so unjustly slighted here in Boston: "With Signor Tamagno so evasive and complex an analysis is by no means necessary. His faults and his virtues are carried by him in front, as it were, on banners. When he acts up to once grasp his plain and obvious intention; when he sings he gives you all he has, he can no more. Of that magnificent voice, however, it may be said at once that in its most brilliant manifestations it borders upon the superhuman. When Tamagno is genuinely aroused and inspired by some 'soul-stirring strain' he generally succeeds in leaving his audience breathless, so piercingly splendid is the extreme quality of his voice, so simple and direct is the sincerity of his acting. He has one fault, however, which he would do well to look to. He has a trick of deceiving one that he sings somewhat out of tune. He reaches a note, that is, by approaches, half persuading you that his ear is at fault, then suddenly satisfying by alighting out of these approaches upon the very centre of actual and true note. It is a trick which sometimes may prove effective; as a habit it is to be deplored."

It was Mr. Runciman of London who thus spoke of Siegfried Wagner: "It would be inadvisable of Mr. Siegfried Wagner to ask us to take him too seriously yet. Taken seriously, it would be necessary to say severe things about him, things which, perhaps, he does not deserve. We all know Mrs. Wagner as a very strong-minded lady, and when (as is said) she signified her determination that Siegfried, instead of taking up architecture, which he liked, should take up music, which he did not specially like, and prepare himself to conduct the Bayreuth shop, to the end that the business might remain in the family, it is easy to understand that no one would be bold enough to oppose her. Mr. Siegfried Wagner, at any rate, did not oppose her, but went meekly to Humberdinck to be coached in the mysteries of his future calling; and having proceeded so far, he is only carrying the thing consistently through when he comes here to show us how Beethoven should be played. Obviously, his too frequent mention of his father and grandfather is only his way of trying to persuade himself that he must be a musician by race, that he has music in his blood. Anyone who has heard him conduct, or listened to his compositions, knows perfectly well that music is not in his blood, and that is where the disadvantage of talking about Wagner and Liszt comes in. I do not mean that I doubt the accuracy of his pedigree, for his face proclaims his father, and it is extremely probable that he shares with many others the honor of having Liszt for his grandfather. I do mean that though it is not Mr. Siegfried Wagner's fault that he is grandson of a great musician and son of a greater, it is his fault that he makes a little too much of it."

Sept. 16, 95

The saddest feature of the yacht racing is the advantage taken cruelly by punsters. Thus, a correspondent writes us: "And he ain't dun raven yet."

Harold Frederic speaks of Dunraven as follows: "With all his sportsman-like qualities he is a top-lofty person, whose career by land and sea has been filled with misunderstandings, disagreements and contentions world without end. Those who have been most closely in contact with him, either in politics or in sport, display a surprisingly unanimous disposition in private talk to believe that the American case must be even stronger than the cable dispatches make it."

Trinity Church has long been considered the house of the Lord. It appears from a staring sign that it is at present the dwelling place of a firm of contractors.

About this time expect the straw hat joke.

There is no quarrel now about the pronunciation of Valkyrie. She is known simply as "the other boat."

We understand that negotiations are making for the incorporation of the whole of the West End in the World's End Show. Within a fortnight there have been several attempts to hold up men in that region. The other evening about 8 o'clock a robber in Myrtle Street snatched a pocketbook from a woman. She pursued him through several streets, and in vain. Although her shrieks disturbed the neighborhood 10 policemen was in sight during the race.

Sept. 16, 1811, saw in the garden of Sir William Rowley, at Tendering Hall, Eng., three growing melons of the extraordinary size of 13 feet in circumference, two of them measuring four feet each, and the third full five feet. Now melons, according to Averrhoes, are of a cold nature, juicy, detergent and diuretic.

The Philistine takes Judge Robert Grant to task rather late in the day for a slip in his article about the summer girl in the July Scribner. Judge Grant's sentence is as follows: "A considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she is engaged to." But what is to be said of the structural looseness of the Philistine's comment: "This is in form somewhat similar to the reporter who said the victim of the trolley accident was killed fatally dead."

That London newspapers abuse the New Yorkers and indulge themselves in fish-wife phrases is not to be wondered at. They are probably only keeping their hand in. Abuse is often their stock in trade.

Take the case of Mr. Arthur Symons, who is well known in the literary world as a man of observation and imagination, travel and culture. He has contributed entertaining articles to leading magazines; he is one of the editors of the Mermaid series; he has written verse of originality and melody. But he has committed an unpardonable sin; he is a modern of the moderns and he does not believe that Art lives, "withdrawn on some far peak." As he says in the prologue to "Days and Nights,"

"But go where cities pour
Their turbid human stream through street
and mart.
A dark stream flowing onward evermore
Down to an unknown ocean—there is Art."

Now read this review of his latest volume of poems, a review published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Mr. Arthur Symons is a very dirty-minded man, and his mind is reflected in the puddle of his bad verses. It may be that there are other dirty-minded men who will rejoice in the jingle that records the squalid and inexpensive amours of Mr. Symons but our faith jumps to our hope that such men are not. He informs us in his prologue that his life is like a music hall, which should bring him a joint action for libel from every decent institution of the kind in London. By his own showing, his life's more like a pig sty, and one dull below the ordinary at that. Every woman he pays to meet him, he tells us, is desirous to kiss his lips; our boots, too, are desirous, but of quite another part of him, for quite another purpose." Might not this have been written by some London yachting editor? Of course if Mr. Symons tells of a thief, he is a thief; if he sings of a horrible orgy, he never goes to bed sober or in decent company. And the newspaper that published this coarse review is the Pall Mall Gazette, "written by gentlemen for gentlemen."

Attention, stamp collectors! The Italian Government is about to follow the example of other States, and to mark the national festival of the entry of the Italians into Rome by the issue of a new "historical postage stamp." A million copies will be ready for sale on the 25th anniversary of the liberation of Rome in 1870. The design of the new stamp, which was intrusted to Prof. Sezanne, is very elaborate and somewhat overcrowded for its size. In the upper half of the picture sits the figure of Italy, with the iron crown upon her head; she holds the sceptre in her right hand, and in her left the armorial shield of the House of Savoy. On the two steps of her throne are two inscriptions, the first of which originated with Victor Emmanuel, and the second with the present King Umberto: (1) "In Rome we are, and in Rome we mean to stay." (2) "Rome is Intangible." In either position of the postage stamp are crowded a number of symbols—the she-wolf of ancient Rome, the eagle of Savoy, profiles of the two modern Kings of United Italy, the Italian Crown, and the inscription "Postal stamp in honour of the 25th anniversary of the Liberation of Rome," and the two dates, 1870 and 1895.

When the philosopher had finished saying he said with great gravity: "The reason why woman is so difficult to understand is that you have not learnt her mind than she

Here is the latest impertinence of Jimmy Whistler. Mr. Tadema criticized some of Jimmy's work before "young and impressionable men" and Jimmy wrote to the newspaper this reply: "Sly Alma! What does he know of my hangings? His Romano-Dutch-St. Johns-Wooden eye has never looked upon them!—and the fine jaundice of his flesh is none of the running of my yellows!"

"To know is a great word!
Tadema boom da ay!!!"

Jimmy, Jimmy, this is not up to your average! This is nothing but blackguardism.

Here is cynical comment: The British Medical Journal has discovered another instance of the growing tendency of the classes to ape the masses. After the bicycle the baby show. "Mrs. Robert Crawshaw recently held at her house an aristocratic baby show, which was largely attended." In the under 1-year-old handicap Lord and Lady Castlerosse's Dermot, 11 months, 33½-pound, simply rolled home. For the all-aged stakes up came Lord and Lady Ashburton with their little lot—Mildred, 18 months, 23 pounds, and 14 teeth. Mildred duly caught the judge's eye, but it will be observed that at weight for age Dermot is by far the better animal. All this should suggest a valuable hint to Sir Bernard Burke. The Peerage of the Future will contain not only (a) against ladies who bicycle, but will give the age and weight and number of teeth of each scion. The letter (c) would stand for Champion Baby of His Year. The record of number of teeth might be discontinued after the age of 50 is reached.

Sept. 17, 1895
"MARTHA."

Flotow's Tuneful Opera Given at the Castle Square—A Few Words Concerning the Popularity of the Forty-eight-year-old Work.

The cast of "Martha" as given last evening at the Castle Square Theatre was as follows:

Lady Harriet.....Edith Mason
Nancy.....Helen von Doenhoff
Lord Tristan.....J. Wm. Wolf
Plunkett.....J. K. Murray
Lionel.....Thos. H. Persse
The Sheriff.....Arthur Woolley

When "Martha" was first produced in London in 1853, and in an Italian version, Chorley wrote of it, "The tale, no doubt is amusing, though as extravagant as any dream that ever disturbed the sleep of an opium eater; but the music is poor, small, hybrid; and except for Thomas Moore, and his amateur liberties, which converted an old, rollicking Irish song into a sweet, sentimental melody, 'Martha' could hardly have lived a week."

When Flotow's opera was given at the Theatre-Lyrique, Paris, Albert de Lasalle spoke of it as "the only one of modern German operas which has made the tour of the world with undisputed and legitimate success." Thus do critics disagree.

The great public is fond of "Martha," which shares with "The Bohemian Girl" and "Il Trovatore" the honor of being the most popular of operas. In whatever country any one of the three is given, that night the audience is large and eagerly enthusiastic. Not that the three operas are of the same rank; for the last act of "Il Trovatore" is worthy of the composer of "Otello" and "Falstaff," while the operas by Flotow and Balfe depend solely on the artlessness and the spontaneity of the melody.

It is, perhaps, idle to inquire into the cause of the popularity of any opera. The story of "Martha" is simple, clean, intelligible. It matters little whether it was taken originally from the Ballet des Châmbres à louer, performed in the time of Louis XIII., or from a vaudeville, "Comtesse d'Egmont," and then produced as a ballet; it makes no difference whether the action is in the time of Queen Anne (as in the German and English versions) or in the fifteenth century (as in the Italian version) or today (as in the French); the public likes the story and it likes the music. The public does not care a fig whether the Porter Song is as "vapid as is the residue out of a stale vat." It is delighted with the spinning quartet, the "Good Night," Lionel's romance, the duet for tenor and bass and the Irish melody.

Then, in this country "Martha" has made its way into the church. "Lost, proscribed," is "Guide me, oh, Thou Great Jehovah," and the "Good Night" is an evening hymn.

The public remembers that famous singers have been glad to take the part of Martha; it recalls with delight Patti and Nilsson. Then there was

Parepa, who in a light role called to mind the lines of Milton:
"Th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all
his might."

But 'twas an elephant with a golden voice and winning amiability.

If "Martha" were announced this season, with Melba, Scatchell and de Reszkes in the cast, the Mechanica Hall would not have standing room for those eager to hear.

No wonder, then, that the Castle Square was crowded last night with an appreciative audience. And the applause was in many instances fairly won. Miss Mason, who took at short notice the place of Miss Lane, who is sick, sang discreetly and without affectation. Her delivery of "The Last Rose of Summer" was characterized by simplicity, a rare virtue, and yet this simplicity is imperatively demanded by the nature of the tune. Mr. Persse was cast in a sympathetic part, and he often sang with genuine effect. Mr. Murray, while apparently none too familiar with the role of Plunkett, again displayed an agreeable voice, intelligence and ease in action. The chorus and orchestra were under control and the scenery was appropriate. Exceptions might be taken by the antiquary to the accuracy of the Queen Anne costumes, but, after all, this is a comparatively trifling matter, when there is so much in the performance to give the audience pleasure.

It may be that from such beginnings opera will finally have an abiding place in this city and not be merely the fashionable amusement for a fortnight. There are many light and pleasing works, free from buffoonery—unless it be injudiciously introduced by anxious comedians—which are comparatively little known to the present generation of opera-goers. Operas by Adam, Auber, Lortzing, Kreutzer, are within the reach of the present ambition of the managers of the Castle Square. The only objection that might be raised is that some of these works have no adequate English version; but such versions are not utterly beyond the capacity of some of our adapters for the stage. The audience of last night showed that it appreciated melodious music, nor did it grow restive on account of the absence of dominating comedians. There is no reason to doubt that the real music lovers of this town would support a season in which comic operas and more pretentious works were respectively given and at reasonable prices.

PHILIP HALL.

"Everything conspires to aid incompetence."

G. McC. W. asks: "What is the origin of the phrase 'Don't raise your Ebenezer,' meaning don't get mad." We admit frankly that we do not know, although the phrase is a familiar one. Farmer's note, in which he says, "To raise one's Ebenezer is to put oneself on evidence—in Biblical parlance, to set one's light on the top of a hill, and not hide it under a bushel," is grotesquely false. In English slang "Ebenezer" is a stroke at five, when the ball hits "line" at such an angle as to rise perpendicularly into the air. In Hebrew "Ebenezer" means the stone of help, and such a stone was set up by Samuel after a signal defeat of the Philistines, as a memorial of the help received on the occasion from Jehovah. "He called the name of it Ebenezer," saying, "Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us," but Josephus says it was erected to mark the limit of the victory. Hence the well-known lines in Robinson's hymn:

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come."

"Ebenezer" is occasionally adopted in England by Methodists, Baptists, etc., as the name of a particular meeting house, and it is sometimes used contemptuously as a synonym for dissenting-chapel. We should be glad if anybody can answer G. McC. W.'s question.

"Platt's brow is furrowed." Little he cares whether it is furrowed, plowed or harrowed, provided he reaps the harvest.

It appears that Hornblower is not doing the horn blowing.

Dr. Depew is at it again. Like Verges, he will be talking. No sooner had he landed that he confided to a New York reporter that in England "a charming lady friend, who is a wonderful social success," said to him: "For heaven's sake, stop talking." This confirms the report creeping stealthily about that the Doctor, after all, is not a humorist.

A picture of the boudoir of the Hon. James Corbett reveals the fact that peacock feathers ornament his mirror. Now the peacock is an unlucky bird, because he was the only creature who was induced to show Satan the way into Paradise. Broken limbs, money losses and various forms of infectious diseases have all been traced to the presence of a peacock, or even a peacock feather, on the premises. The judicious sport, in consideration of these facts, will favor Col. Fitzsimmons in the approaching friendly trial of athletic skill.

Here is a thoughtful remark of John Burroughs in the last number of the Chap-Book (Sept. 15): "I heard a reader observe, after finishing one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, 'How well it is written!' I thought it a doubtful compliment. It should have been so well written that the reader would not have been conscious of the writing at all."

And what will be the emotions of Mr. Zangwill when he gazes for the first time on his portrait drawn by Fred Richardson for the same number of the Chap-Book?

When a cold spell occurs in September and passes without a frost, a frost will not occur until the same time in October.

This is the anniversary of the birth (1735) of Mr. John Joseph Merlín, at St. Peters in the city of Huys. He was a mechanical genius, maker of engines,

mathematical and musical instruments, watch and clock and chair and automata maker. He also regarded himself as a first-class humorist; and persuaded of his comic powers he would appear at masquerades as Cupid, or as Vulcan forging the darts of Cupid; or as a barmaid; or as a quack doctor with a chair "charged with an electrical apparatus," by which he shocked his patients. Truly, a mad wag! At the height of his fame he invented a combination harpsichord and pianoforte, but the music teachers refused to recommend it unless their palms were greased, so he abandoned it.

This is a memorable day, for it was on Sept. 17, 1799, that Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, displayed the voracity of his appetite, and, by the way, his eight brothers and father were likewise remarkable. A prisoner of war at Liverpool, he ate on the said day, in the presence of Dr. Johnston, a commissioner, Admiral Child, and several other respectable gentlemen, as follows: At 4 A. M. he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; by 10.30 he finished five pounds of raw beef, 12 tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; between 1 and 6 he made way with five pounds of beef, one pound of candles and three bottles of porter. His skin was cool, his pulse regular, and he was in good spirits. "It is also to be observed that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite." He then dined, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and by 4 o'clock the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous hunger, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef. Mr. Domery was 6 feet 3 inches, of pale complexion, well made but thin, pleasant as to countenance and amiable as to temper. He could neither read nor write. And he perspired freely while he ate.

It looks as though Anson might win his wager with the New Yorkers.

Sept. 18, 1895

In quadruped or winged game
Gourmands there are who like the high;
'Tis in society the same—
A touch of taint is spicy.

This is the anniversary of the death (96) of the Roman Emperor Domitian. In spite of the charges brought against him by historians and commentators there were no flies on him; for he would spend whole hours in killing them.

The Historical Painter is crowded with work. One of his most entertaining subjects, and for a colossal canvas, is "The Farmers of Rhode Island Enraptured With the Midway Plaisance at Providence."

The "Ulster Man" of Waltham is out of season.

"Harvard foot ball players have had no summer practice." In this connection it is a pleasure to learn that Capt. Brewer had "a few of his friends" at his summer home at Mariou. They probably passed the time in discussing the theory of quaternions, or the influence of the sun on curbstones.

Mr. William F. Aphorhp is an industrious and versatile man. Not only does he discuss at length and in several languages all questions musical and dramatic; in his odd moments he masters French novels, as is shown by his translation into English of six short stories by Zola. The volume is tastefully printed and bound, and, as far as we have examined it, the version seems to be wholly admirable.

This reminds us that a correspondent writes: "Is not the word 'Englished,' used by Mr. Aphorhp on the title page, an affectation? What's the matter with 'translated'?" Affectation? Go to! "Englished" is by far the better word, as it is also the specific term for Mr. Aphorhp's task. We find in Wyclif's Bible, 1388, "To Englishe it aftir the word wolde be derk and doubtful." So Caxton in 1490 wrote, "to expowne and Englysshe euery dyffyculte." And so down through the years to Richard Grant White, and Furnivall and Richard F. Burton with his "Camoens: The Lyrics, Englished by R. F. B."

This is the anniversary of the death (1733) of that grotesque and pathetic figure, Mrs. Anna Williams, who lived for years on the bounty of Dr. Johnson and alternately comforted and vexed him. Many singular anecdotes about her are in Boswell's book. Do you remember how she made tea? Let Boswell tell. "Mrs. Williams made it with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward; for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it."

was Lowell alone in his fastidiousness. Thus Barrett wrote: "I tried to see the veterans pawed by poor Williams, that would often carve, though stone blind."

To Mrs. Williams, who wondered at the keenness and the pleasure men take in making beasts of themselves, Johnson spoke this immortal remark: "I wonder, Madam, that you do not penetrate enough to see the inducement to this excess; for no makes a beast of himself gets the pain of being a man."

Senator Quay carries the left hind of a graveyard rabbit in his belt. The Senator is a man skilled in divination. He knows the Voodoo charms. He remembers that the Britons named the hare as a magic-working animal, and Queen Boadicea had one coiled in her bosom when she hanged her soldiery. He is aware that a hare should cross his path, misfortune would await him. He has been that fishermen everywhere avoid mentioning at sea the name of a hare, salmon, trout, or dog. But, although he is subject, as are common sailors, to disease, he very likely is ignorant of this Tuscan charm, of its use in sickness. Not to the loss but to the fellow man do we therefore give this secret: "Take or catch a hare without doing it the least harm and say—

"Hare I take you,
I bear you to my home,
That you may bring me
A good fortune;
Bear away the illness of X."
And when the hare is carried home you must cut or shave away its fur in the form of a cross. And this done, hold the hare toward the invalid with a third person, and put it on the neck of the one who suffers. Then let the hare run away, making the sign of the chestnut or the fig, saying:

"Go! and mayst thou bear
All the trouble and ill with thee!
And leave us free
With good health."

"Then spit behind you thrice, and look out behind you, and go not out from the house for three-quarters of an hour."

Talk about insane devotion to sports—manufacturers of Birmingham, gland, are obliged to consider the means to prevent the foot ball season interfering seriously with the time of their factory work. "It is as if the Birmingham workman wanted to play foot ball; his idea is to his paid servants, the professionals at Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion perform." During a crisis in the trade the piece work hands turned in a body whenever there was a game in the neighborhood. "No doubt," says a London journal, "the affection for professional foot ball is of a hotter kind than that for race meetings, though the attraction at both is sometimes believed to be the opportunity to afford the sportsman for backing a fancy, but both instances shed an interesting light on the financial condition of the Midland workman."

At Constantinople they are fond of vorfish; in France they do not care for it. In Boston it is generally served so well done.

Just as in the life of clubs for men only there are occasionally "ladies' nights," so gloomy La Grande Trappe threw open lately its monastic doors to women for a week's visit, a privilege that has seldom been enjoyed at Soligny for at least two centuries. The monk's bill of fare is a hunk of bread, vegetable soup, some sort of greenstuff boiled in plain water and served with salt, and a couple of dried figs by way of dessert. But the guests, and there were 500 of them, sat down to a breakfast worthy of such a host as Margery of Paris. Anyone, by the way, who wishes to acquaint himself with life in such a monastery should read "En Route," by Huysmans.

Sept. 19-91

Be good, be good, my father said,
Though the road be rough and stormy.
Some day you may be President,
Or a General in the army.

"Bill Cock is writing a drama entitled 'Men I Have Killed.' The plot is laid in an Oklahoma cemetery." There is at least every opportunity for the ghost to walk.

And the thieves in Union Park Street were mindful of the slang of today, and they said, "Come now, let's open a synagogue."

Lieut. Lucy of Amesbury will not linger longer, much to the regret of the company.

They have found a pre-historic man in Wyoming. Look out, gentlemen; remember the story of the Cardiff giant. The fact that the skeleton was discovered near the head of Bitter Creek, suggests "The Bad Man" and an elaborate guy.

Capt. Huff is making peace. Capt. Huff has joined Sandow, Mr. Kendall, John Drew and others in explaining the secret of his strength. Capt. Huff will very likely be seen soon in a grand nautical melodrama.

Sims Reeves, who has just taken to himself a second wife, was born Oct. 21, 1821. His first wife, Emma Lucombe, was an opera singer. He was married to her Nov. 2, 1850, and she died June 10, 1895.

It appears that the wild man of Connecticut is in the habit, when pursued, of exhibiting a row of frightful teeth, that disconcert the hunters. Now, the wild man of Indiana has no teeth in his upper jaw, but one entire bone throughout his gum, marked a little at the top only with certain notches, where the teeth should be divided. A photograph, with an autographic dedication, in our possession, shows clearly this singular dental formation. It is unnecessary to remind the young and earnest student of history that the wild man of Indiana resembles closely the late Phyrus, King of Epirus, as to his upper jaw.

Mr. George L. Watson, at any rate, has received a consolation purse. Instead of writing letters, he has signed contracts.

Twenty-two Governors at Chattanooga. And how many Colonels?

A contemporary remarks: "Our Chauncey is taken seriously." By whom?

That compositor builded better than he knew when he achieved this line: "After a grief period of mourning."

So the Texan Judge has decided in favor of prize fights. Those of us who own real estate in Dallas are now walking on thick velvet.

"There is no living poet in England who is fully entitled to this honor" (the laureateship). What's the matter with Algernon Charles Swinburne? And yet he can spare the empty honor, with its ridiculous requirements.

If on Sept. 19 there is a storm from the South, a mild winter may be expected.

Asparagus was not common in France about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the people fancied that it was the product of rams' horns planted in the ground. And this superstition gave rise to many jests of personal direction and doubtful taste.

This is the feast day of St. Januarius, from whose name some deep thinkers derive the vulgar expression "Whoa, January!"

An evening contemporary has just discovered the French word "matagabolize," meaning "to take more trouble about a thing than it is worth." But Rabelais knew this verb "matagaboliser," which means "to do, produce, compose, arrange, bring to light, put in order, polish, invent." An instance of the use of this old word given in the "Dictionnaire Comique" of Philibert Le Roux (1718) is, "Il y a huit jours que je suis à matagaboliser cette harangue."

It appears that bananas come from Bancs, but not etymologically.

The Saturday Review is thus moved to jeer at Mark Twain's misfortune and courageous resolve. Commend us to this excerpt for a specimen of fine, crusted, English brutality: "Mark Twain (Mr. Samuel L. Clemens) has been holding forth about his recent bankruptcy in a strain that might puzzle the simple. He says: 'A merchant, who has given up all he has, may take advantage of the laws of insolvency, and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and honor is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlive. I had a two-thirds interest in the publishing firm whose capital I furnished. If the firm had prospered, I should have expected to collect two-thirds of the profits. As it is, I expect to pay all the debts.' Mr. Samuel L. Clemens protests too much. It is a matter of simple honesty to pay one's debts in full, and the obligations of honor run further than Mr. Samuel L. Clemens seems to imagine. Curiously enough, the first and only time we met Mr. Samuel L. Clemens he dwelt at length upon the dishonesty of a contemporary writer, a compatriot of his, to whom all English readers owe many delightful hours, in such a way that we confess to but scant sympathy with him in his monetary troubles. He talks of hoping to make 'a fresh and unencumbered start in life at 64 years of age.' There is too much self-pity here and too much self-applause. Mr. Mark Twain would have us believe that to be honest deserves a martyr's crown. The explanation probably is that when a man has only one virtue he is inclined to overrate its importance."

I never yet knew any man so bad as some have thought him honest, and afforded him love, nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil, and hated him.

The calkers in East Boston now spell themselves corkers.

We are glad to see that the fresh water colleges are holding their own with Yale and Harvard. Read, for instance, of the rush at Dartmouth. Several were badly bruised, one cut severely above the eye, and another is now suffering from a dislocated shoulder with broken ligaments—truly, a very creditable showing. And it must be remembered that the season is only just born.

It speaks volumes for the high musical cultivation of Brookline that its Public Library now owns those rare works, "Prince Pro Tem" and "The Sphinx." There is a rumor that a well-known philanthropist is about to add a sumptuously bound copy of that exceedingly scarce operetta, "Kismet."

Yes, these Electro-Therapeutics are all right, and there is much to be said about the disintegration of organic tissues by high tension currents, and the electro-magnetic basis of physiology should not be neglected—but, as Old Chimes said the other evening at the Porphyry Club, it would be more to the point if surgeons would invent a process by which the fleeting remnant of a liver might be left at night outside the chamber door, to receive the same attention paid one's boots.

In whatever manner burgoo may be compounded in Kentucky, the word itself is not an Americanism, as some insist. It is an English word of respectable age, derivation unknown, though it has been connected with the dialect "burgot" or "burgood," meaning yeast. Burgoo, across and on the Atlantic, means "a thick oatmeal gruel or porridge used chiefly by seamen; loblolly." We find in Ellis's "Country Housewife's Family Companion" (1750), "whole grits boiled in water till they burst, and then mixed with butter, and so eaten with spoons, which was formerly called loblolly, now burgoo." And so Mr. Chucks in "Peter Simple" once addressed a sailor: "Mark my words, you burgooeating, trousers-scrubbing—" but it is perhaps just as well not to finish the sentence.

The "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases" (1854) mentions the phrase "as thick as burgoo," and adds, "An Irish dish, I am informed."

It is surprising that tramps acknowledged the late Henry Villiers as their king; he never missed a daily bath for years.

Emma Eames is in Paris, France, and not in Lenox, Mass., as some of our contemporaries have stated. The reports of her engagements in Germany this season are unfounded.

What's become of Dr. Forbes-Winslow? Has he no more thrilling disclosures concerning famous men and noble dames, living or dead? The doctor was for a time a very help when there was need of copy.

The 20th day of September rules the weather for October.

Money counted at the new moon will be increased.

This is the anniversary of the death (1815) of William Hutton, Esq., F. S. A., age 92. He is reported a good and great man. He left a journal which shows the nimble play of his mind, and the canon-like profundity of his learning. Thus on March 1, 1738, he wrote: "I first saw a Welchman with a leek in his hat, and thought it would have been better in his porridge."

This is also the anniversary of the death (1415) of Mr. Owen Glendower, who was regarded by Shakespeare as one of the leading spiritualists of his day.

A French provincial newspaper, which boasts of its large circulation, publishes the following announcement of a charity concert: "We advise all our readers to secure their seats in advance, on account of the smallness of the hall, which only holds about 50 persons."

Herbert Spencer has evolved this method of classifying colors: The compass is boxed in a certain order of subdivisions, north, north by east, north-northeast, northeast by north, east, and so on. Adopting the usual theory of primary colors, there might be a similar series, thus: Red, red-by-blue, red-red-blue, red-blue-by-red, red-blue (purple), red-blue-by-blue, blue-red-blue, blue-by-red, blue. After this we take the blue-yellows and the yellow-reds. Mr. Spencer adds that such a nomenclature would be of much service, especially to women and shopkeepers, by whom "the names of colors are used in a chaotic manner—violet, for instance, being spoken of as purple, and other names being grossly misapplied."

A correspondent in Seattle sends us an excerpt from a local newspaper, in which a recent visitor to this city says: "Boston is all right in some respects, but Will Powell told the truth when he remarked that 'the man who laid out the streets was either drunk or crazy.' Such crooked thoroughfares I never before saw, nor do I think anyone else ever did." Our correspondent writes, "Enclosed clipping naturally stirs the blood of a New Englander. It is but one of many things some of these old mosquitoes who never saw anything but their own town have seen fit to give. For one, I am tired of taking their incidence." Our correspondent should control himself by sedatives or close application to mathematics. Mr. Powell is not original in his criticism, but no Bostonian would be offended by the substance of it. Indeed, our crooked streets have long been a source of pride to them that do business therein.

Here is an example of English humor worthy of a prominent position in Punch. "The tedium of the Vacation Court on Tuesday was pleasantly relieved by an all too brief incident in which Mr. Oswald, Q. C., M. P., chiefly figured. He had pressed his point on Mr. Justice Mathew with plusquam-Oswaldian persistence till at last the Judge repeated several times that he would hear him no longer. 'My Lord,' said Mr. Oswald as a parting shot, 'in Vacation counsel is very often placed in a very difficult position.' 'And so is the Judge sometimes,' said Mathew, J., amid general laughter. 'You can't score off Mathew,' somebody observed. 'Do you see the point? Are you surprised that there was "general laughter?" Mathew, J., will soon be writing a comic opera libretto.

"As for extreme prettiness," said Aunt Lavinia, "it is the most popular thing in the world; it implies universal suffrage; and it would seem that a man with a very pretty wife can only claim his one share in her, as the voter claims his single share in the member he has combined to elect."

Sept 21

The rich man, the poor man, the beggar or thief,
The doctor or lawyer, merchant or chief,
All quaff of its contents in daylight or dark,
And bless the old dipper, the dipper in the Park.

It is with unaffected pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the chorus that heads this column. 'Tis the chorus of a new song that will surely make its way to the heart of the people. The first two lines may recall the button divination dear to boyhood, but what a democratic spirit is there breathed forth! The rhythm may halt, but what a rebuke to timorous scientists, what a defiance of bacilli!

Apropos of beggars, it is always with a sigh of regret that we write the word with an "a" in the final syllable. This agent-noun was usually spelled in 15-17 centuries "begger," and would that the form had been preserved. This reminds us that one shopkeeper in this town has the courage and the learning to cling to the old form, as is shown by his sign of warning, prominently displayed.

Yes, the old spelling was sturdier, more characteristic. Just as we shall never weary of insisting that "dogge" is a much superior animal to "dog," so is "darecke," as Sir Thomas North has it, more sinister, more appalling, more truly ebonine and Cimmerian than your plain, cheap, electric-lighted "dark."

"Papa," said little Willie at the breakfast table, "Papa, what is a paternal government?" And old Mr. Soak replied, as he shook his head, "A paternal government is one that sends its sons to bed at 11 o'clock."

Let there be no fear concerning the decay of foot ball. "Harry Beecher broke his collar-bone in a practice game," and the season has not yet begun.

Twenty thousand children were at the reception to Palmer Cox. But where were the Brownies?

Every friend of agriculture will wish the Hon. John L. Sullivan success in the present theatrical season, for 'tis his ambition to amass money enough to retire from the stage, which he has adorned, and buy a pleasant farm in the Commonwealth. Mr. Sullivan has many of the characteristics of a successful farmer: physical strength, grit, reserve force and a sanguine temperament. And now as he starts with a determined purpose, let him, even before the farm is bought, resolve to sell eggs by weight and keep his yard well stocked with herons for the market. As he is fond of reading in bed after the toil and passion of dramatic performance, he would do well to provide himself at once with "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," by Thomas Tus-

Lorenzo Perosi's new mass, produced at St. Mark's, Venice, Aug. 15, is high-

contributed much to the result, and Oreste Ravenello was the organist.

William Steinway has received a letter and two medals from the Emperor and Empress of Germany in recognition of his aid in the building of the Emperor William Memorial Church.

W. H. Gerrish has just published "Jerusalem, the Golden," a hymn in anthem form for tenor solo and quartet. The composer, the late John C. Warren, finished it just before his death.

A foreign paper makes the statement that theatre managers of 14 of the United States have formed a syndicate with a million dollar capital to produce the works of Americans and foreigners!

Mr. Krzyzanowski of Prague has been engaged as second conductor at the Weimar Opera. Mrs. Krzyzanowski-Doxat has been called to the Leipzig Stadt Theatre to take the place of Miss Finck.

They have an orchestra in Bloemfontein, South Africa, directed by Ivan Haarburger. Antoinette Trebelli, the pianist Tryal Bevan and the clarinetist August Grader were the soloists at the last concert.

The Stern Choral Society, Berlin, Mr. Gernsheim, leader, will give "St. Paul" Nov. 4. Jan. 17 it will sing H. Seyffardt's "Aus Deutschland's Grosser Zeit," and in March Bach's Matthew Passion music.

Here is a pleasant item from the *Signale*: "The Czechish violinist Ondacek will soon devote himself to an American art and dollar journey. His manager, Mr. Wolfsohn, is meantime ringing the drum of puffery."

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung at St. James's Church, Harrison avenue, this evening, under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. After the performance of Rossini's work, the better of the choir will sing a "Salve Regina" which Mr. Rotoli has composed specially for the occasion.

Kelkel Weingartner, conductor and composer, has written a book—a dangerous venture—see the wish of Job. The title is "Die Lehre von der Wiederholung und das Musikalische Drama, aus dem Entwurf eines Mysteriums in der Erlösung." The book is published by Lipsius and Tischer, Kiel and Leipzig.

Here is the repertoire of the Italian company under the direction of Sonzogno, now playing in Berlin at the Stadt den Linden Theatre: "Cristo si sta di Purlin," one act, Giovanni Silvano, three acts, Mascagni, "Ilia," one act, Corneo, "La Fanciulla," three acts, Samara, "Il pazzo di Purlin," one act, Cipollini, "Il pazzo di Capella," one act, Paer, "Zanetta," (libretto founded on the libretto by Coppée), Mascagni.

Richard Zöllner's festival opera "Beethoven," produced at Leipzig Sept. 1, was received with stormy applause.

The libretto is founded on a tragic ode in Zola's "Le Débacle." The plot and tableau is a lively and exciting scene. An orchestral fantasia before the third act depicts the fantasia after the great battle. Volkskings are introduced in the opera as the Wacht am Rhein, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," "Morgenroth," "Drei Helden," the Kutschkelled, the Hohenledberger march, and "Eln' feste Burg."

Mr. Floersheim in his Berlin letter to the Musical Courier speaks highly of the debut of Minnie Cortese of Chicago, Aug. 29, at Kroll's, in "The Barber of Seville." He says: "She acted with perfect ease and seeming freedom. As for her voice, it is true a soprano, but in alto, and of true dark alto timbre, but it has all the lightness and flexibility of a soprano leggiero, and that is a very rare thing. In fact this was the first time in my life that I heard a part sung by a pronounced alto voice, such as it was intended for by Rossini, and it was also the first time that I heard the real Rossini coloratura as they were written by Rossini did not altered to suit the high soprano leggiero voice possessors who somewhat egotistically have usurped the part of Rossini and claimed it as solely their own."

Henri Marteau, in the Song Journal, says that Svendsen is one of the most remarkable of contemporary leaders of the orchestra. "I put him beside Elgar, Thomas, and Seldi." And then Marteau gives this interesting answer: "You may be ignorant of the fact that he just escaped being the leader of the concert directed remarkably by Thomas at Chicago? Svendsen was approached upon this subject before any lectures were made to Thomas, but he said to leave Europe and Scandinavia, account of his aged father, he refused. Th. Thomas has been and always will be during his life the apostle of beautiful and good music in the United States, and we do not know whether Svendsen would have disavowed in the face of the inevitable qualities of energy and perseverance. You should not, then, regret that Svendsen has not been to Chicago; you should only regret that he should never have come to the United States because you would then have possessed another great leader of orchestra for the great good of art." Marteau also says Grieg is immensely irritable and Svendsen exceedingly lazy. He hastens to add: "And now, then, my dear masters, Grieg and Svendsen, pardon me for having made a little incursion into the private domain of your friendship, but will they?"

A CHORAL DISSONANCE.

The irritability of musicians has long been an accepted fact, like the Pyramids. He that wrote the famous line about the poets included mentally musicians in the charge. Envy is sister to this irritability; witness the old definition of a quartet choir: "One made up of three bad singers and one good one; the good one is the one you

happen to talk with. The histories of opera abound in thrilling incidents of strife between prima donnas, collisions between wandering stars. Even today we hear the same, sad, eternal tale: Calvé will not sing if Eames is in the same company; de Reszke does not see the need of more than one first class tenor in a company. The student of sociology finds material for research in concert hall, as well as in theatre; and, alas, he finds it also in the church.

Let us consider, then, today a late episode in the history of a church in New York State. 'Twas a chorus choir with solo singers. In an evil hour a church fair was held, and there was ice cream for those who would buy. Some consider this article of food a luxury, and so when the people in Jules Laforgue's fantastic story wondered at the splendor of Lohengrin's appearance, they cried out, "His parents must be wealthy and refined! Oh, in what enchanted groves do they even now take water-tees?"

Add to this real or fictitious idea of luxury the fact that the soprano and the contralto of the choir were in charge of rival ice cream booths, and you will form some idea of the excitement in the little town.

The chronicler of the affair gives but a cold, prosaic account, as though he were official reporter of a Supreme Court. "Having many admirers, both young women did very well. Each won, judged from different standpoints. The soprano took in the most money, while the contralto disposed of the greatest quantity of ice-cream." It would seem that nothing could have been fairer. But the soprano, evidently a woman of temperament, accused her rival of giving away ice-cream "to make an outward show of carrying on the most thriving business." And then the women did not speak. They changed their seats in the choir loft; "each removed to the extreme end of the line." Thus the music suffered, and so did the organist. Of course, as the choir took sides, somebody wrote an anonymous letter to the good priest, who in sorrow read it from the pulpit, and took, as it was his duty, the choir to task. The singers raised their several Ebenezers, but not in song; if they were inglorious in the eyes of the priest and the congregation, they were resolved to be also mute. Headed by the soprano, they marched to the priest's house, and asked flippantly and impertinently what he meant by commenting publicly upon their conduct. Then the righteous man, justly stirred within him, ordered them from his house; and the soprano affirms that he shook her "until her teeth rattled," possibly from fear; possibly by reason of imperfect dentistry. For several weeks there was no music at the Sunday services.

Unfortunate results followed, but as they are matters ecclesiastical rather than purely musical, they do not concern us. It is only fair to say that this grotesque episode is not an isolated one. Many clergymen, many congregations and some amiable singers will bear testimony to sad experiences in choir lofts. What is the remedy? Or, rather, what is the preventative? In this connection let us ponder the words of Francois Coppée. "May it not be, when the phonograph has reached its perfection, that the performances of sublime actors and singers of genius will be collected in it; and then that those parts will be reproduced by mute persons of either sex, concealing in breast-pockets, or under the corset, the phonographic plates of their several parts? Some young leading lady might press the button, and we would then hear the golden voice of Sara Bernhardt; a voiceless tenor would pull a string and sound the note of Jean de Reszke." It will be remembered that the automaton Olympia in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" of Offenbach sang discreetly and with effect. And the choir of the future may, by means of electrical connection with the organ, be said truly to be under the control of the organist.

ZOLA IN GOOD HUMOR.

Mr. William F. Apthorp, the well-known critic of dramatic and musical matters, has Englished six short stories of Zola, which have been published in most tasteful, attractive form

by Copeland & Day of this city. It is not our intention to review at length the Englishing, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Apthorp has in the main succeeded admirably. It would be easy to take exception to his turning the title "La Fête à Coqueville" into "The Coqueville Spree," for "fête" does not fully convey the idea of "spree," "To be out on the spree," is "faire bombance," or "faire une noce," or "être en goguette," or simply "rigoler." But this exception is a trifling one, and if Zola had written the story in English, he might have used "spree" in despair of a better term.

"Jacques Damour" is one of the strongest of Zola's tales, and it is not unlikely that by his short stories he will be best remembered; for will the people of the next generation have the courage to attack the Rougon-Macquart series? "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," "L'Assommoir," and "L'Oeuvre" will for a long time command the attention; but it is an open question whether "Jacques Damour" or "Le Capitaine Burle" does not contain in parvo the best qualities of Zola's art.

But we are too near Zola to judge of his work and its influence, for good or bad, on literature. Let us here only speak of one of Zola's characteristics. If this English volume shows the savage strength of the industrious Frenchman, it also reveals in that most laughable "The Coqueville Spree" the humor of the man. Even the gloomiest and the most repulsive of his stories are relieved by humorous touches, as when the wedding party in "L'Assommoir" visits the Louvre; but the humor in that instance is only a sordid phase of sordid city life. In "The Coqueville Spree" the humor is without spleen, without a dash of pessimism. There is no thought of sewerized, etiolated humanity that suffers in tenements, without desire save for material betterment, and without hope, selfish, though it may be, in a compensating, if vague, future. But the spree at Coqueville is lusty and liberal as Nature, which at certain times seems to exult in exuberance of strength until she is intoxicated by the sap, and made delirious by the wind, and crazed into riotous joyousness by the gorgeous sun. Humanity is in carnival. The humble assume epic proportions. And one thinks of the olden supremacy of Bacchus, triumphing in reveling, mad procession.

Mark, too, the spontaneity of this humor. No smell of the lamp, no hammering painfully the shafts of wit; no malice; no sinister thought that serves as background. Thackeray was once taken to task for saying of Swift and Rabelais, their humor "poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them." Perhaps in the case of Swift, the comparison is unfortunate; surely it is a most appropriate description of the humor of Rabelais, that colossal jester, who laughed as though he were the Earth itself, with gold and silver, and green good things, and muck; amused, at first kindly, at last bitterly, at the pranks of men crawling upon its surface. And as Balzac showed the same colossal humor, so Zola, in this one story, forgets the winter's gray of Paris, and tumbles joyfully on village earth under a gladdening sky. There is no talk of heredity; there is no social problem to solve; there is no purpose noble or mistaken. For once there is unrestrained mirth.

And the English reader who, hitherto, has unfortunately only known Zola by the unfavorable reports of those who either cannot or will not understand him, as he shakes over Mr. Apthorp's sympathetic Englishing of "La Fête à Coqueville," will rub his eyes, and say: "Why, this Zola is, after all, intensely human. What animal spirits the man has!" Yet this bacchic humor is only one characteristic of a strong and singular individuality.

SEPT. 23. 91

The late William F. Carleton, a most amiable and generous man, was adventurous in his youth. A protégé of Farragut, he was on the flagship that memorable day of the Bay Fight.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we present to our readers another selection from a forthcoming compilation of songs of the day, to be entitled "Ballads of the Heart and the Hearth." We regret that we are not at liberty to reprint the music or to tell the pathetic incident which inspired the poet. "The morrow's sun rose with a golden glow,

The birds were all singing with glee; I wonder if Nature was glad to know What Grace and God did for me!"

Chorus:

"Sing all ye people, O sing!
Sing with my Grace and me;
For we feel we must sing
Till the welkin shall ring!
We're free from the rum demon, free!"

Some may regard the introduction here of a chorus as injudicious. We invite discussion of this important point.

The Boston Autumnal Straw Hat Society was formed last Saturday. Its membership is already large.

Although Mr. Richard Harding Davis, by his discoveries in Paris and New York, has shown keenness and intrepidity, he is not the first of Americans in these respects. As long ago as 1805-6 the elder Benjamin Silliman observed that "The Dutch, though not a drunken people, drink raw gin, and recommend it to strangers, to repel the fever and ague."

Ah, this early handicapping submitted to by careless or unconscious youth! As Joseph de Ancheta, born in the island of Tenerife, 1533, was an early poet, he was called the Canary Bird.

This reminds us that "an ornithologist" writes, "No Egyptian hunts white herons or thinks of them as food." But we are not in Egypt. We are in New England. Our correspondent might as well decry the raising of all such admirable fowls for the market, because in Brazil the natives do not eat the Jaburú, otherwise known as the Tuyuyu (or Touyouyou, Mycteria Americana, Linn), which haunts the banks and sand bars, and is in certain ways a very entertaining bird.

But there are several kinds of herons, and we insist that the Hon. John L. Sullivan should pay special attention to their growth and culture. If any man knew what good eating is that man was Rabelais. "Herons, herons, neaux," herons, and young herons, were among the offerings sacrificed by the Gastrolaters to their ventripotent god, as they sang dithyrambs, crepalomes, and epenons.

The subject of Mr. Bayard's lecture before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society will be "Individual Liberty, the Germ of National Prosperity." In this connection the earnest student of sociology notes the fact that Italian laborers sent out from Boston in gangs are designated only by their numbers.

When Catulle Mendès charged Leoncavallo with stealing the plot of "I Pagliacci" from his "La Femme de Tabarin" (1887), Leoncavallo pointed with glee to the older Spanish play, on which "York's Love," seen here last week, is founded.

The symbolist looks with kindly eye on the late poker game in a Kentucky village. Mr. Cain killed five of his playmates, among them a Mr. Swope, who had probably been swiping, but as he will swipe no more, his name is appropriately Swope.

And to think that, according to the wisdom of the ancients, yesterday, the 23d, will rule the weather for December!

To G. W. T.: The second syllable of Valkyrie is accented. Properly the "kyr" is pronounced as though spelled "keer," but it is the English fashion to pronounce the "ky" as in "kite."

It was on Sept. 23, 1751, that a man won a wager of £50 by running, driving a coach wheel, from the Bishop's Head in the Old Bailey to the eleventh mile stone at Barnet, and back again, in 3 hours and 51 minutes, having four hours to do it in.

Irving's Macbeth is anticipated eagerly. Will he follow Macready in saying "Amen st-u-u-ck in my throat?" Edward Fitzgerald tells this of Macready, and in a letter to Fanny Kemble he gives a curious example to manners and customs in a London theatre in 1879. He did not like Irving's Hamlet. "When he (Irving) got to 'Something too much of this' I called out from the pit door, where I stood, 'A good deal too much,' and not long after returned to my solitary inn."

If you are tired of the "bald, sauceless, savorless bean" try—that is in season—haricots verts à la Bretonne: A sauce first made of onion, cut in dice-shaped pieces, butter, flour and white broth, with, for seasoning, salt and

Here is pleasant mortuary discourse. Has any one heard of the said Cooper, or is he an invention of some English humorist? "So far back as the remote seventies, a learned Frenchman had hit upon the device of turning men to stone. He would take, that is to say, the man when he was dead, submit him to certain chemical treatment, bury him, and, at the end of a given period, quarry him out again. The stone, however, thus obtained proved somewhat soft and friable, and, moreover, showed traces of its anterior state, which further militated against its getting very generally into use as building material. But now another learned man, one Cooper, of Pittsburg, U. S. A., has changed all that. He takes a statute adult when the State has no further use for him, and subjects him, under very exalted condition of temperature, to one of the severest forms of pressure known to hydraulic engineers. The result of this is that when the squeeze is over there is a neat, convenient block 16-8 inches cubic measure exactly, and when refrigeration is finished, that block is as hard and as durable, and with as little of humanity about it, as best Aberdeen granite. That such an article has a future can hardly be doubted. It will do away with funerals, and turn cemeteries into livelier stoneyards. It will supersede brick, being at once handsomer and cheaper. An inexhaustible supply of it can always be depended on. In short, the verdict of architects and the trade may be confidently anticipated—that 'stone-dead hath no fellow.'"

PHILIP HALE.

It was on September 24, 1761, that the Worcester Journal (England) published a thoughtful article entitled "Qualifications of a Wife." "In spelling little becoming deficiency, and in the doctrine of punctuation (for what generally call'd stopping) by no means conversant. In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer. A decent share of common sense, judiciously seasoned with a little repartee—a small modicum of wit, but no learning:—in learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern) upon any constellation whatever. A good person, but not perfectly beautiful—a moderate light-complexion not quite fair, but a little brown. Great good nature, and

Sept 25. 95

A Brilliant Program, but No Striking Novelties.

The performance as a whole was unsatisfactory, and in several respects unworthy of the reputation of the society. The singing of the chorus was not always pure as to intonation, nor was the attack always precise. The chorus, according to the program book, was made up as follows: 192 sopranos, 140 altos, 74 tenors, and 195 basses. The altos were weak throughout, and whenever in fugal passages

...rather, it was non-existent. The choir was more in evidence, but when the music called on them for a striking point, as at the words, "His kingdom is at hand," in the choral, "Sleepers, wake," they did not rise to the demanded height. Therefore, when in contrapuntal work there should have been clearly defined parts, the result was vagueness. Scarcely throughout the evening was there a sharp, crisp delivery of a subject; and although it would be unfair to say that there was chaos in the more intricate passages, yet it is only just to remark that there was a prevailing lack of apparent musical intelligence and comprehension.

As is unfortunately the case with the majority of large choruses, there

was little attention paid to dynamic contrasts, even when they were simple, and when they might have been easily brought into a strong light. The organ was used, as a rule, injudiciously, for the registration was too heavy, and the consequent effect was a blur. One example of this misuse was in the piano passage beginning "Now behold, lest our foes prevail," in the opening chorus. Another example was in the very beginning of the devoutly beautiful choral, "To Thee, O Lord," where muddy registration choked the first three measures. Is it possible that the organ was used there as a support for the voices? If it was so used, and if, after 37 festivals, the society must be dependent on the organ in such passages to insure pure intonation, then one may ask reasonably how much the society has made in 37 years for musical righteousness?

The orchestra was often effective, but there was occasional disagreement between it and the chorus, as well as between it and the soloists. The solo voices were borne away by Mr. Duff, who sang with much intelligence. His voice, full and sonorous, nevertheless does not of itself excite large sympathy; his, then, was the greater triumph, in that he often compelled admiration by the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. Mr. McKinley sang in his usual manner. He is so evidently in earnest, and so evidently a student eager to do the best, that it seems a pity he did not lay more securely the very foundations of his art. Though he at times shows himself to be possessed of the stuff of which heroic singers are made, his production of tone is not to be praised. And why does he not cure himself of distressing and unmeaning explosiveness?

Mrs. Eaton displayed a voice of natural beauty. She also displayed a tendency to sing above the true pitch. The pedagogues might justly have objected to her treatment of the appoggiatura. In all of her work, she gave, though sometimes imperfectly, the result of careful coaching, rather than convincing proofs of her own artistic temperament. Miss Desvignes was loudly applauded for her performance of "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own."

It may be said here that the treatment of the recitative by all the soloists was, with few exceptions, almost intolerable. Deep emotion was wasted on matter-of-fact sentences. There was no idea of rendering colloquial phrases in a colloquial manner. The most trivial words were dragged out and mouthed. Instead of any genuine expression there was consequently insincerity as well as boredom, the most unpardonable of musical sins.

Although the sale of seats for the week is said to be unusually large, the hall last evening was not crowded. The program for Wednesday afternoon is as follows: Beethoven's 7th symphony; Gounod's "Easter Eve," sung by Wm. H. Keith; portions of Massenet's "Eve," with Mrs. S. C. Ford, W. H. Keith and I. C. Bartlett as the soloists; and Van der Stucken's "Eve," with Mrs. S. C. Ford, W. H. Keith and I. C. Bartlett as the soloists; and Van der Stucken's "Eve," with Mrs. S. C. Ford, W. H. Keith and I. C. Bartlett as the soloists; and Van der Stucken's "Eve," with Mrs. S. C. Ford, W. H. Keith and I. C. Bartlett as the soloists.

PHILIP HALE.

The program of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, A major.....Beethoven
Aria, "Easter Eve".....Gounod
"Eve," a mystery.....Massenet
Interlude to Act II, "Vlasda".....Van der Stucken
Festzug, for orchestra and organ.....Van der Stucken

Mr. Lancaster in the program book warns his readers against the belief that "Eve" is "a religious work in any sense whatever." He states that Massenet rummaged the Bible for subjects that "could be readily assimilated to his peculiar genius for erotic drama."

Now the three concert works of Massenet that are derived in any manner from the Scriptures are "Mary Magdalen," "Eve" and "La Vierge," which some Parisian paragrapher suggested should be known as "La demi-vierge." There is no peculiarly erotic note in these works except in "Eve." And at the time when "Eve" was written, Massenet had not won fame by his experiments in erotic, or rather, pornographic opera. If the composer had deliberately searched out eroticism in material to be found in the Old Testament, he would have exulted at the thought of the Song of Solomon; he would have whinnied and pawed the air, remembering the tale of Aholah and Aholibah.

Gallet and Massenet followed in the footsteps of pious Rabbins and holy Christian Fathers in their treatment of the story of the stupendous Fall. It is not necessary to remind scholars of the early explanations of the legend, Rabbi Zahira and Saint Augustine are one in the simplest and most natural solution of the mystery. It may be that the authorities do not agree as to the details of the affair. Sammeal, Prince of the Devils, may have entered Paradise "astride on a serpent the size of a camel;" the serpent may have loved Lilith, Adam's first wife, and avenged her; he may have worn the mask of a fair virgin, as he appears in old German illustrations of the Bible; or Cajetan may be right, when not allowing the intervention of voice, he insists that the serpent used none but internal suggestions. The Tree of Life, the fruit that was plucked and eaten with such horrid consequences; these were known as clearly and unmistakably as though they grew in the garden of every one of the saints and philosophers quoted by Hadrian Beverland in his unhappy parody of unclean learning, the "Peccatum Originalis," the book burnt publicly in the Hague over two centuries ago, the book that sent its vagrom and obscene author to the prison.

Massenet, then, has shown in "Eve" a truly ecclesiastical, if not "religious" spirit. How was he to deal truthfully with the story if not in erotic strains? Should he have represented the supreme Temptress as a woman of Michael Anglesque proportions, commanding Adam in pompous heroics? But Eve was no Amazon, no traditional Lady Macbeth, with imperious voice and approved gesture. Nor was she the Viennese dame known to Haydn. She was closer of kin to the Parisienne of the café. At least, so wrinkled rabbins and white-bearded fathers tell us. Massenet knew the Eve of his own day, and in his music he did not idealize her. Let us admit frankly that the music is of the earth, earthy; so was the sin; so was the punishment.

"Eve" has been sung twice in Boston by the Cecilia, once at one of the regular concerts of the society, March 27, 1890; once at a charity concert, March 16, 1891. The work was given in its entirety.

The program book says: "The epilogue is not uncommonly omitted in American performances." A reckless statement! But the epilogue is the summing up of the whole affair; it is the last act of the tragedy. The curse is thundered forth against the flesh. The ruin of the race is proclaimed in trumpet tones. The Dies Irae answers the hot, swooning words and the hysterical wailing of Eve of his own day, and in his music he did not idealize her. Let us admit frankly that the music is of the earth, earthy; so was the sin; so was the punishment.

Gentlemen of the Association, such mutilation of a work is unpardonable. It is an injury to the audience; it is an insult to the composer. There is here no excuse of length; there is no plea that the cut, after all, is inconsequential. You will undoubtedly print in the program book of 1896 "Eve" among the works performed by the society. The statement will be false. Selections from "Eve" were given Sept. 25, 1895.

The performance of "Eve," thus mutilated, gave the audience no real idea of the scheme and the logic of the work. Nor were all the beauties in these portions fully brought out. The chorus singing as a whole was better than that in "St. Paul," and the chorus prelude of the second part was given very creditably. In the more dramatic choral passages there were evidences of faintness of heart as well as voice. Mr. Bartlett, the narrator, was easily first, so far as the soloists were concerned. His performance was thoroughly musical throughout. To listen to his enunciation alone was a pleasure. The peculiar character of Mrs. Ford's voice—acidly, perhaps too harsh a word—was ill-fitted to the wooing tones of Eve. Still she sang often with marked intelligence, although a slower pace would have made the lovely invocation to Night more effective. Mr. Keith was a very amiable Adam; a little slow, perhaps, in understanding Eve, but too much of a

gentleman to deny her anything, even when he thought her whimsical or capricious.

As a whole, the performance was wanting in passion. Now the one great tone of this work whether it be in the restlessness and the longings of Eve, or in the mind of Satan as he employs his servants the Night, the Woods, the Solitudes, and treacherous Nature, or in the manhood of Adam, or in the sympathy of the many-voiced and richly-hued orchestra, is Passion. Would that some day we might hear this singularly attractive composition given in all its strength and voluptuous beauty!

Mr. Keith, who sang here for the first time, has a pleasant, light, high-bellied voice. He realizes the meaning of the word legato, and shows in several ways the results of good instruction. "Easter Eve" is poor stuff, full of the mawkish pseudo-religiousism that infects certain "sacred" songs of Gounod, written during his London period. Recalled, Mr. Keith sang Adam's "Noel." The orchestral pieces by Mr. Van der Stucken revealed the large acquaintance of a composer with the resources of the orchestra, his familiar friend. They also showed facility rather than marked originality of invention. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience.

"The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz was sung this evening. Mrs. Blauvelt was Marguerite; Mr. Campanari was Mephistopheles; Mr. Duff was Brander, and Mr. Auty took the part of Faust at short notice, in consequence of the sickness of Mr. Rieger.

Great are the difficulties that beset singers and orchestra in this wild legend of Berlioz—so great that without a picked chorus and many rehearsals the performance is merely a question of degree in mediocrity. Then the conductor must be a man of fiery imagination and yet cool head. The pervading spirit of the performance must be compounded of romanticism and diabolism. Today the orchestra rehearsed two hours in the morning. It played at the afternoon concert of two hours and a half. Remember that yesterday was like unto today. No wonder, then, that the orchestra was often untuneful in Massenet's "Eve," and that tonight it often played without enthusiasm, perfunctorily, not always with precision.

"The Damnation of Faust" requires the preparation of long fasting and prayer. It cannot be sandwiched recklessly between works of long breath, or given suddenly; as suddenly apparently as the young man in "Great Expectations" was moved to marry by the mere sight of a church.

Berlioz was a daring, unconventional genius in music. He of the eagle beak and flowing locks knelt in adoration or raved in ecstasy, or screamed in paradox. He demanded license that is the brother of recklessness in the interpretation of his compositions. And if there is not a touch of madness in the performance of "The Damnation of Faust" Berlioz is at once turned into a respectable musician, approved of by society patrons and patronesses, clothed irreproachably with pleasingly combed hair, fond of his opera hat.

This magnificent work, startling and surprising after half a century, can hardly fall of giving delight even when the performance is mediocre. This is fortunate, for adequate performances are rare, and for one that is inspired you must go to Paris. That the performance tonight again renewed admiration for nine-tenths of the work is in itself a certain tribute, and yet it abounded in faults, some of them grave.

I pass over the singing of the chorus, reserving these remarks for the summing up of the festival. Suffice it to now say that the male chorus was weak and timorous. The "Easter Hymn" suffered severely, and the chorus of gnomes and sylphs was in spots coarse. As regards the attention paid dynamics I shall speak in Saturday's Journal. If there was ever a composer who demanded the strictest observance of the nuances, that man was Berlioz. Yet in the "Marche Hongroise" and in the ballet music there was neither the precision nor the attention paid to detail that are characteristic of this orchestra under more favorable conditions.

Mr. Campanari was the only one of the three chief soloists who met in large measure the severe requirements. He declaimed with intelligence, and his delivery of the serenade was the great success of the evening, for the applause was so hearty and prolonged that he was obliged to repeat the mocking ditty.

Mrs. Blauvelt was at times happy in tender moments, but neither she nor Mr. Auty rose to any dramatic height. Mr. Auty, at his best, was lukewarm, though he sang certain passages in a respectable manner.

"The Damnation of Faust" is a colossal work.

It requires dramatic singers, a picked chorus, a fresh, thoroughly rehearsed orchestra, and a romantic leader. Tonight it was not given under these conditions. The audience was large and disposed to applaud the unjust as well as the just.

The program of the concert Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock will be as follows: Overture, "Hans Heiling," Marschner; Aria, "Samson and Delilah," sung by Miss Desvignes; andante and finale from Schubert's C major symphony; Fantaisie Ballet, Pienne, played by the pianist, Lachaume.

The program of Thursday night's concert at 7:45 o'clock, will include orchestral pieces by Smetana, Strauss, Mozart, Gluck, Bizet, Wagner. Melba will sing the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia."

Mr. Campanari will be heard in the prologue of "I Pagliacci." Jules Jordan's "Barbara Frietich," with Mrs. S. C. Ford as soprano, will be conducted by the composer. Mr. Daubigne of the Melba Company will also appear in this concert.

PHILIP HALE.

Sept 27-95
WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Two Concerts Miscellaneous as to Program - The Triumphs of Melba, Desvignes, Campanari and Lachaume - Enthusiastic Scenes.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.) Worcester, Sept. 26.—The program of the fourth concert of the Musical Association this afternoon was as follows: Overture, "Hans Heiling".....Marschner
"Mon Cœur S'ouvre".....Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 3, C major.....Schubert
Andante.
Finale.

Fantaisie Ballet for piano and cello.....G. Pienne

A. Lachaume.

The afternoon concert gave much legitimate pleasure. First of all, the purely orchestral numbers, under the direction of Mr. Zerkow, were admirably played. It is true that the cemetery of composers was invaded by resurrectionists, and Marschner's overture was taken from its coffin, but the body was treated respectfully, and for a time it had fictitious life.

Unqualified praise is due Miss Carlotta Desvignes for her passionate delivery of the celebrated air of seduction from "Samson and Delilah." For once it was Delilah wooing the Strong Man, but not hysterically, not in brazen fashion. Tones, full of suggestion, were always controlled by firm will and rare intelligence. Subtle was the crescendo that led to the grand outburst of passion. This air has been sung by many, but taken directly from the ice. It has been sung as though Delilah were a respectable female in a respectable oratorio. It has been declaimed with such frenzy that Samson himself would have taken to his heels, forgetting that he, too, was strong. But seldom—I am tempted to say never—have I heard this air sung with such skill and such overmastering effect as it was today by Miss Desvignes. The voice was the voice of the woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah.

Mr. Richard Burmeister was to have played Chopin's B minor concerto, but the people of Worcester were obliged this afternoon to go without even a superficial knowledge of Mr. Burmeister's "improved instrumentation" and his no doubt ingenious and long cadenza. For Mr. Burmeister did not appear. It seems that there was some question of the particular piano to be used. There were contracts and rumors of contracts. "Business before music" is a motto that carries weight even in music festivals.

But Mr. Aimé Lachaume, well-known and appreciated in America, the "Fantaisie Ballet," for piano and orchestra, by G. Pienne, a young Parisian composer of marked talent. The work is chiefly conspicuous for the grace of its themes and the brilliancy of its instrumentation. Mr. Lachaume played it in most artistic manner and deserved richly the loud and prolonged applause that followed his withdrawal from the smoking keys. Mr. Kneisel conducted the composition with marked skill.

The audience, a large one, was enthusiastic throughout. Miss Desvignes was recalled, and she sang an inconspicuous love ditty. Mr. Lachaume was twice recalled. He played a mazurka by Godard and a polonaise by Chopin.

The program of the concert this evening was as follows: Overture, "The Sold Bride," Smetana; patriotic ballad, "Barbara Frietich," by Jules Jordan, sung by Mrs. S. C. Ford and chorus, and conducted by the composer; prologue, "I Pagliacci," solo sung by Mr. Campanari; "Künstler Ball Tänze," Strauss; mad scene, "Lucia," sung by Mrs. Melba; serenade, E flat major, wind instruments, Mozart; Prison trio from "Faust," Mrs. Melba, Daubigne and Campanari; tambourin, gavotte and chaconne, Gluck; caratina, "Romeo and Juliet," sung by Mr. Daubigne; adagio etto and carillon from "L'Arlesienne," "Se Saran Rose," Ardit, sung by Mrs. Melba; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

The "Artists' Night" of this year's festival was in many respects like unto the artists' nights of former seasons. There were excited anticipations, surmises and gossip about the prima donna, pretty women tastefully robed, and hot and foul atmosphere, heated hotter by an enthusiastic audience, which cried out to the singers, "Give, Give," after the manner of the two daughters of the horse leech.

The program was, with the exception of one number, an excellent one, and at the same time popular. The exception was "Barbara Frietich," a patriotic ballad for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, by Dr. Jules Jordan. Perhaps this ballad was written for the degree awarded the composer, or perhaps it was composed for his own excellent society, the Arion of Providence, for it was sung by it in 1894. Dr. Jordan, remembering the Western orator who gained the reputation of being a cyclonic speaker from the fact that he once succeeded in introducing the words "eagle" and "bugle" in one sentence, gives the hearer an opportunity of listening to "Dixie" and "The Star Spangled Banner" in the short piece. The doctor's ballad is no doubt a fine thing for a reunion of veterans or an entertainment in which the stereopticon dismisses the well-pleased audience, but it is out of place in a work of high grade. Did I not know that Dr. Jordan was an admirable chorus leader and a sincere admirer of that which is good in music, I might be tempted to say that this ballad is a pretentious and preposterous bit of claptrap. But I know his marked and real qualities and therefore attribute the piece to sporadic mania for composition. I do beseech him to lay aside such things.

The fact that "Barbara Frietich" was tumultuously applauded and the finale repeated leads one to doubt the real worth of the applause that was afterward showered on singers who deserved it.

Melba, of course, was applauded to the skies. And what shall he said of Melba at this late day? Nothing, but to repeat and reaffirm the hearty and unstinted praise that has been so often awarded her in the Journal. In the perfection of her art, she is today without a rival. No doubt it was the fierce heat of the room that gave the semblance of huskiness to a staccato passage and tinged momentarily the purity of her intonation. That she did not sing under most favorable conditions was shown by occasional heaviness in taking breath. But why after all speak of such trifles? Let us again admire and wonder at her art.

Mr. Handel played admirably the dute that accompanist the crazed Lucia in her mental perturbations.

Mr. Paulsma made a very favorable impression in the cavatina from "Romeo and Juliet," and the orchestral numbers were effectively given. But the honors were shared by Melba and Campanari. The latter, by his performance of Mephistopheles last night and by his superb delivery this evening of Tonio's address to the audience, has given most convincing proof of his surpassing merits as a dramatic singer. He has not sprung up in a night like a mushroom; his triumph is the reward of long and patient and modest preparation. And, remember, Oh, ye singers, that watch such a career and speculate as to the causes of such success, that the solid foundation on which Campanari has built is thorough musical knowledge.

There were encores galore. The hall was crowded. All in all it was the most brilliant evening of the last three or four festivals.

At the concert Friday afternoon Melba will sing "Sweet Bird," the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet," and "Ah Fors e Lui." Mr. Schuecker will play a legend for harp with orchestra by Thome. The orchestra will play Zgambati's first symphony, "Moto Perpetuo," by Strauss, the prelude to act 2 of "Gwendoline," and Goldmark's Sappho overture.

The festival will close Friday night with a performance of Handel's "Occasional Oratorio" and "Israel in Egypt."

PHILIP HALE.

AT WORCESTER.

Close of the 38th Annual Music Festival.

Thoughts Suggested by the Concerts of the Week.

Melba in the Afternoon—"Israel in Egypt" for Finale.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

Worcester, Sept. 27.—In speaking of the last day of the Music Festival, it is not impertinent to consider the present condition of the society as made manifest by the concerts of the week.

It is first of all apparent that the chorus needs thorough examination and overhauling. Five hundred and eleven singers, strong on paper, were often lamentably weak and insecure in actual performance. In "St. Paul" and "The Damnation of Faust" the chorus seemed made up almost exclusively of sopranos and basses. With the exception of one or two choral numbers in "Eve," the music as sung seemed as though it had been written for two outer parts.

And when this unbalanced chorus sang, it sang for the most part without art. There was hardly any attention paid to contrasts. There was little or no sense of phrasing. There was a steady adherence to the old tradition so revered by choral societies—even by the Handel and Haydn—that expression in their four parts consists of a lusty accent on the first beat and a strong, but less lusty accent on the third beat. Not once in a concert was there a piano sustained for a dozen measures. Not once was there any evidence of intelligence in contrapuntal treatment, or in the subordination of the parts that accompany, to the part carrying the subject, or in the dynamic contrast between the theme and the counter-theme.

Seldom was there any marked dramatic effect, even in that most dramatic of works, "The Damnation of Faust."

These sins of omission and commission were noticed by the Worcester Spy, who, in commenting on the performance of "Eve," advanced the following extraordinary proposition: "The choral part demands more attention to light and shade than Mr. Zerrahn is wont to give to the larger oratorios. In the latter instances, by intent and on principle, and in accordance, as he says, with the revised editions, the dynamics indicated in 'St. Paul,' but especially in 'Israel,' are disregarded. Miss effects are the result."

Now what are the facts? Handel and Bach wrote their sacred works for choruses that in this day would be regarded as abnormally small. Handel was first, last, and always a composer of operas. His "Messiah" is largely operatic, and the airs might have come from an antiseptic or historical episode. When Handel wrote his oratorios, he wrote with a view to the opera singers who were to take part in them. The singers introduced cadenzas, and took a manner of liberties with the music. And does any one person acquainted with the condition of musical affairs in Handel's day believe for a moment that he wished his choruses to be roared from beginning to end, without musical contrast or any expression whatsoever? Pardon the thought! The proposition is too absurd to admit of discussion.

Mr. John Deming did nothing to effect a change in such choruses as "Hallelujah" and "Amen, Amen, Amen," and "Israel in Egypt."

The Lord I Yield My Spirit. Or in the "revised editions" are Mendelssohn's indications blue-penciled? Pray, where did this cry of "mass effects" originate? The cry is merely a preposterous excuse for laziness in rehearsal, inability to perform, and utter inappreciation of all that which is truly musical and moving.

It all comes back to the old question of bulk in music. A "great chorus" is nine times out of ten a great evil. The volume, as Ruskin puts it, is the multitudinous roar of mediocrity, or the roar of multitudinous mediocrity. A chorus of 40 well drilled singers of fair capacity makes more for musical righteousness than your "great chorus," which stumbles or shrieks through compositions that require imperatively the most minute attention to detail.

Far be it from me to reflect on the honesty and the industry of the members of the Worcester chorus. The time fixed for these Festivals is unfortunate. The last rehearsals are often held when the weather is disheartening. Many of the members undoubtedly make sacrifices to attend rehearsals. But when, instead of steady improvement in choral singing, there is the same inattention to all that makes music what it really is; when mutilated works suggest the idea that the chorus is unable to perform the portions omitted, it is time to speak out.

The success of a Festival does not consist in the pleasure and the profit that attend the appearance of famous opera singers. It is well, it is a blessing, to hear such illustrious men and women. The gossip of the town may be enlivened by such Plutarchian comparisons of Melba with Nordica as appeared in the Spy this morning, comparisons relating to personal charms and "fencing" gowns: this does no harm; it possibly gives Nordica pleasure, and it surely amuses Melba, who is the soul of good nature and dearly loves a joke, especially when it is of such a solemn nature. But the success of a festival is in the publication, by actual performance, of the fact that there is a steady and sure growth in musical intelligence, that there is the ability to convey this intelligence to the audience.

By the omission of the sort of preliminary concert in which ambitious young singers were allowed to experiment in the sight and the hearing of the people, the managers of the Festival showed a commendable realization of the dignity that should characterize a Festival.

When the managers consented to the performance of Jordan's "Barbara Frietie," they allowed patriotic feelings to sway their judgment. Not that I object to "Dixie" or "The Star Spangled Banner," though, musically speaking, I prefer the first. That these tunes occur in the "ballad" does not prevent it from being a sorry thing, unworthy of a place on any program of a Festival of large pretensions.

The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Symphony No. 1.....Sgambati
"Sweet Bird".....Handel
Mrs. Melba.
Moto Perpetuo.....J. Strauss
Legende for harp and orchestra.....Thome
Mr. Schuecker.
Waltz, "Romeo and Juliet".....Gounod
Mrs. Melba.
Prelude, Act 2, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
"Ah fors e lui".....Verdi
Mrs. Melba.
Overture, "Sappho".....Goldmark

The orchestra program this afternoon might well have tempted the lover of music, even if no solos had been announced. The scherzo of the Sgambati symphony was omitted, but the other numbers, with their suggestion of ecclesiastical pomp, the strains of strolling peasants and the amorous ditty of the lover beneath his lady's balcony, gave great pleasure to an audience disturbed, however, by anticipation of Melba. Not even Mr. Schuecker's art could lend a fictitious interest to the sugary piece by Thome; yet the skill of the player compelled an encore. The joke of Strauss' waltz, as did the sensuous weavings of Chabrier. A second hearing of Goldmark's "Sappho" convinced that the composer missed the secret of the Lesbian life. This one fragment of the poet, "Far sweeter of tone than harp, more golden than gold," is far more suggestive and musical than the whole labored overture. The orchestra played exceedingly well so far as mere technique was concerned.

Melba was not heard to advantage in the aria by Handel. Her singing was

dry, perfunctory, and she was not true to the pitch. But in the "Se Seran Rose" which she gave by request, and in the waltz by Gounod, she was the Melba of her first season in this country, the glorious singer of the golden voice. Let more be preferred was her singing of Fosti's "Good-by, Summer," which she sang with heart-stabbing effect.

A performance of "Israel in Egypt" brought the festival to an end. In a work like this, where the chorus is expected to be "massive and concrete," the society showed to better advantage than in the work that preceded. There was an exhibition of greater precision, as well as a more satisfactory balance of parts. The solos were sung by Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Theis, Duff, and Clark.

As the solos are not interesting in themselves, the mere fact that they were made endurable is high praise. And so good-bye to the thirty-eighth festival. There are some things that linger in the memory; there is the thought of mutilated "Eve," on the other hand there is the delightful recollection of Campanari, Desvignes, Melba and Lachaux.

As a matter of news, let it be stated here, there is a rumor of Dr. Jules Jordan as the successor to Carl Zerrahn. The Worcester County Musical Association should meditate seriously before taking such a radical step. Has Zerrahn really outlived his usefulness? Is the composer of "Barbara Frietie" with his rigid beat the one and only man to succeed him?

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

An Essay on Judaism in This Special Art.

Wagner's Famous Treatise Discussed Amicably.

Notes and Comments on Men and Compositions.

In an elaborate and interesting review of Mr. William Ashton Ellis's third volume of the translation into English of Wagner's prose works, the reviewer of the New York Tribune, undoubtedly Mr. Krehbiel, spoke the 15th as follows in reference to a famous pamphlet:

"Concerning the effect made by 'Judaism in Music' Mr. Ellis in his preface furnishes the interesting information that a Dr. Puschmann published a pamphlet of 70 pages in 1872, in which he asserted that Wagner was a madman, afflicted with the 'persecution delusion.' This, singularly enough, is one of the points on which Max Nordau relies in his contention that Wagner belongs among the degenerates. According to Glasenapp, the chief of Wagner's German biographers, Wagner's essay called out no less than 170 pamphlets in reply. It is pleasant, in view of Mr. Ellis's conviction of the impeccability of his hero in every respect under the sun, that he has put Dr. Hanslick's good-natured denial of Wagner's charge that he is a Jew in a footnote. There seems to be a pretty general agreement among Wagnerian champions nowadays to regard 'Judaism in Music' as an indefensible folly. Even Mr. Finck, who has stomach for nearly everything that Wagner said and did, refuses to swallow the reasons which he gave in 1869 for his Jew baiting, and even finds flaws in his argumentative armor. Mr. Ellis has a great deal to say about the essay, but declines to give his opinion of the larger question further than to remind the reader that Richard Wagner was essentially and typically an Aryan—whatever that may mean. We fancy that one might be a typical Aryan without believing the Jews incapable of artistic creation; or even be a Jew and believe in Wagner's contention, which, when it shows no traces of personal hatred, is put with great plausibility and convincing force. In fact, we have heard a Jew publicly subscribe to everything Wagner said on the subject, and he furnished a pretty good exemplification of most of the things which Wagner laid at the doors of the Jews."

In this connection the article entitled "Judaism in Music," which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, is pertinent and of value:

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.

The publication in English of Mr. W. Ashton Ellis's third volume of Richard Wagner's Prose Works calls to memory once more a quantity of subjects which have been, and are still, of exciting moment to the musical critic. With the bulk of the book we shall deal in course of time. For the present, it will suffice to consider that extraordinary paper which 45 years ago created so profound a sensation in the musical world, and the contents of which are even at this day only imperfectly known to the average reader; we refer to that article called "Das Judenthum in der Musik," which, written by Wagner, originally appeared in the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik of Sept. 2 and 6, 1850.

To read it now, even after such a lapse of time, is to understand with some completeness the sensation which it then caused. One begins by wondering what benefit the musician Wagner could possibly derive from its publication. Yet every page is so full of prejudice, of foregone conclusions; every definite utterance is so uncompromising and so precise in its hostility, that one cannot conceive the object of its publication to be for the sake of art and of art alone. As a kind of revenge, it is certainly, in a sense, intelligible; but even at that, it was by no means a judicious utterance, and its effect, as described by Wagner himself, might have been foreseen by a far less shrewd observer.

The syllogism of the whole paper is practically this:

No Jew can be an artist.

But A, B, and C are Jews.

Therefore A, B, and C cannot be artists.

Unfortunately, Wagner's method of proving his major premiss resolved itself into a demonstration of his conclusion.

Thus, he set out by showing that A, B, and C were not artists; next, because they happened to be Jews, he triumphantly argued that, therefore, "No Jew can be an artist," from which it followed naturally that A, B, and C, unto a Jewish infinity, "cannot be artists."

This, and none other, is the essence of Wagner's demonstration; but, of course, he was far too clever a man, too shrewd a logician (or sophist, if you prefer the name), to reduce his own meaning to these skeleton terms. He began his paper by a general indictment against the Jews. This unfortunate race, he argued, filled the average man with an "Involuntary repulsion." "The Jew," he wrote complacently enough, "in ordinary life strikes us primarily by his outward appearance, which has something disagreeably foreign." And he proceeds to argue therefrom that because we hold a man's appearance as "unfitted for artistic treatment," therefore, we cannot hold him "capable of any sort of artistic utterance of his inner nature."

Was there ever such an a priori argument used before by a serious man? Shuffle the cards a little and see what conclusions, based upon equally legitimate premises, one may reasonably reach. A man with a squint and a double thumb on his left hand strikes one, in ordinary life, somewhat disagreeably. Such a man—we use Wagner's own phrase—is not expected by us to take upon himself the "representation of an antique or modern stage character" without our "feeling the incongruity of such a notion." "This," we should conclude, in the Meister's words, "is of great weight." For neither—we speak of his "kind in general"—can we hold him "capable of any sort of artistic utterance of his inner nature." Alas for the man with a squint and a double thumb!

To what indefinite limits could not such an argument be pushed? A man with an evil temper and a scowling face fills us with "involuntary repulsion." Such a man could not reasonably be expected to fulfil a great stage rôle, for his evil nature and appearance would naturally repel us. Therefore we cannot hold him as "capable of any sort of artistic utterance of his inner nature." But Beethoven had a notoriously evil temper and a notoriously scowling face. Therefore we cannot hold Beethoven to be "capable of any sort of artistic utterance of his inner nature"—a perfectly just Wagnerian conclusion.

If one refers back, at this point, to the syllogism which we have drawn out above, it will be perceived that the argument thus disposed of is really only a blindfold method of establishing the major premiss that "No Jew can be an artist." Wagner's real demonstration of his conclusion follows immediately afterward, in which, as we have already explained, he attempts to show that A, B and C are not artists—from which point he again concludes that therefore "no Jew can

be an artist." Having thus established his original proposition, he quietly begins again and argues inexorably that A, B and C cannot under any circumstances be artists. Only a German could ever be capable of so complex a sophistry.

Of course, if Wagner's real motive was to show that Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were not artists, and if, taking their particular cases, he had successfully disposed of their pretensions, we should not have required any elaborate demonstration of general propositions at all. Neither should we have had any need for a paper upon "Judaism in Music," since the common nationality of the two musicians would then have appeared as a mere accident, like any accident of ugliness or (say) of prominent front teeth shared in common. But it is certain that Wagner went very much farther than this. We have followed precisely his method of reasoning; and we think that we have conclusively shown upon how impossible a basis—so far as reason goes—his structure was built.

This, however, only adds to the unfairness of Wagner's attack upon both Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. The casual reader, bemused by general propositions laid down with so much formality, thinks less (for example) of the actual condemnation of Mendelssohn, the accusation of vagueness and of superficiality, with other cheap charges, than of the general statement that a Jew cannot be a great musician. But Mendelssohn was a Jew. . . . And so deeply has the acid bitten that quite recently we were pained to note that a critic, whose taste is usually admirable, referred to this musician as "the shallow Jew, Mendelssohn." For heaven's sake, let us drop this catchword of nationality! It is unsupported by any reason; it lives only by a vicious sentiment. If you will, consider Mendelssohn shallow; but do not add to your epithet a foolish assumption for which, we fear, Wagner was altogether responsible by his "celebrated attack" upon the Jewish nation. But why it became celebrated, why it was

...and so on, as the popular-
of Mr. Lewis Morris, or, let us say
be more serious—the impositions of
pherson.

...for the benefit of singers we reprint
other letter provoked by Melba's
remarks concerning the "coup de
glotte." It was written by our old
friend Charles Lunn, who has been at
words' points with Mr. John Howard
New York:

The Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette:
Sir—I seem to have enraged some of
your readers, for which I am sorry.
The first writer should know that
there is no argument. I not only
know what I am talking about, but
so what I am writing about. There
is one true attack which Melba em-
ploys when singing staccato passages
without words. Melba's "coup de
glotte" and Garcia's are identical.
There are many counterfeits; here is
one: "The k' in koo gave the shock or
tuck of the glottis" (Musical Herald,
August). I have also seen it described
as "ha" with a strong aspirate.

The second writer is no doubt an ex-
cellent general practitioner, but he puts
himself out of court by his natural
physics "to produce the vacuum which
nature is to abhor, the external force
applied would have to expel 'some-
thing.'" This is not true; the lungs
are compressed as we may compress a
sponge. He finishes the paragraph by
confessing to be in a state of doubt.
I don't think the rest of the letter de-
mands any remarks from me. I beg
to thank the writer for it. Your inter-
viewer: the attitude of this gentleman
is, from his aspect, a quite proper one,
but I am looking from another aspect.
Mme. Melba's opinion, like that of
other successful vocalists, is valuable
regards results, but as regards
causes of good tone I suspect it is value-
less, and as regards processes of con-
verting an ugly into a beautiful tone it
is worse than worthless, being derived
from a quite superficial view. I should
no more think of taking her opinion
on the modus operandi of turning a
bad voice into a good one, or sharp-
ening a flat voice, or flattening a sharp
one, than I should think of taking the
opinion of Paderewski as regards the
right way of resetting a dislocated
shoulder or setting a broken arm.
The superficial aspect of a thing is
generally false and contradicted
by the scientific aspect. For ex-
ample, a stick half out and half
in water looks bent, but science tells
us it is straight and only looks bent
by the refraction of light. The "vested
interest" argument does not tell against
an old man like me, but there is another
aspect of this that I hope is not true.
It is to the interest of a successful vo-
calist to condemn the method by which
she attained success.

Let us look the state of affairs in
the face—thousands and millions of
persons pay to learn singing, and these
millions mostly fail. Beneficent nature
saves a few from the wreckage, or we
should probably have none. What with
the arrogance of accomplished sing-
ers, the mischievous assumption of
musicians who never learned to sing,
the falsehoods of pseudo-scientists, and
the almost universal airing of super-
ficial opinions by the public at large,
I do not expect ever to see the basis
of the old school, the coup de glotte,
restored; but the public have only
themselves to blame. It may interest
our interviewer to know that for
years I have been the accepted author-
ity of the highest intellects in the
world—I mean the Jesuit Order—and I
am sure they would all smile at such
an absurdity as this. "The vocal
chords, instead of being brought gradu-
ally from a state of relaxation up to
the required degree of tension, (1) are
brought abruptly to a maximum condi-
tion of extension, (2) and approxima-
tion, (3) and as abruptly relaxed to suit
the pitch (4) of the note which is to
be given (5). Don't you see?"

1. This would change pitch. Try it
with a slackened piano wire and a
tuning-fork.

2. I suppose by "extension" she
means tension, but why not use the
same word?

3. "Approximation" has only to do
with waste or economy of breath or
voice chiara, and voce cupa.

4. "Suit the pitch." Then change
of action preceding the note influences
the pitch of a note yet to come.

5. "Which is to be given," not which
is being given.

If a book comes out like this it
will be a literary curiosity, a scientific
absurdity, and an artistic degradation.

Here is a review of "Tristan und
Isolde," written at Munich by a London
critic, that is worthy of careful atten-
tion. It is dated Aug. 30.

In the pursuit of effective drama, it
was not so much the subtle play of
character upon character as romance,
the elemental passions of romance and
the elemental situations that arise from
such passions, which occupied the fervid

mind of Wagner. The intensely tonal
nature of his genius added yet
another strong characteristic to those
master-dramas of his composition which
were concerned with German legend
and with German character; yet this
curious fact is still true, that in the two
dramas which are the most beautiful of
all the immense and laborious cycle of
his work in "Tristan" and in "Parsifal,"
the German character is least of all
prominent. From this sweeping classi-
fication I think that I must separate
"Die Meistersinger;" but the comedy
element entering into this composition
sets it apart as a natural exception,
which after all—more truly than in most
cases—may be taken as proving the rule.

It would be absolutely futile and un-
profitable to consider, in the philo-
sophical manner which Wagner him-
self loved so deeply, why it should
be that, when he chose to separate

himself from the legends which grew,
as it were, from the grass that he
walked upon, he should produce two
works which claim attention from the
whole world by reason of their aim,
their intention, to achieve in drama,
in pictorial setting and in music, as
nearly beautiful a result as was possi-
ble to his great capacity. The cer-
tainty, however, of this fact makes
the task of a critical estimate of these
two extraordinary works far more
easy than otherwise it would be.
Unfortunately, down to this year of
grace—and probably this will be true
of many more years of grace to come
—no critical estimate of these two
works has appeared which can at all
deserve the title of being humanly
interesting. Here in Germany all is
psychology and obscure commentary.
In England we are all adjectives,
which have as much meaning to the
thoughtless reader as the head of the
Queen on a coin has to the thoughtless
spendthrift. In such estimates as these
the essential questions (which fly
around works of art like birds) are
entirely ignored. The point to discover
is, not what subtle systems of philoso-
phy or religion Wagner dreamed to
materialize, nor what types of abstract
virtues he embodied, but what achieve-
ment of artistic beauty and truth did
he here and there accomplish?

Now it happens—as I have said—that
Wagner himself has made the task of
a simple, straight, and unencumbered
consideration of "Tristan" compara-
tively easy, inasmuch as it is helped
by no adventitious advantages, national
or otherwise. "Parsifal," indeed, may
be considered so far simply, and with-
out the emotions imparted by national
influence; but, on the other hand, it is
so centered in the very heart of a tre-
mendous body of religious traditions
and thoughts, that with some admires
there is no doubt at all that it lays its
claims upon them rather as a religious
manifestation than as a work of art.
"Tristan und Isolde" is at all events
Wagner's conception of a complete, a
tragic, a passionate love story. There
is one man and there is one woman;
that suffices; and it is curious to note
how, when the conception of the drama
is first alive in his mind, his first
thought is to turn to the "making of
pictures." And it is to be frankly and
unhesitatingly declared that the three
pictures in which the story is set by
him, are among the most superb of all
his fancies. The ship, with its
glimpses of the sea and its final anchor-
age by Cornwall; the garden alight
with the moon, the ruined castle and
the wide, empty sea; here is a deliberate
selection of beautiful thoughts, beauti-
ful plans to conquer, at all events, the
early leanings of the world for which
he composed. As with all the Wagner-
ian dramas, save, perhaps, the "Ring
des Nibelungen," the story is concise
and clear. There is simplicity in it,
perfect coherence and perfect intelli-
gibility. So far the preparation is com-
plete and satisfactory; but the mere
statement of that preparation, thus un-
der its heading practically proves—that
is by no means taken for granted, ri-
diculous as it may sound, by many
among the most profound critics of
"Tristan"—the sole importance of the
music in the decision as to whether the
work is to be held great, merely com-
mendable or dull. This is, unfortunately,
to overset—I should prefer to say
"transcend"—certain theories of the
Meister himself upon the difference be-
tween opera and music drama; but I
will rely upon the extreme commonplace
of my own premise, and pass on.

I hesitate to write one line, then,
upon the music of "Tristan und Isolde,"
partly because everybody's mind is
probably made up upon the subject al-
ready, and partly because, if one should
light upon anything new to say, it will
be forthwith set down as untrue, and if
one repeats the old, it obviously was not
worth the saying. Still, one may make
a beginning with a text of Wagner
himself: "I am writing an opera," he
wrote during the composition of this
music, "which is pure melody from be-
ginning to end." Here, then, we are

met at the outset with the point of
view from which the composer, at all
events, regarded his work. Ordinarily
it seems a futile enough thing to in-
quire too closely into that problem:
What is melody? But, whatever may
be individual answers, here, at all
events is Wagner's reply: "Tristan" is
full of it. If one can throw one's mind
into that quiet condition in which the
music of any composition seems to pass
along before it like a moving pageant,
the music of "Tristan" will, under such
circumstances, seem not unjustified of
Richard Wagner's boast, even if one
accepts the ordinary rhythmical view
of melody as the true faith. It passes,
most assuredly, in waves of wonderful
rhythms, but—if I may borrow an image
from literature—of rhythms which,
however true and however unerring in
their moulding, are most complex and
intricate in their metre. The long wave,
the shorter wave, the staccato ripples
(as it were) are all elements in that
melodiousness, they come round in
ordered repetition, however distantly
like is sundered from like; but they
do not immediately unveil their forma-
tion, as does the facile little body of a
nursery rhyme or of a Macaulay ballad.
I will even be bold enough to quote one
superb metrical line of our literature:
Out of the golden remote wild west where the
sea without shore lies—

and to say that its kind faintly images
the long sweeps of Wagner's melody in
"Tristan," which in its flight returns
upon itself and, only after slow, interior
change and counterchange, demon-
strates its own symmetry and com-
pleteness. When, however, the neces-
sity arises of judging the quality of this
long-sweeping, wave-like melody, I con-
fess that, owing to the novelty of its
condition, this is far more difficult than
to pronounce a judgment upon a short,
well-marked composition. The difficulty
indeed becomes with some minds an
impossibility; and I am not surprised
to know that even a sensitive lover of
music should, without a fullness of
knowledge, regard the whole as made
up of small, beautiful details and with
no subtle (or obvious) interrelation.
The fact that those details are cer-
tainly beautiful is, however, a primary
guarantee of general beauty; and for
the most part the long sweeping melo-
dies, particularly the duet in the gar-
den scene, and the interview between
Tristan and Isolde in the first act, are
as effective and noble in their com-
pleteness as are the carefully polished
compositions modeled on what I shall
call the "phrase scale" which make up
that completeness. I will, however,
make one emphatic exception; the
bird's piping in the last act can, under
no circumstances, be considered as
beautiful, or, indeed, as anything but
grotesque and even laughable; and the
first portion of Tristan's monologue in
the same act is extraordinarily unin-
teresting. No familiarity with it can
change this unbiassed opinion; and that
it should be possible to utter such an
opinion must be accepted as a sugges-
tive point for that hitherto unwritten
appreciation which will show the essen-
tial difference in the kind of inspiration
which guided Wagner's pen from that
which has guided the pen, say, of a
Mozart, a Gluck, a Beethoven. This
does not lower Wagner's position; it
makes it different, that is all. But the
kind of inspiration needs analysis; it is
the only kind which without, in its
lapses, making a great musician silly
or empty, has not persuaded him from
an exquisite dullness; perhaps the
dramatist and stage manager helped to
the result. It is only another instance
of the truth that, in his greatness as in
his defect, Wagner was, at all events,
unique.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S BENEFIT.

A correspondent writes as follows:
Friday evening, the 27th, Mrs. Clara
Mansfield gave a concert at her former
home, Fairhaven, under the auspices of
the leading society people of Fairhaven
and New Bedford. Mr. William Keith,
Mr. Edward Phillips, Miss Susie Wells
and Mr. Norman Paull assisted. Mrs.
Mansfield has a high soprano voice of
birdlike quality, which she uses with
great ease and taste, every note being
given with clearness and precision, the
flexibility of her voice being shown to
great advantage in the grand aria from

"L'Orfèvre." Where she ran a descend-
ing chromatic scale in the most artistic
manner. She has been abroad for five
years studying with different teachers,
the greater part of the time in Florence
with Madame Albertini Baucardé. In
London Mrs. Mansfield studied with
Randegger.

The concert was a great success, both
artistically and socially. Mrs. Man-
sfield received a great ovation from her
many friends, and was the recipient of
some beautiful flowers.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Marie Van Zandt is now in England.
César Cui, after a season at Vichy,
has left Paris for St. Petersburg.

The organ in the William I. Memorial
Church, Berlin, has 80 speaking stops.
Lanzini's operetta, "Festa del servi-
tor" succeeded at its first production in
Genoa.

Alphonse Lemerre, Paris, has pub-
lished "Berthold Dimcke, etude bio-
graphique et musicale."

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, Sept.
13, published an analysis of Liszt's
symphonic poem, "Festklänge."

The Carmen of Cortese, the Chicago
girl, visiting the Royal Opera at Ber-
lin, was praised warmly by the critics.

A novelty for orchestra is "Einzugs-
marsch der Bojaren," by Johan Hal-
vorsen. Grieg has arranged it for the
piano.

Alfred L. Schuler, pianist, gave a
concert on Tuesday last at 10. He
also visited Buchart and Constant-
nople.

Miss Saville of the Opera Comique
will leave Paris in October to join the
Abbey and Grau Company in this
country.

Florent Zajac, violinist, and Max Pa-
chat will join the kindworth-Schar-
wenka Conservatory, Berlin, as teach-
ers Oct. 1.

E. Bauer is the compiler of "A Dic-
tionary of Pianists and Composers for
the Pianoforte," published by Novello,
Ewer & Co.

A three-act opera, "Ludwig der
Springer," by Dr. Ad. Sandberger of
Munich, has been accepted by the
Coburg Opera.

The new opera house at Agram will be
dedicated Oct. 15 in presence of Em-
peror Joseph. The opera will be
"Zriny," by Zajac.

Ernest Gillet, the author of "John du
bal," who has lived for some time in
London, is now solo cellist at the
Opera Comique, Paris.

Here is an advertisement in a Bir-
mingham (England) newspaper: "Violin
taught at 6d. per lesson; bun and a
glass of milk included."

"The Mandoline is a new journal in
Munich devoted to the interests of the
said instrument. It is edited by Hal-
swanter, a zither manufacturer.

Suppé's posthumous operetta "The
Model" will be performed at the re-
opening of the Karl Theatre, Vienna.
"Chilperic" will be revived there.

Hugo Jungst of Dresden, known to
all male vocal clubs, has been decorated
with the "Ritterkreuz 2. Kl. des badi-
schen Ordens vom Zähringer Löwen."

A facsimile of Beethoven's A flat
major sonata op. 25, with a preface by
Erica Friege, has been published in
Germany. It costs there about nine
marks.

The manuscripts of two polonaises of
Chopin were sold lately in Liverpool
for about \$53. Three songs of Beet-
hoven, text by Goethe (Mignon),
brought \$185.

Three hundred and forty-seven com-
positions were handed in to the Muni-
cipality of Rome in competition for a
prize for a hymn with orchestral ac-
companiment.

The second part of Zöllner's Opera-
Dilogie, entitled "Der Ueberfall,"
(founded on a novel, "Die Dadaide,"
by Willenbruch), met with success at
Dresden under Schuch's direction.

The Berliners have dubbed the new
church in memory of William I. Saint
Aegir's Church, because William I.
gave the proceeds of his composition,
"Hymn to Aegir," to the building fund.

Bellincioni gave at her Villa Bianca,
Montecatini, a performance of a three-
act opera, "La Sorrella di Mark," by
Giacomo Settecioli. The libretto, writ-
ten by Coliciani, was suggested by the
singer.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Practical Tre-
tise on Harmony" has been translated
from the third Russian edition into
German by Hans Schmidt. It is pub-
lished by M. P. Belaieff, Leipzig, and it
costs there three marks.

Compositions by Frank Van der
Stucken were played and sung lately
with much success at a Popular Sym-
phony concert in Cologne. They were
praised for their individuality, melodic
invention and effective technique.

Miss Corot, a Conservatory pupil,
made her debut at the Paris Opéra Sept.
4 as Venus in "Tannhäuser," taking
the place of Miss Bréval, who was sick.
"Handsome and tall, her well-colored
voice made an excellent impression."

Gulraud's posthumous opera "Frédé-
gonde," finished by Saint-Saëns, will be
put in rehearsal at the Paris Opéra
the first fortnight of November. The chief
parts will be sung by Miss Héglon, Miss
Bréval, Alvarez, Renaud, Delmas, and
Vague.

The first week in September an un-
published operetta in one act, "A
l'Epreuve," was given at the Casino
of Saint-Malo. The libretto (tune of
Louis XV.) is by a poet of Brittany,
Louis Tiercelin, and the music by
Louis Barras.

Here are new Spanish operas, "El
Testarudo," by Palacios, the libretto
taken from a story by Jules Verne;
"Aqua, aguardiente y azucarillo," by
Chueca; "Se hierra en frío," by Brton;
and this operetta, "Carabanchel de
Arriba," by Espinosa.

Emile Bouichère, chapel master at
the Trinité, Paris, where Guilmant
plays the organ, died, age 35, early in
September. He was an excellent musi-
cian. About three years ago he mar-
ried Emile Ambre, the well-known
singer, and they founded and directed
a school of singing.

This is the program of the Singaka-
demie, Berlin, for next season: Beet-
hoven's Missa Solennis, Handel's "Bel-
shazzar," Bach's Passion according to
Matthew, Christmas Oratorio and can-
tatas for Easter, Ascension Day, Whit-
sunday and All Saints', Mozart's Re-
quiem and Schumann's "Paradise and
Peri."

They say that there is in Italy a
village where the people speak English
with an Italian accent. They are Ital-
ians who gained their money by grind-
ing organs in America. Still faithful
to their instrument they go through
their repertoire every day. The Méné-
strel complains because the village is
not named, and travelers will be unable to
shun it.

Sir George Robertson gives these
pleasing facts about the Kaffirs. They
dance when they are happy, also when
the death of a relative has saddened
them. When one of them falls sick
the friends make music, and they dance
to appease the gods. The religious
dances are for men only, and they are
in the character of a slow waltz. Sir
George once saw a man leap in the air
and knock his knees against his chest,
highly pleased by this nimble feat.
Women dance only when the men are
away on an expedition. The Kaffir in-
struments are drums and wind-instru-
ments.

The Ménéstrel, Sept. 8, published an
article on the Chinese National Hymn,
also an interesting account of French

...the reign of
...the article was re-
...the Raman newspaper
...the Gregoire troupe
...the 188, the censor at re-
...to the beautiful decol-
...Miss Marie, who played Venus
...the "Enters." The pretty
...and blushing, covered
...and bosom with a shawl,
...the good Mr. Randi cried
...her "French" Never mind,
...her "michelle" It will be enough if
...ver yourself at the performance."
...Harris of Watford, England, had
...the name White. He dis-
...her with pay up to date of dis-
...She sued him, alleging that
...the good cook, excellent chambermaid,
...had not been appreciated. Mr. Harris
...to state her capabilities; he al-
...that his wife was an invalid, and
...physician had prescribed for her
...a quiet life; but that Miss White
...persisted in singing day and night,
...with the full strength of capacious
...lungs, songs of a popular character.
...The judge dismissed the servant's case,
...saying that she had not been hired as
...a singer, and if she was irresisti-
...bly inclined to that vocation, she had
...to ground for demanding an indemnity
...that was not due her for other reasons.
...The Apollo Club enters upon its 25th
...season. Its concerts will be on Nov.
...26, Jan. 28, April 8 and May 6. Three
...of them will probably present male
...part songs with eminent soloists. Ond-
...rick, the Hungarian violinist, has been
...engaged. The "Oedipus," by John K.
...Paine, will be performed at one con-
...cert with the assistance of George
...Riddle. It is expected that at the last
...concert of the season, the 25th anni-
...versary of the club will be celebrated
...with a program largely made up of the
...old songs rendered by present and past
...active members, so that the occasion
...will be a reunion of the singers and
...their friends. A plan for securing re-
...served seats has recently been adopted,
...which will save the patrons of the
...club from the unpleasant rush and the
...long wait thereafter, which has been
...necessary heretofore to obtain seats at
...the concerts.

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It is with pleasure that we notice the appearance of a tastefully bound book entitled "Sharp Saws and Meaty Maxims; or The Young Man's Complete Guide." Though tempted sorely to quote several pages, we must be content to-day with the opening sentence of the preface: "There's always room at the bottom." Here is thought enough for 24 hours.

To "Monsieur Canaille:" The French adjective "bon" is thus compared:
Bon;
Meilleur;
May Irwin.

This reminds us that May Irwin has at last found her supreme panegyrist. Listen to the Raconteur of the Musical Courier: "I feel like going nightly to the theatre for fear she will suddenly evaporate, and then think how poor, gray and withered would be this world of ours! * * * Miss Irwin carries enough magnetism about her portly person to furnish power for a trolley system. She sings with the emollient tones of a callopie, and still she bears the hall mark of the artist. She has dignity, repose, artistic reticence and, best of all, imagination. * * * Then the iridescent Irwin slowly smiles. It is the smile of a syndicate of Mona Lisas."

A contemporary discusses the origin of the phrase, put by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of one of his characters, "Tae is the Latin for candle." Who can give the origin of the phrase? Murphy, the attorney, in "Amelia," said to Miss Matthews at the dinner in Act II. "Tae, madam is Latin for candle; I commend your prudence. I shall know the particulars of your case when we are alone." Capt. Grose mentions the phrase in his Classical Dictionary of the Vagab Tongue (second ed. 1788), and only says, "A jocular admonition to be silent on any subject."

To W. W.: "The Merry War," the operetta to be sung at the Castle Square this week, was first produced at Vienna, Nov. 25, 1881.

The 30th of September was an interesting day to great Pompey; for on that day he was born; on that day "he triumphed for his Asian conquest;" on that day he died. And, though years separated the portentous hours, to the people of the air, who, though unseen, watch the pranks and gyrations of human beings, the glorious Pompey will like us to a base ephemera.

To die before the next rising morn."

Like many other and better-men who have allowed their native notions to assimilate those of the city whose soil is gathered from the tempests of Lake Michigan, J. Keir Hardie, who was attributed to us as an Apostle of Labor, said that he is a has-been.

And now, gentle reader, do you like the "Merry War"? If so, read this Grub-
...prattle of a friend of ours: "The
...as we know him in anatomical
...the person with
...and the wide

smile, in the garb Sydney Smith used to think most suitable for hot weather—is, we learn from our revered contemporary, the Lancet, if not getting 'too big for his boots' exactly, at any rate getting rather above his business in America, where his presence at scientific symposia can, it seems, no longer be counted upon as a regular thing. The reason for this appears to be that the skeleton's circumstances have so improved in the States that he can now 'command the price of a good horse.' Of course, if he can do this, glass cases won't hold him; and, as a matter of fact, on that side the Atlantic glass cases don't hold him any longer. On this side, we gather, he is more amenable, and his retention in his customary habitat is attended with no paramount difficulty. Here, a student is still able not only to acquaint himself with the osseous points of the more recondite parts of his skeleton, but to attain to terms of deep familiarity with him."

"O, poor, unintelligent, unawakened, Plain Woman!" cried Aunt Lavinia, "yours, indeed, is a pitiful, a ludicrously pitiful case. For you, yourself, are forever busy building and repatching the crumbling walls of your own little prison house. It is you who give up the fight; who plunge yourself into those depths of abject submission. You are trammelled by a curious self-consciousness, my dear—a deliberate determination to minimize and forego, as much as may be, all the potency, the charm, the attractiveness, and graelousness of your sex—of sex as distinguished from absolute beauty. To be admired qua woman—if you have not the profile and snub insignificance of a keepsake—is not admissible in your creed. You feel that there is something wrong, embarrassing, in fascination unexplained and unapologized for, by patent

good looks. Therefore, not having all, you will claim none of your privileges. You might have been—a Woman! as feminine a thing as any sister woman born since Eve. You might have been that—and you elect to turn 'your plain and unpretending countenance cheerfully and humbly in the very opposite direction, and you make no demands; you show no sign of what you suffer; you are hopelessly resigned; hopelessly good-natured; hopelessly unimportant, and hopelessly badly dressed! "

Oct 1-91

"THE MERRY WAR."

"The Merry War," an Englishing of "Der lustige Krieg," by Johann Strauss, was given last evening at the Castle Square Theatre. The cast was as follows:

Umberto Spinola Thos. H. Persae
Marquis Philip Sebastiani J. J. Murray
Balthazar Groot Wm. Wolf
Violetta Edith Mason
Artemisia Kate Davis
Elsa Clara Lane

This operetta of Strauss was first produced at Vienna, Nov. 25, 1881. It was first heard in Boston, in English, at the Globe Theatre, Aug. 21, 1882, when it was given by the Noctross Company with Dora Wiley, Jennie Reiffarth, Louise Paulin, W. T. Carleton, Richard Golden, and Gustav Adolf. And on that occasion there was an "original Japanese ballet," led by Adele Cornalba. "The Merry War" was also given at the Grand Opera House May 28, 1888, with Luella del Barto, Julie Christin, Sissie Kirwin, John Brand, J. E. Conley, and W. H. Kohnle in the cast.

It was a pleasure to hear the merry operetta of Strauss once more, although the performance as a whole was not characterized by the Viennese dash and swing so necessary to full enjoyment. Some of the situations in the libretto are purely farcical and impossible, but the idea of a war over a dancer is not incredible; for Milan tells the story of two Saxon princes of the 18th century who led armies to battle, all for the sake of a singer; and it is well-known how the fair Lola meddled in the politics of Bavaria. The libretto may not be the best of those written by Zell and Genée, but it is far above the average set before composers.

The musical interest in the operetta ceases after the finale of the second act, but how delightful is most of the music of these two acts! The quintet in the first act is in itself enough to make the reputation of a composer. Add to these haunting strains the duet between Violetta and Umberto in the same act, with the finale, which went last night in spirited fashion, although there was no band upon the stage. Then there are in the second act the simple, charming song of Elsa; the delicious refrain "Was ist ein Kuss Gelegen?" Umberto's song before the door of Violetta's chamber, and the finale in which Strauss rivals, though he does not surpass the famous waltz finale in Leocadia "La fille de Madame Angot." And who is ever weary of hearing the waltz song "Xur für Natur?" I know of few operettas that afford such musical delight as does "The Merry War," when it is given with Strauss's discreet and masterly instrumentation. How effectively the

harp is used, for instance, in the quintet; how charming is the accompaniment to Umberto's song in the second act!

Now, it is true that to those who have heard the operetta in Germany in full accordance with the wishes of the composer, the performance last night was at times imperfect, at times tame, and yet it often gave genuine pleasure.

The piece was pretty mounted, and the costumes in the second act were particularly noticeable. Miss Davis was a valiant Artemesia, and Miss Lane was a sympathetic Elsa. Miss Mason was seen to best advantage in the second act; in the first, where she is disguised as a peasant, she was wanting in grace and coquetry. Mr. Murray sang the waltz with effect and he was deservedly recalled. Mr. Wolff was, fortunately, less violent and obstreperous in action than in his wont, and his entrance in the first act was, indeed, worthy of applause. After all, the quintet is the thing. Last night it went almost without a hand; and yet the large audience was a very friendly one.

P. H.

Of all the trades that ever I see,

There's none with the Blacksmith compar'd may be,

With so many several tool'es workes hee, Which Nobody can deny.

And what is the wise saw or meaty maxim for the day? "Procrastination is the Thrift of Time." Or, as Poor Thomas says: "Never pay today what you can borrow tomorrow."

Old Chimes says: "Boston may be the Hub, but Chicago is surely the Pneumatic Tire of the Universe."

A contemporary reassures the palpitating town by affirming that the Duke of Marlborough laughed "a genuine laugh, not the simper supposed to attach to effete aristocrats." We have heard of a nailed smile and a tacked smile, but how is a simper attached to an aristocracy?

By the way, the Duke is not the first of the British aristocracy who laughed. There was Victor Hugo's friend, Lord Fernain Clanchalie, Baron Clanchalie and Hunkerville, familiarly known as "L'Homme Qui Rit."

Our contemporary also describes the dual "prominent nose, which the New York papers say resembles that of the great Duke." So Jack Churchill is still remembered in New York. Students of history will recollect that soon after the battle of Blenheim His Grace, in company with Mohun, Webb, Addison and Henry Esmond, visited the metropolis. They were particularly impressed by Central Park, Tammany, the Casino and Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Unfortunately for us, they did not come to Boston.

The Rev. Charles O. Gill was a famous foot ball player at Yale. No wonder he goes as missionary to China without a tremor.

What's this talk about Faye's comet smashing the earth? Haven't we already trouble enough, as Mrs. O'Hooligan remarked when asked if she would take water with a glass of cool, refreshing gin.

It appears that the Americans are great consumers of coffee. Someone once wrote a brochure to prove that early in the 20th century the tea drinking nations would rule the world. So there may yet be a passionate conflict—England, Russia, Japan and China arrayed on the same side, and against the rest of the world.

Why does Thomas Hardy allow magazine editors to so mutilate his novel? Is there any law compelling him to first publish his stories in serial form? These expurgations and restorations will amuse the future historian of American manners and customs.

Many here know Richard Hovey, who looked a good deal like Alphonse Daudet, and was regarded by the superstitious as a jettatore. It appears from La Silhouette that he is now in France. In a poem by Angelin Ruelle, entitled "Bittner," is this reference to the translator of Macterlinck:

"Le poète Hovey s'entraine
A Giverny, tout à part."

October 1, 1767 the Annual Register told the sad story of Mr. Robert Gill, a shoemaker and singing man of Wimbourn, Eng., aged 67 when he died. His chief claim to immortality was that he was a ruminator. For it was his habit to chew his meat or cud twice over. When the faculty left him he suffered torments for nearly four months, and then Death took him to his museum. And there were others: As the man at Bristol, who had ruminated ever since he could remember, a person of tolerable sense and reason; as the advocate at Milan, who chewed the cud like an ox, possessed a set of ribs and sternum very surprising and worthy the attention of anatomists, and threw out electric sparks upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes—a low-spirited, nervous man. See also the cases cited by Fabricius ab Aquapendente, Lynceus, Scunert, Pyer and Blumenbach, not to mention those recorded by Farbes, Lawrent and Collier. The monk that, in addition to the ruminating habit, wore horns on his forehead was dissected, and the theory of Bartholin that human ruminants enjoyed double stomachs was thereby disproved.

October 1, 1500, saw the birth of Mrs. Cooke at Merricott in the County of Somerset, Eng. She attracted consid-

erable attention at the early age of 17, for she was seven feet tall and remarkably stout, with a pleasing and interesting countenance. In 1818 main branches and little twigs of the royal family, together with 100 of the principl nobility, looked at her thoughtfully and declared that she was indeed a wonder.

When it freezes and snows in October, January will bring mild weather; but if it is thundering and heat-lightning, the weather will resemble April in temper.

Full moon in October without frost, no frost till full moon in November.

Dry your barley in October,
Or you'll always be sober.

Commander McGiffen thinks it "almost criminal to keep human beings below the deck if a vessel is to be closely engaged where shot may strike her." The people of another generation will no doubt wonder at the inhumanity of the stoke-hole in any steamer in war or peace in the 19th century.

It is said that the Lelands made a great stir in 1852 at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, by introducing napkins at meals. The guest tucked the napkin in his neck, just below the Adam's apple. This singular practice prevails at dinner parties in Western cities, and it may be observed in any market restaurant in the East.

Napkintucking, however, was and is not a distinctively American vice. Civilité, a book on etiquette, published in France in 1749, thus counsels a guest: "You should stretch your napkin properly, so that it covers you up to the neck; then wipe your spoon with the end of your napkin and wait until someone at the table has begun to take soup from his plate or bowl."

Oct-2-91

The table robbes more then a thiefe.

"Oh, the marvelous strides of civilization!" cried Old Chimes at the Porphyry Club last night. "I had a letter from Jack Trencher, who is now in Cape Town, and he gave me entertaining accounts of the growth in African culture since his last visit. Take cannibalism, for instance. You know how disgustingly crude, how grossly sensual were the cookery and the table manners in middle and lower Africa 50 years ago. Men and women were eaten freshly killed, and there was little attention paid to the serving of them at the Thyestean feasts. Now, on the East Coast, the flesh of the old people—the grandfather and the grandmother of a family—is dried and mixed with condiments; and it is offered with a sort of sacramental meaning to travelers, guests. On the West Coast, tender boys, brought from the dark interior, are kept in pens, fattened upon bananas; and, when they are just fit, they are killed and baked. Yes, civilization marches in seven league boots, even in Africa."

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

The muscles of the Hon. James J. Corbett were like "coiled ropes," and his legs were like "iron posts." But the Psalmist says the Lord taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man (Ps. cxlvii, 10).

The Hon. James J. Corbett "pranced and sparr'd and twisted and hopped in the sight of the people." And Col. Fitzsimmons has been photographed in the act of stopping blows and landing rib-roasters and jaw-breakers. If the gentlemen would only be content with these amiable amusements! No, they must meet and maul and bash and pummel each other. But why should they be obliged to go to Mexico? What's the matter with Boston, the mighty nurse of all culture?

Why do the English snap and snarl at the mere mention of these international marriages? 'Tis the Americans who should complain.

Is not Chicago a little late in "yelling for Cuba?" Smokers have for a long time been yelling for Havana, and have not been comforted by Connecticut or Virginia.

On the 2d of October, 1825, Death wanted Mrs. Hannah Want of Ditchingham, Norfolk, Eng., for he began to doubt her mortality, inasmuch as she was, in her 106th year, sound in mind and body, rejoicing in progeny to the fifth generation, 121 all told. She was an early riser; she ate moderately of home-brewed beer, she was frugal, sedate, equanimous, never pnt out but once, and that was when her house burned down. Reader, we have seen her portrait, taken by Mr. Childs, an ingenious gentleman of Bungay, and we wonder that Death ever took her.

This is the festival of the Holy Angel Guardians. In daily life on farm, in the factory, even on the cattle steamer

...the film world of Walt Whitman are full of mystic meaning. ...the season is, indeed, upon us. Actors and singers receive constantly "overtures" and give in return "renditions." ...On Oct. 2, 1751, an Englishman walked miles in seven hours and thus won guineas ...The United States Commissioner of Education has made public his report for '92-'93. This progress in a good work seems crablike. Or did he start in '90? ..."Was this a marriage or a joke?" is a question of more than local application, and one not confined to Judge Henderson's court. ...To J. B.: You ask the real name of Villon, "our sad bad glad mad brother's name." It was Francois de Montcorbais. His aliases were Francois de Villon, Francois Villon Michel Mouton. He borrowed the surname by which he is now known from Master Guillaume Villon, chaplain of Saint Benoit-le-Mouton near the Sorbonne, who adopted the young rascal. Francis was a student of the University of Paris when he was 17 years old (1448). In 1456 he took the degree of Master of Arts. It is possible that Catherine de Medici was a niece of a canon of Saint Benoit. At any rate Villon wooed her rashly, and so he was thrashed under her window, and with her concurrence. Afterward he reviled her openly in his poems. The best life of the man is Longnon's "Etude Biographique," but Stevenson's essay, published in "Familiar Studies," will give you rare delight as well as instruction. Perhaps Villon is "the sordest figure on the rolls of fame," but the intensity, the beauty, and the splendor of his poetry embalmed him for all time. ...To "Want to Know:" Your surmise is correct. "Tunc" is a Latin adverb meaning in a general sense, "then, at that time, then only (i. e., not before, not till then); and in a special sense, "just then, then precisely (denoting a fixed or definite point of time past)." You are also right as to the word "tunk," which, though an English provincial term, is sometimes dubbed an Americanism. Thus we find in Baker's "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases" (1854), "Tunk, a blow, generally with force, so as to leave an impress." At the same time, a man that "tunks" is not necessarily a "tunker." For a "tunker," or "dunker," or "tumbler" is of a denomination of Seventh Day Baptists, founded at Ephrata, Penn. The Tunkers trace their origin from the Pietists near Schwarzenari, Germany, and they first appeared in America in 1719. For an interesting account of them, see "Pennsylvania Dutch" (1874), pp. 153-192. They are also described in Hayward's "Book of Belgians," Boston, 1842.

(Edgins)
Oct 5. 95

One of the finest tents in the Wild West Show will be devoted to the "National Scientific Family-Culture Institute." Students of sociology have already received the circular "systematically formulating the scientific study of stir-culture." "What sort of publishers are Vellum and Colophon?" asked Mr. Auger at the Porphyry Club. "Very select," said Old Chimes; "they publish only first editions." Conspicuous was the hose of the White Angel of Salem. Theatre-goers that are interested in King Arthur as a stage hero should read Henry Fielding's "Tragedy of Tragedies; or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great;" for Arthur, "Hos Regum Arthurus," plays therein an active part, in great and thundering speech. Among the dramatis personae he stands first, and is thus ticketed: "King Arthur, a passionate sort of King, husband to Queen Doliallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of, and in love with Glumdalca." Particularly noticeable is the monarch's fine burst in the second scene of the first act: "Petition me no petitions, sir, today; for other hours be set apart for business. Now it is our pleasure to be drunk. And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we."

It is a singular fact that the legends concerning Lancelot have inspired no opera. There are operas with librettos derived from Arthurian or Round Table material, as "Lancelot,"

by Theodor Kutzer, Munich, 1874; "Lancelot vom See," by Emil Blücher, which was never performed; "Merlin," by Philipp Rüfer, Berlin, 1887; "Merlin," by Karl Goldmark, Vienna, 1886; "Elaine," by Benberg, London, 1892; "König Arthur," by Max Vogrich, Leipzig, 1893. Then there is Purcell's music to Dryden's libretto, 1691, and Wagner's "Tristan" and "Parsifal" are not remote. But no one has yet composed immortal music for the love of Elaine toward Lancelot. There was a report last season that MacDowell was at work on such an opera, and that he himself had written the text. His symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine," gave rare pleasure when it was played here at a Symphony concert in January, 1890. Let us hope that this man of genius will disprove the assertion of some that the subject is undramatic and unfit for operatic treatment. Mr. Murphy of Yale is undecided, or, rather, like young Hercules, he stands listening to Pleasure and Virtue. For National League teams woo him, and the law points toward the temple of the more substantial Fame. So once were there conflicting passions in the breast of Mr. John Montgomery Ward. The advertising still goes on. Now it is Lombroso that writes about Nordau. Degeneration pays its critics, if not the degenerate. With its dispensary rum and absolutely no divorce, South Carolina seems a State to be avoided. A contemporary remarks, "Of course, this is all what Mr. Joseph Howard would call 'poppycock.'" Let us be more precise in quotations from deep thinkers. Mr. Howard's most potent argument in any discussion is "What Tommy-rot!" The invention by a German of a machine which gives a lift to a woman's coat when she struggles with the big sleeves of her dress waist will not commend itself to the sentimental young. In showing dexterity and tenderness in tucking these sleeves in, the lover today glows with joy unspeakable. If the Passion Play will be given at Norwich under the patronage of the Bishop, it will not be for the first time in England. "The Trial, Condemnation and Crucifixion of Christ" was the subject of mysteries and pageants at Coventry in the 15th and the 16th centuries; and Kings took great delight in seeing these strange, rude plays. To C. A. S. T.: (1) Consuelo is the title of a novel by George Sand. (2) Yes. (3) Will it? Mr. Lorado Taft thinks that American painters—canvases, not sash and blind, or engine house—have much talent, only it has been misdirected. "When they learn to originate their own subjects from their own land, then art in this country will take on the dignity it deserves." But is not this a parochial view? Again, many American artists live and paint in foreign countries because they would starve in their own land. By the way, how many painters of genuine talent have been forced to leave this city, neglected, unappreciated, or fed only with windy words of praise, although they would fain have stayed here? It was on the 3d of October, 1737, that a horse, belonging to Mr. Richard Fendall of Southwark, died by an accidental cut in his knee "with a garden melon bell-glass." This horse had been in Mr. Fendall's possession 44 years. He had neither been sick nor lame, and ten years before his premature death he drew his owner and another in a chaise fifty miles in one day. And this is the anniversary of the death (1690) of Robert Barclay, author of an Apology for the Quakers. As if those gentle people ever needed an apology! And Aunt Lavinia exclaimed: "Look at Mrs. Smyth. She is a sensible woman of some 50 comfortable, substantial years. Set her to look at her daughter, robed in some rich, but loosely-cut garment, and she could spend hour after hour seated upon her chaperon's chair in complacent contemplation of little Fanny's pleasure. But instead of that—which would be at the worst a certain alleviation of fatigue and discomfort—what have you? A poor, stout lady, whom nobody is expected to look at, and who certainly desires no one to look at her, strapped, girded in, compressed into a stiff silk and whalebone construction, which shall make her jolly, round face go red, and her breath go short, and spoil all her natural hearty enjoyment of her supper—and all for what? To reduce by some four or five unimportant inches the outline of a massive and not unshapely form."

over 4-95

The Cambridge athletes are to have a rich treat next week. They are to be introduced to Tom Burke and President Elliot.

Our old friend Dr. Depaw is to "deliver an address" at the dinner in New York to the Cambridge track team. The Doctor is an athlete in speech, a man of remarkable staying powers. And if Yale is defeated in the sports, terrible will be her revenge at the dinner. So Prince Henry of Prussia has been exiled by his brother. And now Mr. Poultney Bigelow will not recognize him. This story about the "friendly scuffle" in the street between Col. Pabst and Mrs. Margaret Mather Pabst suggests a possible return to the stage. The phrase, "Did not recognize the talented actress who had enchanted thousands" leaped surely from the throbbing brain of a passionate press agent. Is it all our pleasure to be killed in advance? Musicians were looking forward to the enjoyment of hearing "Hänsel and Gretel" this winter; but now comes Mr. Krehbiel, and he talks of how myths become fairy tales in the process of time; and he is reminded by Humperdinck's opera "of that persistence of mental and moral habit which has brought the lyric drama in Germany around to its starting point, in the primitive religious drama." Yes, yes. To a deep German thinker, "I kissed John James O'Reilly" is a sun myth. "Gilligan's on the Tear Again" may be traced to the worship of Bacchus. "I have heard Salvini's technique at the corner; his voice was even powerful" — G. Huncker. J. P. Coombs of Brown has for some time refused to play foot ball "because he feared injury to his voice, as he is a baritone singer." We assure Mr. Coombs that foot ball will be an admirable preparation for a successful debut in any one of the music dramas of Wagner. Corbett and Fitzsimmons should consider seriously the claims of Maspeth, L. I. There was some pretty punching there this week. Mr. Valentine tunked Mr. McKeever on the nose; this aroused the latter; and he, one of the plain, grim men that do the world's rough work, knocked Mr. Valentine down three times until he was lost to the world and empty fame. Still, we insist that Boston is the only town for the friendly trial of athletic skill—Boston, the paradise of musicians, pugilists and defaulters. The name of the enormous tenement house to be built in the Back Bay is the Commonwealth. We feared the building would be called after some Juke or Earl. "Hypnotic Dentistry" has a pleasing sound; but will hypnotism persuade the patient as to the reasonableness of the bill? By some unaccountable omission, no reference was made at the trial of Mr. Shaw to the habits of the Persians in the royal game of Chügân, for this is the true name of polo or horse hockey. Jâmi (1414-1492), in his poem "Salâmân and Absâl," thus describes the sport: "Soon as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his horse Over horizon into the blue field, Salaman kindled with the wine of sleep, Mounted a barb of fire for the Maidan; He and a troop of Princes—Kings in blood, Kings in the kingdom—troubling tribe of beauty, All young in years and courage, bat in hand Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the golden ball And chased, so many crescent Moons a full; And, all alike intent upon the Game, Salaman still would carry from them all The prize, and shouting 'Hal!' drive home the ball." In the Quaritch edition of the Englished poem you may see a picture of the game. The royal steed looks more like a rocking horse than "a barb of fire." There is an interesting account of polo in Ogilby's Asia (1673), page 79. It thus begins: "The nobles also at the Kings Court every Evening, at the sound of several Instruments, play at a certain Game with a Hammer and Ball, not unlike our Palmall, which every one that pleases may come and see. The King often invites mean Persons that are well experience'd in this Game, to play at it, which is performed after this manner." Then follows a detailed description. Ogilby says "Great dexterity is required in this Game, and also exceeding swiftness, as well of the Horse as the Rider; and this is the onely way whereby the Persians learn to Ride so well." When Old Chimes described certain book publishers as publishers of first editions only, did he not have in mind the bitter jest of Emile Bergerat at the expense of Edmond Scherer? But let "Caliban" speak in his own words. "As soon as a man really immortalizes himself, I buy his complete works. So I

went to the Librairie convervée, and all on the third day, gave me all of Scherer. The excellent Achille blushed and I saw at once that he was disturbed. So many of us go crazy suddenly! Perhaps the madness of André Gill began in this way, he asked for the complete works of somebody who never existed, and he was sent to Charenton. 'Probably you wish them for the phrase?' I answered, 'Yes; all of Scherer, please.' 'But it is in the seventh volume only.' 'Do you sell the volumes separately?' Achille raised his hands and said, 'Impossible! Scherer is heavy,' and he cried out, 'Bring all of Scherer!' They heard him in the street. The clerks climbed ladders. 'Wait a minute,' I said, 'before crushing them under the load, understand me; I have asked for the whole of Scherer, and I want it. But I enjoy only second editions. I want all Scherer in second editions, and in no other form.' The clerks descended; the crowd dispersed; Achille sighed and everything was still. There was no second edition of Scherer. And yet bad books sell so well!" Teodor de Wyzewa, in his book "Chez les Allemands," assures us that the Germans show their deficiency in the sense of smell by the quantity of perfumes which they use. If he were in Boston he would put the Americans in the same class; for nine out of ten women met in street or car or theatre leave a trail of scent behind them, Musk, or cigarette; which is worse? After either a T. D. pipe refreshes like dewy violets. Education is fluid. It is all a matter of millen. Here is an excellent example. Two pretty girls are in a street car. One says in a loud East wind voice, "Claude wrote me the dearest letter the other day; just look at it." Pause. "Humph," says the other, "he spells 'write,' 'rite.' Why, he isn't educated!" and to her speaks No. 1: "Isn't educated? He's got an elegant education. He's a Lieutenant in the Lancers!" Let us listen for a moment to the wisdom of the Almanach des Gourmands, Paris, 1803. Ah, there were then fixed rules in good society! The celebrated Monsieur Aze decreed that whoever accepted an invitation to dinner and did not appear should pay a fine of 500 francs. This fine was reduced to 300 francs if the invited guest sent word 48 hours in advance that he could not be present. This Almanach claims that the said Aze was a wit, and it cites the following jest as one of his best bonmots: "The same M. Aze said that it was better to get drunk on wine than on ink, because wine was less black." But here the Almanach and we must part company. 'Tis a pity that Aze is not alive; for he would be invited to contribute to Punch. Oct-5. 95 Of all the passionate press agents commend us to the gentleman who is trumpeting from the housetops the fame of Achille Rivarde. "While playing, Rivarde seems to be transfixed, but his gestures remain sober, and the audience can face him without fear of being disturbed." This is reassuring, for as a rule there is only one policeman at Music Hall. Nor need mothers fear to bring their little ones. Not only is Rivarde thoroughly tame, and domesticated; "as a conversationalist he is charming, with a vivacity that draws you toward him." "The secret of my corns is imperfect digestion."—Benjamin Bolivar. There is a native Egyptian at the Mechanics' Fair. "The air about him is redolent with the odor of sandal wood, and the whole atmosphere in the west gallery, where he sits, is laden with the aroma of the Orient." The city should engage this perfumed wanderer from Cairo to sit at the corner of Charles Street and Boylston, where the fumes of the Subway are rankest and most pestiferous. He would do a power of good. While water was tossed from buckets on the flames at Warren, R. I., "all the prominent men of the town stood by and cursed roundly at the water service." But why did not "all the prominent men" provide for an effective water service in a town where large interests are at stake? Mayor McKisson, in refusing to allow the Honorable John L. Sullivan to spar in Cleveland, strikes a deadly blow at the agricultural interests of Massachusetts. He knows that the eminent play actor is now boxing not for empty fame but for money, to buy a farm. Is it possible that the envious West will deprive this Commonwealth of a model farm, with its yard full of herons for the market, with the great principle that eggs must be sold by weight established for all time?

"The Duke made the crowd laugh." We listen to add in behalf of the virtuous American people 'twas a horror, not Marlborough.

It was on the 5th of October, 1694, that John Evelyn "went to see the building beginning near St. Giles, said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the late lotteries in imitation of those at Venice, now set up here for himself twice, and now one for the State." This Mr. Neale was a speculator. He was to lay out £15,000 in building on the large piece of ground, "but did not." How modern all this is!

Dr. Salome Merritt believes in the efficacy of salt and water. There are still conservative people who cling to a trust in the virtues of soap and water.

"How to make a Sontag." Make no mistake, young singers. The directions are for a cape, not a prima donna.

Truth is in wine, but none can find it here. For in your Taverns, men will lie and swear.

Here is a little girl of twelve's description of her evening dress in 1771: "I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib and apron, black feathers on my head, my paste comb, and all my paste, garnet, marquessett, and jet pins, together with my silver plume—my locket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mits, and yards of blue ribbon (black and blue is high taste), striped tucker, and ruffles (not my best), and my silk Pampodore shoes completed my dress." In those days, too, little girls, as well as little boys, wore wigs. Thus in an old account book of 1734 are these items: "Shaving my three sons at sundry times, £5 14s.; expense for James's wig, £9; expense of Samuel's wig, £9." Samuel was eleven years of age, and James nine.

And grandfather Ellhu, looking tenderly at fair Priscilla, said to her the day before her wedding: "I am also of the opinion, my dear child, that there are possibilities of plain cooking in women. I am aware, indeed, that the belief that women might learn to cook plain dishes is a grievous heresy; but I love to cherish these pleasant beliefs; it is a harmless foible of my old age. Not that I expect any of the more exquisite refinements of the culinary art from them: I am not so exacting." I hold that they might be taught, with care and patience, the proper roasting of a leg of mutton, or the proper frying of a sole. Consider the good plain cook. I have known many of them. Their goodness is doubtful; 'to err is human,' as Alexander Pope says; their plainness I admit, without reservation; but why 'cook?' Hundreds of them are roasting legs of mutton for thirty and forty years of their lives; but only one in a hundred, once or twice in her life, roasts one as it should be roasted; and I fear that, even then, Fortune turns the spit. I am convinced from my own observation of them that this might be altered for the better. I will not go so far as to say that they might learn to make pie-crust, though I have come across many women in books who had a very light hand for pastry. But these were works of the imagination, and I have never met one in real life. I conceive it likely that in cooking, too, the greater excellence of the man comes from his different point of view: a man regards a leg of mutton as a thing to be eaten, a woman regards it as a thing to be cooked."

The Saturday Review thus speaks of a cherished British Institution: "It is a one-horse show, this British Association—a sort of Liebig of science for the unsentient. It thrives, like so many other frauds, on the anxiety of commonplace people to pose as superior persons. Destitute of originality and imagination, they yearn for culture almost as fervently as they yearn for respectability, and fondly imagine that attendance at a Congress, which is universally reported in the silly season, constitutes a proof of distinction. The dullness of the proceedings themselves is portentous. Laudable they are, so little as, or would be in a crammer's lecture-room, but how soporific, how unintelligible!"

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Runciman Ponders Musical Festivals.

How Ellen Beach Yaw Found True Tone Production.

Notes and Comments on Singers, Players, Pieces.

Are musical festivals of any real worth?

Concerts imperfectly rehearsed are once a year jammed into a week. The real enthusiasm of the audience is aroused only by the visiting singers of renown. As in the opera of two weeks in Boston, the prevailing question is not, "What operas will they give?" it is this question, "Who will sing?" The rest of the year the people in towns where such festivals are held are often indifferent to music.

Some one may say, "They order these things better in England." But do they? Let us consider the opinions of Mr. J. F. Runciman concerning the late Gloucester Festival. Much that he says in the Saturday Review may be applied justly to festivals in New England. Of course his remarks about Music and Charity were written with reference to the customs in England.

"I have always regarded musical festivals with a certain holy horror. They seem to me specimens of that exquisitely English type of fraud in which each of two parties believes for a time that he or she is overreaching the other party, and on finding this to be indeed the case, combines with his or her opponent to overreach a third party, who, in turn, is only overreached because he imagines he is overreaching the other two parties. Music used to think that if she said Charity people might be induced to spend freely for Music's benefit, while Charity thought that by saying Music people would be tempted to give generously for Charity's benefit. It is a pity that we usually speak of Music and Charity as ladies, for this symbol, like many other symbols, only serves to prevent us seeing the real thing thus falsely symbolized. Music of the musical festivals is a spectacled professor with a small connection, a large family, and his eye immovably fixed on the main chance, and Charity a hospital doctor, likewise with a large family, most frequently a minute practice, and an eye bent in the same direction as the professor's, and with the same determination. Doctor and professor, discovering that nothing could be gained by running against each other, have formed a partnership for the amiable purpose of carrying out an extensive fraud upon a third party—to wit, the English public. A more admirable scheme was never devised. The Englishman loves to think he is "doing" some one, and getting more than value for his money, and nothing will teach him that he is always himself "done" in the process. Just as for years, the lower middle-class matron thought the price of the present she got with a pound of tea really came out of the dealer's pocket, so paterfamilias pays his five pounds for seats imagining that besides hearing the music, he is getting credit with the Recording Angel for an act of charity, or (the case may be) performing an act of charity and also getting the credit in his own locality of being a lover and supporter of music. To expose the humbug of musical festivals is both difficult and useless. Difficult, in the first place, because the magic word Charity, especially medical Charity, calling up visions of relief given to agonized wretches too poor to be attended by any physician, even for Charity's sake, appeals to the best feelings of many who know all about it; and because those who have no feelings to be stirred are squared by such little jobs as libretto-writing and the making of histories of the festivals. Useless, in the second place, because of that infirmity of the English mind which I have referred to. So long as the Englishman thinks he is getting something for nothing over and above what he pays for, so long will musical festivals flourish. And since the citizens of Leeds and Birmingham, Norwich and Gloucester, are much too thrifty to support their own sick and poor, and Englishmen from other parts lack generosity to lend help unless they can gain or imagine they gain something in the very act of giving, it is my most fervent wish that festivals may flourish long. Only, it seems a pity they cannot flourish differently. Charity comes on fairly well at present, but would he, the impetuous doctor, come on so much worse if Music, the radiant muse, not the spectacled professor, came on a little better? Of course we have all heard that the festival performances are absolutely perfect, or (more safely) as perfect as the circumstances permit, but such reports are part of the conspiracy which exists to keep the truth about the festivals from the English people. I shall presently have to show that the perfection permitted by circumstances is strictly circumscribed; and I may say at once that the shortcomings are nearly entirely due to the large number of concerts which are crammed into so small a space. No band and no chorus

can give eight concerts in four days, and come to the last, or even that third, with the freshness, energy, delight in their work, that they came or should have come to the first. But Charity demands eight concerts, and eight concerts are given because Charity demands them; and one sees that the festivals are run on flagrantly commercial lines, that the main object is to make money, to exploit Music for the sake of the spectacled professor and the unempolyer doctor. The committees' talk is all of the quantity of music sung, the number of people who sing it, the number who listen to it, the amount of money taken and shared between the professor and the doctor—in the conventional phrase, handed over to the local charities after expenses are paid. You hear nothing of the quality of the singing or the music sung, or rather, these are always assumed to be perfect. They are not perfect: they are very far from perfect; and the imperfections, and the crowd of concerts at which the imperfections are shown, ultimately get upon your nerves, making the very notion of a musical festival horrible.

"Until now it seems never to have occurred to any one that the horror can be greatly mitigated, and very simply. Here, for instance, is Gloucester: a fine, ancient, quiet town, a link with the sane old world, a town of bulging gables, quaint gardens, mouldering churches, resting peacefully, free from fret, in its flat saucer amidst grassy or wooded hills. Sobriety is enforced upon its inhabitants, for all their presence of mind and resource in difficulties are required to make with safety the nightly ascent of steep and oddly twisting staircases, and when the bedrooms are reached stout rafters have a happy way of coming into collision with the unwary head. Until Tennyson's lotus-eaters return and the lotus island is marked upon the map, no calmer repose for tired brains can be found than here; having stayed here you reproach no longer the church dignitaries, who spend long and honorable lives in doing little; you know that they cannot help it; that you would do the same were you compelled to live in such a soothing atmosphere. How is it, then, that this city of sleep, where you might abide for weeks in perfect peace and with full enjoyment, is converted by the festival into a city, of horror, a

nightmare city? It is simply that you are oppressed by the incessant round of concerts, which allows you no time to think with pleasure of what you have heard, or even of what you are hearing, but keeps you in a state of nervous anticipation about what is coming next. You are like a diner at a prodigious feast who is compelled to eat of every course. And the proof of this is that if you determine to abstain, to hear, say, three concerts of the seven or eight, a great weight is taken off your mind and the festival becomes, possibly for the first time in your life, a matter of interest to you. You watch with pleasure the festivalers in the street, hear them talk in an unknown tongue as they go past, or bawl comic songs from the windows of their lodgings. For the 'three counties' are nothing if not musical; music the chorus will have, bad or good, and to do them justice, they seem to like good when they cannot get bad. They are evidently well posted in the latest fashions; of course, I mean the local fashions. At the concert in the Shire Hall a young man elegantly attired in a blue spotted collar, yellow tie, white shirt front, evening coat and waistcoat and very light trousers, seemed as vastly admired by his lady companions, as a lady in low-necked evening dress and a prodigiously large hat was by her companion gentlemen. These, figuratively, and figuratively only, seem trifles light as air, but save to Gloucester people they will always be part of the festival program, even if an unauthorized part; and I submit to the authorities that we should be given time to enjoy them. If the suggestion is regarded with scorn, then I submit that at least we should be permitted to enjoy the concerts, and that the festival would be on a moderate reckoning 100 times more enjoyable were there half the number of concerts to endure. It is quite possible to stay away from some of them, but the average Englishman, having paid for his seats, sees little reason in not occupying them; he would rather kill himself by an overdose of concert-going than not get more than his money's worth. An English critic may abstain; but critics do not pay for their tickets."

The criticism of Mr. Runciman on the works performed is entertaining, but for the most part of local interest. Yet I cannot pass by one review without extending to him congratulations, tinged with envy. It is short and strong and subtle. It should stand alone.

"At 11.30 on Wednesday morning Dr. Hubert Parry's famous oratorio, 'King Saul' was sung, and nothing save a sharp but brief shower occurred about that time to mar the pleasure of a ramble around Cheltenham."

And the following words about an "Artists' Night"—otherwise known as the "Hooray Night"—must be quoted, for are they not true of all such functions?

"I have only to discuss now the concert in the Shire Hall on Wednesday evening. It formed an admirable opportunity of testing the artistic quality of the average Gloucester festival concert. The local press and some local authorities spoke of it as 'brilliant,' and brilliance it certainly possessed—all the brilliance of a superior penny reading. It was purely parochial, and the parish unmistakably lay far away from civilization. When Mr. Ben Davies let his voice ring out like a clarion, or Mme. Albank held a crotchet G sharp in the 'Der Freischütz' scena for 17 crotchet beats (I counted them), or Mr. Watkin Mills produced a dull thunderous noise on the extreme notes of his lowest register, the audience applauded frantically; and the enthusiasm aroused by a rather helpless and long-winded fantasia for orchestra and piano, composed by Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester, reminded one of the chuckling of the village choir when the vicar's daughter writes her first double chant.

"Leeds and Gloucester are entirely given over to provincialism; and their provincialism is catered for, openly, without shame, by those who organize their festivals.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the singer of phenomenal range, pays a glowing tribute to the glorious climate of California. "Her first voice production was in the mountains and among the great trees of California." Oh, no; ten to one it was in her cradle. "She asserts that there is something about the unique acoustic qualities of mountainous nature that leads to truthfulness of voice, to justness of vocal pitch. * * * So the girls tested their tones from peak to peak. They sang their scales and arpeggios, staccatos and obligatos (!), improvised, imitated the birds, and sang sections of operas for the echoes to play with. The experience was highly beneficial. Lungs and limbs and stomachs all increased in strength, and their voices were much improved in quantity and quality, naturally."

The singers of Boston should follow the example of Miss Yaw and her friends. There are woods in the neighborhood, easily reached by street cars. Perfect intonation and tone production can thus be surely obtained, and cough drops, pepsin and liver pills will be thrown away after a week's conscientious practice. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Boston who do not sing will pay gladly the car fares, even if transfer checks are necessary. Yawps of thanksgiving and benediction to Ellen Beach Yaw!

PHILIP HALE.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERTS.

The Kneisel Quartet is now in the West, for concerts in Chicago, Evanston and Milwaukee.

The tenth series of concerts in Boston will be given in Association Hall, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley. There will be changes made in the hall for the aid of the acoustics.

The dates of the concerts are Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Dec. 30, Jan. 13, Feb. 17, March 9, April 6 and 27.

The following works will be performed: Beethoven's quartets op. 18, 59, 130 (B flat), 29, and quintet F minor op. 45; Brahms's sextet E flat op. 18, quartet B flat op. 67, and G major op. 11; quintet F minor for piano and strings; Dvorak, quartet op. 80; quintet E flat major op. 97; Haydn, quartets G major and D major; Mozart, G minor piano quartet, clarinet quintet; Rubinstein C minor quartet; Schubert C major quintet.

These novelties will be performed: César Franck, D major, quartet; Emil Bernard, suite op. 34; Brahms's clarinet sonatas; Handel concertos grosso; Bach concerto grosso MS.; Dvorak, trio for piano, violin and 'cello; C. M. Loeffler, octet.

Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Beach, Miss Gesellschap, Messrs. Pourtau, MacDowell, Perabo, Baermann and Foote will assist.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Joachim is director of the Hochschule. The Chevalier Seovel is back from Europe.

The Chatelot concerts in Paris will begin Oct. 13.

Brahms has set lyrics by Johanna Ambrosius to music.

A Malay company will give national (1) operas in Europe.

The wife of Salli Liebling has written a one-act opera.

Maude Rondebush, an American, sang lately at Ostend.

A book on Chopin, by Edward Gariel, is published in Mexico.

Luigi Chesl, composer and teacher, died at Piacenza, age 73.

They propose to erect a monument in Stuttgart to Lindpainter.

"Don Pasquale" may be revived at the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

Wilhelm Miessen is now director of the Singakademie at Glogau.

E. A. Mac Dowell is again at home after a summer in Switzerland.

Joseff will play with the Symphony Orchestra at Providence, Jan. 8.

Mallbrant's bust will be placed in the corridors of the Paris opera house.

Josef Hofmann has finished an orchestral suite in four movements.

They say Patti will give two concerts in Paris this winter in aid of the poor.

"Mascagni owns 300 cravats of all

colours and... Why shouldn't

Mrs. De Vill (known as Schneider), operetta singer, died lately in Brussels. It is said that the Handel and Haydn will sing Verdi's Requiem this season. They talk of introducing a ballet in the orchestral concerts of the Paris Opéra.

Osvaldo Mercadante, merchant, son of the celebrated composer, died at Naples, age 60.

"Tamara," a new opera by Elbert, is in rehearsal at the Budapest Opera House.

Alfredo Soffredini of the Gazzetta Musicale has written a one-act opera, "Tarciso."

Gustav Kerker will conduct Sunday night concerts at Koster and Blaf's, New York.

The Boston Festival Orchestra has accepted Ondricek an offer to play on its tour in 1896.

The Nibelungen tetralogy may be given in Turlin at the Theatre Regio this season.

The Musical Courier of Oct. 2 contains an interesting history of the banjo. See page 31.

Ondricek will fiddle at the Symphony concert Dec. 14. He will give a recital here the 18th.

The Lamoureux concerts in Paris will begin Oct. 13, with one of a popular and festive nature.

S. B. Schlesinger and his daughters took a large part in a concert at Dinard, France.

Massenet's "Eve" will be sung by the Vienna Society of Conservatory concerts this winter.

Seguin as Nelusko, and Boyer in "Le Maître de Chapelle," have delighted the people of Brussels.

Henry K. Hadley will have charge of the musical department at St. Paul's School, Garden City, N. Y.

Flurence Monteith visited Tamagno and his daughter, Margherita, at the Varese villa in September.

The Berlin Liedertafel—A. Zander, conductor, journey to Stuttgart and Strasburg, to sing for charity.

The hymn written by Luigi Ricci of Trieste for the Roman commemorative festival, Sept. 20, pleased no one.

D. C. Planchet, organist at Versailles, will succeed the late Emile Bouchère as chapel-master at the Trinité, Paris.

Mr. Chadwick's new cantata written for the Montreal society is published in attractive form by A. P. Schmidt.

Iika Palmay of Vienna has been engaged for three years—ten months each year—at the Savoy Theatre, London.

Franziska Rübsum-Velth, singing teacher, and once famous opera singer, Verdi's first Gilda, died lately in Milan.

Carl Reinecke's third symphony, G minor, has been published by Senff, Leipzig. It bears the opus number 227.

At Genoa they have raised a monument to Nicolo Massa, opera composer, who died a year ago, scarcely 40 years old.

There will be a music festival at Bamberg, Oct. 25, 27, 28, 29. The orchestra, led by Leythausen, will number 80.

There are 170 piano makers in London. Ninety thousand pianos are built there annually, using up 100,000 tusks of elephants.

Julius Cabislus, cellist of the Bremen Concert Orchestra, and member of the Böttger Quartet, died at Bremen, Aug. 14, age 52.

A Wagner-Cyclus will be given at Madrid this season. Ibo, the Parisian tenor, will sing Lohengrin and Walther in Italian.

"Der Möller von Sanssouci" is the title of a one act operetta by Otto Urbach, produced lately at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

With the appointment of a new opera intendant, Dr. August Bassermann, the Mannheim authorities raised the subsidy from \$26,075 to \$30,350.

Neumann, director of the Prague Opera House, thinks Miss Brabé, a young debutante, and pupil of the Vienna Conservatory, will rival Wilt.

Mechanical horses have been invented for use in "The Damnation of Faust," to be given in opera form at the Paris Opéra. Ingrey devised them.

Moriz Rosenthal will give 40 concerts in England from the end of October to the beginning of January, and he will then play in Spain and Italy.

Reinecke will remain in Leipzig and teach at the Conservatory, although Nikisch has succeeded him as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts.

Von Suppé left a villa, personal property to the amount of \$75,000 and certain royalties. One-half goes to his wife, the other half to his grandson.

Cowen's new cantata, "The Transfiguration," composed for the Gloucester (England) Festival, will be performed at a Crystal Palace concert after Christmas.

Emil Claar, intendant of the Stadt theatre of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, has been decorated. So has Von Hülsen, intendant of the theatre at Wiesbaden.

The Boston Rivals, Miss Sigrid Lunde, Vora Burpee, Miss Jessie M. Down and Mr. Felix Winterstein, will give concert at Berkeley Temple, Tuesday night.

S. Epinina Rieschi, a pupil of the conservatory, is the orchestra conductor at the Manzoni theatre, Venice. She made her debut to the satisfaction of all.

Jos. Epinina Rieschi, a pupil of the conservatory, is the orchestra conductor at the Manzoni theatre, Venice. She made her debut to the satisfaction of all.

Gen d'Albert, Jos. Hofmann, Willy Meister, César Thomson, R. von Mühlen will be among the soloists at the Berlin Philharmonic concerts on the 18th.

Nikisch.

Carritte will sing the soprano in T. P. Thorne's new operetta to be given at the Garrick Theatre, N. Y. She was formerly with the Carl company.

The eminent violinist, has composed a new composition for the violin and piano accompaniment, entitled "Arabesque." He will arrive in New York Oct. 20.

Osvald Hoffmann, NIKISCH, and Schratzenhauz have formed a new string quartet, which will give three chamber concerts in Beckstein Hall, Berlin, this season.

Fragments of "Saint Julien l'Hospitalier" by Camille Erlanger and of "Rubezahl" by Georges Hue will be given at one of the orchestral concerts of the Paris Opéra.

Ludwig Willner, son of the famous conductor, and director of the Cologne conservatory, will give two song recitals in Berlin. He is a playactor, one of the Meininger company.

Lilli Lehmann-Kallisch will sing eight times in December at the Vienna Opera House. She will appear as Norma, Isolde, Brünnhilde, etc. It is said that she will sing at Bayreuth next year.

Massenet's "Le Chevalier d'Harmental" will be given at the Royal Opera House, Vienna, in December. His "Baccho" and "Mirette" will be given at the Karl Theatre, and he will lead them.

The Signale, No. 45, contains a review of the tragic opera in one act, "Der Pietist," libretto by Drobegg, music by Hugo Kaun. It appears that the opera follows in the wake of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Tamagno is building a private theatre adjoined to his villa in Varese, in which he hopes to give performances in aid of charity. He has ordered of Gnaga an opera for the opening night which will be about the first of the year.

The stories about the ill-health of Peter Benoit have been exaggerated. The Indépendance Belge states that he overworked in composing his new fairy-dramatic opera "Princesse Bayon de Soleil," but a week's rest will restore him.

A theatre at Copenhagen has been rented by women, and only those pieces are played for which the music has been written by women. The orchestra of women is led by a woman, and the male roles on the stage are taken by women.

They will play at Munich this winter a lyric work by Ernest Rosner, entitled "Children of the King." There are only two singing parts in it; the other parts are for playactors. Each of the three acts is preceded by an orchestral prelude.

Oliver Fremstadt, well known in this neighborhood, met with great success at Cologne, Aug. 31, as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." The critics praised her warm and thoroughly schooled voice, as well as her thoughtfully conceived and impressively carried out dramatic performance.

A collection of flutes now excites attention in the part of the Hohenzollern Museum dedicated to the memory of Frederic the Great. The first flute that the King played was of ebony, adorned with ivory, with six holes and one key. Quantz, his teacher, made improvements on this.

Edwin Bormann of Leipzig has published a new and noteworthy picture of Bach, taken from a pencil drawing in the possession of the Bormann family, which until now has not been reproduced. It represents Bach in the prime of life. The name of the contemporary artist is unknown.

Björnstjerne Björnson wrote at Rome this summer a cantata, "Light," for the matriculation festival at the Christian University. It begins with a hymn for male voices to the Light. Choruses tell of the beginning of science and morality, the importance of Greece, Palestine, the birth of Christianity, the middle ages, the renaissance, and later popular liberty.

and the influence of modern women. Truly an encyclopedic work!

These singers will be in Italian opera at St. Petersburg this season: Sopranos, Sembrich, Adalgisa Gabbi, Regina Pacini; mezzo soprano, Amelia Stahl; tenors, Borgatti, De Lucia, Tamagno; baritones, Cotogni, Astillieri, Batistini; basses, Giulio Rossi, Alessandro, Silvestri. Podesti will conduct.

Compositions by Luigi Romanello—among them the overture and an aria from "Aida," two dances and a romance for orchestra—pleased at Naples a short time ago. Alessandro Longo, pianist and composer—charming things of his are published by A. P. Schmidt—also found favor at Naples.

The new operetta by Strauss, to be played at the An der Wien, in Vienna, and then at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, is entitled "Waldmeister" (woodroof). The name comes from the pretty little plant which perfumes agreeably in Germany and Austria, a spring beverage, into which Rhine wine enters largely.

Francesca Lablache, the daughter of the bass singer, and the wife of Thalberg, died lately at Naples, age 84. Her husband died in 1871. She did not care for music, and when Thalberg would play, she would leave the room; but she was fond of gossip and cards. She disapproved of her husband giving largely to charity.

An unpublished opera, "Jean-Marie," will be produced at the Monnaie in Brussels this season. It was written by Ippolito Ragghianti, violinist and composer, laureate of the Liège Conservatory, where he was a pupil of César Tomson. Ragghianti died at Nice, aged scarcely 30, about a year ago, and Paul Jilson finished the instrumentation of the opera.

Miss Elinor Comstock writes from Austria that some one in the United States is to organize an orchestra for a series of concerts in the spring, "and Nikisch is to be invited to come over to conduct them." Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch "both speak of America with real love and appreciation. They evidently retain a pleasant memory of their sojourn with us."

Charles Collin, organist of the Cathedral at Saint Brieuc, celebrated the second week in September the 50th anniversary of his professorate, and many of his pupils came together from all parts of Brittany. Collin finished his studies in Paris in 1845, but a true Breton, he was homesick for his wild Paris and its garish gauds.

The people of Hamburg are in despair over the running away to America of Mrs. Klafsky. They hope Miss von Mildenburg will prove a worthy suc-

cessor of the late Dr. Carl Engel and Max Glöckner in Cologne have visited Hamburg as tenors. "Neither knows how to walk or stand on the stage, but each one has an agreeable and well-trained lyric voice."

The concerts of the Queen Hall choir, A. Handegger, conductor, will begin Nov. 13, with Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" and "Athalia" and Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia" will be given. The concerts will continue until April 3, when the attraction will be Gounod's "Redemption." The orchestral concerts under Handegger begin today and continue until March 29.

The third number of the "Rivista Musicale Italiana," published by the Bocca brothers, Turin, price 4 francs, 20 centimes, contains an essay by Torchi on Schumann's Faust music. The Signale, surprised that such an article should appear on the other side of the Alps, complains, however, of the inability of any Italian to comprehend Schumann. So Chauvinism is not peculiar to France.

The 40th series of the Saturday Crystal Palace concerts will be given from Oct. 12 to Dec. 14, and from Feb. 15 to April 18. Among the novelties to be produced are a symphony in D by Walford Davies, two characteristic pieces by J. F. Barnett; suite composed by E. German for the Leeds Festival; "St. Cecilia," andante religioso, by C. H. Coulbery. Before Christmas a Beethoven concert will be given in commemoration of the composer's birth (Dec. 17, 1770).

Among the works to be heard at the Chatelet, Paris, concerts this season are Schumann's "Manfred," César Franck's "Psyche," Godard's "Symphonie légendaire," Charpentier's "La Vie du poète," Fauré's "La Naissance de Vénus;" the nine symphonies of Beethoven in chronological order; excerpts from Wagner's tetralogy, and pieces by Coquard, Dubois, Gédalge, Lefebvre, Holmès, Massenet, Paladilhe, Pugno, Rey, Saint-Saëns, Joncières and others.

Here is a specimen of the catholicity of the Vienna opera. The repertoire of the operas from Sept. 1 to Sept. 23 was as follows: "The Prophet," "The Flying Dutchman," "Aida," "I Pagliacci," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "Tannhäuser," "Der Waffenschmied," "The Huguenots," "Faust," "Der Freischütz," "Otello," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Don Giovanni," "Hänsel and Gretel," "Lohengrin," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Manon" (Massenet), "Hans Heiling."

The opening concert of the Melba Operatic Concert Company in Portland, last Wednesday evening, was a record breaker as to receipts, the sale reaching the highest amount ever realized in a similar entertainment in the State of Maine. Hundreds were turned away, and as the Portland Press described it, "It was a sight to be remembered to look over the hall and see how people were wedged in. The audience was by no means confined to Portland. There was not a city or large town in Maine but sent representatives."

Arthur Pougin describes at length in Le Ménestrel of the 15th ult. a portrait of Francois Devienne, in the Museum at Brussels. Devienne, born in 1759, was a remarkable player of the flute and the bassoon, professor of the flute at the Paris Conservatory at its beginning, and the composer of a dozen or more charming operettas produced at the Feytaud theatre. He died, mad, in 1803. The portrait is by the famous painter David, who, with the exception of the picture of Devienne and that of Miss Guimard, the illustrious dancer, painted no artists of his day.

Paul Clauzel has written a biography of Jules Duprato. It is an octavo, 51 pp. and it is published in Nîmes. Duprato was the composer of "Provatalles," "La Déesse et le Berger" and "La Fiancée de Corinthe." A thoroughly grounded, refined, elegant musician, after a singularly unfortunate début, he was pursued by a relentless fate throughout his career, in spite of his rare energy. An illegitimate child, he never knew his father. His best compositions, though delightful works, did not please the public. Young he was stricken with paralysis. No wonder that, although a brave and honorable man, he was misanthropic.

The Allgemeine Musik Zeitung of Sept. 20 contains an elaborate review by Otto Lessmann of Samara's well-known opera produced in Berlin for the first time under the title "Die Märtyrerin," at the Unter den Linden theatre Sept. 14. The review is not favorable. The story, it seems, is crassly realistic and taken from the lowest folk-life. This is no objection to its success, but the story is poorly told, the characters are not sharply drawn and logic is not preserved. The greatest dramatic effect is in the finale of the second act. The plot is as follows: Tristan, a drunken and brutal stevedore, abuses his wife Natalla, and lives with a chansonette singer. Natalla disturbs him in his vile pleasures by telling him first of the sickness and then the death of their child. A early lover of the wretched wife tries to persuade her to live with him. At first she listens; then determines to follow her child, and dies by inhaling charcoal fumes. Her husband, returning home, desolated, breaks down the door and stumbles with a shriek over the corpse. Lessmann cannot endure the music, which lacks melody and passionate invention. Much is weak and trivial, and the clever instrumentation does not make amends. The choruses are chiefly to be praised: One, a choral duet of tavern girl waiters, abounds in humor. The chief singers were Elisa Fiandin, Barbieri and Bieleto. The performance was mediocre.

Oct 7-95

To "Old Subscriber": The easiest and surest way to stop a street car is to lie down in front of it.

It is a relief to hear from Dr. Forbes Winslow again. For some days he has been lost, probably in Oriental omphalic contemplation.

Dr. Depew for a woman, if you indulge in quip or jest or sarcasm, new or old, at the Yale-Cambridge dinner. The learned doctor showed an intimate acquaintance with Plato and Aristotle. He joked with Socrates and he ripped with Euripides. No doubt the Cambridge boys are still under the impression that he is senior Greek professor at Yale.

And Dr. Depew said, "I have seen a family in Greece boasting among its children those names, Alcibiades, Pericles and Socrates, feasting hilariously upon a dinner of lettuce, cucumbers, lemons and herbs, enlivened with vinegar and olive oil." Yes, and ten to one the doctor insisted on a speech "in his happiest manner," even after this simple fare.

In one of the dramatic pieces of the ingenious Mr. Harrigan, there is a two-story scene, and the dancers above in the wildness of their merriment break way into the room below. Mr. Harrigan has often been accused by genteel persons of extravagance. Now, last Saturday night, at a mass meeting of the McKinley Club in the Germania rooms, in the Bowery, Mr. Lindsay had just risen to a point of order when members of a Bohemian society on the floor above danced so furiously that four yards of plaster fell on the politicians below, knocking out Mr. Kelly and damaging Mr. McCarthy. And the band played "Down Upon the Suwanee River," and thus restored confidence.

Again there is talk of the poet who must fire the Muse to welcome royal babes and mourn when the true monarch Death asserts his claims. Some say his name will be Arnold or Austin; Mr. Frederic repeats the rumor that it will be Henley. There is one great English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, who may well smile at laureates of the bib and the coral rattle, just as Balzac, the greatest novelist of all time, was amused at the perspiring Frenchmen knocking at the door of the Academy.

They are cleaning up and scouring at Blenheim. The Duke can now foot the bills.

The advance agent of the Great Wild East Show called at our office Saturday. Extraordinary attractions have been added to this mammoth entertainment within the last week. The Goo-gos, the Garoos and a tribe of Tammany braves have been secured, and they will positively appear at each performance. For further information, see small bills, which will soon be distributed.

At present, Huntington Avenue is the best lighted street in town.

Col. George Mason died Oct. 7, 1792, at Gunston-hall, Fairfax County, Va. The following extract from his will may be pondered by all young men who are proud to be Americans: "I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but, if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge them, on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

Let us all be philosophically catholic. Let us always remember the point of view. Do you reproach the Fán for their anthropophagy due to gluttony, superstition or sentiment? But these same pointed teeth Fán asked Capt. Burton when he drank tea, what was the good of putting sugar in tobacco water.

How the Chicago newspaper men yelp at the heels of Capt. Anson! Have they taken the trouble to look at his record of the last season? Many a younger player envies it. But the old story of the prophet who is never without honor, etc., is always new.

Apologies for the prophet, etc., see how unkindly the Pall Mall Gazette speaks of Mrs. Langtry, who, we are informed, was once a conspicuous figure in London court society, and might have been today, had she not, with a mistaken sense of humor, played a practical joke on His Royal Highness: "The loss of Mrs. Langtry's jewels is one of the best subjects for conversation that our drawing rooms have enjoyed for many a long month. There is first the question as to whether or no the bank is responsible, but there are a whole host of considerations of less importance though of almost equal interest. Then one may go on through the many stories of less famous actresses than Mrs. Langtry who have merely pretended to lose their jewels as an ingenious advertisement. Mrs. Langtry fortunately is free of risking such an insinuation, for

the first of certain soaps and other
antiperspirants she is advertised quite suffi-
ciently. One may wonder that her
jewel box was ever handed over on the
strength of such a familiar signature,
and little more, excepting a piece of
Mrs. Langtry's own notepaper, which
could easily be procured through a ser-
vant. Forty thousand pounds' worth is
a nice haul. Imagine the feelings of
the thief if he had found that with
prophetic wisdom Mrs. Langtry had
merely deposited dummies, and had her
own jewels secure in that wonderful
safe in her bedroom which the inter-
viewer has so often described to an ap-
preciative public."

There was silence for a moment, and
Grandfather Elihu broke it by saying to
Prisilla, soon to be a bride:
"Then, again, in the matter of dealing
with babies and small children; men
acquiesce in their haphazard, slipshod,
but good-natured, fashion of doing it,
shrug their shoulders, and never seem
to expect anything better from them.
Such a failure to appreciate their possi-
bilities is not only unjust, it is positively
discouraging. And with a little en-
couragement women will go so far. I
know, of course, that an old soldier
makes the best nurse of a baby—or, if
an old soldier cannot be procured, a
respectable mariner is an excellent sub-
stitute. But, after considering the
deep interest women take in infants,
their almost painfully conscientious,
though ill-judged, efforts to minister to
their needs, I am convinced that they
might be trained to become moderately
competent in the occupation. I do not
say that it could be done easily; but
with patience it could be done, and it
is well worth the doing."

They are now discussing how women
walk. Readers of Charles Reade will
remember that his heroines never
walked; they "swam."

The Student of Sociology is gathering
constantly valuable information for his
great work. Everywhere does he find
encouraging proofs of the steady uni-
versal growth of civilization. Thus in
British India 20,000 people die yearly
from snake poison; but on the other
hand capitation rewards do not reduce
the number of venomous snakes; for
the native, in order to earn a few annas
per head of cobra, raises the reptiles
on the sly in his back garden.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Balfe's Ballad Opera Given to a
Large and Enthusiastic Audi-
ence at the Castle Square
Theatre—A Digression Concern-
ing Its Popularity.

"The Bohemian Girl" was given at
the Castle Square Theatre last even-
ing. The cast was as follows:

Arthur J. K. Murray
Thos. K. Perse
Arthur Wooley
Chief of the gypsies Wm. Wolff
Lara Lane
The Gypsy Kate Davis
Again? Is the public not weary
of Clara Arnhem, the pere noble, with
his "Merry the Only Friend?"
Arthur, with her dream, abiding
in the Thaddeus of Poland still
buried in his figure?
But last night the audience was en-
raptured as it was when this ballad
opera was first produced in London.
K. H. H. Mr. Kenney, the inge-
nuous following the first per-
formance, says in his own florid man-
ner: "The heart bowed down, 'I
and that I dwelt, and 'When other
upon the ear night and day
wave of the restless ocean, till
a natural penalty, the Nemesis of
the wearied life or wished the
Alton at the bottom of the
What a piece of Mr. Kenney
the night, 'Clara,' he says,
roaring voices of a detrac-
tion of extraction still creak,
St. Augustus Harris in '93 cele-
brated the jubilee of this opera
in the Ballad Gazette
inspired, he a spirit of love, into
the party of "The Bohemian Girl."
It is a fact, indeed; it has popu-
larity, and its primary accom-
paniment, the orchestra, are
as gloriously gay and merry.
But there is another opera of
greater stature than these which
is almost unknown.
"The Bohemian Girl" with all
its popularity and its fine quali-
ties, is a wretched play, an alive
and a profitable. To such of us, in-
deed, to whom all cheapness, particu-
larly the cheapness of the past, is a
thing to be gored in life, it may be as
dead as any Caesar. But to anybody
who hears the rapturous applause that
drugs Lara, the fact must have
been, with strange conviction, that
the general its worth ranks as
as ever. * * * Nevertheless, the
opera, as an opera, was clearly shown
to be a failure, and people, it lives solely
because of its legends, and they have
a right to live. Amen, with all my
heart. * * *

Still, I do not think justice has been
done to Mr. Bunn's libretto, which is
more amusing than any comic opera-
book of latter days; for Mr. Bunn was
serious, and did not suspect that he
was an irresistible humorist. Gilbert
never quailed.

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see!"

Or
"When the fair land of Poland was ploughed
by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader, when night,"

Punch published in 1881 an adaptation
of the libretto for the benefit of the
meaneast understanding. Two verses
are as follows:

"And having now seen
Summers full seventeen,
Her heart could not wholly withstand
The very soft 'sawder'
Of a dashing marauder
Named Harrison—one of the band.
So the maid in reply,
After heaving a sigh,
Sang a song—now the darling of fame,
Which, if not quite grammatical,
Was very poetical,
That Harrison 'lovd' her the same."

This Harrison, by the way, was at
the Boston Theatre with Louisa Pyne
in 1854.

Punch jeered and Chorley growled,
fifty years ago, just as the Pall Mall
Gazette did in '93; but what have au-
diences cared? The people liked the
opera when it was first sung here by
the Seguin—and the great Seguin was
in the cast, the Seguin whom the
Indians called "the man with the deep,
mellow voice;" the people liked it
last night. Translated into nearly
every language in which opera is sung,
"The Bohemian Girl" still crowds the
theatre in Europe and America. The
ballads are mawkish and artificial, not
to be compared for a moment with
such masterpieces as "Old Folks at
Home," or any old Irish, Scotch or
German ditty—but what is the use of
protest or oburgation? Let us accept
cheerfully the mystery. No doubt in
1850 music critics will still wonder at
and discuss the popularity of "The Bo-
hemian Girl."

The favorite numbers last night were
applauded heartily, and there were sev-
eral encores. Miss Lane sang prettily.
Mr. Murray in his deepest grief was not
forgetful of vocal art and the nuances.
Miss Davis was obliged to repeat her
song in the second act, and she was
melodramatic enough to please the most
exacting. Mr. Wolff took the congenial
part of Devilshoof, whose voice, it will
be remembered, was somewhat rough-
ened by his nomadic life; still he es-
sayed boldly bravura passages, and his
most delicate tones, as well as his smile,
were distinctly heard. The piece was
mounted with the conscientious care
and the liberality that characterize the
performances at this theatre.

PHILIP HALE.

"We'll go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin;
We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin;
We'll go a shooting, says John all alone;
We'll go a shooting, says every one."

This is the anniversary (1354) of the
death of Rienzi, who appears to have
been a prominent brewer. It was prob-
ably for the inauguration of his brew-
ery that Richard Wagner wrote his
celebrated Rienzi overture.

Sir Augustus Harris in New York
"spoke enthusiastically of his latest
production, 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.'" But
the ablest London critics did not cheer,
boys, cheer.

Not long ago Col. Ingersoll was known
throughout the country as a rising
young infidel. Great things were ex-
pected of him. It is to be regretted that
he has disappointed the expectations of
friends and admirers. His speech Sun-
day night contained nothing new or
startling; echoes of Voltaire, Tom
Paine et al. Nor within the last few
years has there been an appreciable
drop in the sale of Bibles.

Singular to relate, priming of the
boilers does not insure a prime passage.

Talk about Leonidas and his band, or
the retreat under Xenophon! The mod-
ern ancients are your true heroes. They
listened in Richmond to a sermon before
supper, although they did not reach the
church before 9 o'clock.

"One of the distinguishing merits of the
game of golf is that advancing years
does not prevent a hearty and health-
giving practice of the sport." Yes, golf
is an excellent game—for old men.
Still, some will prefer backgammon, es-
pecially in chilly weather.

Our old friend Mrs. Chant is once
more on American soil, although no
perturbation of Nature sounded the
minute of her arrival. In Farmer's
"Slang and Its Analogues" is found the
following passage: "Chant—verb (old):
—to talk; sing; relate the praises of; to
'cry' or 'crack up.' Street patters and
vendors chant their songs and wares,
oftentimes to an extent not warranted
by their quality."

Richard Hovey, poet, mystic, trans-
lator, mage, is a-wandering in France.
He issues occasionally a bulletin. Here
is the latest: "I am getting awfully
sick of European women. German
women are 7 years old all their lives,
and French women 17. It is only the
American that has the intellectual grace
of the woman of 30 at 17, and the physi-
cal delight of the girl of 17 at 49." O,
Richard! o mon roi!

It was on Oct. 8, 1857, that Elias Ash-
mole, "a better antiquary than friend,"
punctilious, superstitious, entered in his
diary: "The cause between me and my
wife was heard, when Mr. Serjeant
Maynard observed to the Court that
there were 800 sheets of depositions on
my wife's part, and not one word proved
against me of using her ill, nor ever
giving her a bad or provoking word."
The decision was against her; she was
delivered to her husband; "whereupon,"
writes Elias, "I carried her to Mr. Lil-
ly's the astrologer, and there took lodg-
ings for us both." Whether he there
made her see stars is not recorded.

"Alumna" in the Bachelor of Arts for
October discusses the question, "Why
Do Not College Girls Marry?" She
says "when I am introduced to a man,
I sound him carefully before I let him
see that I am anything more than 'a
pretty girl in a nice dress.' I do this
simply to avoid hurting his feelings
by exhibiting any information that he
may not possess, for I am not anxious
to marry any one, and I do not, simply
because they are men, respect their
opinions. * * * Men like women to be
feminine and subservient, tender, lov-
ing, faithful, and not too well informed.
Most men are not well read, and they
fright shy of a woman who may, at any
moment, inadvertently bring them to
shame by referring casually, and as
a matter of course, to books, writers
or ideas that they have never heard
of. The average man dreads such a
woman. These remarks apply to col-
lege men as well as to others. What
men do at college I do not know, but
they do not read much of books that
are worth reading." There!

As the weather in October, so will
it be in the next March.

This is the feast day of several saints.
There is Thais, the penitent, repre-
sented in modern life by Sibyl Sand-
erson, for whom Massenet wrote his
opera. There is Bridget, before whom
thousands of American housewives
kneel imploringly.

It was on Oct. 8, 1361, that the dog of
murdered Aubry de Montdidier and the
Chevalier Macaire engaged in judicial
combat before the King of France in
Paris. The dog had a cask into which
he could retreat; Macaire was armed
with a stick. The dog finally seized the
chevalier by the throat, and the lat-
ter confessed his crime.

And it was on Oct. 8, 1621, that James
Howel wrote from Naples to Chr. Jones,
Esq., at Gray's Inn, "Believe it, sir,
that one Year well employed abroad by
one of mature Judgement (which, you
know, I want very much) advantageth
more in point of useful and solid
knowledge than three in any of our
Universities: You know Running
Waters are the purest; so they that tra-
verse the World up and down have the
clearest Understanding." It should
be remembered, however, that Howel
wrote thus before Mr. Richard Harding
Davis entered upon his adventurous
journeys of discovery and explored
hitherto unknown cities of Europe.

Today is the anniversary of the death
(1672) of Elizabeth Cromwell, widow of
the Protector. She was an excellent
housewife, capable of descending to
the kitchen with propriety." She kept
cows in St. James Park, and provided
Oliver with Scotch collops of veal and
marrow puddings, to which he was
passionately addicted. Her enemies al-
leged that she was "ncar" or "clur"
and dubbed her Joan; and her friends

called her by the hideous title "lady
protectress."

We respectfully invite the attention of
all that are warring against the demon
rum to this sad story that comes across
the Atlantic: "The autopsy of a citizen
of Berlin has lately yielded results
which have come as a surprise even to
those members of the medical profes-
sion who, by reason of their extensive
dealings with inebriates, are the least
susceptible of that emotion in the course
of their practice. The citizen in ques-
tion was a painter between whiles, but
he had drunk those whiles so short that
his actual profession had come to be that
of an exponent of alcoholism. He was
known, in the furtherance of his exposi-
tion, to have experimented upon him-
self widely and heterogeneously; but he
had, it turned out, done so to an alto-
gether unprecedented extent. Toward
the close of his demonstration he com-
plained of an extraordinary and acutely
painful feeling of solidity in the abdom-
inal region. As it was understood that
he had for the last year or two taken
no solid food to speak of, attention
after his demise was first devoted to his
interior. The explanation of the solidity
he had complained about was soon
forthcoming. The pit of his stomach
was filled up solid with a substance
which proved to be solidified varnish.
Best oak varnish, it was clear, must
have been the staple of the enthusiast's
swallow for a considerable period. He
had not been content with merely paint-
ing his interior; he must needs varnish
it, and the excess of decoration had
spoilt everything."

Oct 9-95
The next best thing to a really good woman
is a really good-natured one.

The next worst thing to a really bad man
is a really good-natured one.

Henry Arthur Jones is not the only
playwright whose epigrams amuse or
perplex the town. The ingenious author
of "Girl Wanted" displays a fine
stock of fall and winter epigrams
adapted to all ages and sizes. The
scene is a restaurant. Listen to
the crack of repartee. "Coffee like
your mother makes; no good." "Don't
tip the waiter; he will break the dish-
es." "Shamrock green with every Irish
stew." "We aim to please; get your
gun." It is to be regretted that some
of the phrases are cynical, and leave
a quassia taste in the mouth, for they
display no mean knowledge of human
nature. After all, this is an age of
flippant epigram, and the author of
"Girl Wanted" merely follows in the
footsteps of Jones, Grundy, Phero, and
the late Mr. Wilde.

However, in this matter of epigram
we are far, far away from the dreary
days when Blackwood wit ruled Eng-
land and was annotated learnedly—and
often with unconscious humor—by Dr.
Shelton Mackenzie. Here is one of
Blackwood's favorite epigrams: "A
Whig is an ass." Notice the delicacy
of the humor, the subtle, lightning-like
play of fancy. Here is another: "When
a man is drunk, it is no matter upon
what he has got drunk." This staggers
even Dr. Mackenzie, who, they say, was
well versed in matters eatable and
drinkable; and he commensates in small
type as follows: "The orthodoxy of
this aphorism is very questionable. Let
a man get drunk on mixed liquors, and
his stomach will be out of order next
day. Not so, with rare exceptions, if
he imbibe only one fluid, and stick to
that." Now as to the soundness of
these views, we must rely wholly, of
course, on expert testimony. We re-
member that Old Chimes a few weeks
ago, in speaking of the abuse of cor-
dials, sweet, sticky sirups, and the
growing taste for absinthe, shook his
head and sounded the praise of New
England rum, the drink of our fore-
fathers: "Yet," said the old man, as he
beamed in recollection, "it's dreadful
stuff if you take too much of it."

All this reminds us of Mrs. Chant,
who is again talking earnestly about
the Empire Music Hall in London, as
if we had been in the habit of waking
up with a start at 2.30 A. M., and ex-
claiming, "How's dear Mrs. Chant get-
ting along over there?"

Mrs. Chant believes in bicycling and
a "rational costume." Now a rational
costume, Miss Eustacia, is one that is
rational in the eyes of the woman who
happens to wear it.

To L. S. P.: As we have before stated
in this column, in pronouncing "bicycle,"
accent sharply the first syllable; the
second and the third are to be pro-
nounced as though they were one.

One of the most frankly impudent of
all books is Sadakichi Hartmann's
"Conversations with Walt Whitman,"
published in New York. It appears
from his own confession that Hartmann
bored large holes into the poet from
November, 1884, to March, 1891, and
when Whitman died, Hartmann "felt
very much like running over to Cam-
den and speaking a few words at the
funeral," but he went to Central Park
instead, and held "silent communion
with the 'soul atoms'" of the departed.
Now what Sadakichi thought, thinks,
or will think of the barbaric yawper,
the kosmos who shares with Poe the
greenest American laurel, is of no in-
terest to anybody. Sadakichi evidently
realizes the situation, for the 50th page
is devoted largely to what he thinks
Whitman thought of him. "Whitman's
estimate of me, I presume, was less
favorable than one might imagine from
my intimacy with him. I was a mere
lad of 19 when we had the most strik-
ing conversations, and though I was a
much more brilliant and less phleg-
matic conversationalist than now, our
relation was after all very much like
that of a disciple to his master. Be-
sides my independent, despotic nature,
which never flatters, must have an-
noyed him at times."

The truest thing in the book is the
picture on the cover. There is Sada-
kichi, with outstretched fingers and a
conversational face, boring holes. You
can see and hear the augurs and the
drills of speech. Poor old Walt, half
frightened, half dazed, and oh, so tired,
has crumbled into a heap behind what
is apparently a newspaper. There were
peculiarly bitter moments, yes hours,
in the last years of Whitman.

Scaliger, the younger, once said, com-
plaining of the egotism of Montaigne,
nobody cared whether the Gascon es-
sayist drank white wine or red, and
why should he have pothered so much
about the telling of his tastes. But
many people today are more interested

...and food and likes and dislikes that they are about the tricks and the opinions of Uncle Thomas and Sister Sue, who live in the next block. Listen to Montaigne a minute, as Englished by Florio; other translations are but dross, intolerable: "To be subject to the cholke, and to be tied to abstain from the pleasure I have in eating oysters, are two mischiefs for one. The disease pincheth us on the one side, the rule on the other. Since we are ever in danger to misdoe, let us rather hazard our selves to follow pleasure." But who cares whether Salliger, the younger, ate fish or meat, or was a Nebuchadnezzarian. So with Sadkichi; who, pray, cares what Whitman thought of him?

But to come back to Mrs. Chant. It appears that she likened certain remarks of good Father Seilly unto "a fresh breeze blowing over a Scottish moor." But why "Scottish," Mrs. Chant? You should get your geographical and topographical bearings even in complimenting.

This day should not pass without the thought of at least one heroic deed. On Oct. 9, 1792, one McGregor, a painter, in peaceful Kelso, undertook for a trifling wager to fell a bullock with his fist at three blows, which he performed at the second. What makes it more extraordinary, he was a very slender man, and not above 5 feet 7 inches high.

See women marrying indiscriminately with staring bourgeois and ferret-faced, white-eyed boys, and men dwelling in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals.

For two months before the arrival of the Ancients Richmond had suffered from drouth. Imagine the suffering after the arrival of our intrepid warriors.

Our contemporaries speak of the "recent death" of the husband of Blanche Howard. Was it so very recent?

It's now Korea with a K.

How long will it be before Czar is spelled properly? And why do so many intelligent Americans shy at "Tsar"?

Again the Student of Sociology turns lovingly toward old England, where life and property are so secure. It appears that Mr. William James Bowkett of Liverpool, one of the untitled aristocracy, did not approve of the conduct of his mother; he called her had names, knocked her down, kicked her without taking off his boots, and mopped the floor with her thoroughly, until she was black and blue. He then went out and was basking in the sun, when Justice led him to the court. A witness stated that William "kicked his mother about like a foot ball." The magistrate, probably an old player, took notice of theouch-downs scored, and fined him only 10 shillings and costs. Foot ball practice is within reach of the humblest in Liverpool, and only the motherless are at a disadvantage. But they can marry.

To show how general this foot ball practice is in Liverpool, consider the case of Mr. Archibald McDonald. He was discussing a grave economical question in Gleny Street with Mistress Agnes Park, and just as he was about to rike her she ran into the house of her mother, Mrs. Mary Cavanagh. Mr. McDonald followed with the speed of a Highland stag, and, breaking through window, gained access to Mrs. Cavanagh, whom he knocked down and kicked to his heart's desire. Mrs. Cavanagh, age 55, unused to such violent sport, lied in about an hour. Mr. McDonald gave this excuse to the detective-sergeant: "It was an accident. I aimed at the daughter and struck the old woman." We do not know what punishment awaits such carelessness, but we are sure that a man of marked inaccuracy and poor judgment will not be on the Liverpool eleven. Mr. Bowkett stands a far better chance.

The authorities of Münster, Westphalia, have ordered that public houses must be closed at 11 P. M., and not even the famous ham of the country consoles the inhabitants. We extend sincere condolence. Here in Boston we know how it is ourselves.

A contemporary says, "Now that they're speaking of 'herds of seals,' some enterprising rhetorician will soon be writing about 'flocks of whales' and 'droves of sea gulls.'" But why not "herds of seals"? What are some definitions of "herd"? "A company of cattle or of wild beasts" (Bailey, 1736). "A collection or assemblage, applied to beasts when feeding or driven together" (Webster, 1828). "A number of beasts together" (Ash, 1795). Herman Melville speaks of the grampus whale as swimming "in herds," and he also uses the term "shoal." The Book of Saint Albans mentions "an herd of swans, of cranes, and of curlews."

There are various nouns of multitude; as "a gaggle of geese," "a murmuration of starlings," "an exaltation of larks," "a charm of goldfinches," "a yolk of snipes," "a kendel of young cats," "a shrewdness of apes," "a singular of boars," "a pride of lions."

This is the anniversary of the birth (1731) of Henry Cavendish, an eminent chemist. When he entertained at dinner, which was seldom, there was always the same meat-mutton. Four scientific men were once invited. The housekeeper asked what she should provide. "A leg of mutton." She answered that it would not be enough for five people. "Well, then, two legs of mutton." And yet mutton was no favorite with the ancients. Galen, Oribasius and Simeon Seth accused it of affording dog-like nourishment and supplying bad juices, and Paulus Aegineta preferred swine's flesh, "because it is most nearly allied to the human in taste and smell, as some have declared who have tasted human flesh by mistake." The modern Brazilians and the Neapolitans entertain a popular prejudice against mutton. But the French always esteemed it. In 1333 the King's house used 120 sheep a week to 12 pigs. Jerome Lippomano of Venice, who gives interesting information concerning French life in the latter part of the 16th century, says "Every workman, every merchant, however paltry he may be, wishes to eat at Shrovetide mutton, roebuck and partidge just as the rich do."

Apropos of Cavendish, who gave the name to "Cavendish" tobacco? The word in this connection does not appear in print before 1839, and Anstie in a report read in the House of Commons (1844) said, "I suppose the name is taken from the name of the maker in America."

This is also the anniversary of the death (1723) of William Cowper, Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. He should be held in honor by all lovers of courage for these two things alone: He ordered a chair for Richard Cromwell, ex-protector, when he attended upon a trial at Westminster Hall, and he abolished the immemorial custom of "New-Year's" gifts to the Chancellor.

Mr. William Greer Harrison arises and says, "Judging from such opportunities as I had of seeing New York men, and I saw them in the best of their clubs, they do not know what is really meant by culture." Great Heavens! Where were Dr. Depew, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Brander Matthews and Ollie Sumner Teall?

The New York Tribune states that Mascagni's "Silvano" was produced in Berlin the 8th "for the first time anywhere." The statement is incorrect. The opera has been played in several Italian cities, and when it was first produced at La Scala, Milan, some months ago, De Lucia sang the leading part.

His petticoats now George cast off,
For he was four years old;
His breeches were of Nankin stuff,
With buttons bright as gold.

Or did the Honorable Lispenard Steward leading the german in parlors of the rich, or Recorder Goff pronouncing his first sentence, or Mr. Richard Harding Davis when for the first time he blazed his way through the virgin forests of the Champs-Elysées, or any Bostonian when in some Western village the name of his town is pronounced reverentially by cowboy or half-breed, ever feel the supreme pride of the said George as he donned the insignia of man—and also the modern woman?

Might not each one well exclaim with the poet,
"Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning—
Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best light?"

There have been many rumors of late concerning the Subway: "Serious obstacles"—"Impossible to complete it"—etc., etc. It is a great pleasure to be able to tell our readers the true reason of the slowness in the work: There was no foundation sacrifice. Our readers will remember that in olden times and in countries separated by shadowy mountains and deep rivers, it was almost universally believed that "a human victim was a necessity for the stability of any important building," and the idea also prevailed in Christian lands as well as in pagan. Some find here the origin of "Every man has a skeleton in his closet." As late as 1813, when a Government official went to repair a dam on the Elbe, a peasant sneeringly said, "You will never get the dyke to hold unless you first sink an innocent child under its foundations." A mason sold his child to be built into the wall of the castle of Henneberg. A mother sold her child for mural use at the castle of Liebenstein. For many other pleasing instances see Baring-Gould's "On Foundations." But

so far as we can learn there is no human sacrifice in the history of the Subway. The Pueblo Garden has been the only sacrifice.

Now, something should be done, and at once. If there is no patriotic husband willing to offer up his wife, in the sight of the people, at high noon, and to the music of the Symphony Orchestra—which would no doubt be loaned for the occasion by Mr. Ellis—if no mother is eager to thus immortalize her child, we might well borrow a custom from the modern Greeks. A Grecian builder who desires a time-and-nature defying monument "entices a man on to the site, secretly measures his body or his shadow and burles the measure under the foundation stone." Honesty compels us to add that the man whose shadow is thus buried will die within the year. He might, then, be chosen by Australian ballot at the next election. Or any one of the city officials would do.

The Duke of Marlborough says that the Vanderbilts control this country. Perhaps they will give him a job.

A contemporary alludes to Zola as "a mercenary charlatan, unhonored even in his own country, except by his bankers." Our neighbor evidently has access to a mine of secret information.

Has any reader of the Journal heard within a year the word "musical" used in New England in the sense of humorous or amusing? As in the phrases, "I can't say it's musical," or "That be too musical." And can any one trace the origin of this strange use?

A telegraphic dispatch from the managers of the Great Wild East Show assures us that a game of base ball between the Baltimore and Cleveland nine will be played the opening day of the mastodon aggregation, and that Baltimore bleachers will give indisputable local color to the scene. The managers are evidently leaving no stone unturned—not even Baltimore's stones and throwers—to make their show thoroughly representative of the civilization of the East.

It was on Oct. 11, 1797, that John Crawford, in the sea fight between the English and the Dutch off Camperdown nailed the flag of the Venerable to the maintopgallantmast head, for which he was presented with a medal by the town of Sunderland, his birthplace. Admiral Duncan, who did not climb so high, was created a Viscount, with a yearly pension of £2000.

This is the feast day of Saint Ethelburge. And they used to honor the saint by eating hugely of furmety, a dish made of kneed wheat, or whole grains first boiled plump and soft, and then put into and bolled in milk, sweetened and spiced.

"I am well aware," said good old Grandfather Ellhu, "that I shall be called sanguine, even extravagant, in my expectations. I am used to the charge. Indeed, I do not think that I should be now, in the middle of my 87th year, enjoying the possession of all my faculties (Mens sana in corpore sano, as Horace says) had I not always been a sanguine man. But I repeat my convictions, founded on that long experience of them, that women, under the careful teaching and patient supervision of men, might attain to a respectable skill in simple sewing, simple cooking and the nursing of babies."

To L. P. S.: "Mrs. Grundy" is a woman alluded to constantly by Dame Ashfield, a character in Thomas Morton's play, "Speed the Plough" (1798). "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" To which remark Farmer Ashfield replied, "Be quiet, and behave thyself pretty." A notable performance of this comedy was at the Boston Theatre in the early sixties, when it was given for the benefit of E. L. Davenport, who took the minor part, Henry. Among those who played were Wheatley, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Mrs. Wallack, Mark Smith, and Tom Placide. Davenport also appeared that evening in "Ruy Gomez," and the first act of "Black Eyed Susan." As for Mrs. Grundy, she was living in the dawn of the world, and she will be a-chattering when the twilight comes. She even writes for the newspapers. And, by the way, she is related to everybody.

To J. B.: "Kaffirs" is the slang term for land, mining, and other companies located in South Africa; also a term for the stocks and bonds of such companies. The market on the London Stock Exchange, where dealings in the said companies were carried on, is often nicknamed the "Kaffir Circus."

But what is the farmer doing these fine days? We know how he should be busied: in giving his days and nights to the study of Thomas Tusser. Here is a golden thought, as true today as it was in 1557:

"Through plenty of acorns, the porkling to fat
Not taken in season, may perish by that;
If rattling or swelling, get once to the throat
Thou loost thy porkling, a crown to a groat."

It is only too deplorably easy to most people not to fall a prey to picturesque frauds. The trick is the usual one, with the dull—never to be impressed by anything but money. It is also, by the way, an admirable receipt for becoming a permanent ass.

It was on the 12th of October that Christopher Columbus made his great debut in "1492."

Men thought that Mr. John Montgomery Ward was giving his days and nights to the study of Coke, the New York Code, Stephen on Evidence, and the doctrine of cestui que trust; that he would sway a jury as the dry storm of Sind plays with a palm; or that if he disdained to appeal to prejudice or passion, he would awe smug Judges sitting in bane by lucid reasoning and inexorable logic. Lo, and behold, it is rumored that the learned Counselor may be manager of the "Phillies" next season. We deplore this vacillation. Remember, oh, John Montgomery, the sentence pronounced by Jacob on Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

"The 20th District in New York did not win in a Cantor." This wretched pun is contributed by a young gentleman who has written a comic opera libretto and desires to communicate with "any first class composer."

Sir Augustus Harris of Drury Lane, otherwise known as Augustus Druriolanius, says "Some of the critics in New York were very severe" in their judgment of "Hänsel and Gretel." The critics did not condemn the opera, Sir Augustus; they shied at the performance.

To B. H.: The "Goo Goos" are the members of the Good Government Society in New York. The "Garooos" are the members of the German-American Reform Union. For further information see the New York Sun. These societies, as well as the Sun, are now incorporated in the Great Wild East Show.

Apropos of Cy Warman's "Tales of an Engineer With Rhymes of the Rail," the noblest tribute ever paid to an engine is Walt Whitman's poem "To a Locomotive in Winter."

"Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding;
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine),
Thy trials of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launched o'er the prairies wide—across the lakes,
To the free skies, unspent, and glad, and strong."

The lovers of music here have regretted the non-existence of any convenient, comfortable hall suitable for chamber concerts. They will now rejoice in the fact that an admirable hall will be in the building to be erected and occupied by Messrs. Steinert & Sons, on a corner of Boylston and Carver Streets. The hall will accommodate 650 hearers; it will be so placed that a concert will not be disturbed by outside and abhorrent forces—in other words, nobody but the pianist, singer or string quartet will be heard—and great attention will be paid to safety, acoustics and ventilation.

Even with the best of intentions, Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau cannot prevent the sickness of a tenor or a soprano next February. They that talked and wrote so violently last season should remember that even de Reszke is mortal, that his vocal apparatus and other internal machinery are not of metal, examined and warranted each year by salaried inspectors. It is true that in Mechanics' Hall opera is not heard to best advantage, but whose fault is it that Boston is without an opera house? That noble building, the Boston Theatre, the natural home of grand opera, seems to be engaged, and if the citizens of Boston really are fond of music why do they not erect an opera house? By the way, what has become of the new Music Hall, that was so handsome on paper, with its ambulatoires, baignoires, cloak rooms, umbrellas racks, and ushers culled from estimable families? And where is the new organ that was to ornament the old Music Hall and enhance the grandeur of oratorio? Never mind; symphonies by Beethoven, the rising young composer of Austria, are to be played this season, and we should all be content.

It was on the 12th of October, 1777, that Mr. Francis Wilkes, a day laborer, departed this life near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, England. Although he was 109 years old, he was not aware of the sun, for he could see to read without spectacles, and his hearing was little impaired. His only regret was that he could not live to taste the full glory of the sauce of his native county.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gottschalk, the Pianist,
Here in Boston.

His Joys. His Sufferings, His
Opinions, His Whims.

Notes and Comments on Sing-
ers, Players, Pieces.

When a wandering virtuoso visits Boston, curiosity is not confined to the hier of his musical performance. What he eats and drinks; his favorite games, his amours; and especially, his views on the country at large and Boston in particular are eagerly inquired into; and his answers to questions, irrelevant and often impertinent, are listened to as though they came from the convulsed Sibyl or the oaks of Dodona.

Let us today recall the opinions of Louis Moreau Gottschalk concerning his town and its musical condition as he knew them from 12 years to 31 years ago. They are to be found in that entertaining book, now not easy to find, "Notes of a Pianist" Englished from the diary which he wrote in French. It should be remembered that these notes, found after his death, were not written for publication.

born in 1829, Gottschalk made his debut in New Orleans, when he was about 12 years old. From 1842 to 1852 he studied and gave concerts in Europe. He made his debut in New York, Feb. 11,



L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

183. in the ball room attached to Niblo's Theatre. In two concerts he lost \$2400. "Barnum then made me the offer of an engagement for a year, offering me \$20,000 and my expenses paid; but my father had his prejudices (injust) against Barnum, in whom he obstinately insisted in seeing only a showman of learned beasts. I refused." He then went to New Orleans, where he triumphed gloriously, as he had in Paris. When did he first appear in Boston?

The author of the biographical sketch prefixed to the diary says, "In October, 1854, a short time before giving a concert in Boston, he received a telegram announcing his father's death. He resolved to play rather than disappoint the public, but, as the fact had become known, a gloom was cast over the audience, who greatly sympathized with him, and for the most part kept silent, although, as it was afterward said, 'the master spirit shone out far more brightly than before.'"

Now let me read Gottschalk's account:
"At Boston my first receipts exceeded
\$10; at the second concert I made \$19.
I have not rec'd that it was an hour
before commencing a concert at Boston
that my father was in the pangs of
death and had just bled me—singular
and touching wandering of his great
intelligence! In the moment of his dis-
ease he spoke in seven languages, which he
did admirably. . . . I thought of
these things. I had become the only
proprietor reported his mother and six
brothers and three in Paris." "I drove
back my carriage and played! I do not
know what I did that evening. H—
remembered it well. In view of my pros-
perity so soon known to the public
in which I was

ple ad. I need not say that Mr. X., who, from my first appearance, had not ceased to disparage me in his musical journal, continued to attack me after this concert, not permitting the great affliction which overwhelmed me to disarm him. Another newspaper had the melancholy courage to say that doubtless it was unfortunate that I had lost my father, but the public had paid a dollar for the purpose of receiving dollar's worth of music, and had nothing to do with the personal affairs of Mr. Gottschalk—a logic which was more rigorous than Christian." "X." was undoubtedly J. S. Dwight.

But Gottschalk does not give the dates of these concerts. They were not in 1854, as the biographer states; they were in 1853.

The first was given in "New Music Hall," Oct. 18. Gottschalk was announced as "The Great American Pianist." He was assisted by Henriette Behrend, "from Jullien's Concert Company;" Aptommas, the harper; and Charles Mueller, pianist. The price of admission was \$1. Gottschalk played his "American Reminiscences," "La Savanna," "Le Bananier," "Carnival of Venice," and with Mr. Mueller, the "Jerusalem" duet.

The other entertainments in town that night were Julia Dean in "The Hunchback," at the National; Mr. P. Richings and Miss C. Richings (with songs) at the Museum, in "Extremes;" Ordway's Aeolians, at Ordway Hall, and a Dempster ballad concert at Tremont Temple.

The second concert—by request—was Oct. 21. Tickets were 50 cents apiece. Miss Behrend, Aptommas, J. Pychorsky, pianist, and Mr. Such, violinist, were announced as assisting. Gottschalk played pieces by Beethoven, Onslow, Weber and Liszt.

In 1856 Gottschalk^{***} journeyed to the Antilles in company with Adelina Pattl. He did not return to the United States until 1862, when Strakosch made him an offer. His first concert on this trip was at New York, Feb. 11, 1862. In the three years following he gave over 1100 concerts.

I propose henceforth to speak only of visits to Boston mentioned in his diary. There may have been others. Thus June 3, 1862, he mentions the fact that "Chickering has just had constructed, in one of his magnificent warehouses, a music hall, a perfect gem, which he graciously places at the command of artists who visit Boston. The hall contains nearly 400 stalls. It is decorated in exquisite taste, with gold and white Caryatides support the ceiling, which is of metal. It is admirably adapted for sound." He also remarked in Salem, June 7, 1862, "a great number of young girls going and coming," to and from the town library. "Leaving at 8 o'clock, there remains for us the perspective of passing a Sunday at Salem. 'Rather die!' said Susini." But Gottschalk does not mention his concert at Roxbury, June 21, in Institute Hall, when he was assisted by Edward Hoffman.

The next mention of Boston is dated

Feb. 26, 1864, when Gottschalk gave a concert in Tremont Temple, assisted by Elena D' Angri and Carlo Patti. That same night, Forrest played Virginius; "Pure Gold" was at the Tremont; Jean Hoesmer was Lucrezia Borgia at the Howard; Kate Relnolds played in "As You Like It," and "Milly" for her benefit at the Museum.

Mme. D'Angri was first heard in Boston, if I am not mistaken, at the first concert given here by Thalberg, Jan. 3, 1857, in Music Hall. The Boston Journal of the 14th described her as "a large framed, full, and lustrous black eyed woman, with redundant black hair and regular Italian features. She was dressed in beautiful taste." She was afterward heard in opera and in concert, as when she sang in "Elijah" and "the Messiah" for the Handel and Haydn, April 3, 4, 1858.

Gottschalk writes: "Very fine concert. Boston, by a sufficiently singular anomaly, is the city which has contributed the most to shake off the yoke of the metropolis, and that which has retained the most English-like appearance. It is far excellence the aristocratic city. * * * A musical amateur (Mr. Perkins) has presented to the city a statue of Beethoven which cost \$12,000. It is a beautiful work of art." Gottschalk adds that Tremont Hall is 'the best for hearing and the most

magnificent concert hall in the world." He gave another concert Feb. 29, when Mr. Lang assisted him. "Sunday—a day of mortal ennui!! Marked progress, nevertheless. One can now smoke in the streets, and carriages can be driven. Two Sunday papers even are published. Hardly 15 years ago these three things would have appeared like monstrosities to the Puritanic inhabitants of Boston. An excellent musician, distinguished violinist and graceful composer has resided for some years at Boston—Julius Eichberg. He is leader of the orchestra at the Museum, and has composed some comic operas which have been successful. * * * Played for the first time on Mason's new organs, which are pretty. He manipulates 169 weekly."

But he would have thought Boston highly civilized if he had stayed through the next week. "C. Oscanyan, the Turk and his Harem of Circassian Slaves" were on exhibition.

March 11, 1864, we find this note: "Unpleasant weather. I play badly—too much fatigued, and have the influenza. Madame Anna Bishop also gives a concert this evening. * * * Second concert. Eichberg gives an orchestral concert." The second concert was given March 12. Mrs. Bishop's concert was the 12th. She also gave one the 13th. And Sunday, March 13, is this sole entry: "Ennuï-ennui-ennui."

Yes, Gottschalk, you were undoubtedly bored, but you made no such unkind entry as you did at Hartford Dec. 1 of the same year: "Fine concert. Faces to make one play false notes in the front row."

And how about the Boston critics? Gottschalk refers only to the late John S. Dwight. It may here be said that these two men could under no circumstances have understood each other. The critic believed in music as an educational, intellectual force. The pianist believed firmly that music was, first of all, sensuous, and he was right. He, a wandering virtuoso, "whirled in space, a pianist on a mule," as he described himself, was perhaps unduly sensitive, and, although of gentle nature, stirred mightily by what he considered the unfairness of Dwight toward him.

"I could, if necessary, even tell you if such or such a musical journal has or has not many subscribers in my audience—if Mason's Musical World, or Dwight's Journal, or the Home Journal" (N. Y.) "are in the majority—by the warmth or coldness of the audience."

"Behrens is reading one of 'Dwight's papers.' I turned hastily away, having resolved never to read that paper again. An honest press, enlightened criticism, never wounds me, even when they notice my weaknesses and my defects; but 'Dwight's paper' is the reservoir of every little bilious envy which, under the form of anonymous correspondence, gives the writer the small comfort of injuring all those who give umbrage to their mediocrity, and enable them to conceal themselves behind the column of the chief editor, D., waiting for the passage of the object of their envy, and then hurling at him with an edifying uniformity their little bladders filled with gall. Their spite increases from the small effect of their bombardment. The doctor offers something analogous in his mode of cure. When the blood is vitiated, is corrupted, when matter has accumulated he makes an opening for the bad humors by means of cauteries and blistering. The musical profession, under the influence of the bad effects of vanity and envy, have need of this instrument to turn aside its bad humors. The need of it was generally felt, and 'Dwight's paper' has been just the thing.

"When will Irishmen and whisky cease to be indissolubly connected?" Answer: When the employees of the New York railroad shall become polite. When Mr. D— of Boston shall attain a clear comprehension of music and shall cease to adore the music of the future. When my countrymen shall walk on tiptoe in a concert room." But Mr. Dwight did not adore the music of the future as we now understand the phrase. On the contrary. Ultra-conservative, he worshipped Bach and Handel, and shook his head at nearly everything after Schumann.

"What did it matter to me that Mr. D—— of Boston maintained in his journal that I was an idiot; that Mr. H—— of New York affirmed in his that I did not know music. I was recalling only those pin-point annoyances in opposition to the kind friendships which remained faithful to me, and to the Invariable public sympathy which had followed me in so many concerts!" And then Gottschalk refers in unwarrantably severe language to the "bilious effusions" of Mr. D—— and Mr. H——. See page 316 of the book.

Feb. 29, 1864, we find this more agreeable entry: "Received an invitation from the Institution for the Blind, and Deaf and Dumb. These poor creatures have taken a great affection for me since I invited them to come to all my concerts. They have never missed one. They sent me two days ago some articles made by them, baskets of pearl and slaggee work, and a letter written by a young girl, deaf, dumb and blind, Miss Laura Bridgman. The poor girl has written 'Grace be with you.' I have been really touched by this gift."

That Gottschalk ^{**} could enjoy a jest at his expense is seen by his recording this story in 1852: "At P—" (Providence?), "after my first concert, at which there were 17 persons, one editor gave a facetious account, in which he asserted that he hated music, but that mine was less insupportable to him, because in the noise that I drew from my piano there was no music."

The last evening appearance of Gottschalk in Boston was on Nov. 28, 31, Dec. 2, 1864, at the Melodeon. His last appearance was in Music Hall the afternoon of Dec. 3, 1864, under the direction of Muzio. Miss Lucy Simons, soprano; Morelli, baritone; Doehler, violinist, and the Zohler brothers, flute players, were announced, and the 30th, "the distinguished pianist, Mr. Lang," assisted. Was this the same Morelli who, in 1856, was singing in opera with Mrs. La Grange, Miss Hensler, Brignoli, Amodio, Salvini and Miss Didiee and Miss Philipps? Gottschalk makes these entries in his diary: "Nov. 30.—Concert at Boston. Very great success. Morelli sings remarkably well. He belongs, although young, to the old school of singing, that is to say, he appears to be ignorant of the axlom of

the Verdistas that you must scream to be a consummate vocalist." Morelli sang here at Thalberg's first concert. Miss Simons became the wife of Muzio.

"Dec. 3.—Matinée in the Music Hall with the grand organ. L— plays remarkably."

"L," without doubt, stands for Mr Lang.

"Dec. 4.—Adieu Boston! You are stiff pedantic, exclusive (Mr. D— is its oracle! Your enemies say that you are cold and morose. For myself, I say that you are intelligent, literary, polished; that your pedantry, if you have any, would be excusable if it had produced only the grand organ of the Music Hall, that glorious monument. (What would Gottschalk say today if he could hear the discordant box whistles that replaced the abused and rejected instrument)?

"Longfellow called on me at my home but I was absent, and my regrets are so much the more bitter and profound as it is probably the only occasion that I might have had of seeing our greatest poet. * * * Invited by Fields to spend the evening with him, I met there the intelligent aristocracy of Boston. Hunt, the picturesque genre painter; Holmes, the amusing and inspiring author of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' and many others. * * * Boston possesses what New York has not yet obtained, two concert halls which are in no wise inferior to any of the largest concert halls in the world and which, as to acoustics, I consider superior to the best of this continent and of the old world (Tremont Hall and Music Hall). * * * O Maecenas New Yorkers, who boast of the golden patronage you accord to art, what are your titles? Is it, perchance, the unscrupulous enterprise which is called the 'Academy of Music,' by which you will draw from the impresario a double tax under the form of exorbitant rent and gratuitous admission? You keep the opera at New York. You place the impresario in face of this dilemma, be honest, that is to say, become bankrupt or to prosper, that is to say, ruin his creditors."

And what were the rival attractions
that evening, Dec. 2, 1864?

Mrs. Bowers and Davenport played "Lady Audley's Secret" at the Boston Theatre. At the Museum, "The Red Day" and "The Love Chase" were given for the benefit of Mrs. E. L. Davenport. Helen Western had her farewell benefit at Willard's Howard Athenaeum, and the plays were "The Lady of Lyons" and the farce of "Jenny Lind." Morrell and Trowbridge were at the Tremont Theatre. Buckley's Serenade gave an entertainment. That day Powell's picture of Perry's Victory was on exhibition. An advertisement published that evening assured an apprehensive public that "That Comical Brown" was in Saccarappa, Me. O. S. Fowler lectured.

The 18th of September, 1865, Gotschalk sailed from San Francisco for South America. He never returned to the United States, and he died at Tijuca, "a plateau" some two or three miles from Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 18, 1865. Capt. Burton speaks of the view from the harbor of Rio, and of how "the gigantic, detached block culminating in 'Tijuca Peak' overlooks the scene like the monarch of mountains he is." A yet "Tijuca" or "Tyjuca," a Tupi word means mud, rotten clay, and is applied to many places in Brazil, where the first explorers found a slough.

The young musician who reads the fascinating diary of Gottschalk will regret the more that he never heard him play, that he must form his judgment from the testimony of those who were so fortunate.

It is the fashion in these days to sneer at this pianist. Yet, a child, was praised publicly by Chopin. Berlioz wrote, "He is one of the very small number of those who possess all the different elements of the sovereign power of the pianist, all the attributes which environ him with an irresistible prestige. He is an accomplished musician." Adolphe Adam described him as having "all the grace and charm of Chopin, with more decided characterless majesty than Thalberg, he has

As for the man, there are today living recollections of those who knew him. Even the cynic "Pigaro"—Harry Clapp—wrote in the New York Herald: "He was more than generous to both friend and foe; his charities were without limit or stint; he always had an open heart and an open hand to his brother artists; he was devoted to the last drop of his blood to his family; he was passionately fond of children; he never prostituted his art for base purposes; he loved his country in her darkest hour; his devotion to truth in every department of art and science was an absolute worship; finally, I never heard him speak ill of a human being."

THE CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONIES.

THE SYMPHONY CONCEPTS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A the inauguration Gade's posthumous
reun of Balder" will be sung.
Reznicek's opera, "Donna Diana,"
be given at Leipzig this month.
Maurice Rollinat, the poet, has set
of Baudelaire's poems to music.
Gullman's daughter Louise was mar-
ried at Neudon Sept. 28 to Victor Loret.
The birth of Mercadante was cele-
brated with pomp at Altamura, Sept. 17.
The concerts at the Conerthaus, in
Berlin, are directed this season by Carl
Gyler.
It is rumored that Levi of Munich
hasly lost his reason, and is now in
asylum.
Mrs. Ellen Guldbranson, a Swede, has
been asked to sing Brünhilde at Bay-
reuth next year.
Marasate and Mrs. Marx-Goldschmidt
will give concerts in London Oct. 19,
Nov. 2 and Dec. 2.
A New York professor of music seeks
a divorce from his wife on the ground
that she beats him.
Henschel's "Stabat Mater" will be
produced by the New York Orator-
ical Society April 24, 25.
Mr. Rotoli's fine mass will be sung at
St. James' in Harrison Avenue, Wed-
nesday evening, Oct. 30.
Music for October publishes a por-
trait of Miss Anna Millar, the manager
of the Chicago Orchestra.
Theodor Schneider of Chemnitz ce-
lebrated Oct. 1 his golden jubilee as a
conductor of church music.
Giovanni Vanni, singing teacher at
Bilan, is much better in health on ac-
count of a surgical operation.

nothing, but some leave a man and his individuality or suggest ideas that are not the creation of his own head and heart.

Bruno Heydrich's one-act opera "Amen" met with success at Cologne, Sept. 22. The composer is a versatile man. He sometimes sings heroic tenor parts, and at other times he conducts his operas.

The fund for the Bülow monument at Hamburg now amounts to \$581. "A Thankful Munich" contributed \$250. D'Albert's concert in Dresden netted only \$1370. The Hamburg concert under Barth netted \$181.

A poem by Richard Wagner, on the Revolutionary outbreak in Dresden in 1849, previously unpublished, has just appeared in the Neue Deutsche Rundschau. It is reprinted in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Sept. 27.

The cantata that took the prize offered by a Rheims publisher for the best work celebrating the baptism into the centennial of France was written by Bouchère on his deathbed, and finished only six days before his death.

At the Exposition of Women's Arts in Copenhagen 17 Scandinavian female composers were represented. The best known are Elizabeth Meyer, a Dane; the Norwegian pianist, Tekla Griegels; Elfrid André, organist at Gothenburg; and Mathilde Munksell.

The Ménéstrel of Sept. 29 contains an interesting account by O. Berggruen of the Elsteddfod at Llanchly with pictures after Herkomer of the Archdrude Hwta Mön and the bard Gurnos Jones. It also publishes an account of the vicissitudes of the corpse of Paganini.

The Melba Concert Company will appear this week in Chicago, Detroit and other Western cities. Its success so far has been overwhelming. Melba and Campanari have provoked the wildest enthusiasm, and the other members of the company have given much pleasure.

Emil Götz has been singing Lohengrin in Berlin. They say his voice is still fresh and warm, but they censure his tone production, his phrasing, and therefore, his faulty breathing. They also find fault with the "circus effect of a separate electric lighting" on his entrée in the swan-boat.

An organ recital under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music will be given at Shawmut Church by Henry M. Dunham, Thursday evening. He will play pieces by Bach, Fink, Dubois, Gullmant and Dunham. Miss Gertrude M. Rennyson and Mr. Augusto Rotoli will assist.

Aatto Virta, a blind musician, gave a concert lately in Stockholm on the kantele, a kind of five-stringed lyre common among the Fins. He played Finnish airs with his own variations, and native dances that resemble Hungarian dances. They say the Fins and the Hungarians had the same origin.

The first prix de Rome at Brussels has been awarded to Lunsens of Brussels for his "Callirhoe." The second was given to Daneau of Charleroi. A woman, Miss Henriette Coclet, was among the competitors. Unfortunately she had not finished the instrumentation of her piece, which in its imperfect state was nevertheless highly praised.

Ah, what a glorious monarch is the Belgian King! When he heard Alvarez in "Aida," in Paris, he wasted no time on the caressed tenor. He met the young ladies of the ballet, however, and assured Miss de Mérode that he knew her family. As all the girls were not present, the monarch went another night, saw "La Maladetta" and the whole strength of the company.

Buson! is at work upon an orchestral suite in four movements, which is entitled "Armored Suite." Mr. Floersch speaks of the sketch as displaying a wealth of the most recherché and daring, nay, startling harmonies, which for a while catch other with such tremendous rapidity that the human ear is not prepared to grasp or comprehend them! But oh, what a lack of melodic invention, of soul, of genuine inspiration.

D'Albert will make his reappearance in London at one of Mottl's concerts at the Queen's Hall April 28, and will then give pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall, to be followed by a tour in the Provinces. The Athenæum says: "He should be received with the respect due to a distinguished artist, notwithstanding the foolish words to which he gave utterance respecting his English training, and of which he has now probably repented."

Theodor de Wyzewa says "No people love music so much as the Germans; but they love it merely in a positive fashion, without finesse and discrimination." This leads the Saturday Review to remark: "But, if this is true, how comes it that German music is infinitely more subtle, more delicately expressive, more discriminating in the fine shades than the music of any other nation; so that where the Italian or the Frenchman gives you but a broad, general effect, the German seizes upon 'la nuance, la nuance encore'?"

Chappell of London publishes Santley's "Singing Master" in two parts. There are a few words to the student, in which the author refers to the "unvocal passages now in vogue," and points out that proper cultivation of the voice is all the more necessary, so that they may be sung without injury to the singer. "Having chosen a master in whom you have confidence, carry out his instructions." There are also a few words to the master, who is reminded how difficult it is in some cases to decide as to the particular kind of voice of a pupil; Mario's first public attempt was in a bass part, and Reeves and Jean de Reszke both began as baritones. The "Singing Master" consists of exercises, with an occasional comment.

"Musical Haunts in London" is the title of a book by F. G. Edwards, published by Curwen & Sons, London. Old musical haunts are here pictorially preserved. There is a sketch by Mabel of St. Paul's Cathedral and its surroundings, which appears in print for the first time. There are 12 illustrations all connected with musicians

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who has been the first performer of the Beethoven's 9th symphony, in London, and speaks of a critic of that day who complained that "it is at least twice as long as it should be." The term "Recital" was used for the first time in announcing Liszt's pianoforte performances at the Old Hanover Square rooms. Liszt in one of his letters writes, "Le Recital, c'est mal."

Expectations regarding the grand German charity concert which is to take place Sunday, Nov. 3, at the Boston Theatre, are running high. A special feature of the concert will be the singing of the grand choruses of male and mixed voices. Dr. Louis Kelterborn, director of the Orpheus Musical Society and the Boyston Mixed Choir, has charge of the choruses. An orchestra of 75 men is already assured. Mr. Carl Zerrahn has consented to lead the orchestra, to the delight of his many friends. A fine list of soloists is promised, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. Charles Molt, etc. Popular prices will be charged for admission. The proceeds of the concert are to be put into a trust fund for non-sectarian home for aged German people, projected by the Deutsche Frauen-Hilfsverein, a German charitable organization for relieving destitute women and children.

Sims Reeves turned up again last September at a Promenade Concert in London. "M. de Nevers" says, "Tom Bowling" and "Come Into the Garden, Maud," delivered in inimitable style delighted everybody, and there was yet a deal to learn in the way of phrasing, the use of mezza voce, and a multitude of little touches of finesse in the performance. To go no further, Mr. Howard Reynolds might do worse than take a lesson in taste and rhythm from the veteran artist; nothing can be more vulgar in style than the execution of ranzas by this cornet player, and hardly anything more objectionable than the interminable holding out of any point d'orgue." Reeves's second wife, only 21 years old, was a pupil of his, Maud René. In his Life, he states that he was born Oct. 21, 1821, at Shooters Hill in Kent. Truth (London) has found his certificate of birth, which says he was born Sept. 26, 1818, at Woolwich. His father was a hombardier in the Royal Artillery Band. Truth also says Reeves made his debut in 1834, while Reeves had named 1839 as the date. Punch thinks that he should put away "Tom Bowling" and sing "Bill Batting," dedicated to Grace, the cricketer.

Oct 14. 1895

There is no foolishness so deadly as to avoid all folly in youth.

There is much to be commended in the wish of Councillman Cogry for a nautical clock. Those in East Boston who are in the habit of drawing deep breaths of night air will hail the prospect of such a clock with delight, as it will take some weeks for their wives to become familiar with the real time as indicated by ship bells. At present there is only a refuge between 12.30 and 1.30, as every proper clock strikes 1 three times in succession. The ideal clock is the one that strikes only 1 at each hour from 10 P. M. till 6 A. M. Such a clock is the true family time—and-peace-keeper.

Let us have a great thought of an American for meditation this day. "Go in on your muscle," President Buchanan's instruction to the Collector of Toledo.

The publishers of a Society Magazine in New York are children of this world. They send about confidential circulars, which begin as follows: "The new society magazine, —, for October will contain news of the 'doings' of your own set."

And so the carriages of the Brewsters could not ride over business depression.

"Lord Sackville was never an intellectual luminary, but since his return from America he has developed into a moody, unpleasant fellow who spends most of his time in the country wrangling with tenants and suspiciously scrutinizing his agents' accounts. He rarely comes to town, and is avoided as a nuisance when he does." Harold Frederic, witness, who has a cheerful way of saying what he thinks.

Mr. Hall Caine is reported as saying in an off-hand manner, "We could not help noting the sandy, unremunerative character of the soil from which the first settlers here, the foundation of your nation, had to wring an unwilling sustenance." Is Mr. Caine always so Johnsonian in lighter moments?

Amelie Rives says that she and Mr. Chanler, her late husband, are "the best of friends." There are firmly-wedded couples that cannot say the same. Or does perfect understanding come only with divorce?

A book reviewer speaks in the N. Y. Tribune of "the reduplicated profanities of Maeterlink." In what play of the Belgian do they occur, and, to be exact, in what act of any play?

The old story, "a kiss is an unknown thing in Japan," is going the rounds. Now in the 13th century the Beghards of the Low Countries taught that it was a sin to kiss a woman, because nature did not incline to it. But they were reckoned as heretics, Miss Eustacia, and persecuted accordingly.

"Jean Reszke will have the part of Siegmund in 'The Nibelungenring' at the Bayreuth festival next year." Is his voice, then, completely gone?

The future Student of Sociology in contemplating the glorious civilization of 1885 will note the fact that in the United States little children then worked in sweat shops for 12 or 14 hours a day, for from \$3 to \$4 a week.

Here is another subject for the Historical Painter, who, by the way, is nearly distracted, for subjects attack him in battalions. Frederick Gebhard, "now a sober, sedate man," chatting with Berry Wall, "no more the fashion plate he used to be," in the Brunswick Café, New York.

Mrs. Moljeska, you are right: "there should be no tendency in the drama; it spoils art." Nor need this judgment be confined to the drama. How far above the novels with a purpose written by Charles Reade are his "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Griffith Gaunt," and "The Cloister and the Hearth!"

This reminds us that the study of modern novels at Yale is called an innovation. Twenty years ago both ancient and modern novels were diligently read, and often during lectures on tariff or metaphysics.

The New York Times of the 13th smites Mr. W. F. Apthorp hip and thigh for his Englishing of some of Zola's tales. It finds fault with Mr. Apthorp for using the "absurd term" Englished, "where a man from whom better things were to be expected would have been content with 'translated.'" As we have before stated in this column, the verb to English in this very sense is over 500 years old, and has been used from Wycliff to Capt. Burton. We add to quotations given in September these of high respectability: "An Aethiopian Historie, written in Greeke by Heliodorus, Englished by Thomas Underdowne, 1587." The title page of the seventh volume of the Tudor Translations, 1895: "Plutarch's Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, Englished by Sir Thomas North."

Mrs. Alexander, who died the 12th, was the wife of William Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, but she was better known in this country as the author of hymns. Perhaps the most popular of these are "There is a

Green Hill Far Away," and "Once in Royal David's City." To the former of them Gounod set an amorous tune. Mrs. Alexander was born in 1823.

This day is to be marked, not because it is the anniversary of the birth of James II. of England or that of William Penn, nor because it is the death day of Scarron, the jester, and Potemkin, who pleased the great Empress Catherine. But it was on the 14th day of October, 1788, that Mr. J. Walton gave in writing a detailed account of the surprising accomplishments of William Kingston, a farmer of Ditchat, Somersetshire, who was born without arms. "He highly entertained us at breakfast by putting his half naked foot upon the table as he sat, and carrying his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand and his toes fingers." Mr. Kingston not only made hen-coops, hay-ricks, shaved, caught his horse and saddled and bridled him with his feet; he had other accomplishments. Thus he was so strong in his teeth that he could lift with them 10 pecks of beans; and he could throw a great sledge-hammer as far with his feet as other men could with their hands. He began the world with a hen and a chicken; he rose to the dignity of a farm; and he never showed himself for hire. It is true that there have been others. As Thomas Inglefield, horn 170 without arms or legs, who, nevertheless, etched portraits very neatly. Then there was the young man of Vienna, 177, who painted portraits extremely well with his toes. Being born of a genteel family he only worked in the presence of his friends and acquaintances.

There are men right here in Boston who view with dread the formation of women's clubs. Let them ponder the edict issued lately by the Prefect of Kwang Chai-fu, and they will hesitate to call the Chinese barbarous: "Women's clubs," says the wholly estimable Prefect, "are hereby prohibited. It is a well-known fact that in the districts herein named a great part of the female population has a horror of matrimony. In consequence whereof our young persons who are married do remain away from their husbands a whole year at a time, passing their existence with parents, female friends, or in clubs. Should the man demand his wife back by force she kills herself, and this

causes grumbling against him from the parents and friends of the deceased. So that a man must often live without his wife. I therefore order that these clubs be closed, and that the married woman go back to her husband within the space of one month. Contumacious wives will be taken back to their husbands by a policeman."

And Grandfather Elihu took a pinch of snuff and said: "Her thousandth button is sewn on by a woman with exactly the same skill and speed as her fiftieth, and comes off in exactly the same time. I remember a button that came off my great coat the winter after my first marriage; my poor, dear wife sewed it on once a month for that and several succeeding winters; then I would trifle with it no longer and sewed it on myself. When, some nine years later, I saw the last of the coat, it fluttered in the wind under the battered hat of a scarecrow in a wheatfield, and that button held it in its place. I do not tell this story from any desire to glorify myself, but to show how unreasonable is the common expectation of men that women, like themselves, should improve by mere practice." Priscilla slept. She had heard the tale before.

To K. Z.: Kafir has been spelt Caffre. The proper spelling, however, is "Kafir." The word comes from the Arabian "Kafir," meaning "infidel, impious wretch, one who does not recognize the blessings of God." The word is applied to a native of Kafiristan in Asia, as well as to a member of a South African race of blacks belonging to the Bantu family.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" at Castle.

Sullivan's "The Mikado" was given last night at the Castle Square Theatre. The cast was as follows:

The Mikado	Arthur Wooley
Nanki-Poo	Tos. H. Perse
Ko-Ko	Wm. Wolff
Pooh-Bah	J. K. Murray
Pish-Tush	John Read
Yum-Yum	Clara Lane
Pitt Sing	Edith Mason
Peep-Bo	Hattie Belle Ladd
Katisha	Kate Davis

It is nearly 10 years since "The Mikado" was first heard in Boston. The operetta was produced Nov. 9, 1885, the opening night of the Hollis Street Theatre. The ceremonial poem was written by Nat Childs, and "The Mikado" was given with this cast: Mikado, A. Wilkinson; Nanki-Poo, S. Cadwallader; Ko-Ko, John Howson; Pooh-Bah, Mr. Brocolini; Pish-Tush, G. Olmi; the three girls, Miss Clement, Miss Delaro, Miss Dudley; Katisha, Rosa Cooke. Richard Mansfield was afterward the Ko-Ko, and Mrs. Barry the Katisha.

"The Mikado" was originally produced at the Savoy, London, March 14, 1885, with Geraldine Ulmer as Yum-Yum, and George Grossmith as Ko-Ko.

Ten years old, and yet how humorous the text, how fresh the music today! "Patience" was the thing of a season; it died even before the sad disappearance of the Glorious Apollo of the aesthetes. The corpse has been at times galvanized, 'tis true; the music is still pretty, but the motive and the dialogue seem to belong to another generation. But "The Mikado" is of no age or country; the Japan of Gilbert is no more real than the Bohemia of Shakspeare. It is said that the Japanese who saw the operetta here and in Europe resented the liberties taken with their fatherland; and yet they are a humorous people, as is shown by their caricaturists. But so the wandering American might in a Japanese town find no amusement in life in the United States as drawn by some native librettist and set to music for the seven-holed flute, the Koku, the wooden Yotsu-dake, the Slaminen, and the takigoto, the beloved instrument of the fashionable. "The Mikado" soon made its way to the Continent; it is known in Holland, Prussia, Austria. In Berlin, 1893, Nanki-Poo was sung and acted by Mrs. von Palmay, and loud were the protestations of the librettist and the composer. By the revenge of time, Ilka Palmay has now signed a contract for a three years' engagement at the Savoy Theatre. Will she ever appear there as the Japanese minstrel?

The performance of the first act last evening was admirable in every way. The same might be said of the second act, if Messrs. Wooley and Wolff had not yielded to their love of buffoonery. In the first act the librettist was respected. In the second act there were additions—and not improvements—to the familiar lines. Mr. Wooley delivered the Mikado's punishment song with genuine humor, until, recalled and recalled, he spoiled the effect by gross exaggeration. Mr. Wolff little by little threw discretion to the winds, and before the curtain fell indulged himself in honest horse-play. Brethren, these things should not be! To be sure, the audience encouraged the players in their wanderings from the text and their departure from the intention of the librettist.

As I have said, the first act, as given, was a pleasure throughout, for if Miss Davis was not always vocally agreeable she acted with spirit and understanding. Miss Lane was a charming Yum-Yum, and her duet with Nanki-Poo was conspicuous for its dainty coquetry and girlish grace. Miss Mason was far

more spontaneous in action than is her wont. Mr. Murray's Pooh-Bah was delightful, always consistent, and carefully considered, amusing, free from exaggeration and affectation. Mr. Perse sang with effect. It is marvelous how his voice withstands the wear and the tear of so many successive appearances. Mr. Read contributed not a little to the excellence of the ensemble. The operetta was handsomely mounted. The audience was very demonstrative, and all the favorite numbers were repeated. The musical feature of the evening was the song of Yum-Yum in the second act, to which the lime light added not a whit. Miss Lane needs no such mechanical embellishment. Her neatness and simplicity ill-brook the meretricious glare. Ah, if only Mr. Wooley and Mr. Wolff would consider for a moment the great value of moderation!

PHILIP HALE.

Lo, the ship, at this opportunity, slipped slyly, Making cunning noiseless travel down the ways.

So that, forever rudderless, it went upon the seas, Going ridiculous voyages, Making quaint progress, Turning as with serious purpose Before stupid winds. And there were many in the sky Who laughed at this thing.

"They will join our expedition."—Anon.

Now that we have consulted the taste of the symbolist and cheered the promoter, let us remember the red, honest, pulsing heart of the great common people. Let us again quote from that admirable anthology, "Ballads of the Heart and the Hearth." 'Tis a simple, touching song, in waltz time:

"When a man has wealth and fame
And lives on Easy Street,
Friends will honor your good name,
And smile whenever you meet.
But, when you're going down the hill,
They'll pass you with a frown,—
The friends you had are friends no more
Because you're broken down."

It is nonsense to say no woman has a sense of humor. Listen to Mrs. Chant: "I have no patience with women who are reticent."

Good old times again in Kentucky. Grand political rally. Revolvers and Winchester in active use. At least three prominent citizens killed.

The circular of the Damrosch Opera Company states that the production of "The Scarlet Letter" will be the first production of a serious grand opera based upon an American subject and written in this country. How about Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle"? The first American work worthy to be called an opera by courtesy was probably "Leonora," by William H. Fry, produced in Philadelphia in 1845. Alas, the fiery genius of Mr. Silas G. Pratt spurned the operative possibilities of American history and descended upon Zenobia, Queen of the Palmyrians.

A contemporary claims that the luckiest young man of the week is he that came into a large fortune settled on him at birth. Perhaps he is and perhaps he is not: it depends on how he spends the fortune.

The New York Times speaks of Jean de Reszke as "a devoted worshiper of Wagner, a profound respecter of Mr. Seidl, and an artist all the time." It appears, then, that the first qualifications of a great tenor are to worship Wagner and respect Seidl profoundly; then if he at the same time happens to be an artist, so much the better; or at least it does no harm.

The Duke seems to be a chip of the old block. Jack Churchill used to go behind the scenes.

Readers of Balzac will remember the newspaper article written by Lucien in praise of the twinkling feet of Made-moiselle Coralie, who danced at the Panorama-Dramatique. Gautier, by the way, is said to have written it for Balzac. But its fervor is as pallid to this eulogy of Loie Fuller, which comes from Liverpool: "La Loie Fuller is the mesmerist of chiffons. She does not dance in the accepted sense of the word. She moves gravely in a measured orbit, and evolves her effects solely from her draperies. She becomes a dove, a rose, a lily, a cloud, a flash of spray, a flame. In the centre of the floor is a square mirror on which she describes some of her prettiest phases—such as an Aurora floating among rosy mist, and showering clouds, like snowflakes, at her feet; and as an arum lily, with petals gradually unfolding to the roof of the stage. As I have said, she is a very conjurer with her garments, and evokes the purest impressions by her gyrations."

And Grandfather Elihu, looking Mrs. Chant sternly in the face, said unto her: "I have long suspected women of possibilities of development; and it is not without pleasure that I have observed them of late years proving that suspicion correct, by their efforts to bicycle, to write novels, to smoke, and to cultivate views, and strenuous purposes in life. These, indeed, are but trifling pursuits, almost academic in their aloofness from the

general uses of the world. Their almost obvious progress in them confirms me in my old opinion that, if they were taken young and taught carefully, they might learn to sew. I do not mean that they could attain to such skill as to be able to sew seams; such difficulties of the art may well be left to men, and machines. But I believe that, with patient instruction, they might attain to such simple dexterities in it as the effective sewing on of a button."

Appropos of the promised performance of "Macbeth" by the Irving company, the following account of Shakspeare's tragedy translated into Bengalese is pertinent: "I saw as Lady Macbeth a short, fat, barefooted lady, with long, floating black hair, wearing a dark-green tunic which heredity and long custom convinced her was toilet enough for a hot night in Calcutta. Under these conditions did she request politely that the dagger be given her, without turning a hair. Macbeth, who stood constantly, and with both feet, upon the order of his going, wore his own dark skin, while to preserve the amenities and be thoroughly Scotch, and throw in plenty of local color, he wore a very red wig. He did not wear enough else to pay for description."

Some days ago we published in this column the fact that the manufacturers of Birmingham, Eng., complained because their men would not work when there was a good foot ball match in the town. The manufacturers rubbed their hands soon after, for the heat was so intense that players kept away and canceled engagements, fearing sunstroke. But such was the heat that the engineering shops had to close on account of the combination of sun and fire. And no one was really happy in Birmingham, except, possibly, the Honorable Joe.

The Temple Cup has been used, and yet there were Spiders in it.

As the Great World consists of three parts—the Elemental, the Coelestial, and the Spiritual, above all which God himself is seated in that infinite, inaccessible Light which streams from his own nature, even so man hath in him his earthy, elemental parts, together with the coelestial and angelical natures, in the centre of all which moves and shines the Divine Spirit.

It might be well for any person who has fallen into the trick of pooh-poohing at newspapers and declaiming against "daily printed trash" to ponder seriously the sentence from the "Anthroposophia Theomagica," which we place at the head of this column today as an optimistic expression of sublime faith. The man that condemns the public notice taken of human vagaries, peccadilloes, crimes, sins as "trash," condemns utterly many of his race as human trash. He will sneer at a well-written account of a prize fight, and then extol a Homeric description of the combat of Grecian blowhards and ruffians armed with the cestus. He will cry "Shame!" when he reads of the beauty of Mrs. Golightly, who left her husband last week—you remember the scandal; but he is never weary of apostrophizing Helen of Troy and quoting the bill of particulars as to her beauty given by Constantin Manasses. And yet, ten to one, Helen was a dowdy to Mrs. Golightly. Besides, Helen is dead.

Listen to Mrs. Chant, who gives a lurid picture of the debased lives of "society women who raise their voices in opposition to the suffrage of women." In the first place, they sin against gentle breeding by raising their voices at all. Is shrill-tongued declamation the peculiar privilege of the shrieking sisterhood?

According to Mrs. Chant, these society women "know nothing of earnest life; their outlook upon it is narrow, perfumed with eau de cologne and garnished with bouquets of roses." Ah, if Mrs. Chant knew how the society women of Boston toil and mope in a season, she would humble herself in sackcloth and ashes for her hasty words! They listen to Browning readings; they patronize amateur musicians and actually hear them sing and play; they attend analytical lectures on symphonies; they are informed concerning the true though hidden meaning of Wagner's music dramas; they entertain foreign lions and lionesses without respect to quality or condition of ~~wage~~; they sit at the feet of Ram Juggur Lull, the learned and eloquent Hindoo; they give to each other dinners which the late Mr. McAllister could not approve. "They know nothing of earnest life." You probably mean, Mrs. Chant, that they do not consider it their duty to go

Chant said that it was uncertain what the consequences would be of this State women were not given political power. She hinted at the possibility of the enslavement of women. For "possibility" read probability. Even now, as we are informed, men are preparing carts to be driven by women harnessed with dogs, the fashion in some European cities. The streets in large cities are undoubtedly be cleaned by women, and supplied with balls and rackets. The husband will appropriate a wife's earnings. The domestic servant will be fastened alternately to the stove and the wash-tub. The daughters of the farmer will go supping unless they hoo corn and follow the plow under the paternal lash.

Look at your London Truth, Mrs. Chant, and read each week the chronicle of wife beatings and acts of cruelty to children. Is there no mission-work for you in Old England, that must brave the Atlantic and expose you to the rigorous climate of New England? Or has the recent permission of the London Music Halls to do business in the way so dear to the great including the titled and the un-titled aristocracy, discouraged and dissuaded you with Merry England?

Harold was a very pretty fellow in his days, which reminds us that this amazing discovery of the medicinal efficacy of asparagus—plain every-day asparagus, the asparagus of commerce without toast or dressing—is nothing new. For years the students of Berlin have drunk asparagus-water in the morning—or about noon—after a thorough and impartial examination into the merits of the competing breweries, foreign and domestic. The asparagus of Berlin is the clam of Boston. But as back into the mists of antiquity. The voice of Paulus Aegineta, a safe, invaluable guide, is heard: "Asparagus, or Myacanthus, cures tooth-ache." With the medicinal asparagus and in garden were used for the same culinary purposes. From Dioscorides down to the present time, the asparagus has been celebrated for its deobstruent and diuretic powers, and hence it has been given in jaundice, nephritis and diseases of like kind. The discovery of asparagus? Go to!

Asparagus leads one gently to the thought of Squire Sullivan and his model farm—as yet in sunny cloud-land. "I have always fought my battles in an upright and honest manner, not through the newspapers, as seems to be the fashion nowadays." So spake the Gentleman Farmer in Jersey City. What wonder the rink was shaken to its very foundations by a wild outburst of applause.

And that same day our old friend, the Coffee Cooler, was cooled in color, while Mr. W. A. Brady at Hot Springs, moved by his golden words and fervid rhetoric the ministers of the laymen assembled in the church to cheers and hand-clapping as were never before heard in that sacred edifice. The Honorable Mr. Corbett issued a regular daily bulletin and Colonel Fitzsimmons mashed his left hand while working—not in a bar-room, but a blacksmith shop—truly an extraordinary occurrence. Young Griffo and Kid Lawrence were in court in Newton, L. I., and the Supreme Court of Texas took away the last hope of the boomers of Texas. Did you say, Mr. Gunnybags, there was nothing in the papers? Why, the papers are full of news, black-full.

Noting at Trebizond? How long it is we have heard even the name of the country. And is the Princess safe? Why does not some company give here the most amusing and delightful operetta by Offenbach?

Why this strenuous effort at a late date to press the claims of Emily Dickinson. The publication of her first volume of poems assured her an honorable place in literature. If she does not by Sappho—who sits apart from all above all—she is far removed from ordinary poetess. Nor does the fact that "Dr. J. G. Holland expressed the opinion that she was a 'positive genius'" fasten the laurel more firmly to her brow.

Hold of fire-engines and hook-and-ladder ropes more to me than the gods of the antique wars; and their voices peal through the crash of destruction, and brawny limbs passing safe over charred laths—their white foreheads whole and unharmed out of the flames.

Yes, that's all right," said Old Times at the Club; "Walt Whitman is the fellow, and so are the lads who were the old engines yesterday. I was sick by the number of robust men, young and old, flame and smoke seem

to have a procession. At the same time, I wanted to go to Brookline, and I couldn't get a car for over an hour. Perhaps it served me right for wanting to go to such a place on a dull and tetric day. Still I think it a commentary on the civilization of Boston that travel by street car should be in large measure hindered so long a time by a procession."

"But consider, Mr. Chimes," replied Auger, "the historical associations, the political history, the glorious battles of the volunteers. Do you remember that in 1673 a fire near the Town Dock destroyed 80 dwelling houses and 70 warehouses, entailing a loss of £200,000? Do you remember that Boston was then divided into four quarters, patrolled by a watch detailed from the foot-companies; that 6 hand-engines, 4 barrels of powder and 2 crooks were assigned each quarter; that the first fire engine made here was built by David Wheeler, a blacksmith in Newbury, now Washington Street, and it was tried at a fire, Aug. 21, 1765; that —."

"Tush, tush, Auger," interrupted Chimes, "you got all that out of Drake's book. Yes, I admit all you say. In my younger days I ran with the machine myself."

And then the poet lifted up his voice: "Let me recite the noble lines of Whitman: 'I am the mashed fireman with breastbone broken—tumbling walls buried me in their debris; Heat and smoke I inspired—I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades, I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels; They have cleared the beams away—they tenderly lift me forth. I lie in the night air in my red shirt—the pervading hush is for my sake; Painless after all I lie, exhausted, but not so unhappy; White and beautiful are the faces around me—the heads are bared of their fire-caps; The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.'"

There was silence. Old Chimes rose to his feet and said: "There were brave men then and there are equally brave men today. Here's to all firemen! After all, it didn't matter whether I went to Brookline or not. I lunched very comfortably in town."

This is a memorable day in the history of Boston, for it is the anniversary of the birth (1637) of a female monster which had no head. "The face was on the breast; the ears grew on the shoulders, the nose hooked upward; the eyes and mouth stood far out; the breast and back were full of prickles; it had on each foot three claws; above the eyes it had four horns. The father and mother were of great families." Kirby, who tells this extraordinary tale, which we have expurgated to suit "modern genteel" taste, refers to "Clark's Mirror" as an authority. We can find no trace of this book or periodical. There is Samuel Clarke's "Looking Glass for Saints and Sinners" (1646), and there is Robert Clark's "Lying Wonders, or rather the Wonderful Lies" (1660). It is not impossible that the story may be found in the latter volume.

It looks bad for the Arkansaw travelers.

The increased sale of postage stamps argues a revival of business prosperity, they say. There is a merchant in this city who looks to the demand for glue as the true barometer of trade.

Richard Croker thinks his son has gained too much notoriety. If he had only been as sensitive concerning himself! "The boy will be sent to Yale." It is a small college, and yet there are those who love it.

Anglomaniacs should bear in mind that fox hunting begins regularly today.

Mr. Zachariah Pearce, aged 21, died Oct. 17, 1786, at Cranbrook, Kent. His father died in 1785 of a frenzy fever, and for some time before his death, a small bird of the dishwater species pecked hard each day against the chamber window where Mr. Pearce lay sick; when death came, the bird went away. The same bird visited Zachariah in the same manner.

The real, original automatic sprinkler is the sky. It is not taxed.

Chihuahua wishes the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. But what's the matter with Agbome in Dahome, or, for that matter, with Boston, Mass.?

Golf in England has led to a revival of croquet. Gladstone still sticks to backgammon. But give us jack-straws. It's a safe, quiet game, which can be played indoors in stormy weather.

Goo Goos; Garoos; and now Gazoos. What next? What next?

La Victoria is a letter purporting to be written by distinguished persons in answer to the question, Should women bicyclists wear petticoats or trousers? Here is the answer of Queen Victoria: "I don't bother myself much about fashions: a petticoat of black taffeta, a pelisse trimmed with three rows of black velvet—this is my favorite dress. I find the petticoats of all the handsome women who visit me very extravagant. I do not, however, approve of trousers, for they seem to me indecent. If I should ride a bicycle, I would adopt the kilt of my brave Scotsmen."

Here is a story of that glorious monarch, the King of Belgium, in Paris, which has not yet been told in English. In one of his trips of exploration he met a poet of distinction, and him he thus encouraged: "Bruges is waking up. We are digging a canal there. Bruges is going to come to life again. I hope this will inspire you with another masterpiece."

The Saturday Review makes an astounding admission concerning the regard in which women are held by Englishmen. Speaking of the German, it says: "If anything is more astonishing than the calm superiority of contempt with which he is accustomed to treat his wife, it is the melting tenderness with which he is prepared to salute the largest and least ideal of waitresses in a beer cellar at any sufficiently late hour of the evening. He sees the blonde Gretchen everywhere, afloat heavenwards; and he sees everywhere the despicable female animal. Between, there is only a great void. But still, how far is this attitude of mind peculiar to the German? Is it not almost equally true of the average Englishman? Certain external differences there are, and a little more outward grossness and evident sentimentality on the part of the German; but we scarcely venture to hope that, in his heart of hearts, the average Englishman has any more intelligent comprehension of the nature of woman."

001-18-95

Mr. John Hermann Loud, a Pupil of Alexandre Guilman, Gives an Organ Recital in Ruggles Street Church.

A fair sized and appraisive audience heard Mr. Loud's organ recital yesterday afternoon in the Ruggles Street Church. The program was as follows: Toccata in G.....Dubois Priere in G flat.....Lemaigre Sonata No. 5 in C minor.....Guilmant Fugue in D minor.....Bach Intermezzo in G.....Loud Allegro assai, from Sonata No. 2.....Merkel Finale in D.....Lemmens

Mr. Loud, I understand, after his lessons from Guilman, played with success in Berlin and London. He now proposes to settle in Boston, where the organ is regarded by the people at large as an instrument designed chiefly for the accompaniment of congregational singing. Mr. Dunham gives recitals. Mr. Lang plays at Kling's Chapel occasionally of a Sunday evening for the pleasure of invited guests. But the organ recital does not flourish in this town. Witness the treatment of the instrument that once was the pride and the glory of Music Hall. Witness the little box of discordant whistles that is now the shame of Music Hall. There are prominent church positions here held by pianists, who have no idea of organ touch or of the music written for the organ, from that of Frescobaldi, to that of Aloys Klein. Secretly they care not for the noble instrument. They earn money by playing it Sundays, and there the interest stops. There are excellent concert organists in this city, as Messrs. Whiting, Whitney, Donahoe, Truette and Dunham, but they are seldom heard here outside of their respective churches. The music loving public cares little or nothing for an organ recital.

Mr. Loud plays well, with considerable technical proficiency, with a sense of the importance of rhythm, with a feeling for color. It is true that yesterday his performance was not faultless. In the sonata of Guilman, which with the marked exception of the Scherzo, is not the equal of the first or the fourth, there were cloudy passages. The gradations in tone were not always managed skillfully; as was noticeable in the last measures of the Bach fugue—the violin fugue, so-called—and the pretty Intermezzo of the performer. But it must be remembered that an organist returning from study in Europe finds many difficulties in giving a recital in this country. The organs are different in scheme and in quality. Certain string and reed effects obtained in Paris churches and concert halls are not to be gained on American organs. The effects desired by the composer are then to be approximated, not actual, in fulfillment. Mechanical devices are differently arranged.

Then again Mr. Loud will play better six months from now than he does today. In his performance now, excellent as it is, there is at times the suspicion of the teacher ready to stop, correct, advise. Greater freedom will come with self-examination, and the carrying out of his own natural ideas.

Mr. Loud has a well-formed legato. He sings and does not chop a tender phrase. He understands how to release as well as how to attack a chord. He

realizes the importance of the organ, that by its indifferent or the ignorant, that by its strongly marked rhythm is not only possible on an organ but absolutely indispensable to excellent performance. Such players are welcome visitors to Boston, and still more welcome as residents.

PHILIP HALE

The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows and fall, The excited crowd—the policeman with his star quickly working his page to the centre of the crowd.

To B.: The Police Department of Boston was first established in 1854. It took the place of the old Watch, which had been in existence since 1831. From 1838 to 1861 there had been a small police force for day service, acting with the Watch, who patrolled the streets from 6 and 7 P. M. until sunrise. The uniforming of the police began in 1867.

Many are the slang words for a policeman. The oldest is "beak," a term applied in later years to a magistrate. Other words are blue, bluebottle (Shakespeare), bluecoat, Charley, Bobby, peeler, copper, crusher, bulky, Phil, P. cossack, frog, Johnnie Darby, Johnnie, worm, nose, mark, tec, the C. T. A., demon, reeler, raw lobster, etc., etc.

This reminds us, since there is talk of slang, of the judicial decision at Haverhill: To call a person "a dead beat" is not an actionable offence. So, until a higher court possibly reverses the decision, the utmost freedom in applying this Americanism may be enjoyed without fear, save of physical violence. "With a subtle sense of analogy, sometimes incomparable, the true American draws upon his surroundings and experience for words and phrases wherewith to express his emotions and feelings. The solemn experience of death has, not unnaturally, supplied many a sententious expression and dramatic metaphor." Thus speaks the ingenious farmer in considering the slang expressions in which "dead" appears as a compound.

Funnier far than any slang expression or wild metaphor of slum or prairie is this statement of fact: "Col. Sumpter of Hot Springs, a church member, and one of the most active opponents of the fight, said this evening that he, in company with Judge Hutchins, had examined the statutes and found that there was no law against prize fighting, and that he would oppose any attempt that might be made to place the county under martial law for the purpose of suppressing something that was not in violation of any law." The gallant Colonel proposes to be on the side of law and order, and will undoubtedly attend and enjoy the fight. It will be remembered that the eloquence of the Honorable W. A. Brady warmed the cockles of the hearts of the congregation when he spoke in meeting in favor of his client and Mr. Fitzsimmons. It would not be surprising if the athletic exercises were opened with prayer.

Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, who is now advocating strict party allegiance, began his political career in Albany, N. Y. He had then high thoughts and bright dreams of independence in politics. But his first experience at the polls, where slugging was regarded as the best argument when bribery was ineffectual, disenchanted him, and he realized, to his personal discomfort, the value of party discipline. He learned his lesson about 15 years ago.

This is St. Luke's Day. In England there is often about this time a spell of fine, dry weather, and this has received the name of St. Luke's little summer. In York the day is known as Whip-dog Day, from a strange custom school-boys had of whipping all the dogs seen in the street on the 18th. They say the origin of the practice is this: In times of Popery a priest, celebrating at this festival in some church in York, dropped the pax after consecration, which was swallowed by a dog that lay under the altar table. The dog was killed for his blasphemy, and a persecution began against the tribe, which has been carried on for years.

On this day in York there was kept—perhaps there is today—a Dish Fair, so called from the wooden dishes and ladies brought to it. And one old custom was to bear a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four laborers, each laborer supported by another—in ridicule of the meanness of the wares brought to the fair.

But at Charlton, near London, the fair on St. Luke's Day was known as Horn Fair, from the custom of carrying horns at it. A procession of masqueraders, with horns in their hats, would go about the church three times. Many indecencies were perpetrated, as whipping women with furze. Some say the horn bearing originated from the symbol accompanying St. Luke, for when he is represented in sculpture or painting he is usually in the act of writing, with an ox or a cow by his side, whose horns are conspicuous. Sometimes this animal has wings on its back.

...the superstition of the
...in a sixth century mosaic at
...a ball stands as the symbol
...who makes the well known
...if to guard both himself and
...the assaults of evil eyes.
...should Luke be accompanied by a
...or bull? It was believed by many
...he was a painter, and there are
...of the Virgin shown as of his
...or, at least, as copies taken
...originals by him. That he was
...the science of medicine does
...prove that he was of higher birth
...than the rest of the disciples; for medi-
...was sometimes practised by a
...ave.

"October 18, 1564. Captain, afterward
Sir John Hawkins, the first English-
man that gave countenance to the slave
trade, sailed from Plymouth, his native
place, for Cape Verde, on the coast of
Africa, being the first ostensible voy-
age in that most iniquitous commerce."

Oct-19-95

The orchestra whirled me wider than Uranus
dies.
It wrenches such ardors from me, I did not
know I possessed them;
It sails me—I dab with bare feet—they are
lashed by the indolent waves;
I am exposed, cut by bitter and angry hail—
I lose my breath.
Sleep amid honey'd morphine, my wind-
pipe throttled in fakes of death;
At length let up again to feel the puzzle of
puzzles.
And that we call BEING.

And now, Mr. Paur! Good luck—and
fresher programs. One—two—three!

One word in the quotation that stands
at the head of this column has excited
mocking laughter and baffled even some
of the most devout Whitmanites.
"Fakes of death!" What, pray, are
"fakes of death?" It seems at first
like a fake phrase. Walt Whitman was
passionately fond of the sea; as a
child he lived near it; and on Long
Island he mixed freely with bay-men,
pilots and fishermen. Now as long ago
as 1827 we find in Capt. Smith's "Sea-
man's Grammar" this advice: "Lay it
(cable) up in a round Ring or fake, one
above another." And in Smyth's "Sail-
or's Word-book" (1867) "Fake" is de-
fined as "one of the circles or windings
of a cable or hawser, as it lies disposed
in a coil." Whitman had undoubtedly
heard the word from his youth up,
and he used it without regard unto the
genteel or makers of school dictionaries.
The word is sometimes spelled "fack."

No wonder that the man in Lowell
who said he would like to marry
Queen Victoria was at once pronounced
insane.

The London Times in speaking of the
Venezuelan question remarks: "Every
year adds to the value of a settlement
in the colony within the Schomberg
line." Exactly so. Hence the beauty
of the Monroe doctrine.

The Symphony concerts begin tonight.
Deep thinkers will again solve the
mysteries of Brahms. Patriots will
again hurrah for all works, good, bad,
or indifferent, of the native composers.
The critics will again cudgel their
brains for a new vocabulary, or will
take down from the shelf the well-
known and approved adjectives of
praise and blame and brush away the
summer dust. There will again be talk
of technique and temperament, sen-
suousness and intellectuality; and there
will be learned talk about counterpoint
and the effective use of the chameleon.
To those critics who are still seeking
after style, we commend thorough ac-
quaintance with Ruskin. Surely no one
of them has ever equaled his descrip-
tion of the music of the Florence Cathe-
dral: "Of bestial howling and entirely
frantic vomiting up of hopelessly
damned souls through their still carnal
throats. I have heard more than, please
God, I will ever endure the hearing of
again in one of His summers."

We notice that a circular issued by a
School of Languages speaks pedanti-
cally of "the present Imperatritsa."
We suppose this term is applied to the
Empress of Russia, the Tsarina. If we
are to be led directly into Russia by
professors, what is the matter with
"Imperatritsa"? Is it not the Russian offi-
cial title? We ask merely for informa-
tion, not with any sinister purpose.

The vocal apparatus of Prof. Corbett
is in fine condition. "Fitzsimmons is a
dog, and when I meet him in the ring, I
will prove it to the world." But will it
not be a case of dog eating dog?

Each one of these athletic gentlemen
is doing a deal of whistling. They ap-
pear to be nervous, remembering no
doubt the words of the poet: "And the
summer is over, the sooner to sleep."

Ma tomorrow be fair and indeed
the Lord's day, without spasm or per-
formance, as we are to make that Oct.
23, 1774, observed by Mr. William
Mason, the Poo-Bah of Mr. Mu-

of the grammar school, a sensible and
observing man: "The sky being very
hazy, there fell a black dust all over
the country, though in greater quanti-
ties in some places than in others. It
was very much like lampblack, but
smelled strongly of sulphur. People in
the fields had their faces, hands and
linen blackened with it." We are told
by travelers that the same phenomenon
is to be observed daily in Pittsburg, a
town in Pennsylvania.

And 279 years ago tomorrow Mr. Peter
Campbell of Darley made his will, in
which he wrote: "Now for all such
household goods at Darley * * * my
son Roger shall have them all towards
housekeeping upon this condition, that
if, at any time hereafter, any of his
brothers or sisters shall find him taking
of tobacco, that then he or she, so find-
ing him, and making just proof to my
executors, shall have the same goods,
or the full value thereof, according as
they shall be pleased." How many thus
despised tobacco in those days! Even
the frivolous Mabel in Decker and Web-
ster's "Westward-Hoe," when she was
rollicking in the tavern at Brainford,
would not allow Mr. Monopoly to
smoke: "I'll rather love a man that
takes a purse, than him that takes to-
bacco." And Mistress Tenterhook, one
of her companions, adds in rebuke:
"You anger me! You stir my blood;
you move me; you make me spoil a
good face with frowning at you. This
was ever your fashion, so to smoke my
husband when you come home, that I
could not abide him in mine eye; he
was a mote in it, methought, a month
after. Pray spawl in another room;
fie, fie, fie!"

Oct-20-95

FIRST SYMPHONY

A Respectable Program Brilliantly Played.

The first concert of the 15th season of
the Boston Symphony Orchestra was
given last evening in Music Hall. Mr.
Emil Paur began his third year as
conductor. The program was as fol-
lows:

Symphony No. 1, in C minor, op. 68, Brahms
Andante with variations, in D minor,
from Divertimento in D major, No. 17,
(Koechel, No. 334). (First time). Mozart
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven
Scherzo Capriccioso in D flat major, op.
66 Dvorak

The worship of Brahms was resumed
last evening with pomp and ceremony.
The altar was decked with flowers.
The faithful were present and devoutly
disposed. The compiler of the program-
book was the chief thruster and fagle-
man. The trumpet was sounded even
before the concert, and due notice was
given of the performance of the C minor
Symphony, which, it appears, is not
only the fulfillment of the prophecy of
Schumann that Brahms was "one des-
tined to give expression in an ideal
manner to the deepest feelings of the
age," but also is the "keynote of the
musical character" of the Symphony
concerts. So no hearer could possibly
go wrong.

This same C minor Symphony has
from its first performance excited dis-
cussion. It is a singular fact that
while Brahms is the Glorious Apollo
of absolute music, his admirers, both
the ferocious and the timid, discover
much that is pictorial in this symphony.
Thus Mr. Sittard gives a motto: "Durch
Kampf zum Sieg, durch Nacht zum
Licht," which, being interpreted, means
that in the first movement there is a
tremendous soul-struggle, in which the
powers of Darkness seem victorious. The
second and third movements are breath-
ing spells in which the composer loafs
at his ease and invites his soul. In
the last movement he girds up his loins
and puts his enemies to flight, plucking
triumph from the very movement that
to the ordinary modern builder of
symphonies is apt to be a disastrous
defeat. Mr. Ehrhart finds that the
symphony is like unto "a medium
range of peaks without glaciers and
abysses," and then he returns to earth
by stating that it lacks "the gift of
dramatic interruption and agitation."

This topographical comparison leads
the compiler of the program book to
indulge himself in a fine burst. Every
musician knows the passages in the
introduction to the finale where the
first horn is answered by the flute.
They have always been regarded as
pretty and effective. It now turns out
that they are "indiscribably dramatic."
Nay, more. The compiler says: "To
me this wonderful horn and flute epi-
sode has always brought a vivid sug-
gestion of the notes and distant echoes
of the Alpine horn amid the cloud-
capped snow-peaks of the Bernese
Oberland. The whole scene is sug-
gested—not servilely and prosaically
copied—by the music; you see and hear
it all; the ringing horn-tones, the re-
peated echoes, the bright sunlight and
shifting cloud shadows on the moun-
tains." I wonder if Brahms knew at
the time that he was painting so big
a picture on a little canvas.

But as the compiler says, every one
is at liberty to put what "extra mus-
ical interpretation he pleases" and if

Mr. Apthorp finds a Swiss scene with
real glaciers, and bread and honey
for breakfast, another may hear in it
only some charming music. And here
it may be said that such episodes give
the clue to Ehrhart's application of the
word "mosaic" to the symphonic tal-
ent of Brahms.

There are two thoughts irresistibly
suggested by this symphony: (1) Pa-
thos in the large sense of the word; (2)
A revolt from pessimism and a return
to optimism. I use these latter terms
because pessimism is a favorite charge
against Brahms. This term is, of
course, dear to Germans and German-
Americans who are forever talking
about "intellectuality" in music. This
charge is perhaps true of much of the
chamber music of this composer. Crab-
bedness seems a better term. There is,
however, neither crabbedness nor pes-
simism in the andante or the finale.
Worshippers of Brahms have reason to
exult in their faith when they can
point to such noble music. And he that
is not moved by certain portions of
the first movement—especially the slow
introduction—must indeed be heart-
hearted. There are lines by Dante
Gabriel Rossetti that find their answer
in the greater pages of this symphony:
"Oh what is this that knows the road I
came,

And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay."

Do you find these lines vague,
obscure? So is the music that gives
the answer. And perhaps there is no
truly great music or poetry into which
mysticism does not enter. So that when
Ehrhart accused Brahms of having "no
profile," he paid him a glowing tribute.

After the ponderous mysteries of
Brahms, after the dances, episodes in
which the bacchante dances, but with
tightly fitting stays, the selection from
the Divertimento of Mozart was a de-
lightful contrast and relief. Of course,
its effect was exaggerated by the great
number of players, for it was written
only for a handful, and the purist might
cry out against the lack of proportion in
its modern performance.

A Divertimento, we are told, is a
composition written to engage the at-
tention in a cheerful manner, and to
furnish genteel entertainment. Many
Divertimenti are so called because they
do not divert on the principle of lucus
a non. We know little about the cir-
cumstances attending the composition
of this particular piece. It was writ-
ten in 1773 or 1780, and it is probably the
one in which Mozart played at Munich,
"as if he were the greatest fiddler in
Europe." The whole Divertimento, with
its allegro, andante and variations, two
minuets, adagio and rondo might well
induce sleep. The excerpt gave much
pleasure and also showed the admirable
quality of the strings.

There is nothing to be said at this

late day about the Leonore overture
except to praise the performance of
last night. Even those who always
wait with joyful hope to hear the
trumpeter crack were this time disap-
pointed. Is it worth while to write
an essay on the four overtures to
"Fidelio," or to question the use of the
flute in the return to the measures of
thanksgiving after the prison episode?
Suffice it to say, that glorious music
was gloriously played.

And so the Capriccioso of Dvorak
was played most brilliantly. It is not
one of his inspired works. There are
moments when it seems as though the
capriciousness of the composer consist-
ed in his wild and perplexed thought,
"What shall I do next?" But the
compiler of the program-book assures
us that "by very little stretching of
terms, the scherzo proper—with its
brilliant principal theme and light sec-
ond theme—may stand as the first
theme and first subsidiary of the sona-
ta-form, the trio standing as the sec-
ond theme and second subsidiary."

That nothing might be lacking in the
enjoyment of the evening a lecture on
"Form in Music" was put before the
reader for instruction and amusement
during the waits, or possibly to beguile
the time while Brahms was played.
Local color was given by quotations
from Messrs. R. W. Emerson and H. T.
Finck, and many kind and generous
words were spoken in behalf of our
old friend, that venerable fete, the
Sonata Form.

In spite of the fact that the program
itself could not justly be called brilliant—
say rather it was eminently respectable
—the concert was a brilliant one,
worthy of the great reputation of the
orchestra. The performance of the
orchestra was superb in ensemble and
in solo work throughout the evening.

PHILIP HALE

The first of the Symphony concerts
in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be
given Thursday evening, Oct. 31.

The program of the Symphony Con-
cert Saturday evening will be as fol-
lows: Overture, "Flying Dutchman,"
Wagner; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony;
MacDowell's Suite, Mrs. De Vere Sapio
will sing the Mad Scene from Thomas's
"Hamlet" and the grand air from "Fi-
delio."

The first of the Kneisel Quartet Con-
certs this season will be given in Asso-
ciation Hall Monday evening, Oct. 23.
The program will include Brahms's
Quartet in A minor; Emilie Bernard's
Suite for violin and piano (first time);
Quartet in G, Haydn. Mr. Perabo will
be the pianist.

Mr. Leo Schulz, cellist, will give a
recital at the New England Conserva-
tory of Music, Thursday evening. He
will be assisted by Messrs. Faellen,
pianist, and Dunham, tenor. The pro-
gram will include pieces by Rubinstein,
Schumann, Handel, Barnby, Chopin,
Popper, Fitzenhagen, and an arrange-
ment by Mr. Schulz.

Miss Marie Geselchup, the pianist, re-
turned from Europe to this city last
week. She will be heard in Boston
this season at one of the Kneisel Quar-
tet Concerts, also in a number of recit-
als. On the 12th of December she will
play with the Boston Symphony Or-
chestra in Cambridge.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Thoughts Suggested by "The Mikado."

How "La Navarraise" Was Received in Paris.

Notes and Comments on Play- ers, Singers, Pieces.

The performance of "The Mikado" at
the Castle Square Theatre last week de-
served more than a conventional notice,
for the performance and the audience
suggest the discussion of two or three
points. With the exception of exag-
geration on the part of two comedians
in the second act, the operetta was well
acted and well sung, surprisingly well
done when you take into account the
fact that there is as a rule a weekly
change of oil at the theatre, and there
is little rest, therefore, for those taking
part.

In the review of the performance in
the Journal last Tuesday, I spoke of the
tendency of some in the audience to en-
courage exhibitions of buffoonery on
the stage. Whenever one of the com-
edians introduced a fall or a gag there
was applause more boisterous than that
which greeted Gilbert's wittiest sallies.
When Mr. Wooley began to indulge
himself in extravagant guffaws after
he was recalled for his really admirable
delivery of the "Punishment Song," he
provoked heartier laughter than when
he was more discreet and more artistic.
The reason of this is not hard to seek:
there has been so much clowning on
the stage in alleged comic opera in the
last ten years that the younger gener-
ation of theatregoers have been led to be-
lieve that a comic opera is not comic
unless there are clowns; stupid allu-
sions to poker, street cars and drunk-
enness; and an awkward and unseemly
display of disarranged underclothes.
The more the pity! Now the Castle
Square Theatre is undeniably exerting
an influence over hundreds of people
who are fond of music and find these
performances within their means.
Would it not be well for the managers
to make an experiment, and see when a
Gilbert and Sullivan operetta is put on
the stage that it is played straight. I
venture to say that five in the audience
would be delighted where one would be
slightly disappointed. Mr. Wolff and
Mr. Wooley have shown in the past
four weeks that it is possible for them
to act discreetly and effectively; now
can they not withstand the temptation
to raise a cheap laugh by cheap means,
especially when, in such an operetta
as "The Mikado," it is not necessary
for them to fat their parts in order to
win success and praise?

For I cannot agree with Mr. Apthorp
in his statement published Oct. 15:
"From 'Pinafore' down, no Gilbert and
Sullivan operetta has had an indisputa-
ble success here, without adventitious
help—in the way of local gags or
dances—to catch the gallery." As for the
dances—they made much of these same
dances at the Savoy, where the oper-
ettas were produced under Gilbert's di-
rection. These dances are not an "ad-
ventitious help," they are an integral
part of the performance. But I de-
ny Mr. Apthorp's statement concern-
ing the "adventitious help" of gags, and
deny it in toto. Any one who saw the
first and eminently successful perfor-
mances of these operettas brought out
in this country by what were known
as the D'Oyly Carte companies will as-
sure me in testifying that the operettas were
played without gags and clowning. Till
gags and clowning came later, much
later; after the pieces were too familiar,
and had fallen into the hands of men
and women who had just left the vari-
ety stage.

It is true that operetta, as well as
opera, is a thing of fashion. But is it
true, as Mr. Apthorp would have us
believe, that the Gilbert and Sullivan
operetta is "indisputably on its last legs
here?" I should be sorry to think so.
"Patience" is dead, for it was founded
on a fleeting fad. "Ruddigore" and
"The Gondoliers" were weak children
at their birth. But there is still life in
"Trial by Jury," "The Pirates of Pen-
zance," "Iolanthe," and "The Mikado,"
and I confess I should like to see "Pri-
cess Ida" once more, though I am told
it is too fine and delicate for the great
public; a statement I am loath to re-
ceive without a murmur of protest.

Certainly "The Mikado" is not dead,
in Boston, as long as it is given so ad-
mirably in the main as it was last week
at the Castle Square. The Yuni-Yum
Mason, the Poo-Bah of Mr. Mu-

The Ad Libitum Quartet will give three concerts here this season.

...the proposed meeting called recently in London to form a citizens' union. The hall was packed with opponents of the measure, mainly clergymen, with a few laymen and ladies. The Chairman was unable to preserve order, the speakers were interrupted with hoots and cries of "Shame!" "Tosh!" "Nonsense!" "Sit down!" One clergyman, standing on a chair, called out to his opponents, "You are a lot of blackguards and cads!" The intruders passed a vote condemning the formation of the union, and the meeting broke up in confusion. Or, as the Standard gravely puts it, "The temper displayed on both sides prevented all hope of calm and logical discussion."

The Freeman characterizes the oratory of William Redmond as "sunburst-ery." An English contemporary suggests the addition of "meconia-plurg-ery" to the language. Meanwhile the Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club protests against the habit of calling a bicycle a "bike" a bicyclist a "biker" and the riding of a bicycle "biking." "These hateful expressions," says Mr. Shipton, "have no intelligible meaning; they were born of sheer ignorance; they have never received acceptance among educated cyclists; and a technical journal having the slightest regard for the Queen's English would admit them to its pages."

Oct 23. 95
The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped miserable skinnny animal or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility and true feminine delicacy of character.

"The sensuous air was delicately set to music by the Aeolian harp." And where was all this? In Tunis? At the Alhambra? Or in Damascus and among the Damascenes? Oh, no 'Twas in a town only a few miles from Boston.

A contemporary announces, with mistaken humor, that the talk of Sylvester Baxter and C. Howard Walker about posters will be "gratuitous." Or did it intend to say that the talk would be given freely, voluntarily, and not unnecessarily or without provocation? We are surprised to find our usually staid neighbor speaking of one advertisement as "unique in posterial art."

"To me," said Old Chimes, "the sweetest music is that of factory whistles, hooting and shrieking the morning call to work. I hear them mellowed by distance. They gently stimulate thought. And as I reflect on the glory of labor and the dignity of the workman, I gradually fall into a sweet and tranquil sleep that prepares me for the rigorous daily duties of club life. For supreme enjoyment, the tip of the nose must be cold while you lie snugly in bed. This, this is music far superior to symphony by Brahms or baying of Chessalian hounds."

Dr. Heber Newton in his sermon in which he came out strongly for the "German Sunday," sketched a Sunday in Dresden. Church in the morning. Then the afternoon family procession to the beer garden, rest, grandmother, children, knitting, vast quantities of work in various forms, seas of beer, and music. Then, Dr. Newton adds: "An evening at home completes the 'German Sunday.'" No, doctor. Sunday night is the great bourgeois theatre and opera night in Dresden. We speak from personal knowledge. The aristocracy is not found that night in public places of entertainment. But the honest, as well as the dishonest, bourgeois loves nothing better than to go with his wife to opera play. And the managers, knowing this, always choose for Sunday night popular and familiar pieces.

Professor Bunge claims that spinach is richer in iron than yolk of egg, yolk of egg than beef. Therefore, of course, spinach should be eaten in vast quantities. In old times in France spinach pies were sold by all pastry cooks, especially for the use of students, although the learned professor does not allude to the fact. The ancient Orientals were believers in the wholesome-ness of spinach, see Haly Abbas. Avicenna prescribes it for orthopnoea and other diseases of the chest. Ebn Bathar says it is useful in diseases of the neck, "being much used for this purpose by the inhabitants of Nineveh." Give us one more spoonful.

To A. A. P.: The edition of Shakespeare mentioned by you—"published by Munroe & Francis, Boston, the first volume dated 1802, and in eight vols."—was not the first American edition. The first was published in Philadelphia, 1795-96, in 8 vols., 12 mo., Blount & Madan. Booksellers tell us that the Munroe & Francis edition is of no special value. One admitted he had never heard of it. Allibone mentions a Boston edition, "from the text of Isaac Reed, 1813, 6 vols., 12mo."

It was on the 23d of October, 1707, that Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Rear Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, with other official distinctions, perished with all his crew, on the rocks of Scilly. He once entertained on board his ship the Duke of Savoy, with 60 covers, and an attendance of 60 halberdiers; and everything was conducted in so much appropriate order that the Duke said to the Admiral at dinner, "If Your Excellency had paid me a visit at Turin, I could scarce have treated you so well." A pompous anecdote without wit; heavy as was no doubt the dinner. The loss of Sir Cloudesly and his 900 men was said to be due to the fact that, overjoyed at the nearness of England, they recoiled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and were at their wits' end.

It was on the 23d of October, 1819, that a cat belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident when his vessel sailed from the harbor of Aburdour. The vessel returned a month after, and, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, the cat came on board with a healthy kitten in her mouth; the kitten was apparently about three weeks old. The cat went directly to the cabin. Two others of her young were afterward caught, wild, in the woods. Vessels had entered and left the harbor, "none of which she ever thought of visiting." This, Miss Eustacia, is what is known as a zoological anecdote. The habitual telling of zoological anecdotes is a deplorable practice, which inevitably leads to lying, bitterness, strife, and sometimes a violent death.

Like most thoughtful people, Miss Eustacia, you are fond of cats. Do you know the origin of the phrase, "There isn't room to swing a cat in?" May it not be traced to the gypsy superstition in Transylvania, which is this: "If a cat runs away, when recovered she must be swung three times round to attach her to the dwelling." The same is done to a stolen cat by a thief if he would keep it. And so in Transylvania they believe the first person who enters a maiden-house must die; it is safe, therefore, to throw a "preliminary cat" into the new house before you take possession.

Might not this description of the last meeting of the British Association be applied to the audience at almost any public gathering of venerable persons who, although leaped and even estimable, are known to the irreverent as "fuddy-duddies?" "No one was in the least interested, but it was evidently deemed good form to suppress yawns and sit up to attention. Whenever a name was recognized it was applauded, not from any interest in the name, but from a desire to evince familiarity. Old men, bearded and bearded, were the most fervent in their applause at inauspicious moments. Whenever the President paused to take breath, he was greeted with cheers and subdued hand-claps, not because he had said anything telling, but because it was etiquette to encourage him."

To O. H.: The perfume "Frangipani" is so called after a Roman Marquis Frangipani, who lived in France under Louis XIII., he was Campmaster or Major General in the King's armies, and related to Gregory the Great. See the Latin verses of Cerisantes, the first of which, Englished, run as follows: "My friend, I no longer delight as before, to adorn my shining hair with powders fetched from Cyprus; or to wear the fillets wove so artfully by the Britons, and which wanton in the wind; or in the fine hand, scented by Frangipani's gloves, to court the Ladies with."

Oct 24. 95
As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements.

Mr. Sears does not propose to let anybody take down that fiddle and the bow.

By the way, the name of Viotti's teacher was Pugnani, not Paganini, as stated by some of the Boston newspapers. Viotti was 29 years old when Paganini was born. Is the instrument now owned by Mr. Sears one that belonged to Viotti? The Journal will publish next Sunday an article on the violins of Viotti, with an inquiry as to what became of them after his death.

Miss Netherlands' name is now Denise. Absit omen!

Brother Parkhurst calls Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes a "little upstart." Has he ever seen him? Mr. Barnes not only starts up, he continues. Like Dame Rumor, his head hits the clouds.

Mrs. Jenness Miller showed at Association Hall a rainy-day dress that aroused applause. "The limbs are covered with blue cloth gaiters to match the gown." How are these gaiters worn on the arms? Like cuffs? Or are they put on the hands like gloves? Let us not burst in ignorance.

Lieut. Peary attends to matters of a

private nature in New York, and not in the diary writs of the frolic North. It's the old story: there is no such solitude as that found in a great city.

It appears that the Honorable James J. Corbett has been grossly misunderstood. He was a man with a mission. When, as a lad, he learned to spar, it was for the purpose of proving in the sight of the people that Col. Fitzsimmons is "a cur." Some may say that his proof has not the inexorable logic of a problem solved by Euclid, but so long as Mr. Corbett is satisfied, it might be foolish for weak, timorous mortals to dispute its accuracy.

But Fitzsimmons as well as Corbett may now claim to be "undefeated." Why should not each one have a benefit here in Music Hall? The instance would not be unprecedented. The public sacrifices and worship paid the Amateur Farmer, John L. Sullivan, are still fragrant in the memory of all. It was March 9, 1888, that a "grand testimonial" was presented to "undefeated" Patsy Reardon, late of London, in Tremont Temple.

And who was Mr. Reardon? Well, in the first place, he had a record. He was born in 1837, and in the height of his glory he weighed 161 pounds. He beat Lass in 29 rounds for £5 in '59. He beat Smith in 42 rounds for £25 in '60. Unsympathetic policemen prevented his tunking Mr. Rooke in the same year, and policemen and darkness interfered with his thoroughly lambasting Mr. Shipp in '61. He triumphed over Bob Travers, the Black-floo a side—in 53 rounds in '62. He walloped Jem Dillon in 56 rounds—floo a side—"down the river," in '62. He was matched again with Shipp—known to his intimate friends as Tom the Shocker—in 1863, but Mr. Shipp was thoughtless enough to die March 26, while in training. He fought Jack Rooke to a draw. It is not likely that he was of kin to O'Reardon, "who played on to the bassoons," nevertheless he was a fine fellow in his way, and of considerable reserve force. Still he did not have the loquacity of the Honorable Mr. Corbett.

Let each of the "undefeated warriors" have a benefit in Music Hall. Let there be lights and banners and flowers and diamond pins and music. Let the Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Paur, play Saint-Saëns's "The Spinning Wheel of Omphale" as an appropriate warning to Corbett, and Stanford's Irish Symphony as a graceful tribute to Fitzsimmons. Nor should that standard overture, Reissiger's "The Mill on the Rock," be forgotten.

This is the feast day of Saint Proclus, who taught his flock to sing skillfully, so that "on their singing earthquakes ceased."

And this is the day of the Archangel Raphael, "the divine healer." Some say he is one of the seven holy angels; others that he is one of the four, the other three being Michael, Uriel and Gabriel. It will be remembered that he appeared in human form to Tobias (see Tobit V. 4). Commentators generally acquit him of lying when he declared that he was Azarias. They are not agreed as to whether he really ate and drank. Raphael himself said, "But I did neither eat nor drink, but ye did see a vision" (Tobit xii., 19). Justin Martyr (Dialog. cum Tryphon) makes no difficulty of it, since in heaven the blessed angels are fed, as he says, with the bread of angels, as the Scripture speaks. Tertullian (cont. Marcion. lib. iii. cap. 9) also acknowledges that angels, having appeared clothed with natural flesh, may also have eaten really and naturally.

It was on the 24th of October, — he forgot the little matter of the year—that Mr. J. Howell wrote to W. B. Esquire, "The upbraiding of a Courtesie, is as bad in the Giver, as ingratitude in the Receiver (though which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first." No diagram accompanied this fine sentiment.

To "Medicus:" You ask the meaning of "Sordello," in the following lines: "The elm with musical-slow motion waves / Its long lithe branches in the tender air; / While from his top the gay Sordello waves / Her scarlet hair."

This is a hard question. The Sordello known to poetry and romance, the Mantuan of Dante, whose romantic story is told in the history of the Troubadours, was a man. Again, it is not likely that Browning's Sordello, masquerading as a woman, had scarlet hair, or, rejoicing in such an ornament, waved it from the top of an elm. Still we shall pursue the thing even if its name is not in the dictionaries.

Mr. James G. Huneker is responsible for the following: "At a recent Social Purty racket, where man was hammered into flinders, a poem by an inspired lady was read. The last two lines read thus: 'Ah! the saddest thing in this dreary earth is a heart that cannot sing.' I only know one thing worse. The woman's throat that can't, but keeps on trying."

Oct 25. 95
There is nothing so difficult as the invention of a new tie. You might almost as easily find out a sixth order of architecture. I once made a drawing of a nodus from a Lachrymatory found at Herculaneum, and found it had a good effect when reduced to practice. Its great beauty was that you did not know where the knot began nor where it ended.

There is a world of truth in the above quotation. Mr. Bone, the well-known patriot, once remarked, "The hope of America lies in its well-conducted school houses. We believe firmly that the greatness of a nation rests in the liberty allowed in the exuberance, form and color of cravats. A freeborn citizen should not be hampered in his desire for individuality. If he yearns for flaming red, or a gorgeous combination of yellow or black, let him unfurl it to the breeze, without remark or censure. The moment, however, a man becomes addicted to "made ties"—loathsome expression!—his individuality is lost. 'Tis true, Wycherly's, Mr. Ranger exclaims, "I would be as convenient to buy satires against women ready made as it is to buy cravats ready tied;" but look at Sir Peter Lely's picture of Wycherly; that strikingly handsome countenance is not cheapened by any made tie beneath the chin. Would the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland have fancied him if he had bought his ties by the dozen fastened to cardboard?

The cravat, which appeared in France in the 17th century, was worn by men and women in imitation of the linen scarf worn by Croatian merchants round their necks; hence its name. It was first of lace or linen, or of muslin edged with lace, and tied in a bow with long flowing ends, and much attention was paid it. So in England a man's excellency for some years was in neatly tying his cravat. Then there was delight in extravagance. Congreve speaks in "Love for Love" of "huge-proportioned cravats, with Steenkirk cravats and terrible faces." This cravat was so called from the battle of that name; it was arranged with graceful carelessness, pretending to imitate the haste with which the French Generals rushed into battle, they not having had time to tie their neckcloths.

If Boston were really a civilized town, there would be more attention paid to symbolism in articles of dress. It would no longer be regarded as a frivolous action to change cravats during the day, so that color or shape might harmonize with the deed or function. The made neck-tie would be taboo.

The announcement of a "coot stew run" reminds us of the necessity of a "heron handicap." When will these dainty birds be found in every market? Ginger goes well with them.

And this same coot is an abused bird. As long ago as 1430 Lydgate described a man "baide as is a coote," and Tindale used the same expression in his exposition of John. Then there's "black as a coot." Still more insulting is the "poor coot" or "little coot" or "mad old coot" used as synonyms for buffle-head and cabbage-head. For they say the fulca atra, like the ostrich, buries its head when pursued.

This is St. Crispin's Day, the day that should be a festival to all of the "gentle craft." But machinery has killed the romance of shoemaking, as well as any individuality in "foot-wear"—to use the genteel language of the shopkeeper. There was a time—but listen to St. Hugh's song: "Our shoes were sow'd with merry notes, / And by our mirth expell'd all moan; / Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats / Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown; / The Gentle Craft is fittest, then, / For poor distressed gentlemen!"

St. Crispin and his brother Crispinian wandered from Rome to Soissons, France; there they preached by day and made shoes by night. They sold these shoes to the poor at a low rate, and they could well afford to do so, for an angel supplied them with leather.

The good old word "cordwainer"—meaning originally a maker of or dealer in Cordovan leather, and then a shoemaker—has passed away, appearing only as the name of a trade guild or in the terminology of trades unions. This reminds us that the ancient Romans wore cork soles, and the women raised their heels by cork.

Apropos of definitions, Henri Estienne swears Crispin comes from the Latin "crepida," meaning a sandal; but Estienne was always a scoffer, except when he was a printing.

It was on the 25th of October, 1627, that Mr. James Howell wrote his cousin Mr. St. Geon at Christ Church "Colledge in Oxford;" "Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of Authors, two is enough upon any Science,

...that they be Plenary and Orthodox Philosophy should be your substantial Food, Poetry your bandaging stuff, Philosophy hath more of utility in it, than any Knowledge, the philosopher can fadom the Deep, measure Mountains, reach the Stars with a Staff, and bless Heaven with a Girdle. Amongst these Studies, you must not forget the unicum necessarium, on Sundays and Holy Days, let Divinity be the sole Object of your Speculation, in comparison whereof other Knowledge is but Cobweb learning."

Oct 26, 1891

To be bled at spring and fall was the custom of our ancestors; and about this time from 10 to 12 ounces of blood used annually to be taken away by the lancet.

Within three days 10 babies have been born in a small town in Alabama. The symbolist will find pleasure in the fact that it was Mrs. Champion who gave birth to four well-developed children and the name of the town is Fort Deposit.

Miss Nethersole's name may be Dutch, but she puts her trust in Depew—not Chauncey the King of the Gnomes, although Marshall P. Wilder disputes the title—but Depew the town, in which she has bought 24 building lots.

Mr James Wrigly, master of the Golden Lion Inn, at Liverpool, going into his cellar, Oct. 26, 1759, having some oysters there, a large Norway rat, endeavoring to seize an oyster that was open, it closed and held him so fast that he was carried into the kitchen and exhibited to some hundred persons while alive. Here, you have the zoological anecdote in its full splendor. Observe the vagueness in the "It's" and "he's." The probability is that the rat was head by the oyster, who then carried him into the kitchen; still what became of Mr. Wrigly after he went into the cellar, there is a bare possibility that the oyster, missing the rat, held the landlord, though we are not so credulous as to believe it took him into the kitchen. At any rate, here is a delightful game for bright young students of grammar these coolish evenings.

Despise not the Agony-column of any newspaper. It is an epitome of life, with its tragedy, meanness, joys, crimes, good endeavors and humor. Then, too, the enigmas for the solution of the curious! For instance, what does this mean?

"PERFECT—19th arrived, suffered relapse; write you tomorrow; God bless you, love, don't worry. TRUST."

It may bear comfort to an anxious soul; it may carry news to a gang of thieves; it may simply announce the 19th addition to an estimable family.

Is there any mistaking this?

"WON'T you writ? Saw yesterday afternoon on 5th av.; was in hansom; your friend took hat off, will meet you wherever you state, either by letter or through this column. Address. YAM."

"The impetuous creature had no time for 'write' with an 'e.' The friend of the unknown, yet favored, seems the more courteous of the two; he, at least, took his hat off.

Nor is there any need of American girls crossing the Atlantic and pursuing the foreign nobleman to his lair. Here is a German Count who possesses all the qualifications: "high social standing, wealthy, old title." No doubt he has a castle on the Rhine and can afford to eat pumpernickel every day. And yet he turns his back on Gretchen and Clarkson and would fain woo an American. But he is an honest fellow. "Object, matrimony;" also "a young heiress."

Why does not "Elite" write to the Count von Käschen? She allows that she is "an exceptionally pretty young brunette;" and she probably means that she is pretty and young, not "pretty young," which is discouraging, and suggests that her birthday must be a movable feast. She, too, wishes to marry; but her husband must be "thoroughly appreciative" and "wealthy."

Or perhaps "Fond" might become a Countess. She has "the object, matrimony," buzzing in her head, and she says publicly that she is "bright, beautiful and healthy." She longs for "a man of means;" but in one respect she is wanting, he must be "good." Now the Count gives no certificates of morality. It looks as though "Elite" would be the chateleine and wear the old family jewels—Rhinstones, no doubt.

It was on the 23d of October, 1625, that Mr James Howell wrote in devout spirit to Sir Sackville Trevor, who had captured the French vessel "Holy Spirit" (and naturally looked for money to him). "Though Prices were low, yet they come

sure, and it is oftentimes the method of God Almighty himself to be long both in his Rewards and Punishments."

From a decision in New Hampshire it appears that proprietors of hotels are responsible for the safety of the hats of guests only while the guests are eating. It will be remembered in a decision given in New York city, it was held that a restaurant keeper who had placards disclaiming responsibility could not be held liable for disappearance of a guest's hat or coat. Now men vary in the time required for stoking. Some pass over the meal and through it like an angry cyclone; others linger and dally like a mild June day. But in New Hampshire, responsibility varies directly with the time spent in deglutition.

And again we hear from Mr. James G. Huneker: "I counted 21 mezz soprano, 34 contralto and one soprano at Carnegie Music Hall last Sunday night, and at the first note uttered by Mrs. Van Der Veer Green a look of marrow-freezing joy swept over their faces. Mrs. Green was not a success after all the heralding, and oh, the delight of the other singers! For pure, unadulterated feeling give me the female singer. Her impulses are so large, especially in the artistically charitable line."

Oct 27, 1891

Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—MacDowell's Suite Was the Feature of the Evening—Mrs. De Vere-Sapio Was the Soloist.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Suite, "A minor".....MacDowell
Ophelia's Mad Scene.....Thomas
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

Four movements of MacDowell's suite were first given at the Worcester Festival of 1891, Sept. 24. They were given for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston, Oct. 24, 1891. "In October" was played here last night for the first time.

Charming as was the suite as played here four years ago, the reproach might then have been made gently that the "Summer Idyl" and the "Shepherdess's Song" suffered by immediate juxtaposition. This reproach cannot now be made. "In October" supplies balance and contrast. And what exquisite music this suite is! What fancy and imagination are herein displayed! Passages recall descriptions of tree life in Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders."

There is the dark mystery of the forest, as well as its open, opulent summer joy. Here is romantic music without taint of affectation, without desire to startle. The wealth of the composer's resources is used modestly. A suggestion made by MacDowell is worth more than a complete syllogism of many estimable composers who apply the rule of three and the measuring rod to the product of wretched thought. How admirable his self-control, that of the master, who knows exactly what he wishes to say and how to say it! How unerring his sense of color, how exact his knowledge of the value of a nuance! To hear such music is a rare pleasure. For such music comes not to us by mere plodding labor or by mere assiduous devotion to what other men have said in music. Labor is in this suite, and so is devotion to that which is pure and noble and eternal; but the motive power is inspiration, the intensity of the born musician, which must out. And lo, a thing of beauty!

Mrs. De Vere-Sapio was known to us before her marriage as a brilliant singer, exulting in trills and roulades. She comes back after her European experiences with broader voice and more dramatic style. It is true that she sang at the Paris Opéra before she first visited us; but although her operatic debut was

successful, she did not tarry long in Paris.

Last evening she sang "Ah! Perfidio" with breadth, and yet with great attention to detail. If the dazzling brilliancy of her upper tones is in a measure dulled, her lower tones have gained immeasurably. In pathetic entreaty, as in frenzied denunciation, she sang with the authority of the true artist. A performance conspicuous for its dignity, musical conception, intelligent workmanship and sincerity.

And then she sang the scene in which Ophelia, crazed by the strange events—the irregular decease of Hamlet's father, the inexplicable behavior of the Prince, and the stupid death of Polonius—sings now sadly, now distractedly—Ophelia, "chère petite glu," as Laforgue describes her, sings while peasants dance. The Wagnerites make merry at such mad scenes; but have you noticed that several of the most famous Wagnerphones, male and female, went mad; while they that sing Italian or French mad scenes wax fat and live to a wheezy old age?

There is no argument in this proposition: it is merely the statement of an historical fact. In this scene Mrs. Sapio had an opportunity to display the excellence of her technique. Surprising were certain of her vocal feats; yet agility and bravura seemed only the natural expression of hysteria, not the teacher's exercises learned carefully by Ophelia when she was educating for the Prince.

The performance of the orchestra throughout the evening left much to be desired. There was frequently indecision in attack; there was much that was raw, and coarse. The accompaniments to Mrs. Sapio's solos were almost steadily indifferent.

The 5th symphony has been flippantly described by Huneker as an "old War-

horse of music. Now a War-horse in politics is apt to be a venerable, familiar, impeding person, who leaks oratory, and is apt to be a bore.

One memorable night—it was Nov. 9, 1888—Mr. Nikisch gave a spectacular performance of this symphony, and he did all manner of wild, irregular, extraordinary things with it, so that the more hysterical of his male admirers dashed their silk hats upon the floor and danced upon them in corymbant frenzy, forgetting for once that they were Bostonians and in Boston. Whatever may be said about that performance from the musician's point of view, there is no denying that it was an exciting event. Sleep, at least, was impossible.

Now, last evening the performance of the symphony was unrefined, unpoetic, dull and tedious. It was eminently bourgeois. If the fifth symphony is anything, it is certainly not bourgeois, yet last evening it was bourgeois, like horse-hair furniture, mourning wreaths or Hume's History of England bound in half-calf. And for once the flippant person seemed right, and, indeed, eminently judicious, when he described Beethoven's work as an "old War-horse."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

The feuilleton and the foreign notes are on page 13 of the Journal.

The program of the first Kneisel Quartet concert this season in Association Hall tomorrow evening will be as follows: Brahms, Quartet, A minor; Emile Bernard, Suite for violin and piano; Haydn, Quartet, G major. Mr. Perabo will be the pianist.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be as follows: Berlioz, Symphony, "Harold in Italy" (viola solo by Mr. Kneisel); Tchaikowsky, Symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini"; Humperdinck, "Dream Music," from "Hänsel and Gretel"; Goldmark, Overture, "Sakuntala."

The Melba Operatic Concert Company will give concerts in Music Hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 7, and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9.

Mrs. Helen D. Orvis's concerts for young people will be in Chickering Hall, Saturday mornings, Nov. 16, 23, 30, Dec. 7, 14, at 11 o'clock. Messrs. Perabo, Kuntz, Strube, Lang, Heindl, Schulz, Tucker and Fries will assist.

Mr. John C. Manning, pianist, assisted by Miss Edmonds, Mr. Jacques Hoffman and Mr. Edward Rose, will give a concert in Association Hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 7.

The first of the Boston Symphony Concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be given Thursday evening at 7.45.

The Apollo Club has invited the Mendelssohn Club of New York to join with it in celebrating the Apollo Club's 25th anniversary at its concert of May 6, 1896.

Students of the advanced classes of the New England Conservatory will give a concert Thursday evening, Miss Goldsmith, Miss Rennyson, Miss Smart, Miss Burgess, Miss Purrington, and Mr. Lamar will take part in it.

ABOUT MUSIC.

What, Pray, Became of the Fiddles of Viotti?

A Queer Story of a Still Queerer Instrument.

Notes and Comments on Players, Singers, Pieces.

Here is the story of the so-called Jupiter Stradivarius, now said to be in the possession of Mr. J. M. Sears of this city, as told by newspapers.

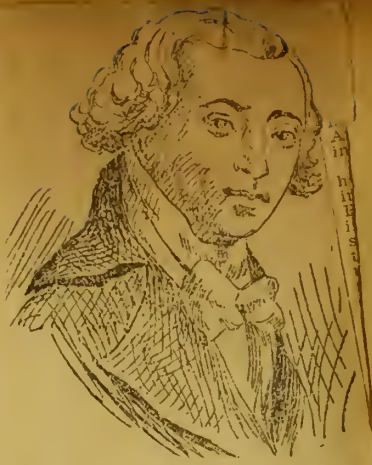
"The violin in the case is a conspicuously interesting one. Viotti, its famous owner, in olden times the favorite pupil of the great Paganini, used it when 20 years old in a competition which won for him the place of first violinist in the royal chapel of Turin. Later, in Paris, toward the close of the 18th century, Viotti created an international furor and won for his remarkable instrument the proud title of Jupiter. It has been ever regarded as the finest Stradivarius in Europe."

There are a few errors in the above story.

(1) Viotti (1753-1824) was not the pupil of Paganini (1728-1840). Giovanni Battista Viotti was the pupil of Gaetano Pugnani (1727-1803).

(2) The story about the particular violin used "in a competition" is legendary, and highly improbable. Viotti in Turin was one of the orchestra conducted by Pugnani. His biographers say nothing about any competition, nor do they claim that he was concert-master.

(3) Viotti's instrument did not win



G. B. VIOTTI.

the name of "Jupiter" when he first went to Paris. Where is the proof that his Stradivarius was ever called "Jupiter" during his lifetime. It is not unlikely, however, that this story started from a curious blunder. The admiration of Viotti for his master Pugnani was such that on hearing him he exclaimed "He's a Jupiter!" thus giving an idea of his virile performance, full of fire and enthusiasm. This anecdote has been often told in French, in which language "violin" means fiddler as well as fiddle. Is it not probable that "violin," mistranslated, was the cause of the transference of praise from Pugnani to his instrument? But we have no proof that Pugnani gave a Stradivarius to Viotti.

When Viotti played for the first time in Paris, early in 1782, he was alluded to as "violin étranger." He was praised as "un des plus grands violons qui se soient fait entendre au Concert spirituel depuis vingt ans."

We know that he gained 100 francs a concert; we are told of the shabby conduct of Mrs. Mara, the great singer, toward him; but not one word about his fiddle "Jupiter."

We also are informed about his concerts in London; how he wrote a series of concertos for Salomon; how he, as well as Dussek, played at the farewell benefit of Haydn May 2, 1794—about his relations with the Chinnery family—but not one word about his fiddle "Jupiter."

Yet Viotti owned some excellent instruments, among them a Stradivarius. Fétis, in his "Antoine Stradivarius" (1856), mentions the beautiful instrument of Viotti, "which belongs to Mr. Brochant de Villiers." Nothing about its name "Jupiter," nothing as to how and where de Villiers obtained the fiddle.

So Constant Pierre in "Les Facteurs d'Instruments de Musique" (1893) says: "Before 1824, Lupot sold to Habeneck a Stradivarius of 1733 for 2400 francs; the Stradivarius known at first as 'the Regent,' then 'the Superb' (1716), only brought 3500 francs, as did that of 1715, which was bought by Gand and Rode; but the Stradivarius of Viotti, of the date 1712, was sold for 5000 francs." This was the highest price up to that date, 1824, ever paid for a Stradivarius.

Let us see what Arthur Pougin, himself a good violinist as well as one of the leading critics of Europe, says about them in his "Viotti." Here we first find mention of the Stradivarius.

"They say that Viotti introduced in France the admirable instruments of the great Italian school, almost unknown to us before he came. The incomparable Stradivarius which he played after his arrival in Paris made a profound impression on our artists, who up to that time had no idea of the immense worth of the marvelous masterpieces of the old Cremonese master. See what Mr. J. Gallay says about this in his book on 'Les Instruments des écoles italiennes.' 'The violins and the violoncellos had crossed the frontier as early as 1796; but it is easy to believe that unless Viotti had visited Paris the name of the illustrious head of the school at Cremona would have been long unknown in France. . . . Viotti owned an admirable Stradivarius, and its sonority was a revelation. The price of these instruments was then modest; you could bring from Italy a bass or a violin for 300 or 400 francs; and, remember, the price had gone up since the death of Stradivarius, who sold his instruments for four louis d'or,' about 90 francs. All that Viotti told about the perfection of the work of Stradivarius whetted the desire of rich amateurs; from that moment the name of Stradivarius blazed, and his renown overmastered everything, never to be diminished."

Pougin continues: "Into whose hands passed the Stradivarius of Viotti? Who is today the fortunate owner? This is just what I do not know. The fate of Rode's Stradivarius is known; Charles Lamoureux bought it about 20 years ago (about 1868). The one owned by

...the fiddle of Viotti, which was sold in London after his death. It is more than likely that this fiddle, one of the finest, it is said, that ever left the hands of Stradivari, remained in England, where it was bought by one of the amateurs, rich collectors of instruments, who have always been so numerous in that country."

Lamoureux sold the fiddle mentioned above to Mr. Oldham for \$6000. He paid for it.

So Viotti without doubt owned a fine Stradivari. These questions then arise: Was it sold at auction in London? And who bought it, if there was a sale?

About the fiddles of Viotti there was a story today in the museum of the Conservatory. It was made for the Conservatory by Francois Chantot, a graduate of the Ecole polytechnique, who became a violin maker, and took out a patent for the same. This fiddle has the shape of a violin, bordered with strips of ebony. The "f" holes are straight. The fiddle bears the inscription to Viotti, P. I. T. (Primo Tutti). "First among all." And this quatraine garlanded with roses is painted in gray:

Un essai d'aine sourire!
Il se résonner ce nouveau violon;
Et l'on dira que d'Apollon
Il a trouvé l'harmonieuse lyre.

Viotti had a third violin; its story is told by Adolph Adam in his "Souvenirs d'un Musicien." The story was told by Adam by the vaudevilliste, Ferdinand Langlé, who heard it from his master, Honoré Francois Marie Langlé, master of D'Alayrac, Professor at the Conservatory and composer (1711-1780).

This violin was made of tin instead of wood.

Adolph and Langlé is speaking: One summer evening, my father and I were walking in the Champs Elysees, and they finally sat down under the tree to breathe the air and the shade of the promenade. It was night, and Viotti, always a dreamer, gave way to his internal emotions that isolated him completely even when surrounded by people. My father, who was then working on his opera "Corisandre" (1711), was pondering themes, when the violin was disagreeably distracted by a loud and screaming sound which made them lift heads and open ears. They looked at each other, as much as to say: "What is that?" They understood each other so well that Viotti broke the silence and exclaimed:

"That can't be a fiddle, and yet it is like one."

"Nor a clarinet," said Langlé, "but something like it."

The best way of finding out was to go straight toward the discordant sound. If the car failed as a guide, there was the flickering light of a candle burning in front of a blind man crouched a hundred feet from them. Viotti got there first. "It's a violin," he cried, turning with a laugh toward Langlé, "but, guess; of tin. Now this is very singular; I must have it; you go and ask the blind man to sell it to me!"

Willingly," said Langlé, who went up to the blind man. "My friend, do you want to sell your fiddle?"

"What for? I should have to buy another, and this is good enough for me." "You can buy a better one with the money we give you. But first of all, did you come by such an odd way?"

"Oh! you wish to know why it's so odd? That is not a long story. I have always been blind. Once I was a violin maker; but now I'm old, and do not play well. I could not have pulled through without this good Eustache, son of my dead brother. He's only a poor workman who scarcely earns his living, but he took care of me. Then I wasn't much work; there was not much to keep us both, and I said, 'If I only had a fiddle.' For I knew how a fiddle in my youth, and I could now bring home a few sous. Eustache didn't say anything, but the next day he was glummer than ever, and at night, when he thought I was asleep, I heard him murmur, 'Oh, the old hunk, he wouldn't lend me six francs; never mind, my uncle will have a fiddle, my name is not Eustache.' Well, at the end of a week he comes in triumph, and says, 'Look at your fiddle; it's a wonder; I made it; and you needn't fear it will break if you drop it.' He gave me the one you see. Eustache is a tin fiddle, and his boss gave him the stuff out of the sweepings of the shop, and then the boy saved enough to buy the strings and the bow. Wasn't I happy? I have rewarded him. In the morning Eustache leads me here when he goes

to work. And then he comes for me in the evening, some days I make a good deal, so that when he has nothing I can do the house."

"Well," said Viotti, "I will give you 20 francs for your fiddle, you can buy a better one for that. Let me try it once."

He took it. The singularity of its sound amused him. He found out novel effects, and did not notice that a crowd gathered, attracted by the strange sounds. Money—even white pieces—fell into the hat of the astonished old man, to whom Viotti handed out 20 francs.

"Hold on a minute," said the beggar, "I was willing to sell it for 20 francs, but I didn't know it was such a good one; I want double for it now."

Viotti perhaps had never received such a flattering compliment; he did not hesitate to pay the overcharge. He went through the crowd with his tin fiddle under his arm; and he was not far before a workman, cap in hand, pulled his sleeve and said, with lowered eyes, "You paid too much for that fiddle; if you are a collector, I'll make you as many as you want at six francs apiece, for I am the one who made the one you bought."

It was Eustache who had seen the bargain, and doubting no more his ability as a fiddle-maker, wished to go further in the new commerce. But Viotti was satisfied with the one for which he had paid so well.

"And what did Viotti do with the tin fiddle?" asked Langlé.

"He always kept it, and he took it with him when he went to England."

Such is Adam's story, abbreviated. They say the tin fiddle was sold with the Stradivari after Viotti's death, and that an Englishman killed horses in his vain endeavor to be at the sale to purchase the curiosity.

And how much truth is there in this story?

This tin fiddle must not be confounded with the nail-violin known as the violin de fer, Nagelharmonica, Nagelgeige, Eisenoline, which, said to be invented by Johann Wilde in Russia, about 1740, is in the shape of a round box. In the specimen in the Brussels Conservatory 49 metal rods, disposed in circular fashion about the edge of the box, vibrate freely. Double strings are stretched across the bars in 15 rows, and when the rods, varying in length, are rubbed with the bow, these strings vibrate sympathetically.

In the Paris Conservatory there are, besides such nail violins, fiddles made of tortoise shell, copper and faience. Those who have read the charming story by Champfleury and wish to see some remarkable pictures of faience violins, flutes, bells, trumpets and horns, should look at the handsome plates in "La Ceramique Musicale et Instrumentale" by Ris-Paquot, Paris, 1889.

The sonority of a faience violin is said to be weak and disagreeable. There are five famous specimens of Delft; one in the Paris Conservatory; one at Rouen in the Ceramic Museum; another owned by Mr. Evenpoel of Brussels; the fourth belonging to Mr. Loudon of the Hague; and the fifth, now in the possession of Mr. Bouly de Lesdain of Beauvais. There are faience violins in the market; but look out; they are, as a rule, counterfeit, and without a history.

Let us consider prices paid for violins by Stradivari. The maker was satisfied when he received about \$18. At the end of the 18th century, these fiddles brought in France \$60 or \$80. As we have seen, up to 1824, the highest price paid in France was \$1000, and that was for Viotti's instrument.

In 1875 one of 1716 was sold to Mr.

Adams for \$4000. In 1881 Meler of London paid \$4000 for one of 1715. In 1882 the Viscount de Greffulhe bought one of 1709 for \$4600. In 1885 Meler paid \$6000 for one of 1693.

Look at the violin of 1716, known as "The Messiah." Alard bought it in 1875 after the death of Vulliamme for \$3000; it was sold in 1890 to Mr. Crawford of Edinburgh for \$10,000.

A few weeks ago Robert Mendelssohn paid \$12,500 for a Stradivari which 20 years ago only brought \$300. Ysaye this summer paid \$3200 for the "Hercules," so-called, of 1732.

The fiddle of 1717, which only brought \$740 in 1845, was sold in 1884 for \$5000.

The instrument known as "the Swan Song" (1737) was sold for \$900 about 1870; in 1875 it brought \$2400; later \$3500; and it was finally sold to White, the violinist, then in Brazil, for \$4000 with the added charges for insurance and freight.

The instrument called "La Pucelle," brought nearly \$4500.

The Superb, the Hercules, the Messiah, the Swan Song, la Pucelle—where is the Jupiter? It will be observed that Pierre in his carefully drawn list gives no name to the fiddle of Viotti.

Where today is the tin fiddle of Viotti? And is his Stradivari now in Boston?

Mr. Allen of New York, an American District Attorney, says that the tin "Jupiter" is now "the treasured possession of a wealthy European collector, but how does Mr. Allen know, or, for that matter, the 'wealthy European collector,' whether the so-called Jupiter ever belonged to Viotti?"

Whether Mr. Scars's fiddle ever belonged to Viotti or not, it is pronounced by the best experts in Europe and this country to be a superb instrument.

— PHILIP HALE.

THE ALTENHEIM CONCERT.

The concert for the projected Altenheim (home for aged Germans) will be given Sunday evening, Nov. 3, at the Boston Theatre.

The orchestra will consist of 60 musicians. The chorus of male voices will be 350 strong, and the mixed chorus will consist of 70 male and 50 male voices.

Messrs. Carl Zerrahn, Gustav Strube and Dr. Louis Kelterborn will direct the concert.

The program will be as follows:

- PART I.
- 1—Overture, "Oberon"Weber
 - 2—Soprano solo, aria, "Repentir"Gounod (First Time in America). Miss Gertrude Franklin.
 - 3—Pari song, "Liedesfreiheit." For male chorusMarxner The combined German male choral societies of Boston and vicinity.
 - 4—String quartet, andante with variations, "Der Tod und das Mädchen"Schubert Fr. Kneisel, O. Roth, L. Svecenski and A. Schroeder.
 - 5—Quartet from "Fidelio"Beethoven Miss G. Franklin, Miss Lunde, Mr. E. Tiffero, Mr. A. B.
 - 6—Hymn, "Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur"Beethoven Arranged for mixed chorus and orchestra.

- PART II.
- 7—Overture, "Tannhauser"Wagner
 - 8—Grand march and chorus from "Tannhauser"Wagner
 - 9—Flute solo, TremoloDemersseman M. Ch. Mole.
 - 10—Bass solo, "The Two Grenadiers"Schumann Mr. Arthur Beresford.
 - 12—"Siegesgesang der Deutschen nach der Hermannschlacht"Abt For male chorus and military orchestra.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Tamagno's illness prevents his German tour.

Louise Grandjean has been engaged at the Paris Opera.

Amalie Joachim will give 10 song recitals in Berlin this winter.

Mathilde de Craponne made a successful debut at Rouen as Mignon.

Puccini's "Bohème" will be first produced at the San Carlo, Naples.

The Sketch (London) of Oct. 9 prints pictures of Alice Esty and Mrs. Duma.

The review of last night's Symphony concert is in the news section of the Journal.

Kienzl's opera "Evangelmann," produced in Prague Sept. 23, pleased mightily.

Sir George Grove's analyses of the Beethoven symphonies will be published in book form.

They say "Peg Woffington" will be the new operetta in which Lillian Russell will appear.

There is talk of a new opera, "Macbeth," to be written expressly for Calvé as Lady Macbeth.

Mühlbacher has celebrated his 40th anniversary as operatic orchestra conductor at Cologne.

During Marsick's journey in this country his pupils at the Paris Conservatory will be taught by White.

The 19th of October was the 50th anniversary of the original production of "Tannhauser" at Dresden.

Alexander Siloti will give piano concerts in Leipzig and other German towns, then go to England.

The first number of "Die Mandoline" contains an article by H. Schub on the place of the mandoline in music.

Paterson and Sons of Edinburgh propose to give 25 high-class concerts between now and the end of February.

The miners of Rhondia have subscribed to a fund for the Welsh baritone, Yvor Forster, that he may study.

"Zalze," an opera by de la Nux, in which Emma Eames created the part of the heroine, has been given at Stuttgart.

Owing to the severe illness of Levi, the Wagner concerts in Queen's Hall, London, Nov. 12, 26, will be conducted by Mottl.

Mrs. Vanderveer Green, contralto, made her American debut in New York the 20th at a Popular concert, with little success.

"Hildegarde," a drama-legend in six acts, by Hendrikx, with music by Oscar Roels, opened the Flemish Theatre at Brussels.

Miss Suzanne Adams of Boston sang at the Paris Opera in "Rigoletto" on the evening when the King of Belgium was present.

Pollini at Hamburg telegraphed Massenet Oct. 11: "Werther is a colossal success. Remarkable performance. Twenty curtain calls."

Mr. Floersheim telegraphs from Berlin that Mary Howe-Lavin was very successful at her debut as Lucia at the opera house Oct. 20.

Theodor Reichmann celebrated on the 20th the jubilee of his 25th year in opera. His first appearance on the stage was Oct. 20, 1870.

Julius Schendel, a 10-year-old pianist "prodigy," born in Danbury, Conn., is to be heard in a concert in Steinhall, New York, Oct. 28.

Antoinette Sterling, assisted by Tivlar Rachez, Miss Janina, and Orlando Harley, will give a concert in Music Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 20.

Leonore Snyder, who was for a time at the Savoy, after serious study proposes to return to this country and devote herself again to comic opera.

Viotti's fiddle, sold to the Mr. W. Con- servatory for \$6000, and a confirmed all by ill. profession. He is 9 years old.

It is reported that a well known composer of the young Italian school is busy on a Wall street in New York, and has already completed the music for Walenstein's Lager.

D'Albert and Theresa Carreno were judicially separated in Berlin the third week in October. D'Albert was declared alone at fault and was obliged to pay the costs.

Houston S. Chamberlain will write a biography of Wagner which will be published in German. Mrs. Wagner will supply many as yet unpublished pictures and photographs.

Suppé's posthumous opera, "The Model," has been given at the Carl-Theatre, Vienna. They say it does not amount to much. He had only finished completely the first act.

It is reported that Leonovallio is writing the music for a piece called "The Street Singers," based on a poem by a young Chinese girl, who writes under the name of Paul Althoff.

Lulie Kikel, who took the prize for the cantata at Rome to celebrate the anniversary of the overthrow of the Papal Kingdom, studied harmony in Rome with Augusto Rotoli, now of Boston.

Sibyl Sanderson reappeared at the Paris Opera House the 10th as Thais. She was nervous and a little hysterical at first, but soon gathered herself together and sang so well that she was thrice recalled.

Alma J. Schmidt, alto, made an agreeable impression this month in Berlin. The same cannot be said of Blanca Panto, violinist, Paul Meyer, violinist, from Frankfurt on the Main, or Rosa Kahlis, mezzo soprano.

Ein trauer Schelm," lyric-comic opera in two acts, libretto by Delmar, music by Ferdinand Hummel, produced at the Berlin Opera House Oct. 2, is

criticised mercilessly by Otto Lessmann in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeltung of the 11th.

A testimonial concert will be given Miss Harriette W. Clarke and Miss Nellie L. Woodbury in Stelner Hall Wednesday evening, by Mrs. Martha D. Shepard and Messrs. G. J. Parker, S. S. Townsend and Van Veachten Rogers.

Jascha Sussman, violinist, about 12 years old, played Mozart's D major concerto, Mendelssohn's concerto, Ernst's Othello-fantasy, with orchestra and without notes in Berlin this month. His technique and self-possession astonished all.

Dr. Ludwig Wülner, son of Franz Wülner, gave two concerts in Berlin. A teacher, he is now a play actor at Meiningen. His voice is neither beautiful, agreeable, nor flexible. His interpretation of songs, however, is said to be extremely fine.

The first concert of the Kneisel Quartet this season will be Monday at 8 o'clock in Association Hall. The program will include Brahms's Quartet, A minor; Emile Bernard's suite for violin and piano, op. 34; Quartet in G, Haydn. Ernst Perabo will be the pianist.

During the performance of his two operas comiques at his chateau this week the Duc de Massa, in order to secure perfect attention, separated his guests, installing the women in the gallery which surrounds the music room; the men were assigned places in the pit beneath.

Victor Maurel will give four recitals in New York in the early part of December. The first recital will be devoted to German lieder, the second to French songs, the third to Italian songs, and the fourth will include compositions by English, Russian and Spanish authors. Mr. Maurel sails for this country Nov. 1.

The Empire management of London has secured the services of Sims Reeves, but this will not be his first appearance at what is now called a "variety theatre." In 1839 he was at the Eagle Tavern and Grecian Saloon, City Road, London, where he sang and acted for about a fortnight under the name of "Mr. Johnson."

Massenet was so afraid that Miss Renard, who was the heroine in the Vienna production of "La Navarraise," would not dress the part correctly that he wrote to her a letter in which "he begged on his knees and conjured her by all she held dear to wear the oldest, raggedest, black dress she could find," as she had to represent a peasant girl.

The new Stelner Hall will be 28 feet below the level of the street. The music floor will have 650 seats, and there will be a balcony with 250 more. A large church organ, to be built by Farrand & Votey, will be a feature. Mr. Stelner announces that any piano may be used in concerts in this hall, no restrictions being placed upon an artist's choice. This generosity is characteristic of the firm of which Mr. Stelner is a member.

The Hinrichs Opera Company, Philadelphia, will open the season Nov. 12. Reyer's "Sigurd" and Lolo's "Le Roi d'Ys" will be among the new operas. The company is as follows: Sopranos, Nevada, Koert-Kronold, Loventz and Tracy; mezzo sopranos and contraltos, Dassi, Langlois, Grassal, tenors, Viola, Gogny, Michelena, Mirello and Piroia; baritones and basses, Merley, de Backer, del Puente, Averill, Malzoc and Lorrain.

Two new sonatas for clarinet and piano, op. 120, by Brahms, were played by Messrs. Schubert and Kahn at a Hall Quartet concert Oct. 7 in Berlin. The second, in E flat major, is said to have a few beautiful themes, but in the development is dry and unimportant. The first, in F minor, is more effective, especially in the second slow movement. Lessmann does not think that the clarinet and the piano work harmoniously together, as the upper tones of the former do not blend with piano tones.

"We mentioned the other day how Herr Emil Sauer at Leeds ran against a huge poster describing Herr Rosen-

...the greatest of living pianists. ...him as 'the greatest pianist in the world.' So honor is doubtless ... Yesterday, however, the two ... pianists were confronted with ... rival, M. De Greef, who is ... introduced to Leeds as 'the greatest ... pianist of the century,' the ... further stating that 'De ... has no rival,' he is 'the artist for ... the professor for professors,' ... his biography.' After all this it ... interesting to watch the terms ... his manager reintroduces M. ... to the provinces."—Lon- ... Daily News.

Oct 29 1911

To be without need is the property of the Gods; and to want as little as possible is to approach them closely.

So spake a heathen worthy, but his saying is too hard and strange for the children of this day. Even the prayer of Agur, the son of Jakeh, seems absurd to greedy men and women: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Remember, too, that we know nothing about the author of this sane speech. Some of the commentators claim that Solomon described himself under the name of Agur, which leads Calmet to protest, "Certainly these words are inconsistent with the dignity of King Solomon." No doubt in his own day, Agur was looked upon as a harmless, good man, garrulous, just a little of a crank. "Did you hear him?" said Ucal, "he prayed that he might not be rich!"

The Duke is now able, even before the happy day, to know all the details concerning the "lingerie intime" of his betrothed. New York newspapers have told him—and everybody else.

"Kein warum ohne darum," says a learned contemporary, "is the Italian language for 'There is no why without a cause.'" Of course, of course. And "Basta!" is the German for "Rats!"

Mr. Samuel Carr seems to have a trust in trusteeships.

"Melba has a clever literary style." Where has she shown it? Does she carry it with her; or leave it in a safe deposit vault in Paris? Now, Mrs. Marchesi, her guide, philosopher, friend, has written a book, her memoirs, as well as articles for the newspapers. And strange to relate, "Melba is naturally an advocate of the Marchesi method, and this she will make plain in her book." Export literature, chiefly for the American market.

Gladstone does not hesitate to speak about the unspeakable Turk.

"For Christmas Workers" is, after all, a synonymous phrase for Christmas Beggars. Work that ye may not be worked is the true motto for the day.

This is the feast day of St. Simon and St. Jude, and the day was anciently accounted as certain to be rainy. Hence the old saw

On St. Jude's Day
The oxen may play.

Some say these saints were fishermen; thus the supposed rainy day is easily accounted for.

We said the other day that the word "cordwainer" as a synonym of shoemaker had passed away, "appearing only as the name of a trade guild or in the terminology of trades unions." A correspondent writes us as follows:

"Not quite, gentle gossipier, for in ye town of New Orleans when the Creole girls are tripping to the famous old St. Charles, or equally famous academy of a Saturday afternoon, or the North-erner is passing through the thoroughfare known as St. Charles, they cannot help being greeted by the sign 'Cordwainer, Cordwainer!'"

And now comes the clear, commanding voice of Mr. Poultny Bigelow, putting fear to confusion, and assigning each nation its proper place. "Lord Dufferin once told me," remarks Mr. Bigelow, "that he did not think England could ever vote for war with us, because the House of Lords had passed into the fair hands of American peeresses. This is worth remembering at this critical period."

The name of Mr. Bigelow suggests inevitably that of his old college friend, the playmate of his youth, William II. What a restless fellow the Kaiser is. Only the other day he attended the inauguration of a church as a clerical understudy, and since then he has been visiting the Opera House, in his great impersonation of Sir Drurionlanus. A correspondent of the London Standard assures us that William is a severe critic, and criticises so fully that general manager, stage manager, and director of the ballet are unable to have success unless they follow his directions. The only wonder is that he

is not also conductor, program girl, and audience. He has encounters in the semi-darkness of the flies with the scene-shifters, and they shift themselves with all speed. But one proud official has been too many even for the Kaiser. This is the Inspector who condescends on occasions to eject the disorderly. Catching the Kaiser with a lighted cigarette he drew the Imperial attention to the circumstance. The regulations for the preservation of order in the house, said the crushed Emperor, naturally hold good also for me. And when you come to think of it no other reprieve was possible, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

And grandfather Elihu said in conclusion: "A woman sews on many buttons, and all of them come off after the same brief time of use, the last as the first. When an ordinary man sews on a button, it does not come off. The garment may wear or be torn to rags; it may endure all the vicissitudes of declining ownership; but the button is there in its place, four-square, as Aristotle would say. The greater success of the man would seem to be due to his more proper conception of the function of a button; he regards it as an instrument for the fastening on of garments; a woman regards it as a thing to be sewn on, of ornamental capacities. A man, too, improves by practice, but a woman does not. If he live out the allotted span, he will sew on some hundred and seventy buttons. The first of them will be immovable by the ordinary strain of button life; but he will sew on the hundredth with a vastly greater celerity, precision and neatness."

What George Moore said of Mallarmé's prose poems may be said of the fantastic word weavings of Vance Thompson and James Huneker in Mlle New York: "To argue would be futile. We, the ten superior persons scattered through the universe," think these prose poems the concrete essence, the osmazome of literature, the essential oil of art; others, those in the stalls, will judge them to be the aberrations of a refined mind, distorted with hatred of the commonplace; the pit will immediately declare them to be nonsense, and will return with satisfaction to the last leading article in the daily paper."

Oct 29 '11
MUSIC.

The First Concert of the Kneisel Quartet This Season in Association Hall—Emile Bernard's Suite for Violin and Piano Was a Very Agreeable Feature of the Program.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert given last evening was as follows:

Quartet, A minor, op. 51, No. 2.....Brahms
Suite for violin and piano, op. 34, first time.....Bernard
Quartet, G major, op. 76.....Haydn

The suite by Emile Bernard, organist and composer at Paris, is at least three years old, for it was played by Sarasate and Berthe Marx in London as long ago as June 11, 1892. Indeed, Sarasate is fond of it, for he played it again in London in '93, and in June of this year.

The music of this talented composer has been more or less neglected in this country. Mr. Timothée Adamowski played his violin concerto at a Symphony concert in Music Hall in 1896, the concerto Sarasate played the year before in London. Organists know Bernard's noble fantasia and fugue, and the fascinating suite in three movements. His piano trio, op. 30, was given in New York March 13, 1893. But Bernard has written other works worthy of serious consideration: Divertissement for wind instruments, "Paysage et Rondo," "Fantasme" for orchestra, the landscape of which is said to be like unto one by Puvion de Chavannes; fantasia for piano and orchestra, first played in 1883; an aria for viola and piano; a species of cantata, "William the Conqueror," for baritone, chorus and orchestra.

Messrs. Kneisel and Perabo played this suite last night with evident appreciation of its beauties. Mr. Perabo is undoubtedly the finest of our local pianists in ensemble; he knows the value of subordination, the necessity of reciprocity, the time to dominate. With an agreeable touch, a well-developed technique, large musical intelligence and the soul of the artist, he stands side by side with such musicians as Kneisel, Loefler, Schroeder and Pourtau. No wonder then that the suite was played to full advantage. The first movement, a Moderato, is well-made, with evidences of technical skill; it has a modest cachet, yet it is without great distinction. It serves as a finely appointed hall which leads to the chambers that really show the taste of the occupant. The second movement, an Allegretto, is thoroughly charming, spontaneous, individual; and withal so cleverly made. The third movement, a piquant Minuet, will always be the most popular number of the suite; it is melodically so fresh and rhythmically so irresistible. The dash of archaism is only a dash, not hunted after for effect, as one seeks cervil for a salad in Boston laboriously and, alas, too often in vain; but as the sudden inspiration of an imaginative man, who says, like the young fellow in "Great Expectations," "Hallo! here's cervil; let's use it!" hitherto all has been

grace, beauty, dexterity, refined art, in the fourth movement passion enters. But it is passion that does not scream, is not hysterical. Such a display of emotion would be incongruous. There is passionate beauty, rather than the passion that forgets beauty. Mr. Kneisel, who as player, was in his happiest vein, deserves the hearty thanks of all music lovers for acquainting them with this suite.

Surely is the A minor Quartet one of the most genial chamber works of Brahms, and "genial" is here used in its rare English sense but common German meaning. It is melancholy music, but the melancholy haunts, is a comfort; and who would at the time exchange it for foolish joy? Perhaps, as Hanslick says, the second movement is in modern works the closest to an adagio by Beethoven; yet has not this movement been praised at the expense of the third? How indescribably beautiful is this quasi Minuet, with its pale, troubled, autumnal sunset effects! There is the longing for lands beyond the sun, but lands known to it; the desire to be reassured by people seen only in dreams; the conviction of instability; the pungent mournfulness of the smouldering back log. Here is Brahms in his most human mood.

The performance of the members of the Quartet was admirable throughout. To speak at length of it would be to borrow a phrase from the brilliant music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette—to babble in superlatives.

The second concert of the series will be Nov. 25.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

It is proposed to give a concert (with the Symphony Orchestra) for the benefit of the former leader of the double basses, Mr. Goldstein, who has become hopelessly insane. A popular program will probably be arranged, and this, with the object of the concert, should insure a crowded house.

For love of a poor young man,
She gave her mansion grand.
He was a clerk and his pay was small,
Yet he won her heart and hand.

Suitors she had a score,
To gain her wealth their plan;
But she knew their hearts, and scorned them all,
For love of a poor young man.

Through the kindness of the publishers, we are able to acquaint our readers with the chorus—waitz time—one of the most charming of the Ballads of the Heart and the Hearth—now in press. The poor, discouraged fellow was a-walking, pondering "thus it should be" when carriage horses plunged madly down the street. He held them "with his might," and the girl, saved from a frightful death, saw her hero; "it is true love at first sight." And now, who will refuse to join in the chorus?

"For love of a poor young man."

We know of nothing in the genre that approaches this ballad of humble life. It surpasses even that song, published in 1868, with the chorus

"O! Augustus Delphus is his name,
From Skiddyadink they say he came,
He's a handsome man, and he's proud and poor,

This gay young clerk in the Dry-Goods Store."

Dr. Lorimer's remarks on the foolishness and the sin of profanity are pertinent, for the habit of swearing, though it is perhaps not as general among so-called respectable people as it was 30 years ago, is still too common. You hear swearing on nearly every street corner where men are gathered; and you are often obliged to hear it in the street car. Profanity, by the way, is so characteristic of the male members of one well-known family in this city, that it is said to be a hereditary falling, and it is called by them the Cherokee dialect. All those addicted to this foul practice should read thoughtfully the 29th, 30th and 31st chapters of Thomas Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgments," 1631, wherein is told vividly the awful fate that overtakes the profane; notably the instance of the Vintner "that accustomed himself to blaspheming, swearing and drunkenness, and delighting to entertaine such that were like himselfe, to swallow downe his wine; vpon the Lord's Day standing at the dore with a pot in his hand to call in more guests, there came suddenly a violent whirlwinde, and carried him vp into the aire in the sight of all men, and was never scene more."

It was on the 29th of October, 1811, at Campbelltown, that Mr. John McIsaac, aged 23 years, deponed in the presence of Sheriff Campbell, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the Rev. Mr. McLeod and James Maxwell, Esq., chamberlain of Mull, that he saw a mermaid about 4 o'clock of a Sunday afternoon. The mermaid lay flat upon a rock. The upper half of her was white; the lower half of a brindled or reddish-gray color, and apparently covered with scales, but the extremity of the tail was of a greenish red shining color. And she stroked her long, light brown hair and spread her tall like a fan to a considerable breadth. And she would wash herself. Her face had all the appearance of a human being, with very hollow eyes. She was

short-necked. Mr. McIsaac watched her for nearly two hours, but he had no conversation with her. "All of which he depones to be truth, as he shall answer to God; and depones he cannot write." Miss Catherine Loynachan, aged 8½ years, deponed to the same effect.

This is the anniversary of the birth of John Keats, who, if he were now living, would in all probability be frowned upon by Queen Victoria as possible poet laureate; for did he not sing of pagan subjects? And this is the anniversary of the death of Walter Raleigh, name ever honored by all smokers of tobacco. And this is the anniversary of the death of Henry Welby, Esq., the Hermit of Grub Street, who never left his chamber for 41 years, until he was borne thence upon Men's shoulders. His chief food was oatmeal boiled with water, and in summer a salad of cool, choice herbs. On a feast day he would revel on the yoke of a hen's egg. His continual drink was "4 shilling beer." Yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, relieved the poor of the neighborhood, and married his daughter to a nobleman.

The electric trolley bids fair to drive the mule and the horse from the tow-path and the glory of the canal will soon be dim. That famous chapter in a novel by Artemus Ward where Moses the Sassy, or the Disguised Duke, saves a ship from pirates by throwing a peck of oats before the advancing horses will puzzle commentators. 'Twas on the Wabash Canal. "The leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship! 'Onct agin do I escape deth!' sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop."

Then "Marco Polo on the Erie Canal!" may seem in future as incredible as passages of Marco Polo, the Venetian. Does anybody read the Marco Polo series today? Do you remember the first sentence in the book just quoted: "On the evening when Forrester left New York with Marco, on board the North America, then one of the most celebrated boats on the river, he was sitting upon a settee, by the side of one of the great doors leading into the ladies' cabin, thinking of future plans, when at length he said to himself, 'How shall I begin to interest Marco Paul in the acquisition of knowledge?' " Or do you remember the picture of Forrester, with sleek hair and silk hat (p. 117)? What an exasperating prig! Now Janes in the Rollo books is the typical Yankee plus a taste for philosophy; a hired man with the potentiality of an Emerson.

A correspondent writes: "Have an 'Agony column,' omit all calamities from the other columns, and fill them with good and noble deeds, heroism in every day life, quiet acts done for the good of mankind by quiet people and political discussions and news, sharp sayings as by some obscure stump speaker."

To L. B. W.: Dr. Hennequin, who lectures here on the technique of the drama, is not the author of "La Critique Scientifique." The latter's name was Emile Hennequin, and, if we are not mistaken, he died a few years ago, a young man.

"BILLEE TAYLOR."

"Billee Taylor" is old, very old—to speak in appropriate nautical terms, it's old enough to have barnacles; at any rate, to have gained something from use during all these years. It has not been heard in Boston for some time, and since that time, other newer, better, more musical operas have been written, performed and been laid aside, but still it lives and comes back again and was heartily applauded last night at the Castle Square Theatre. It is not an opera, abounding in melody, nor yet is it brilliant, but Mr. Rose's company which has left behind it a number of operas this year, does valiant work with the materials at hand. The title role was Mr. Persse's property, and in it he does not appear to the advantage that has been his lot in some previous operas; the lines admit of but little acting, and his songs are not musical or adapted to his style. The Captain, as sung by Mr. Murray, was passable, his solos being his strongest point. Schoolmaster and Sailor Crab was impersonated by Mr. Wooley, while Mr. Read had little to do as Sis Mincing Lane. As Ben Binnacle, Mr. Wolff has plenty of opportunity to display his talents, and was one of the redeeming features.

Miss Clara Lane as Phoebe sang her part very well, but the character of the music made her voice seem thin and with but little power. Miss Mason was bright and pretty as Arabella. The best rendered solo and chorus, and which was warmly encored, was the song, "Tis Love," aside from that instance, the chorus is not up to the average, the lack of drill being apparent. Some of the characters in the chorus are entitled to much discipline, as there is too much attempt to be conspicuous and detract from the work of the principals.

The scenery of the opera is tasty, the costumes bright and attractive, and the audience which filled the house appreciated the efforts of the company to make the old opera up-to-date.

Oct 29
Brahms

ROMENYI'S RETURN.

As the management of the Star Course of entertainments keeps up its standard of attractions at the height maintained in the opening concert of the season, Boston amusement seekers are fortunate indeed. The opening concert was one of unusual attractiveness, but that can be said of that of last evening, which was listened to with the greatest enjoyment by a tremendous audience at Music Hall. It was emphatically a "Romany night," and the return of the veteran violin virtuoso proved an occasion long to be remembered by Boston music lovers. In the many years since he last played in Boston his art has developed, and last evening he was at his best. Each selection which he gave seemed to arouse a desire for more on the part of the delighted listeners, and he was recalled again and again. That favorite organization of male singers—the Temple Quartet—was heard to advantage in several numbers. Miss Pauline Steinhart was to have sung, but was unfortunately taken sick, and there was no time to fill her place. The songs of C. H. Dixon and the piano solo of Miss Louise Roman gave much pleasure. The Star Course of 1895-6 promises to be the most attractive of any in the history of the course, and with such lectures and concerts as the opening three, it surpasses its best efforts of other years. That the patronage is so large is an indication that Bostonians appreciate this sterling course.

Oct 30. 95

Never wear a bright purple coat—it does not harmonize well with any color of trousers.

We regret to say that the Earnest Student of Sociology is at present obliged to take his observations solely from his chamber window. A letter received Monday explains his confinement:

"Dear Sir: Like many scientists, I am poor, and what money I have beyond that for the mere necessities of life, I put into books and instruments rather than into clothes. I have only one pair of trousers, and as I often study mankind in the street cars, I have been obliged to 'move along' to such a degree that I am now unable to leave my room until an excellent busheller in the neighborhood makes imperative repairs. Constant shifting of seat has unseated me. Will you not raise your voice against the absurd and trousers-destroying practice of constantly 'moving along'? Although there may be room for half a dozen passengers at the further end of a car, a passenger on entering will insist on disarranging those already seated, so that he may save himself a few steps. I assume that this thoughtless person is masculine, but I assure you that woman is the chief offender. I hope to be out Wednesday, but I have 'moved along' for the last time."

Apocryphal of bushellers, when did the saw, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," first spring from human lips? In "Northward Hoe," published in 1607, Horne exclaims (Act 2, scene 1), "They say three tailors go to the making up of a man." When were the six added?

How easily all this fuss at Memorial Hall, Cambridge, could be allayed! For the question is merely one of an Irish stew. Have not the cooking schools in the neighborhood settled on the proper recipe for that savory dish? Alas, no. Irish stew does not smell fragrantly in the index of Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book; in fact it does not smell there at all; and why should Cambridge be wiser? Mutton, oh, ye ignorant, not "beef," is the foundation of Irish stew; but why plod through prosaic details; let us anticipate the poetry that consecrates the work. "Some branches of parsley, inclosing three cloves, one clove of garlic, six peppercorns, two bay-leaves, two branches of thyme, and tie all together." Yes, M. Caron, and we believe also in a dash of chervil. The potatoes in the Memorial stew are probably chats.

We noticed with regret the other day that a Miss McFadden, while endeavoring to rival Nini Patte-en-l'Air, La Glu, and other versatile and accomplished ladies of Paris in dazzling Terpsichorean feats, as the "coup du chapeau," the "salut militaire," and the "port d'armes," injured seriously her hip by a kick that would have won La Goulue glory in her palmiest nights.

It will be remembered that Fate broods over the McFadden family whenever a member attempts to mitigate the asperities of life by light and airy dancing. Folk-songs often preserve the record of some personal deed, pathetic or heroic. A notable instance is the ballad account of one of the elder McFaddens. The ballad begins:

"Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet wasn't gaited that way."

But let us hasten to the second verse, which tells of the Professor and the McFadden:

"He took out McFadden before the whole class,

And showed him the step once or twice,
But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot,

Sure he thought he was standing on ice.

At last he broke loose and struck out with a will,

Never looking behind or before;
But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face,
And chewed all the wax off the floor."

Talk of the symbolists, the instrumentalists, the decadents! Give us the humble, homely songs of the people!

A passionate North American press agent, in summing up the charms, physical and artistic, of a prima donna, observes: "She is, in a few words, a person absolutely superior in every respect." Now in London she would at once sue him for defamation of character. For "person" has geographical distinctions and differences.

This reminds us of another and equally passionate North American press agent who is trumpeting the praise of an automatic man. The automaton, moved by electricity, is designed to push the sandwich man even from the gutter. "More than six feet high, advancing gravely, and with a harmonious, majestic motion; with his blue eyes fixed on the distant horizon, the new being accomplishes his work with a gracious ease; so that the object which we had proposed to ourselves may now be considered as attained."

"That advocate of bilious literature, the Yellow Book, will take a new departure in its art policy. Aubrey Beardsley—let us say it gladly—disappears entirely." So speaks an oracle from a securely fastened tripod. And yet Mr. Beardsley has drawn nothing for the Yellow Book—unfortunately for it and all admirers of his genius—since the January number of 1895.

"The game will be refrigerated and shipped here." Of course this means that the game will be cooled, refreshed, allayed as to heat. There is no possible reference to a refrigerator.

Russian scientific men have investigated the matter of trees struck by lightning. They find that in the forests near Moscow out of 597 trees struck no fewer than 302 were white poplar, although this species was by no means among the most common. They therefore urge the peasants to cultivate this tree as a sort of natural lightning conductor. The tree should be favored in our own beloved New England; for it would serve other uses. If Dioscorides is worthy of belief, its bark, when taken in a draught, cures sciatica, as well as diseases which it is not now necessary to name; it is also a remedy for earache.

It is Autolycus that says: "The true lover, sighing not for a puppet, but for a woman, is never so devoted and so amorous as when he sits at table with his mistress, and sees irresistible oyster and ardent outlet and triumphant tomato, each in turn claiming the honor and rapture of sacrifice in her sweet mouth. The mistress is never so adoring as when she watches the conquest of her masterful lover, eating with vigor but endearing tenderness. A beautiful woman and a perfect dish are the two best gifts this world has to give. Must not each, then, enhance the charm of the other?"

The Woman's Vegetarian Union in London is increasing in membership. There are now 370 members. The Pall Mall Gazette enlarges as follows on the many and the obvious beauties of the idea: "Women as a rule take little exercise, and are thus not so liable to the sinking of the stomach which overtakes the inferior sex about an hour after a full vegetable meal. Further, there is perhaps an actual majority of women who take little joy in eating for its own sake, and they will not so much as notice the inferiority of vegetable dishes as objects of art. Thus woman may gradually be saved from eating meat. But the Union should not fall into the error of regarding this as its final consummation. With a little training many women might be induced to abstain from food altogether, and it is as a half-way house to this that the Union is so valuable. And since vegetarianism and temperance, as Mrs. McDougall well remarked, go hand in hand, drinking will go the way of eating with the happiest effect upon the mothers of our race."

Miss Harriet W. Clarke and Miss Nellie L. Woodbury gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. They were assisted by Mrs. Martha D. Shepard, and Messrs. George J. Parker, S. S. Townsend, Van Veatchton Rogers, H. A. Norris and H. S. Wye. These young ladies sing duets with uncommon taste and musical finish. Last evening they gave much pleasure in duets by Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Norris and Hoffman. The other performers, vocal and instrumental, contributed in generous measure to the success of the concert.

The following sopranos have been engaged by the Handel and Haydn Society for its concerts of this season: Mrs. De Vere-Sanio, Emma Juch, Mrs. Henschel and Mrs. Albani (two concerts).

Rotoli's Roman Festival Mass at St. James's.

A Work Conspicuous for Beauty, Skill, Dramatic Intensity.

Mr. Rotoli's mass was written for the Christmas service at St. James's Church, 1891. It was sung then, and it was repeated the Sunday following. An elaborate review of the mass was published in the Journal the day after Christmas, and therefore it is not necessary now to examine the work in detail.

Any mass suffers the moment it is taken away from the solemn service of the church. The pomp, the ceremony, the crowd of worshippers, the voice of the celebrant, the procession, the elevation, the mystic meaning of the ritual—all these add immeasurably to the effect of the music, and for these effects, on the other hand, the music is designed. And yet after hearing Mr. Rotoli's mass last Christmas and again last evening, I am convinced that he has written a work of more than ordinary merit. To enter fully into the spirit of this mass, the hearer must know the religious feeling of the Latin race, and the musical expression of that feeling as it exists in the Roman Catholic Church in Italy and France today. The Protestant New Englander whose views of church music are derived from the hymns and the anthems of his church and the older oratorios given by the Handel and Haydn must inevitably lose sight of or misunderstand some of the finest features of Mr. Rotoli's mass. He may say, for instance, "How dramatic the treatment of the Crucifixus!" and then talk loosely of Italian taste. But stop a moment. Is not the Crucifixus the supreme tragedy, the one overwhelming drama of the world? Rubinstein once elaborated this point and called attention incidentally to the fact that the prayer of an Italian maiden to the Madonna must inevitably be expressed in other language than that used by a North German Protestant girl to the Lord. And is not the text of the Credo the supreme Passion Play, so far as Christianity is concerned? What wonder, then, that Mr. Rotoli, a musician of extreme sensitiveness, treats his subject from the Italian standpoint—from the standpoint of the great Italian masters, not of those half-educated organists and chaplains who invade the churches with their operetta tunes and desecrate their holy office.

For though Mr. Rotoli may show much sentiment in this work, he does not descend to sentimentalism; nor is he ever trivial, nor does he dare to indulge in cheap effects. When he is most dramatic, he is intense; witness the unexpected crash in the "Qui Tollis" before the most passionate "miserere," witness the whole treatment of the "Crucifixus" episode; witness the sudden appearance of the Hosanna toward the end of the "Benedictus Qui Venit."

That which strikes the hearer most forcibly in this work is the harmonious union of Italian sense of beauty, Italian training in the rigid contrapuntal school, and the Italian authority in dramatic expression. The double canon and those mystic harmonies in the "Agnus Dei" may well excite the admiration of the most pedantic. The ineffably tender melody of tenor solo "Agnus Dei" cannot fail to touch all hearts of whatever sect or nation.

The dramatic touches, skilfully and sincerely introduced, compel one to the thought of the Great Sacrifice. Such combinations of beauty, science and dramatic feeling are rare in modern compositions for any church. Mr. Rotoli has triumphed gloriously in a most difficult undertaking. He may well be proud of his work. And this city may well be proud that such an accomplished musician lives here, and that such a work received here its first performance.

The performance as a rule was of a high order of excellence. The chorus sang with precision and expression. The solo singers were Miss Elizabeth Clahane, Miss Teresa Flynn, Mr. Rotoli, who gave the tenor solo in the "Agnus Dei" with thrilling effect, and Mr. Clifford, whose noble voice has seldom been heard to such advantage. The accompaniments were played skilfully by Mr. Walter Kugler, the organist of the church, assisted by cellos, basses, and a kettle drum. Before the mass Mr. J. Frank Donahoe played Legren's Sonata. Pontifically for the organ, and after the mass, Mr. Kugler played a Postlude in F, by Southard. The church was crowded with a deeply attentive audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian troop"
Makes a jump at a glided hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!

This word, "wedlock" reminds us of the devotion to each other exhibited even in trying circumstances by Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth. The story of their imprudent conduct even now excites New York.

It would have been a graceful compliment to the United States if Mr. Irving had used in his brilliant production the music written for "Macbeth" by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley. Arthur Sullivan has tried his hands at many things; but he has shown decided talent only in

operetta. His music to "King Arthur" was described by a well known musician of this town as a mixture of nambypamby church music—as the anthem "Turn thy face from my sins"—and "The Mikado."

Apocryphal of this performance of "Macbeth," a contemporary remarks: "The writers on theatrical subjects will reap a harvest." Their motto, then, will be, "Space rates, and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold enough!'"

Our own view of the character of Macbeth may be stated in a few words, although we have given weeks to research. He was a nervous, henpecked gentleman, who suffered at times from acute indigestion. He wore a plaid and took snuff freely. Once he ordered a cord of Birnam wood; but when it was delivered, and in liberal measure, he acted in a very disagreeable manner. The story that he was engaged in the lamp chimney industry is unfounded. The greatest impersonation of Macbeth that we remember was by the late George L. Fox.

The publication of an illustrated edition of "Stops of Various Quills," by W. D. Howells, reminds us that the gifted novelist, poet, editor, essayist, critic, dramatist, librettist, social economist, reverser of the world's judgments—for he is a versatile man—has glorified two features of Boston in immortal verse.

"I met a friend of mine the other day
Upon the platform of a West End car.
We shook hands."

The antiquarian of 1895 will thus be able to determine these facts: "Cars ran to and from and through the West End; passengers were allowed to stand on the platform; Mr. Howells, who appears to have been an affable gentleman, except when such names as Fielding and Thackeray were mentioned in his presence, was in the habit of shaking hands with his friends, even in public." The antiquarian will further exult in these lines, beautiful in thought, splendid in diction:

"My friend stepped down
At the street crossing."

He will thus know that ears stopped at the crossing, not between the crossings, a much-mooted point. And he will learn from these inspired lines that the Common was not always given up solely to travel and trade:

"Two people on a bench in Boston Common.
An ordinary laboring man and woman."

Some wonder at the thought of men witnessing the burning alive of human beings charged with heresy in the early or Middle Ages. Oct. 29, 1895, 12,000 people, men, women and children, watched in Tyler, Tex., a negro burned in the public square. "The fire was frequently quenched," not in revolt against the cruelty, but to prolong the suffering. The wretch did not die until fifty minutes after the match was applied. Yet we talk fluently in this country about Oriental barbarism and Siberian prisons.

This is the anniversary of the birth (1741) of Thomas Hall, the second child of Thomas and Margaret Hall, born at Willingham. He was probably the greatest grower in the history of this world. At 2 years and 11 months he was 3 ft. 9 in. high; his strength was such as to overcome any boy of 8 years; he had a man's voice; and he weighed nearly 60 pounds. He threw with great facility, and without the aid of a springboard or any mechanical appliance, a blacksmith's hammer, which weighed 17 lbs.; and he lifted about 170 lbs. Between August 28 and Nov. 30, 1744, he grew 2 inches and a half in height. When he died, an old man at the age of 6, he was 4 ft. 6 in. high, and he weighed almost 100 lbs. Other singular facts concerning Thomas must be reserved for a more suitable occasion. There are affidavits and testimonials from the minister, church wardens and other men of sterling worth and integrity substantiating the above report.

And this night is the vigil of All-Saints-Day, Allhallow Even, or Hallow E'en. Miss Eustacia, if you do not regard the wisdom of the verse at the head of this column, take a candle to-night and go alone to a looking glass; eat an apple, and comb your hair; the face of your future husband will be seen in the glass, peeping over your shoulder. There are a hundred other charms. We suggest the easiest and one that is comparatively inexpensive.

In Ireland, La-samnak, or Hallow Eve, was the summer end, the first day of winter, when the Sun-God entered the kingdom of death; therefore, on this night, the sacred fire was lighted on every Druid altar; a black sheep was sacrificed; libations were offered to the dead who had died within the year. At midnight unholy practices began; hemp seed was sown in the name of the Evil One; girls would hang a garment before the fire and watch to see the apparition of the destined husband come down the chimney to turn it; a ball of yarn was flung from the window, when the apparition would wind it, while the Paternoster was recited backwards.

"Hallow Eve is the great festival of the dead when their bonds are loosed and they revel with mad joy in the life of the living. And if on that night you hear footsteps following you, beware of looking round, it is the dead who are behind you; and if you meet their eyes assuredly you must die."

Nov 1 - 1895

On All Saints' Day bare is the place where the heath is burnt.
The plow is in the furrow, the ox at work!
Amongst a hundred 'tis a chance to find a friend

On All Saints' Day blue is the weather,
Very unlike the beginning of the past fair season.
Beside God there is none who knows the future.

All Saints' Day—the thought of the armies of the invisible and the immortal! "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples and tongues."

And as we remember the departed souls, let us contemplate and ponder the sublime utterance of Thomas Vaughan, the mystic: "Heaven here below differs not from that above, but in her captivity, and that above differs not from this below, but in her liberty."

At the request of Old Chimes, we refrain this year from printing the celebrated lines addressed by Thomas Hood to November, the month in which, as the French believe, English speaking people hang and drown themselves. Let us rather recommend to his prayerful attention—for he is still feeble—the description by Thomas Decker: "The Barber of the year, that shears bushes, hedges and trees; the ragged prodigal that consumes all and leaves himself nothing; the arrantest beggar amongst all the four quarters, and the most diseased, as being always troubled with the falling sickness; this murderer of the Spring, this thief to Summer, and bad companion to Winter. . . . Then say that Autumn reigns, then is the true fall of the leaf, because the world and the year turn over a new leaf."

The hencoop raider, who sold chickens in Boston at an absurdly low price, probably was inspired by the story told by Artemus Ward of the elderly man in a white choker at an Ohio fair: "My friends, you will observe that this jewelry is elegant, indeed, but I can afford to give it away, as I have a twin brother seven years older than I am, in New York city, who steals it a great deal faster than I can give it away. No blanks, my friends—all prizes—and only 50 cents a chance. I don't make anything myself, my friends—all I get goes to aid a sick woman—my aunt in the country, gentlemen—and besides I like to see folks enjoy themselves."

We observe that newspapers in New York are publishing violent letters against the practice of expectation in the cars of the elevated road. It will be remembered that here in Boston there have been occasional complaints of the same tenor and soprano, and the West End Company has thundered in proclamation against the habit, one called by the superficial an American habit. But expectation has been known and practised in all ages.

One traveler and anthropologist of great renown in noticing that expectation is popular in Brazil, remarks that spitting is natural; refraining from it is artificial, a habit bred by waxed parquets and pretty carpets. But let us look deeper into the subject. Not only is spitting practised in the hope of obtaining good fortune, "but in all ages, and almost among all peoples, it has ever been considered as an act to safeguard the splitter, whether against fascination or other evils." Among the ancient Greeks and Romans it was the most common remedy against the evil eye. Old women thus protected children. Theocritus tells us that the Greeks spat thrice into their bosoms at the sight of a madman or an epileptic. To spit on cut hair prevented the witches getting it when thrown away. Expectation prevented injury from a squinting person. At the sight of a gambler, the English peasant spits three times, as does his Russian brother once at the sight of a priest. Pity noticed in his day that pugilists spat in the hand to make the blow heavier. Our Lord did not despise the superstition of the Hebrews when He opened the eyes of the man born blind. Luck money, or money won in a wager must be honored by the expectation of the receiver. And in all lands spitting has been a sign of contempt or aversion.

So, Miss Rustacia, when you see someone disregard the solemn warning placarded conspicuously in street car, do not at once scold and mutter,

"Oh, the beast!" The offender is no doubt a learned man, who thus tries to ward off all accidents; blockade, pneumonia, wrong change, a neighbor in the shape of a garlic-scented son of Italy, a querulous baby, the street car acquaintance, who is apt to be a bore more deadly in drill than the teredo navalis. Or, possibly, he is sacrificing to the god of some new Back Bay religion just introduced by a well-recommended and interesting Oriental, who preaches at afternoon teas.

"Women's Rights Associations" are by no means distinctively a product of civilization. Long ago there was a secret order of the female Mpongwe, who occupy in part the Gaboon country on the West Coast of Africa. The society was called the "Njembe." There were heavy entrance fees. At certain times an old woman beat a drum; and at the signal, the sisterhood, bedaubed with red and white chalk, followed her to the jungle where the lodge was tiled. Sentinels were stationed around while business was transacted before a vestal fire, which burned for a fortnight or three weeks, in the presence of a brass pipkin filled with herbs, and a basin, both zebra'd like the human limbs. For curious information concerning the habits of these emancipated women, see Burton's "Gorilla Land," Vol. I., Chap. IV.

Until a few days ago no woman had been allowed to ride a bicycle in the streets of St. Petersburg. Permission was finally granted: to one after she had satisfied the Prefect that she was able to ride with safety. The all-important question has not yet been answered: Did she wear bloomers, or knickerbockers?

Nov 2 - 1895

So no human soul suddenly sallying out of a dirty prison, as the Body is, would be possibly able to appear before the incomprehensible Majesty of God, or be susceptible of the brightness of His All-glorious-Countenance, unless he be fitted thereto beforehand by certain degrees, which might be done by passing from one Star to another, who, we are taught, differ one from the other in Glory and Splendor.

And it was on this day of November, known as All Souls, that the rich in certain counties of England gave oaten cakes, called soul-mass-cakes, to the poor. As a poor man took the cake he would say

God have poor soul,
Bones and all.

Mr. Zangwill, who is at times brilliantly inaccurate, says Mr. Francis Thompson lives in a house with Mr. Coventry Patmore. Mr. Thompson lives in Wales, and Mr. Patmore lives at Lymington.

Jack, the Nonpareil, is at last pried.

Although the Historical Painter is frantic with work, he has already made a sketch of the Honorable Mr. Fitzsimmons in Little Rock, "returning to the hotel in a thoughtful mood, evidently impressed with the sincerity of Governor Clark."

And now every paragrapher will speak of the Bourgeois Cabinet.

At a recent meeting of the Pioneer Club in London the subject of debate was "Woman's Ideas About Men." After several perfervid speeches from women, a man rose and said: "I have listened to this debate with much amusement." Instantly there were shrieks of "order," and the Chair ruled that "much amusement" was a disorderly expression.

Mr. Bunner's article on posters, published in Scribner's, is delightful reading. Especially delightful is his sketch of the American in Paris, seeking for light under intelligent guidance. "Let us personify him and his conductor as the American Mentor and Telemachus, Mr. Holiday and Rollo. Thus might run an instructive bit of street dialogue:

"Rollo—'Father, what is that extraordinary picture on the circular billboard over yonder? I am speaking particularly of the yellow lady kicking the silk hat off the blue moon.'

"Mr. Holiday—'That, my son, is an advertisement of a patent specific for the cure of ingrowing eychrows. The lady, having been relieved of this painful and disfiguring malady, is expressing her gratitude and celebrating her return to a natural vivacity of spirits.'

"Rollo—'Thank you, father. I was about to ask you how you obtained this information, but I am glad now that I refrained from speaking hastily, for I perceive that the name is printed inconspicuously in an obscure corner of the placard.'

We have taken the liberty of correcting Mr. Bunner's text in one respect. The name of Rollo's father was Mr. Holiday, not Mr. Hallowday, as Mr. Bunner had it. No literary man should ever write unless he can refer at a moment's notice to Rollo and Marco Paul.

Mr. William Read of Boston, the talented author of "The Truth," has made a remarkable discovery, and the knowledge of it will fill with pride every Bostonian. It appears that we are descendants of Esau, and "the only country on earth today that is eating largely his Red Pottage, which God has given us today as a national food." But what is this pottage for which Esau sold his birthright? Listen to Mr. Read: "It is nothing more or less than Boston (New Jerusalem) Baked Beans, which, when they are cooked in the real old New England style (not New York and Western), that is in molasses and vinegar, are the most red and luscious of all kinds of Yankee! New England! Saxon kinds of food."

Now Dr. Kitto once ate red pottage prepared by seething the lentils in water and then adding a little suet, and he found it "better food than a stranger would imagine." But the ancient Romans cared not for lentils: Accipe Nilivum Pelusia munera lentem; Villor est alica, carior illa faba.

Acturius calls them the worst of the legumina. Galen particularly disapproves of the practice of eating them with sodden wine. The French despised them in the 16th century: "Rarius in mensis nobiliorum venit apud nos," writes Br. Champier, p. 437. Still one of the soups served Louis XV. in later days was made up of partridge with lentils.

Medicinally the lentil is a desiccant of the second order, being intermediate as to cooling and heating qualities. The Arabians prescribe Adas (lentils) and a peculiar kind of date called Tamr al-Birni for small-pox patients. If Mr. Read is correct in his theory, the physicians of this town should at once consider the importance of baked beans as a life-saving remedy.

The trouble with Mr. Read's theory is that he does not prove the identity of the lentil and the Boston Bean. So it is safer to agree with him in his statement on the opposite page—page 77: "Honor our Flag;—not on er box of blacking, soap powder, llicorice, or a laundry, but in our hearts."

'Here is a remarkable instance of the conservatism of the British workman: A few days ago a dock laborer fell from a London warehouse window into the dock below—a height of 60 feet—and struck his head against the wall in falling. He was sensible when he arrived in the water, and was able to scramble out. Next day he attended to his work as if nothing had happened, but the day after he complained of feeling very ill, and after receiving his wages consented to act on the advice of his mates and walked to Guy's Hospital—a distance of four miles—where he died shortly after admittance. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that his skull was badly fractured and his brain shockingly bruised.

Nov 3 - 95

Third Symphony Concert in Music Hall Last Evening, Emil Paur, Conductor—A Brilliant Program of Extreme Modernity.

The program of the third Symphony Concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Harold in Italy" . . . Berlioz
Viola solo by Mr. Kneisel.
Dream pantomime from "Hänsel and Gretel" . . . Humperdinck
First time.

Fantasia for orchestra, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32 . . . Tschaiakowsky
First time.

Overture, "Sakuntala," Op. 13 . . . Goldmark
The selections showed the praiseworthy desire of Mr. Paur to be modern and catholic. They also showed his lack of appreciation of the value that lies in contrast. Why give the public one Saturday night a rigidly classical program, and the next dazzle and stun it by a mass of ultra-modern music? A judicious mixture of old and new would be more to the purpose. I grant cheerfully that the concert last evening was a brilliant one, and the performance put in clear light the technical proficiency of the orchestra. But the brilliancy was well-nigh incessant. There was promise of grateful relief and a breathing spell in the announcement of Humperdinck's "Dream-Pantomime," with its little children asleep, and angels "dancing a stately measure" around the children and their guardian spirits; alas! The children showed Wagnerian proclivities, and the angels trod heavily in the dance.

It is over 60 years since the Harold Symphony was first given, and naturally one may answer, "And you say the program was of extreme modernity?" Yes, for the symphony of Berlioz seemed newer and fresher than the music that followed. Much of the work of Berlioz is still intensely modern, almost prophetic of that which is to come, although all great modern composers have studied Berlioz and learned of him. Think a moment: the Harold Symphony was performed about eight years before Wagner's opera "Rienzi" saw the footlights. Wagner could study the instrumentation of Berlioz. But Berlioz invented his or-

chestral style. Take the first act of the night. How clear, how distinct, how natural seemed the orchestral expression of the great Frenchman in comparison with the thickness of Humperdinck and the restless labor of Tschai-kowsky.

Perhaps many musicians pass through this experience in studying Berlioz. At first they wonder blindly they then begin to doubt; they talk of melodic poverty, tiresome tricks; they listen in preference to the men who borrowed from him freely; and after a while they again wonder at the genius of the Frenchman and they bow the knee. When Harold was heard here last, I confess I wrote words that I would now retract. The symphony as it was played last night seemed as it did many years ago, a marvelously romantic and powerful composition. Even the Orgy of Brigands, which is still a stumbling block to some—Hanslick, for example—has its reason for existence; surely no musician, however great his genius may have been, has equaled with such simple means in symphonic music the weird reminiscence of the pilgrim's march toward the very close of this Orgy. The symphony was played with great care and with remarkable effect. Mr. Kneisel was in his happiest vein.

A Humoreske by Humperdinck—his name then appeared in the program book without the c—was played at a Symphony concert Nov. 12, 1892. It was a poor, foolish thing, not worth remembering; and it seems hardly possible that the composer of that piece is the Humperdinck of "Hänsel and Gretel." An excerpt from an opera given without voice parts and without scenic accessories must suffer inevitably by the separation. Even such an entr'acte as that in the "Cavalleria Rusticana," a pretty bit of sentimentalism, gains immeasurably when heard in the opera house, and when it appears as the one tranquil episode in a tale of passion, blood and death. As "Hänsel and Gretel" is to be given here soon, let us defer any remarks about this Dream-Pantomime until then. Suffice it to say that the music is Wagnerian through and through in the best meaning of that word as it respects instrumentation.

Tschaiakowsky, one of the greatest composers of these latter years, died Nov. 6, 1893, and his Fantasia last night awakened keen regret for his death, and also the wish that either his "Romeo and Juliet" or "Hamlet" had been played in memoriam instead of the "Francesca"; for the latter work is not the equal of either of the two named in connection with it. There are overpowering moments, as in the toning-painting of the "cruelest winds under a dark and gloomy air." There is the ever present thought of an original thinker and a master of the resources of the orchestra. But the love episode, or whatever you are pleased to call it, is for the most part forced and without deep, genuine pathos. There is no such sublime chant of triumphant love that mocks Time and Space, that cares not for Heaven and laughs at Hell, as there is in the "Romeo"; nor is there such an exhibition of unearthly imagination as there is in the ghost episode in "Hamlet." Furthermore, in "Francesca" there is a suspicion of padding, of experimenting. The work is not firmly knit. It takes a long time for Tschaiakowsky to tell the sad story of Madonna Francesca. The music is not Dantesque.

After the fret and fury, the raving and the pother of the "Francesca"—and yet do not mistake me, there are gigantic moments in it—the Oriental sensuousness of Goldmark was welcome, although at first it might have seemed an anti-climax. But this overture could hardly be called a contrast; it was rather a gradual letting-down, an unscrewing of strained pegs. It is the fashion for some to rail at Goldmark with his Eastern color, his suggestion of sacred groves, and blinding heat, venerable priests and Eastern love. Such music as the "Sakuntala" undoubtedly cloys if it is heard week in, week out; but it is a good thing occasionally to be reminded of the turban and the lotos, camels and waving palms.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was brilliant in solo work and in ensemble.

Mr. Apthorp makes the following statement concerning the Harold Symphony in the program book:

"The work was first given in public at the Conservatoire in Paris on Nov. 23, 1834; but Berlioz introduced many alterations into the score afterwards. Paganini was present at the first performance; he expressed his delight with the work by sending Berlioz a check for 20,000 francs the next day, which sum the poor composer devoted to paying off some crying debts, but especially to buying leisure to write his Romeo et Juliette symphony, which he dedicated to Paganini."

This statement is incorrect. The Harold symphony was given first in public at the Conservatory, Paris, Nov. 23, 1834; but Paganini was not there. In 1833, Dec. 22, he had heard Berlioz's Symphonie fantastique. Some weeks after this concert in 1833 he asked Berlioz for a piece for his viola (Stradivarius); the result was the Harold symphony. Not liking the first movement, which was written first, he left Paris, and he did not return to that city for three or four years.

Paganini did hear the Harold symphony; but it was not until Dec. 16, 1838, when the Fantastique and the Harold were played, Berlioz conducting, at the Conservatory. Then Paganini and his son Achille appeared at the orchestra door. The letter in which Paganini asked him to present an enclosed note to Rothschild—the order to deliver to Berlioz 20,000 francs—was handed the next day to Berlioz by Achille, and yet the letter was dated the 18th.

A year or two ago a story went the rounds of the European musical press that there is not a word of truth in this extraordinary episode in the life of an artist. Affirmations of the reality of Paganini's generosity followed.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

The feuilleton and the foreign notes on page 13.

Mr. John H. Manning, pianist, assisted by Miss Edmunds, Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Rose will give a concert in Association Hall Thursday evening. The program numbers are: Schumann's "The Song of the Lark," op. 25, and piano pieces by Chopin, Schumann, Chopin and Rubinstein. Miss Edmunds will sing songs by Haydn and Mrs. Beach.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert Friday and Saturday will be as follows: Entrance "Gloria," R. Strauss; concerto for piano, No. 9, Mozart; overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Did Weingartner Have Mr. Nikisch in His Mind?

Miss Maggie Cline Thinks Seriously of Wagner's Operas.

Notes and Comments on Players, Singers, Pieces.

Weingartner, the famous orchestra and opera conductor at Berlin, is the author of an article in the October number of the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*. He treats of post-Wagnerian conductors: Bülow and his imitators, Richter, Levi and Mottl. But where does Mr. Nikisch come in? Is he not even named, this wondrous man who is proclaimed by the *New York Illuminati* to be the paragon, the very phoenix of all conductors? And yet has not Weingartner described the characteristics of Nikisch in these words in which no one is named?

"In opposition to the 'elegant' conductors who get over passages not clear at first sight by quickening the tempo, the tempo rubato directors made the clearest passages unclear by attempting peculiar treatment. At times it is an unimportant middle voice which is raised to an importance which does not suit it; at times it is an accent, which perhaps ought to be lightly indicated, that now appears as a sforzato; then comes a so-called Luft pause, or pause for breath, which is introduced at the crescendo and following piano. And all these with perpetual chopping and changing of the time! Whence comes this attempt of some directors to make out of compositions something less than they really are? Whence this horror of a uniform tempo? Personal vanity is the answer, which is not content to execute a work as the author intended, but wishes to demonstrate to the public what they could make of it. They had been in the position to do so. The conductor's desire for applause replaced higher than the genius of the composer."

Now Weingartner excepts Richter and Levi and Mottl from such modern magnetic conductors. Is it possible that he had Nikisch in mind?

The following words of the brilliant conductor may well be considered thoughtfully by his colleagues, by critics and by all interested in orchestral matters (I quote from the translation published in the *Musical Courier* of the

I have, by bringing forward some examples and personal experiences, sought to prove how widely, in opposition to the philistinism of earlier days, as its antipodes, there appears in our art today a nervous, morbid element, a hypertrophy of sentimentality, which has arisen from a misunderstanding of Wagner's requirement to permit a soulful modification of the tempo in order to enforce a correct conception of the melos, from imitation and exaggeration of Bülow's peculiarities, and from the self-seeking of some excited conductors.

"Let the conductor, before all things, be true to the work which he is to execute, true to himself, true to the public. Let him not think when he takes a score in hand, 'What can I make out of this?' but 'What did the composer wish to say?' Let him study it so thoroughly that during a performance the score is rather a support for his memory than a fetter for his thoughts. If by study he has formed an image of it, let him give this image as a unity, not in fragments. Let him always consider that he is the most important, most responsible personality in musical life. By good performances he can form the public and produce a

general improvement of artistic movement; by bad performances he makes unsure the ground of true art. Let his greatest triumph be to execute a beautiful work beautifully; the success of the composer is his own.

Many have wondered why Maggie Cline did not go into Wagnerian opera, and why Mr. Damrosch saw fit to import German singers. Miss Cline has the voice, the abandon, and above all the physical strength for an ideal Brunhilda or Isolde.

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. James G. Huneker is urging her to study for serious opera. His interview with her appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*, New York, and it runs in this way:

"I had a talk with Marguerite de Valois Cline the other night at Terrace Garden.

"There is an artist for you! I told Her Celtic Majesty that I had long worshiped at her shrine, until the mastodontic smile of May Irwin had disquieted my ivory slumbers. I also reminded Maggie—dear old Gretel Cline—that I had in the long ago christened her the Brunhilda of the Bowery.

"Yes," said she, her emerald eyes flashing with Tipperary iridescence, and it's through you, my boy, that I contracted Wagneritis. I've been to all the Wagnerian music dramas, and my taste wavers betwixt Meistersinger and Tristan, although I wouldn't mind taking a hack at Brunhilda. Say, do you remember the place where she goes down on her knees before the old Whiskers with the tin stove pipe and asks him to forgive her? I cannot recall that exquisite episode without tears, and then the orchestra had it thunder and flames, like a volcano with the stomach ache. Ah, me, it was a bold, bad day when you first called me Brunhilda! And if they'll let me do the third act, where the cable cars all come in with whistles and wings, why, Proctor's won't hold the people. I know one thing I would like to change; and Margaret's majestic face flushed viciously; I would like to sand-bag Wotan after he starts up the steam. And I'll do it, mind you, if I have to pay royalties to the Wagner gang."

"Then we fell to chatting about Tony Pastor and mere idle, contemporaneous things.

"Here, however, is the nub. Maggie will star in a play and will prove her powers of pathos, her potentialities of passionate, dramatic emphasis. I'll attend her opening night if it is in Camden, N. J., and if I have to pay for my seat.

"Es giebt nun eine Gretel Klein!"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks as follows of a work composed for the Leeds Festival:

At this point followed M. Massenet's "Symphonic Poem for Orchestra" called "Visions." I will, for once, quote M. Massenet's own "program" for this work:

La dernière heure du jour dans les hautes et tristes solitudes du Simplon. Le voyageur las s'est endormi. Mais son sommeil est troublé par des visions, tantôt calmes ou agitées, tantôt souriantes ou terribles.

Il s'éveille.

Autour de lui c'est la nuit.

Il ne rêve plus; il écoute, et croit entendre une voix chère à son souvenir.

Of course, if a composer will do these things, he may (if he pleases) tell the world exactly the thoughts that happened to inspire any particular emotions; at the same time he must remember that music written for objective purposes can only react by rousing parallel emotions, and not by recalling exact thoughts; the literary "program," in a word, must stand or fall upon just its own merits. It will be readily perceived, therefore, that I am saying an

extremely strong thing when I deliberately state that I do undoubtedly prefer M. Massenet's program to his music. That music was worse than dull, worse than pedantic, worse than commonplace. It was, by way of being smart, clever, impressionary, and from beginning to end it was nothing more than a mass of sham smartness, sham cleverness, sham impressionism. Finally, when the gentleman "écoute," and "croit entendre une voix chère à son souvenir," and when a lady seemed, for anything I knew, to be humming an air in one of the corridors of the Leeds Town Hall, contempt was duly drowned by derision. The composition was quite unworthy of the festival for which it was composed.

In view of the fact that Tchaikovsky's Symphonic Poem "Francesca da Rimini" was given last night at the Symphony Concert, the following list of operas founded on the melancholy story told by Dante and Boccaccio (Commentary) of the loathed giving in marriage of Madonna Francesca to the cripple Gianciotto Malatesta and her love for Paolo, his brother, is not impertinent. In some of these operas Francesca sees Paolo and is assured

that he is dead, in others, she only married the cripple after she receives the false tidings that Paolo is dead.

"Francesca da Rimini," dramatic cantata, by Puccini, about 1800; Zingarelli, Rome, 1804; Barthe, Paris, 1854; Pettillo, 1869; Rossi, 1869; Flegler, Paris, 1870, Prix de Rome. "Francesca da Rimini," opera, by Strepponi, Padua, 1823; Carlini, Naples, 1825; Merendante, Madrid, 1828; Quilici, Lucca, 1829; Generali, Venice, 1829; Staffa, Naples, 1831; Fournier-Gorre, Leghorn, 1832; Moriacchi (never given), 1836; Tamborini, Rimini, 1836; Borgatti, Genoa, 1837; Maglioni, Genoa, 1840; Pappalardo, about 1840 (never given); Devashli, assisted by Melners and Giunto Beilini, Milan Conservatory, 1841; Canetti, Vicenza, 1843; Brancaccio, Venice, 1844; Zesceovich, about 1855; Franchini, Lisbon, 1857; Marcarini, Bologna, 1870; Moseuzza, Malta, 1877; Cagnoni, Turin, 1878; Götz, Mannheim, 1877 (text by composer, who died before he had finished the instrumentation; the third act was completed in this respect by E. Frank); Ambrose Thomas, Paris, 1882. Then there is the opera "Les Malatesta," by a banker, Morin, Lyons, 1879.

"Francesca da Rimini," symphonic poem by Bazzini, Turin, 1879; Tschalkowsky, Overture by Arthur Foote, Boston, Jan. 24, 1891.

It is not likely that this list is complete.

The latest, or one of the latest treatments of the story is by Paul Gilson, in cantata form, solo voices, chorus, orchestra, Jan. 20, 1895, at Brussels. First comes the episode in the Inferno; there is then a development of the idea, "Love will never separate us." Francesca, who has followed Paolo, condemned to eternal flames, renounces Paradise, to be with her lover. The struggle of the two amorous souls, their self-sacrificing debate before Minos, the intervention of the Angel Gabriel, are followed by the inevitable triumph of love.

No one of the operas cited has kept the stage.

PHILIP HALE.

THE GERMAN OPERA.

Mr. Eugene Tompkins announces a season of opera in German at the Boston Theatre, by the Damrosch Opera Company, Walter Damrosch, director, beginning Monday evening, Feb. 3, and consisting of twelve evening performances and two matinees. Eight of the Wagner operas and music dramas will be given. Seven of the artists engaged have appeared in the festival plays of Bayreuth and Munich, and nearly all of them are well known here by name and reputation. For this season the same high artistic ideals and indomitable pluck as last year have controlled all Mr. Damrosch's arrangements. His expenditures have been most generous. The scenery and costumes have all been prepared with great care. The orchestra and chorus will be of the same high standard as last year. In addition to the Wagner operas and music dramas, there will be much interest in the production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and of Mr. Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" (in English), an opera in three acts, founded on Hawthorne's romance of the same name. The "Scarlet Letter" will have its initial production in Boston.

Applications for choice seats, at \$42 for the 12 evening performances, or \$49 for all 14 performances, may now be made by letter to Box Office, Boston Theatre. Orders for seats will be filled in the order of their receipt, and checks should be made payable to the order of Mr. Tompkins.

THE MELBA CONCERTS.

The Melba Operatic Concert Company will make its first appearance in Boston this season in Music Hall, Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. The company is composed of Mrs. Melba, Mrs. Scalchi, Miss Bauermeister, Mr. D'Aubigne, and Mr. Campanari, together with a grand orchestra of 60, Mr. Landoni, conductor. During the last six weeks this company has appeared with great success in Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington and Baltimore. The ticket sale for these two performances opens tomorrow at the box office, Music Hall.

At the first concert, in addition to orchestral numbers, Melba will sing the mad scene from "Lucia" in costume, "Ah fors è lui," and Ardit's "Se Saran Rose." Campanari will sing Tonio's song in the prelude to "I Pagliacci," and the aria from "The Barber." Pleasing and familiar numbers will be contributed by the others.

At the second concert, Melba will sing "Sweet Bird," Campanari an air from "Ernani," Scalchi the aria from "Orfeo," and D'Aubigne an air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba." The third and the fifth act of "Faust" will be given with scenery and costumes.

THE CECILIA.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. B. J. Lang, conductor, announces the following unusually fine program for its series of concerts for the season of '95-'96:

Thursday evening, Dec. 5, 1895. Requiem mass, Opus 5. Hector Berlioz Tenor solo, chorus and five orchestras.

Thursday evening, Feb. 13, 1896. Miscellaneous concert.

Friday evening, March 29, 1896. "Noel" Saint-Saens For solo voices, chorus, string orchestra, harp and organ.

"Salve, Regina" Joseph Haydn Solo voices, chorus, string orchestra and organ.

"Te Deum" Scambati

Thursday evening, April 30, 1896. Miscellaneous concert.

Applications for membership may be sent to the Secretary of the Cecilia, Music Hall, Boston.

GRAND GERMAN CONCERT.

The concert for the benefit of the proposed Althelm (Home for Aged German People) will be given at the Boston Theatre this evening. The program has already been printed in full in the *Journal*. Suffice it then to say that such eminent artists as Miss Franklin, the Kneisel Quartet, Mr. Charles Mohr will appear, besides other soloists of repute. There will be a male chorus of 350 voices, and a mixed chorus of 120 voices. The conductors will be Messrs. Zerrahn, Strohe and Ketterhorn. The object of the concert and the intrinsic worth of the performances should crowd the theatre.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Grieg will spend the winter in Leipzig.

Ignaz Brüll proposes to give piano concerts.

Sembrich is to give concerts in Warsaw and Riga.

Balakireff has finished a "Symphony in Russian Style."

At least six of Auber's operas are often sung in Germany.

Brüll's "Gloria" will be first produced early in '96 at Hamburg.

Charles Formenster has been appointed critic of the *Journal*, Paris.

The review of the Symphony concert is in the news section of the *Journal*.

They say Siegfried Wagner will marry a Munich brewer's daughter, Prosit!

Masegn's "Ratcliff" will be given in Berlin the 20th. "Zanetto," by him, will follow it.

Materna will sail for the United States the 5th. She will make a "farewell tour."

Paul Lindau entered on his duties as Intendant of the Meiningen Ducal Theatre Oct. 12.

S. de Lange is now the conductor of the Stuttgart Society for Classical Church Music.

Piatti has composed a cello sonata, which he will probably play at a popular concert in London.

Zeller, composer at Vienna, has been compelled by his physicians to leave work for three months.

Coquard's new opera, "Les Fils de Japhet," will probably be brought out soon at the Paris Opéra.

The basso Hermann Tomaschek is one of the first dwellers in the Marie Seebach Asylum at Weimar.

Charlotte Huhn began her engagement at the Dresden Opera House as Ortrude, with brilliant success.

Marie Barnard of Boston sang at an "At Home" of S. B. Schlessinger, Paris, Oct. 19. Mrs. Nordica was present.

Audran has composed a comédie lyrique, entitled "Photis." It will be brought out this winter at Geneva.

Erika Wedekind, the prima donna of the Dresden opera, made a most favorable impression in Berlin in concert.

Tschalkowsky's concerto No. 3, E flat major, for piano and orchestra, op. 75, has been published by Rahter, Leipzig.

Mari-Érema will sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston the 22d and the 23d, and in Cambridge the 21st.

A new composition for male chorus is "Caesar am Rubikon" for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra by C. G. Brambach.

"Ping-shu" by Maréchal, and the first act of Chabrier's unfinished, posthumous "Brisels" will be given soon in Nantes.

New operas to be produced at Carlsruhe are "Le Drack," by the brothers Hillemacher, and "Apollonide," by Franz Servais.

Nicolai von Lestovnitsehy, pianist, gave a concert in Berlin. His technique was praised; his lack of imagination was deplored.

The Prince Regent of Bavaria has given a gold medal of King Ludwig to all the soloists in the late Wagner performances at Munich.

The sale of tickets for the two concerts by the Melba Operatic Concert Company will open Monday morning at 9 o'clock at Music Hall.

Eugen d'Albert, who has just been divorced from Theresa Carreno, is betrothed to an opera singer, Hermine Fink, in Faden-Baden.

Two American young singers pleased in Germany in October. Minnie Bohne as Nancy at Breslau; Minnie Dithely as Rosina at Chemnitz.

The Signale, No. 50, says that "Hänsel and Gretel" in New York met with extraordinary success the first night. How cable dispatches lie!

Friedrich Gernshelm has finished a new symphony, which will be produced for the first time in February at one of the Mainz Symphony concerts.

Widor is the author of an article on Greek music, and the plain song of the Roman Catholic Church published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"The Golden Comrade," operetta by Hirschel and Louis Roth, founded on a tale by "ret Harte," was given Oct. 12, at Unter den Linden, Berlin.

Miss Edith R. Noyes has published an album of love songs which is well spoken of. Two of them were sung at the Keats centenary in Dorchester.

Miss Hastert, formerly operetta singer at the Friedrich Wilhelmstadt Theatre, Berlin, has gone into grand opera. She made her debut at Metz as Azucena.

La Savoyarde is the name of the big church bell, present of a provincial parish to the new church of Sacré-Cœur, Paris. It weighs over 16 tons.

Arrigo Boito has declined the directorship of the Benedetto Marcello music school at Venice. They say the post has been offered to Carlos Gomez.

The Vienna Männergesang Verein has elected as President in place of the late Ritter von Oisebaure, the member of the House of Deputies, Wilhelm Reuber.

...a settler on a member of the ... House Company ... all Darmesch, and now of ... Opera Company, is in New

The tenor Laura in the Souzegno ... in Berlin acted with such ... "I Pagliacci" that he would ... Nilda seriously in the right

The Boston Festival Orchestra (Mr. ... conductor) and the ... quartet have been engaged for ... annual May festival at Ann

... Zaffe and Heinrich Grünfeld ... a series of concerts in Berlin ... Max Pauer and Cécile ... will appear at the first,

... Dubois, a first prize of the ... Conservatory, will create the ... part in "Xaviere," opera by Théodore Dubois, to be given in Paris about

"Clorissa Harlowe," cantata by Omer ... the piece for which he was ... the prix de Rome, was given at the Institute Paris, Oct. 19. It

Saniberg's opera, "Ludwig der ... produced in Ceburg Oct. 12, ... old church tunes. The instrumentation is according to Wag-

Marguerite Tamagno, daughter of the ... is studying for the theatre. She recently made a public appearance at the theatre which her father built at his villa at Varese

They now say that Massenet's "Wer ... met with only a success of es- ... at Hamburg, in spite of Pollini's ... telegram published in the

The performance of Tannhäuser at ... Garden, in which Miss Esty ... Boston sang, is described by papers in London and Paris as a sad affair. The Valkyrie went better.

A prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy has been played at a ... Concert, Paris, at which Sar- ... appeared with Lalo's Symphonie ... and a caprice by Guiraud.

The Hymn to Apollo, the ancient ... music to which was discovered at Delphi in 1893, was sung by Miss ... Larimer at a tea of the Women's University Club, New York, Oct. 26.

Mr. Gardner S. Lamson, formerly of ... now of the University School of ... Ann Arbor, will sing there the part of Elijah, Jan. 17, at a performance of the oratorio given by the Choral Union.

Mr. Marsick, the celebrated violinist, will give his first recital in Music Hall, Wednesday, the 13th, at 8 o'clock. He will be assisted by Miss Carlotta Desvignes, contralto, and Mr. Howard Brockway, pianist.

R. Mannschedel of Nuremberg, a pianist, who had the misfortune to lose the middle finger of the right hand, played in Berlin Oct. 12, with "incredible technique." He is said to be without poetry and "geist."

"The Birth of Christ" is the title of a new oratorio for solo voices, mixed chorus, boys' voices, and accompaniment of harmonium, string instruments, organ, congregational song, and organ by Heinrich von Herzogenberg.

At a concert given in Berlin under the direction of Karl Schröder of Sonderhausen, a series of little orchestras, "Kinder aus der Märchenwelt," by Victor Hansmann was brought out. The pieces are said to be flimsy.

Mr. K., second conductor at the Berlin Opera House, has signed a contract which binds him there until 1907. Muck ... of the men who refused the Gewandhaus post when it went a begging. It was finally accepted by Mr. Nikisch.

... Wvns will not be in the cast of ... "Xaviere," because her nature is so tender that she could not play the part of a wicked mother. But the librettists would not change their ... so Miss Lloyd will take the part of Benoitte.

Miss Lillian Sanderson, who has ... a wide-spread renown in Europe as a song singer, and ... Robert Freund, pianist from Zurich, will come to America in the spring. They will make their first appearance in New York.

The Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy ... stipend for reproductive artists was this year carried off by Miss Elsie Hill of Soowomba, Australia, who is a pupil of the Royal High School, Berlin. The prize for composition was not awarded this year.

E. R. Schewy, who, with his ... band was at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and gave concerts ... has written a book, "Die uniformierten ... Kapellen auf der Welt," published by ... H. G. Pforsheim.

There are the novelties to be produced ... G. r. z. n. ch. concerts, Cologne, under ... Franks' "Beatitudes," ... "Legel" by Richard Strauss; ... "C. r. i. s. t. i. a. n. a. m." by Samuel; ... "La forêt enchantée" by Vincent d'Indy; ... "Beethoven" by Schilling.

On Sept. 23 died Henriette Mühlh ... of the tenor and manager Mühlh ... who first introduced Meyerbeer's ... to Germany. She passed ... year on April 15, but kept it ... "for," said she, "I do not know whether I shall live the year out."

Karl Beerman, violinist, of Hanover, ... played with respectable success ... Paris. So have Marie Leo and Lilli ... young pianists. The singers ... Rosa, Eva Polowska, Marie ... are not yet ripe for

... appearance, although they ...

De la Fox will be the next musical ... at the Tremont Theatre, Her ... opera, "Fleur de Lis," has ... a great hit wherever produced. ... eight weeks' run at Palmera ... New York. Jefferson de An ... to have an extraordinarily

The Leipzig Riedel Verein is studying for its winter season Liszt's Graner Messe, the Utrecht Jubilate and Berlioz's Te Deum, and in May will hold a Handel Festival, at which "Deborah" and "Hercules" will be given. Prof. Kretschmar will not leave Leipzig and settle in London.

The Philharmonic chorus, Berlin, Siegfried Ochs, conductor, will give these works this season: Bach's B minor mass, the Requiem of Berlioz, Mendelssohn's Walpurgisnacht, "Tine" Franziskus, Bruch's Moses, Stanford's "The Revenge," and Wilhelm Berger's Gesang der Geister.

"Romeo et Juliet" will be the bill for the first night of the opera season at the Metropolitan, New York, Nov. 18. Miss Frances Saville will make her debut here as Juliet. Calvé will appear in "Carmen" on Nov. 20, with Maurel as Escamillo, a new role for him, and Lubert as Don José.

Clarette volunteered to write a new libretto for the music that Mascagni composed for his "Clarette." Mascagni prefers the text by Echeagaray. The opera is in one act, but falls into three parts, and the second of which there is no singing, but spoken words, with characteristic music, and an intermezzo. Mascagni proposes also to write the music to Coppee's "Strike of the Smiths."

Johann Svendsen, after 13 years' silence, has composed an andante funebre, which was played at Christiania early in October. At the same concert a Scène funebre by Johann Selmer, a Norwegian, was played. In Berliozian vein Selmer strives to depict impressions of the Commune of 1871 at Paris. "He was going to direct this piece at Paris during the Commune, when the troops of Versailles interrupted the rehearsals."

A Guadagnini violin was sold lately in London for \$1000, the highest price ever paid for a violin of that make. Lorenzo Guadagnini was a pupil of Stradivarius. He worked at Plaisance. His instruments bear date from 1695 to 1740. His third string is generally dull. Two hundred dollars has often been considered a good price for his fiddles. His dynasty is now even yet extinct. Lined descendants Francesco and Giuseppe are now established at Rome.

The Boston Theatre has two concerts of first order arranged for Sunday evenings, Nov. 24 and Dec. 1, by Gilmore's Band. It should be called orchestra-directed by Mr. Victor Herbert. The programs show that Mr. Herbert proposes to put his best foot forward. Both are carefully made up, and are pretentious and diverse. The soloists include Mr. Victor Herbert, Miss Ida Klein, Mr. H. L. Clarke, Mr. E. H. Clarke, Mr. De Carlo, Mr. Julius Spindler and Mr. Aldis J. Gery, autoharp.

Miss Minnie Tracey, who will sing with the Hinrichs Opera Company—the season opens in Philadelphia Nov. 11—will make her debut in Reyer's "Sigurd," which will be given for the first time in this country. She was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1870. She studied first with Max Maretzek. When she was hardly 17 she went to Paris. There she studied under Marie Sasse. In 1896 she made her debut in opera at Geneva. In 1891 she sang at the opera house in Antwerp, and afterward at Ghent. She is a large blonde.

Mr. W. Augustus Barratt has written for one of Messrs. Paterson's concerts at Edinburgh a dramatic cantata, entitled "The Death of Cuthullin," and it will be produced by the Scottish Orchestra and Mr. Kirkhope's choir Dec. 16. The story is borrowed from Ossian, where Cuthullin, commander of the Irish army, after defeating the rebel Torlath at the battle of Lake Lego, is mortally wounded by a random arrow. Mr. Barratt was a student at the Royal College, and his cantata is for orchestra, chorus and soprano, tenor and bass soloists.

George William Warren has just finished 25 years of service as organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York. Last Sunday morning in St. Thomas's a special commemorative service was held to mark the anniversary. The program, except the plain song, consisted of music by Mr. Warren. Tonight there will be a testimonial service at St. George's Church, in which there will be a choir of 200 voices, composed of the united choirs of St. Thomas's, Trinity, St. Bartholomew's and St. George's.

In most church music the musical punctuation is extremely odd; and here we have, for example, "To Thee all angels cry aloud the heavens and all the powers therein to Thee (full stop). Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry (full stop)." The second of these sentences is sung fortissimo; and after a long pause on the word "cry," intended either to represent the weeping of the cherubim and seraphim, or to enable the choir to regain breath. "Holy, holy," is succeeded with. These musical pleasantries drive people quite as quickly from church as the extraordinary vulgarities played by organists as voluntaries.—Saturday Review.

Alexander Petschnickoff, violinist from St. Petersburg, son of a Russian private soldier, and pupil of Prof. Rimsky in Moscow, played for the first time in Berlin, Oct. 11, and won unbounded, extravagant praise. Lessmann speaks of him as "a present from the Lord God to the musical world in which there is so much sin." Petschnickoff, who is scarcely 20 years old, played Wieniawski's Second Concerto; Air, Sarasande, Double and Bourée, also the Ciacona by Bach; the Canzonetta from Tchaikowsky's Concerto; a Hawaiian by Saint-Saëns, as well as the latter's "La Cygne." The Tsar gave Petschnickoff the celebrated Stradivarius once owned by Ferdinand Laub.

Mr. Otto Floersheim writes as follows concerning the new sonatas—op. 129 for clarinet and piano by Brahms, as played in Berlin by Schubert and Robert Kahn Oct. 7: "If this performance was in the very best hands and left nothing to be desired, the compositions themselves were grievously disappointing, at least for those who anticipated much or anything from the Johannes Brahms of today. Brahms is

completely ausgeschrieben; these two sonatas prove it beyond a shadow of doubt. The first one in F minor is the less unimportant of the two, and is in four movements, of which the slow one in A flat is the most and the first movement the least disappointing. The second sonata in E flat is either childish or senile, whichever you choose to call it! The trio in E flat minor, Laender, which forms the middle movement, is the only and slight exception. The third and last movement consists of variations which are neither ingenious nor interesting."

Nov 4. 95.

For, the noblest deeds do not always show mens virtues and vices, but oftentimes a light occasion, a word or some sports makes mens natural dispositions and manners appear more plainly, than the famous Latell's wenne.

We are reminded of these brave words of Plutarch by a saying of John Lawrence Sullivan at Little Rock. It appears that the Deputy Sheriff is of traditional Western vigor and is in the habit of making a notch on his gun for every prisoner executed, or gentleman killed by him for sport or merely en passant. He struck terror to the souls of the majority of the athletes, but Mr. Sullivan is not easily taken in. Like Ulysses he has seen many men and cities. He has an eagle eye. His brain moves with chamol's leaps. Deep and unerring his judgments. "Oh, yes," remarked Mr. Sullivan; "these shooters are all well enough in their own country, but they are Reubens after all. When they strike the Bowery and a fight comes up they are ready to jump through a knothole." How shrewd, how Plutarchian this diagnosis. But Mr. Sullivan was always a word-painter of rare temperament. And now the choir will please sing

"The Bowery! The Bowery!"

Mr. Rockefeller's gift to Chicago University follows hard on the dismissal of the professor who had independent views concerning the methods of heap- ing together riches.

Réjane was a close observer during her stay in this country. Her jewelry has been stolen.

A man on Long Island hanged himself the other day, and when his wife heard the news she remarked, "Henry has played me a mean trick." She must be cater-cousin to the Vermont farmer who, in telling of his wife's death, assured a sympathizing neighbor that he never "felt so mortified" in his life.

There is a rumor going about New York that cold storage quail and pheasants will be served at the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding breakfast. Horrible, uneducal thought!

Adele Ritchie has broken her public record. She did not faint on one important occasion—when she was married to Mr. Herbert.

Fresh as we are this day from contemplation of things spiritual and celestial, let us not forget the wonders of the body. Eighty-three years ago yesterday two gentlemen in the neighborhood of Ratcliff Highway laid a wager of £5 upon a man named Leurnen, a coal heaver, that he should devour in the space of three quarters of an hour, nine pounds of bullock's heart, roasted, three pounds of potatoes, a half quarter loaf and a pot of porter. The spectators, of which there was a considerable number, paid sixpence each to be admitted. Mr. Leurnen completed his task, and drank three or four glasses of rum besides, within the time allowed him, without producing the smallest apparent inconvenience to himself.

And on the same day, 149 years ago, Mr. Reeves Williams, a Welshman, a native of Cardigan, calling himself the Man Ostrich, then about 27 years of age, a laboring man, a stout, hale fellow, of very ruddy complexion, exhibited himself at sixpence a head; when he swallowed four pieces of iron, of an inch and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch broad, and of considerable thickness. Besides these he swallowed stones, coach nails, halfpence and many other things of the kind. Having thus satisfied curiosity in that part of the country, he girded up his loins and set out for London town.

"There is a scarcity of pure drinking water in Adams County, Ohio. Much sickness is reported. Luckily Adams County has an immense quantity of cider on hand." The Ancients do not agree with our contemporary. Robert Burton says cider is a cold and windy drink, and for that cause to be neglected, as inducing melancholy. The Arabian leeches looked askew at apples in any form. King John of England increased his ague by "drinking of new Ciser, or as we call it Sider." Bishop Alcock spoke in 1497 of "Saynt John Baptyst, which ete neuer fleshe, dranke no wyne nor cydre." In England on Twelfth-night eve apple trees were toasted and wooed by farmers

with pagan rites. Nevertheless, if the elder in Adams County is like the old Herefordshire elder, so exquisite that the Earl of Manchester, Ambassador at Paris, a frugal soul, palmed it off on the French nobility for wine, the people will be tempted to drink. That hard elder will not intoxicate is a vulgar error long ago thoroughly exploded in New England.

In view of the fact that Yale students are to pass an examination on "Esther Waters" and other works of the modern realistic school, it is interesting to note the row in Bombay over the proposal to place the works of Charles Dickens in the library of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. One of the many newspaper correspondents singles out "The Old Curiosity Shop" for special condemnation; he holds in special abhorrence the "indecent conversation" of Mr. Quip. He thinks the eagerness with which people read Dickens is a sign of the decadence of the age. The same gentleman would have everybody treat Shakespeare as a closed book, on account of its indelicacies of expression. His test as to whether any book should be placed in a Young Men's Christian Library is this: "Does it contain anything you would object to hear from the pure lips of an innocent child?" Yes, indeed, they need missionaries in India. We take pleasure, however, in calling the attention of Mrs. Chant to this voice crying in a vast wilderness. Could she not be of service in warring against the monster Dickens?

Concert Given by the Germans of Boston at the Boston Theatre in Aid of the Projected Altenheim—A Noble Charity Well Supported.

A concert was given last evening in aid of the fund for the projected "Altenheim," an institution for the support, maintenance and comfort of aged Germans. Such was the nature of the charity, and the worth of the concert that the theatre was crowded with a highly appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The orchestra, under Mr. Zerrahn, gave in a capital manner the "Oberon" and "Tannhäuser" overtures. The male chorus, led, as was the mixed chorus, by Dr. Kelterborn, gave numbers by Marschner and Abt with stirring effect. The mixed chorus was heard to its advantage in an arrangement of Beethoven's song "Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur," and the grand march and chorus from "Tannhäuser." A most delightful contrast was the andante and variations "Der Tod und das Mädchen" from Schubert's posthumous quartet, played in masterly fashion by the Kneisel String Quartet. Miss Gertrude Franklin was loudly applauded for her sympathetic delivery of "Repentir," an aria by Gounod, sung last night for the first time in America. Mr. Mole charmed the audience by his skill in Demersman's flute solo "Tremolo," and Mr. Beresford gave a manly performance of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." The canon from "Eldelo" was sung by Miss Franklin, Miss Aagot Lund, Messrs. Tiferno and Beresford. The orchestral accompaniments were conducted by Mr. Strube. The concert was in every way a great success, and it reflected credit on the enterprise and taste of the managers, and the generosity and patriotism of the great German public.

Nov 5. 95.
So please to remember
The fifth of November.

This in London today means Guy Fawkes. In Boston today it means "Vote!"

The rare beauty of tone and the surpassing skill of Léon Pourtau, the first clarinetist of the Symphony Orchestra, are a constant delight to all lovers of the pure and the noble in music. But here is a sensitive artist who has more than one outlet to emotion. Mr. Pourtau is a painter of high poetic thought, daring invention, and occasionally audacious method of expression. Witness the great little pictures by him now at 43 Broad Street.

Has his knowledge of the clarinet influenced Mr. Pourtau in his coloring? Johann Leonhard Hoffmann in 1786 declared that clarinet tones are yellow: this he said in good faith, reckless of the superstitions concerning the yellow clarinet, not foreseeing the ironical application of the color yellow to player or performance. And René Gill, the "instrumentalist" of today, likens the tones of a clarinet to the French vowels a, u, iu, ui, and the consonants f, l, r, s, z; he calls these tones golden, and they express tenderness, contemplation, the instinct of loving, ingenuousness. A student examined by Bleuler and Lehmann (1879) found clarinet tones deep blue. A professor of rhetoric examined by Pédrone in 1882 heard red tones in the clarinet. But the majority of those tested in color-audition agree that the distinctive color of the clarinet is yellow.

Now Mr. Pourtau is an impressionist. He knows the meaning of "Flein-ahr." He delights in floods of sunlight. He suggests freedom, room, great distances, noon, and on a little canvas. But, perhaps he is even more successful, more highly imaginative, more wildly romantic in such masterpieces as his Noc-

turne fantastique, and Tristesse to some of his pictures, there is a delightful naïveté. In others there is the excellent beauty that hath "some strangeness in the proportion." There is hardly one that does not show poetic fancy, a love for Nature, a keenly sensitive, pure, sincere and thoroughly artistic soul.

Here is the latest English outrage. Mr. George Forbes declares publicly in a magazine that Americans are neither original inventors nor humorous. War, red war, and at once!

The following is an extract from a manuscript dated 1728 at Culloden House: "This day, after a very hard pull, I got the better of my son at the golf in Musselburgh links. If he was as good at any other thing as he is at that, there might be some hopes of him." Now that golf is a favorite recreation of the aged and infirm, might not some son speak as despairingly of his father?

Mr. George Dewar, "an international half-back player," was brought before the Magistrate in Blackburn Police Court. He was accused of practising on his wife in rainy weather, using her as a foot ball and kicking her about the room. Strange to say she did not enter heartily into the sport, but she craved a separation. It was granted her, and now Mr. Dewar must pay five per week toward his wife's maintenance. He was also fined 20 shillings for assault. (The pleasure of wife-kicking, although fashionable in England, is not expensive.) The most surprising feature of the case is that the defendant did not claim to be a favorite pupil of Mr. Hinkey; but as he is a young man he may yet enter Yale.

There is a "full-length bas-relief bronze statue" of Phillips Brooks in New York. Let's see: Was there not a good deal of hysterical talk in Boston immediately after the Bishop's death as to the necessity of a statue here? If we are not mistaken the statue was to stand in Copley Square, the dumping ground of many unfulfilled artistic promises and hopes.

To M. W.: You ask if "cast" in the phrase, "Shall I give you a cast?" meaning "Shall I give you a lift" (in a conveyance, to put one forward on his way) is an Americanism. Not at all, although you still hear it in New England. The word is good, respectable English, common in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, but found in literature as far back as 1630. You will find it in "Pamela" (1741), as well as in English novels of today.

Can any one tell us the meaning of "cropping," in this phrase, heard a month ago in a New Hampshire village, "Oh, he's such a cropping man!"

French pantomime will again visit us. And with what success? "Artistic" Boston failed to appreciate the most exquisite art displayed by composers and performers in "L'Enfant Prodigue." The trouble is that to the English speaking races pantomime means a clown, hot poker, thumps, kicks, ballet girls and a transformation scene. If they do not find all these in a "pantomime," they argue sagely that there must be something wrong on the stage.

The Earnest Student of Sociology, who now, we are happy to say, is again daily taking walks abroad, was much interested at long range in the spectacular finale of the Durrant trial. When the jury brought in its verdict of guilty, the sister and the aunt of the murdered girl "were apparently the happiest persons in the room." The sister arose from her chair and clapped her hands. The aunt smiled and received congratulations. We are not told whether wine and cake were served. It is to be regretted that geographical lines forbid the addition of a San Francisco court room to the numerous and marvelous and mastodontic attractions of the Great Wild East Show.

"Colonel J. H. Mapleson has been in Italy for six weeks past searching for new singers, and I am informed that his success has been astonishing. There is practically no limit to the prices that will be paid for the best artists procurable." Why, this sounds like an echo of the early '80's. And so the gallant Colonel will again visit us! The corporation behind him has "a paid-up capital of \$1,700,000." Why didn't the press agent make it \$2,000,000 while he was about it. We fear he is not passionate enough.

Mr. Lang—Andrew, not B. J.—speaks in his most ladylike manner of the style of Stevenson's letters to Sidney Colvin. "The language is often flooded with slang." But, Mr. Lang, slang is language in the making. Shakespeare used slang; Balzac delighted in it. It all depends on how it is used.

This reminds us that the new magazine Cosmopolis, which will appear simultaneously in London, Paris and Berlin, will contain articles in English, French and German. American magazines—that is the older ones—are written in English, dialect, what some young writers assume to be dialect, and publisher's English that cannot possibly "offend" any susceptible person addicted hopelessly to the magazine habit. For further information concerning publisher's English, apply to Thomas Hardy, whose sturdy language is turned into pap in Franklin Square for the benefit of weak stomachs.

OLIVETTE.

Andran's "Olivette," which gave pleasure to so many patrons of the Castle Square Theatre last summer, was revived there last night and the performance evidently delighted the large audience. Miss Clara Lane gave a charming portrayal of the heroine. The song just before her marriage to de Merimac was admirably delivered. She did not exaggerate the business. She did not burlesque the part. She was, as ever, discreet, and, as ever, artistic. Here is an operetta singer who makes her points effectively, without cheap reiteration, without deliberate appeal to the audience. It would be well if the two leading comedians of the company would always follow her example. Miss Mason was a pretty Countess, always in repose. Mr. Murray played the Duke with his customary distinction and elegance, and Mr. Persse sang very well and acted with uncommon animation. Mr. Wooley's de Merimac is one of his best performances. As the sad sea dog, he is picturesque, consistent and almost always amusing. So Mr. Wolff's Coquelinot can be praised in certain particulars, but he has no sense of values and in this part, as in so many others, he lapses frequently into sheer buffoonery. Miss Davis was the Moustique and Mr. Jones the Marvejol. All in all "Olivette" at the Castle Square is an agreeable entertainment, well worth seeing for the sake of Miss Lane alone.

Nov 6. 1895

Not I—not any one else, can travel that road for you.
You must travel it for yourself.
It is not far—it is within reach;
Perhaps you have been on it since you were born, and did not know;
Perhaps it is everywhere on water and on land.
Shoulder your duds, dear son, and I will mine and let us hasten forth,
Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go.

Mr. Deland, who is described by a contemporary as the "greatest foot ball general of the age," is now in supreme control of the Harvard eleven. It was Mr. Deland who by counselling the application of Napoleonic strategy to foot ball gained for Harvard the late series of brilliant victories over Yale.

A snow white flag "proudly flaunting the crest" of the Duke of Marlborough has been raised above the roof of a New York hotel. The American flag flaps humbly by its side, and just a little below it. O tempora! O mores!

After all, why should a man boast of a crest in these days, when crests are within reach of the humblest? For instance, nearly all the articles stolen from a Harvard student last Sunday had engraved upon them the "family crest" of the owner. And now the thief has crests to sell; just as if he were an inventor and broker of crests in London with a steady American patronage.

The Honorable Mr. Corbett does not want to be classed as "a common criminal." It's the word "common" that frets his proud soul.

There are symptoms of approaching widespread Paderewskimania. If only the victims would not persist in pronouncing the name of their idol Paderowski.

Appropos of athletes, Mr. Corbett mourns the iciness of the law, not from low personal motives, but as a humanitarian. "I believe," says the great philanthropist, "that non-interference with prize fighting would make men trust to nature's weapons, and would eventually do away with shooting and cutting." So Mr. Corbett had a mission besides that of proving that Col. Fitzsimmons "is a cur." Why does he not come to Boston? He might preach the new gospel to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death in the North End.

Do you suppose that Mr. Dierl, an editor in Berlin, was sentenced to prison merely because he had advocated the doctrines of Socialism? Not a bit of it. He had poked fun at William's "Aegir," a composition for male voices. There is no fury like a composer scorned. The music critics in Boston know this full well.

Bismarck told Richard Bartholdt at lunch that the only good things about the Spanish are their women. The sly old dog! He will undoubtedly favor the annexation of Spain.

This is the anniversary of the birth (1647) of Mr. Robert Oglebie of Rippon, a travelling tinker, who lived 115 years, and could see to work a short time before his death. His wife lived to be 106 years old, and by her he had 12 sons and 13 daughters. This reminds us that Mr. Thomas Spratt of Hailwhistle, who died in 1733, also lived to be 115 years old, and his faculties were so strong that he sang a song a little before his death to the delight and the astonishment of those in the room.

This is the feast-day of St. Leonard, who was a practical well-driver. There was no water within a mile of his monastery, "wherefore he did to make a pyt all drye, the which he fylled with water by his prayers."

"Sibby Falcon" must be an intensely interesting book if the text is written up to the illustrations. There are eight pictures. "The first represents the Hawk's crew watching a ship (Spanish) burn, while its captain hangs at the yard-arm. In the second the hero is smashing a brandy bottle on a crimp's head. The third is tame, representing Lord Byron breakfasting with two friends. The fourth atones: the hero is plunging a knife into a gigantic nigger's back—you can see it sinking in. Fifthly, the hero is scuppering a couple of maroons. Sixthly, a gigantic negress is strangling the sub-heroine. The seventh picture gives the groves of skeletons aforesaid, while in the eighth the heroine is being stabbed by a nigger, while the hero's cutlass is already half-way through his neck." Notice, please, that the English still insist on spelling negro with two g's.

Here is a pleasing episode in English life that shows the deep devotion of the race to sports. Mr. James Collins was accused of an assault on Mr. William Smith; but he did not appear before the magistrate at the appointed time. His absence was satisfactorily accounted for. Mr. Collins had to play in a foot ball match. "Would some other day do?" "Why, certainly," said the magistrate; and finding that any day but Saturday, which is always dedicated to foot ball, would suit Mr. Collins, he named a Friday. By the way, it was not long ago that in the Midlands an old man committed suicide because he could not get to see a match.

Whatever you may say of Pinero the dramatist, you must admit his talent for business. A house in St. John's Wood was leased to him in 1882 for 21 years at £110 a year. He sublet it in 1893 for the remainder of the lease at £115; the sub-lessee paid a premium of £125. These facts came out in an examination as to valuation of property held last month.

King Toffa saw the English pantomimist Charles Lauri at the Parisiana Concert, "and it was with difficulty that the negro prince could be made to realize that it was a man, and not a monkey, who was performing." The Galvani Messenger prefaces this statement by the remark, "Mr. Lauri has won fresh laurels." It must be remembered that Toffa is a judge of apes.

The Pall Mall Gazette growls this belated growl: "However one regards the abortive contest of last September, one cannot but realize that Mr. Rose's challenge at such a crisis was, to say the least of it, ill-timed. If the America Cup is to retain its significance in the eyes of English yachtsmen it must be sailed for, as Lord Dunraven demands, over an unobstructed course. And he, unquestionably, has the first right to a match under such conditions. If the regulations under which the America Cup is held make this impossible, so much the worse for the America Cup."

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galilee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with beer;
Pleasant it is when a row's on foot,
That you may when you wish to demolish a brute,
Politely the man to good manners exhort,
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.

Why do not Corbett and Fitzsimmons enter for a friendly contest of athletic skill at the Olympian games, which will be celebrated at Athens in April, 1896? They will feel at home among the Greeks, and the Turks are not far away.

To R.: It is true that "M. de Mauny-Talvande comes from one of the old noble families in Maine," but this is not an allusion to the fine old stock at Bucksport or Machias, or even Skowhegan. This particular Maine is a "deestric," but it happens to be in France.

What's this? Harvard will play whist with Yale? Oh, yes; whist is a parlor game.

Another survivor of the charge of the famous 600 has just died in New Jersey. He was the 941st. There are still others.

"There is a point beyond which praise ceases to be encomiastic."—Old Chinese.

It is a pleasure to find a great daily dropping into literature the morning after election. Instead of gloating over its badly beaten foes, our philosophic contemporary considers the subjects of language and style. In this connection it may be remarked that the late Mr. Ward spelled his name Artemus with a u and not an a. And pray what does this mean? "Let a few scattered instances of strong old English be cited; but they can be capped with just as nearly perfect bibs of improved English from Addison and Macaulay, from Swinburne and Tennyson." We know the bib as a cloth placed under a child's chin; as a similar article worn over the breast by adults; as a fish, the whiting-pout; as in compound words, bib-apron, bib-cravat, bib-all-night; but what is a perfect bib of literature? Now, "to nap one's bib" is to weep, to blubber, to snivel.

Our philosophic contemporary, which carries its philosophy so far that it regards the vote of Tuesday as "clearly a victory for the suffragists," speaks learnedly in a book review of "The French School of decadent realism!" This is as though it had spoken of life-size miniatures.

When Professor Arlo Bates said at Huntington Hall that the essential points of literature are sincerity, feeling and expression, he unconsciously recommended his own books to the audience.

In an age when hundreds of estimable people have hattered with delight on Trilby, a lecturer like Professor Bates is imperatively demanded, even though publishers may protest against his judicial decisions.

"Oh, papa, there's a beetle crawling on the ceiling." Literary man hard at work:—"Step on it, and don't bother me."—Fliegende Blätter.

It was on the 7th of November, 1677, that Mr. Thomas Sadler stole the mace out of the house of Lord Chancellor Finch. He was hanged for his ingenuity and daring.

And it was on the 7th of November, 1615, that Ann Turner, indicted for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, wore her hat in court until Sir Edward Coke told her to take it off. She answered that she thought it singular she might be covered in the house of God, and not in the judicature of man. And Sir Edward spoke, saying, "That from God no secrets were hid; but that it was not so with man, whose intellects were weak; therefore in the investigation of truth, and especially when the life of a fellow creature is put in jeopardy, on the charge of having deprived another of life, the Court should see all obstacles removed; and because the countenance is often an index to the mind, all covering should be taken away from the face." Mistress Turner's hat was taken off, and she covered her hair with her handkerchief.

On the 7th of November, 1665, the first Gazette in England was published at Oxford; for the Court was there at that time on account of the plague.

And it was on Nov. 7, 1643, that Mr. James Howell wrote to Mr. Tho. H.: "You know there is a peculiar Religion attends Friendship, there is according to the Etymology of the Word, a Ligation and Solemnity. . . . There belong to this Religion of Friendship, certain due Rites, and decent Ceremonies; as Visits, Messages and Missives." Yet there are persons who say, "Oh, he's a friend of mine; why should I stand on ceremony with him?" and they often treat the friend with an indifference or a rudeness that they would not for the world exhibit toward a foe.

P. D. Q. writes the Journal as follows: "As I remember the word 'cropping,' it means 'grasping' or 'mean,' especially the little meanness peculiar to some people. Did you ever hear the word 'nigging' as a synonym of shirking?" Yes, "cropping" undoubtedly means "grasping," but what is its origin? In the 13th century crop was a vulgar word for money. Did "cropping" come from "crop," or is it another form of "creeping," acting meanly or servilely, as when Raleigh spoke of "base, creeping, cowardly persons," and Gray of "creeping gain?" For in certain English dialects today "crop" and "crope" are past tense and past participle of "creep."

As for "nigging" in the sense of "shirking," the word, heard often in town and country, may be an ungenerous reflection on the negro; it is more likely a corruption of "nigging," spending much time in trifling matters; as in the common Northamptonshire phrase, "How you niggle over your work."

...the ... taken of the ... of G. ... and ... the ... writer ... and yet there was a ... when "Monsieur, Madame, et ... " was a much talked about book; ... was even thought to be "immoral" ... and enjoyed as a stolen sweet. Today ... even young English women write ... novels treating the ... of the sexes in unabashed and grotesque fashion, the audacity of Droz is dull and respectable conventional.

Now that there is talk of joint action on the part of the United States and England in the protection of missionaries, it is well to remember the great compliment paid our missionaries by Capt. Burton, who abhorred cant, gush and hypocrisy. "I have already expressed my opinion, founded upon a sufficiently long experience, that the United States missionary is by far the best man for the Western Coast (of Africa), and indeed, for dangerous tropical countries generally. Physically he is spare and hard, the nervous temperament being more strongly developed in him than in the bulbous and more bilious or sanguine European. He is better born, and blood never fails to tell. Again, he generally adopts the profession from taste, not because it faut vivre. He is better bred; he knows the negro from his childhood, and his education is more practical, more generally useful than that of his rivals. Moreover, I never yet heard him exclaim, 'Captive, them heggis is 'igh'. Lastly, he is more temperate and moderate in his diet; hitherto it has not been my fate to assist in carrying him

Nov 8. 1895

First Concert of the Melba Company—A Brilliant Audience Applauds the Same Old Tunes Well Sung—Melba in Good Voice—Mr. Manning's Piano Recital.

The first of the concerts of the Melba Company in this city under the direction of Mr. Charles A. Ellis was given last evening in Music Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience.

That it makes little or no difference what popular singers sing was shown again last evening in Music Hall. Melba was heard in "Ah fors è lui," Arletti's waltz "Se Saran Rose," and the mad scene from "Lucia," "in costume, with scenery." Given the name Scatchi, and you are safe in guessing Berton's "Addio mio sospiro," the great air from "Orpheus," the Page's first song in "The Huguenots," or the gavotte from "Mignon." Last evening it was the turn of Berton and Meyer. Campanari is always ready to sing Figaro's air from "The Barber," the Toreador's song, which, by the way, is one of his least successful numbers. And as there is always a tenor in the company, the audience can count on a quartet from "Rigoletto," which last night went none too well. The operatic concert, whether the particular star be Patti or Melba, is always about the same thing. There are the familiar numbers, the encores, the "floral tributes." So it has been, it is, so it will be forever, in saccula seculum. That to the lover of opera, the sight of a prima donna appearing at the end of a concert in a dramatic costume and plunged into a frenzied display of colorature is grotesque, is not denied. In a city where opera is so cultivated, such violations of art should not be endured. As we have no opera in Boston, we must put up with excerpts and delude ourselves into the belief that after all such exhibitions are to be enjoyed without growling and without laughter. Nevertheless, operatic excerpts of this particular species are, as a rule, for the benefit of falling asleep. Now Melba still shines at the

If we make up our mind to waive this point against art for art's sake, there was a great deal last night that was to be honestly enjoyed. Melba was in excellent voice, and she sang with as well as with her customary surpassing art. They who heard her at the last Worcester Festival had hardly realize that it was the same woman. Knocking about the country seems to agree with her, for she was fresh and almost all-pure; she did not labor as heavily as her ravens passages as she did at Worcester, and occasionally in the early season of opera in the early part of the year. And when Melba is at her best, it makes little difference what she sings; for there is always a delicious enjoyment in listening to her voice, whether she sustains a note, or revels in mad flights of agility. The "Good-Bye" of Tosti, a pretty, conventional song, dear to English drawing rooms, what a pleasure it was to hear those beautiful tones, each one perfect in itself. No matter how they were strung together, the tones were alone worth a pilgrimage.

Then Campanari gave a superb performance of Tosti's song in the prologue to "Tigellius." I wonder if he knew what an earnest, intelligent musician, one whose voice fits and fills, that he is in this modest man. If we ever listen to the self-conscious American in opera, or to foreign portations of lesser rank? Not that I rate the good qualities of opera; it when you have a baritone of the men, who has shown such a fine piece of work as Campanari in the part of Ford, a fine man, only on "off road." But

Scatchi is always—Scatchi. Whether she sings well, as in the charming song which she gave as an encore, or plows through fields of colorature with infinite good nature, or gives a surprising imitation of four different voices alternating in one and the same song, she is heartily applauded. And who would grudge her the applause.

Then there is Miss Bauermeister, the faithful, hard-working, capable utility-woman of opera. Always ready to step into the breach and lead a forlorn hope, when even the prima donna is a victim to climate or bad temper. Last night she sang "Bid me dis-

course." Mr. D'Aubigné has improved since his last appearance here. His voice is firmer, broader, and he sings with more authority. He was heard to best advantage in "Salve Dimora," to least advantage in the quartet from "Rigoletto."

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Landon Ronald played the "Tell" overture, and Humperdinck's overture to "Hänsel and Gretel," which was first heard here, not with a complete orchestra, however. April 30 of this year in Bumstead Hall, when it was given by the Boston Women's Orchestra. Humperdinck's overture last night made little impression. When it was most effective, it was an echo of the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Mr. Ronald showed himself to be a capable conductor and an excellent piano accompanist.

The second concert will be given Saturday afternoon. There will be a miscellaneous program, followed by two acts of "Faust" "In costume, with scenery."

PHILIP HALE.

MR. MANNING'S RECITAL.

A numerous and appreciative audience attended John H. Manning's piano recital at Association Hall, last evening. Mr. Manning was assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmonds, contralto, Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, and Edward Rosé, cellist. The program was the following:

Trilo, Op. 23.....Christian Sinding
Allegro. Andante. Con Fuoco.
Spirit's Song.....Haydn
(a) Sarabande.....Bach-Boote
(b) Gavotte.....Bach-Saint-Saens
(c) Etudes Symphoniques.....Schumann
Song. (a) Ecstasy.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Song. (b) Spring.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(c) Preludes, Nos. 3 and 23.....Chopin
(d) Scherzo, C sharp minor.....Chopin
(e) Etude, Op. 23, No. 2.....Rubinstein

The first number was ill chosen. It gave none of the players a chance to show his real ability. Besides, except momentarily, the trio is unmelodious. The violinist and the cellist scraped and scraped, occasionally stopping to see what relief the pianist could extract from the keys. He extracted little; yet, for the most part, it was not his fault. Both the composer and the environment were in the way. Somehow the music seemed muffled. It may be that the acoustic arrangement of the hall is faulty, or was faulty for the time being. It may be that the players, realizing the emptiness of their task, allowed their artistic spirits to stray toward a more congenial atmosphere. Anyway, tantalizing, almost disagreeable indistinctness prevailed. There was an invisible curtain stretched between the platform and the auditorium, surely.

However, this number revealed Mr. Manning's gift as an accompanist, and subsequent numbers brought the revelation more clearly into view. Who failed to see it when Miss Edmonds sang Haydn's weird song? Certainly it lent much—and just enough—to the effect produced by the singing. And did it not lend quite as much to the singing of Mrs. Beach's "Spring" song? When Miss Edmonds bowed in acknowledgment of the loud applause which that song evoked, and reappeared to how again, she must have known that the pianist deserved equally to share the applause.

Neither the Bach-Boote nor the Bach-Saint-Saens piece, as played last night, would earn Mr. Manning much merit; but the more useful of the Schumann studies were performed with true feeling. In these same studies the pianist showed that he possesses a powerful left hand. It conjures up thunder and the roar of an avalanche or of a provoked sea. The hand should be tamed, for it is useful in playing accompaniments. And as an accompanist Mr. Manning can hold his head as high as he pleases. E. F. II.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more As she sailed through this crowd of squalid and poor.

Thief, beggar and tattered mallow— Led by the Count with his sloe-black eyes, Bright with triumph, and some surprise, Like Anson on making sure of his prize The famous Mexican galleon!

It appears that the Duke is "short of wind." The reporters of his wedding had the advantage of him.

"His cuffs are quite large. In the matter of neckwear there is not so much to be said in his favor." Put the verbs in the past tense, and this description will serve admirably for the inevitable epitaph.

"The Duke's linen is up-to-date." Welcome news! There was a Duke of Norfolk known familiarly as "the dirty Duke."

The wedding of the Duke is described by the passionate correspondent of a contemporary as "English, idealized by American munificence." "Materialized," not "idealized," is the fitting word.

"The crowd even was un-American in its behavior." As for that, so was the whole affair.

"Even the weather recalled the atmosphere of dear old London." And

who is it, pray, that is this keen observer with poetic soul and English principles? The answer springs to every lip: It is our old friend, the nonsuch, the paragon, the phoenix of correspondents. To call him by name would be a plebeian act. "He" is the man, the He.

And what a palace Blenheim is! There is a library "200 feet long, or about the length of a small city block." This is so that the Duke may sprint as he is engaged in brain-wracking literary labor, preparing a new gloss on Lycophrone, or a book of the races. It will be remembered that Addison was in the habit of walking in a great room at Holland house, while meditating an essay. And a bottle of port stood waiting for him at each end of the room.

And the conservatory is "a true love spot." But why attempt to point out all the beauties of the descriptions that rival the pomp of the ceremony here and life at the ducal palace there. Let us rather say with Richard Alfred Millikin, as he sings the praises of the Groves of Blarney:

"There's statues gracing this noble place in, All heathen goddesses so fair— Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus, All standing naked in the open air. So now to finish this brave narration, Which my poor pen could not entwine; But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar, 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine."

It will take our untitled aristocracy a long time to get over it.

"Turkey looms on the Eastern horizon." Why not? Thanksgiving Day is a-coming.

"Mrs. Bowers was of the good old school." Say rather, she was of all good schools, old or new.

Poor José Ledéer, who killed himself the 6th, was once a lyre tenor at Frankfort-on-Main. Ruined by the defalcation of a runaway banker, he became lately an inmate of the Marie Seebach Home in Weimar. He was 52 years old.

At the mill in the wheat-pit, Chicago, Mr. Lester suffered severe injuries by having the gold rims of his glasses driven into his forehead. In Germany an assailant receives a heavier punishment in court if he strikes a man who wears glasses. The Earnest Student of Sociology notes with interest that in Chicago "1500 men on the floor wanted to see Lester and Morrow fight."

W. H. W. H. and other correspondents say "cropping" means "covetous," "avaricious," "greedy." There's no doubt of this; but, what is the origin of the term?

Paderewski said to Walter Damrosch at the conclusion of the concert that he had played his Polish Fantasy with Richter and Motil in Europe, but it was never accompanied with more taste and precision. Mr. Paderewski is always polite. It will be remembered that he assured Mr. Nikisch that he was the greatest conductor on earth. Soon it will be Mr. Paur's turn.

"I cannot sing the old songs" was never said by Melba.

It was on Nov. 8, 1808, that Mr. Downen, a publican at Towcester, Somerset, accomplished this feat for a wager of 100 guineas: He engaged to go 500 miles in seven days, on chosen ground, and to take his rest as he thought proper. He was a stout made man, not more than five feet in height, and a native of Merionethshire, Wales.

Apropos of sumptuous ceremonies, the outfits for the approaching heir to All the Russias are exhibited in Paris. We say outfits, for there is one in case a boy is born, and there is one for a girl. Deep purple ribbons for a boy, light blue for a girl. Each piece is marked with the Imperial crown, and its number, for laundrymen are so careless, even when they use no acid or deleterious substance. The safety pins are gold, and warranted not to prick. The ingredients that enter into the layettes, made chiefly in England, are cambric, flannel, lace, swans-down, elder-down, ermine, scaliskin, embroidery, velvet, satin, morocco, and the skin of the goat of Tibet, with many other things that are rich and rare.

Bicyclists should rejoice in the fact that they live in Boston, where they can rush along, without giving warning of approach, and knock down pedestrian, horse, or electric car with impunity. What a difference in St. Petersburg! There they have a Government official to look after the bicyclist. "And when that official looks after a hiker he insists upon the official number on that hiker being plainly visible to the official view. The numbered bike is, in consequence, also reserved, by comparison, in its demeanor. It scorches not, neither does it collide. It follows its fellow in Indian file, and usurps no precedence over foot passengers, in the use of the roadway. At least, such was

the case until lately. But lately the weather has got colder, the riders' coats have got longer, and the consequences have been that the bike's number has got overcoated also, and the bike itself not over careful. So the wheelmen must either be succinct or summoned, and the only wheelwoman in the capital has had to furnish satisfactory assurance, not only that she knows how to ride, but that her riding costume shall show her figure. Latest advice: add that, the wheelwoman having fallen off and hurt herself, there are to be no more licenses for ladies at all. Iehabod!"

Nov. 9. 1895

There is one sort of tie which it is very difficult to make, and which I cannot explain to my readers without a diagram. It contains in itself, however, the elements of all other ties; and when a man can make this one well, he has the secret of all the rest.

"Minnesota was once inhabited by people of tremendous size." And once there were giants in Cardiff, N. Y.

There's nothing like leather—except the Leather Trust.

The Yale foot ball team has now a change of diet. They may yet eat crow before the holidays.

The Pall Mall Gazette pays this graceful tribute to an American newspaper man:

"Mr. Edward W. Bok is the sort of young man we like. He is barely 30, but he knows precisely those things which perplex the other young men of the present day. For their learning, accordingly, he has written a little work entitled 'Successward.' There is no false modesty about Mr. Edward W. Bok, and there is precious little about the rising generation. His book should be sure of an appreciative reception from many a would-be Bok."

It was on the 9th of November, 1710, that the Bishop of Skara wrote the Lord Bishop of Bristol about the marvelous case of Estred Jon, who was so moved by a sermon preached the second Sunday after Epiphany in the year 1705 by the Rev. M. J. Johanneus that she was never physically well after it, but she saw ecstatic visions. For the space of three years and a half she did not use so much meat or drink as would be a meal for a child. Her nails did not grow at all. She was a maid of delicate countenance, brownish, her body white and beautiful. She had no strength in her back, but was kept upright by a string. If the same string happened to let go at any time, she fell directly on her face, which gave her sometimes a little ease. When she again was set upright, her backbone cracked. She was in the habit of swooning away 200 times a day, but she saw every evening a beautiful morning star in her room. His Excellency, the Field Marshal Count Magnus Steinhöck, confirmed the account of the Bishop of Skara, for he knew the girl.

While we thus contemplate with awe the wonders of the body, let us remember tomorrow the anniversary of the death (1750) of Mr. Edward Bright, grocer, at Malden, Essex, Eng. He was of a very cheerful disposition, a good husband and father, well respected and beloved by all that knew him; and at his death, in the thirtieth year of his age, he weighed 616 pounds, neat weight; and then it was that Death considered him fit to kill. Mr. Bright measured 5 feet 9½ inches in height; his body, round the chest, under the arms, 5 feet 6 inches, and round the girdle 6 feet 11 inches; his arm in the middle of it was 2 feet 2 inches round; his leg 2 feet 8 inches. He was not an unusually hearty eater, and his principal drink was ale, though toward the latter part of his life he drank small beer, "and now and then would indulge himself with a little wine and water, or a little punch." The coffin was 3 feet 6 inches broad at the shoulders; 2 feet 3½ inches at the head; 22 inches at the feet, and 3 feet 1½ inches deep. Great numbers of people came to see the coffin while it was a-making. The body was drawn to the church on a low-wheeled carriage by 10 or 12 men, and was let down into the grave by an engine fixed up in the church for that purpose.

And when we think tomorrow on delivery from what seemed certain death, let us remember the case of the eight-year-old son of Mr. Norton, at Reigate, Surrey, who, on Nov. 10, 1804, was crossing a stile, with the blade of a knife in his hand. He put the blade into his mouth, which with children, and some women, is a natural pocket. In jumping down he swallowed it. Yet were there no disastrous results, and in a few days he returned to school, where he was regarded with unmixed admiration by playmates great and small.

They play foot ball in Mexico, and its name is "goma." Favorable conditions are imperatively demanded by the contestants: Dust three inches deep and the temperature 110 degrees in the shade. When the contest is very close the matter is settled by an appeal to knives.

"Dagonet," known to the tax collector as George R. Sims, thus defines a first class Berlin cab: "One in which the united ages of the driver, the horse and the cab are under one hundred years. As soon as they are more than that they become second class."

However uncomfortable the warm spell may have been, traditionally it was all right. In Sweden "about this time" there is often some warm weather, called "The All Saints' rest." Shakespeare mentions the All Hallow'n summer in "Henry IV." Then, it is believed in the United States that St. Martin's Day will bring out Indian summer. So Shakespeare again, in "Henry VI," speaks of St. Martin's summer, halcyon days. To be sure, St. Martin's is the 11th, but "expect warm weather about this time" holds good in many countries.

Coventry Patmore waxes hysterical in his demand that Mrs. Meynell shall be crowned poet laureate. Mrs. Meynell has written poetry, and she is the author of the "Autolycus" article every Friday in the Pall Mall Gazette, yet she can hardly be regarded as a serious rival of Swinburne.



JAN 2 1935

